

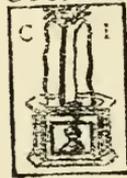


THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

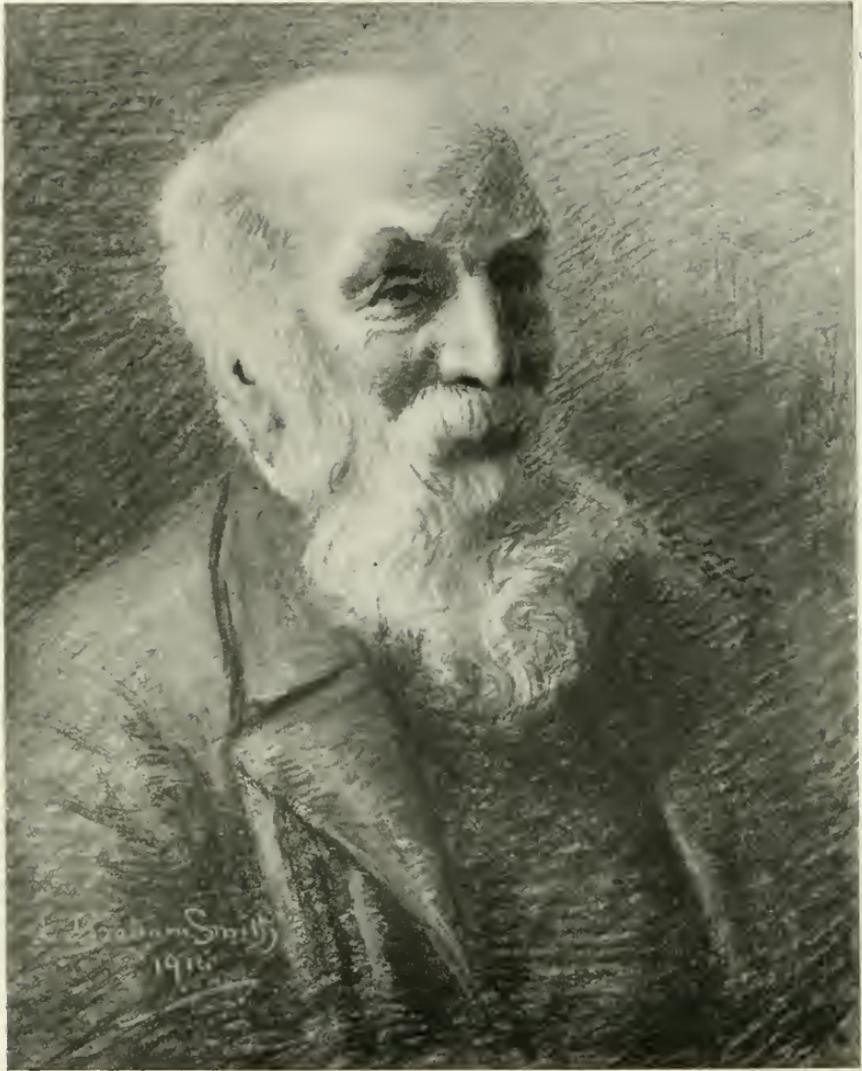
7/12

HENRY NICHOLSON ELLACOMBE.

COUNTRY



LIFE



CANON ELLACOMBE.

HENRY NICHOLSON ELLACOMBE

Hon. Canon of Bristol
Vicar of Bitton and Rural Dean
1822—1916

A MEMOIR

EDITED BY
ARTHUR W. HILL

LONDON

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"
20 TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2: AND BY
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8-11 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND, W.C.2. NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

MCMXIX

BX
5199
E44H5

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
PREFACE	9
I H. T. ELLACOMBE	11
II PEARSALL AND THE ELLACOMBES	32
III HENRY NICHOLSON ELLACOMBE	40
IV TRAVELS ABROAD	68
V THE CANON'S BOOKS AND PAPERS	115
VI THE BITTON GARDEN	133
VII CANON ELLACOMBE AND HIS PLANTS	154
VIII CANON ELLACOMBE AND KEW	163
IX THE CANON'S LAST YEARS	198
REPRINTED ARTICLES BY CANON ELLACOMBE	
PIORA	224
FIELD-NAMES	238
HOUSE MOTTOES	259
CHURCH RESTORATION	279
ROSES	292
APPENDIX. CATALOGUE OF TREES AND SHRUBS	
CULTIVATED AT BITTON IN 1830	309

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
1. Canon Ellacombe, from the pastel drawing made by Mrs. Graham Smith in the summer of 1914 <i>Frontispiece</i>	
2. H. T. Ellacombe, with his model, showing the proper way of hanging a bell, from a photograph taken about 1850	12
3. H. T. Ellacombe, from a miniature painted in 1817	30
4. The Vicarage, with <i>Umbellularia</i> growing by the Porch	38
5. Canon Ellacombe, from a photograph taken about 1870	68
6. A corner of the Vicarage Garden	134
7. The double form of <i>Anemone blanda</i> in the Garden at Bitton	142
8. Canon Ellacombe and Richard Ashmore in the Garden, from a photograph taken by Mrs. Hiatt Baker in 1909	152
9. The Canon standing beside a fine plant of <i>Ferula glauca</i> in the Garden	154
10. <i>Viburnum tomentosum</i> var. <i>Mariesii</i> growing in the border against the Churchyard Wall	162
11. Canon Ellacombe, from a photograph taken about 1906	212
12. The Catalpa with fruit and the chusan Palm growing on the north side of the Vicarage	222
13. The Vicarage, from the east, with the Catalpa on the right	260
14. St. Mary's Church, Bitton, from the Vicarage Lawn.	282

PREFACE

IT has rarely been the fortune of one individual to exert on gardening in this country an influence so wide and so beneficent as that wielded by the late Canon Ellacombe of Bitton.

Many they were who during the course of his long and honoured life were brought, through their common interest in the oldest of human crafts, into contact with him, or with his writings. Those whose good fortune it was to hold direct intercourse with him came as a result under the spell of his unique and lovable personality; acquaintance meant friendship, and friendship deepened into an abiding and affectionate regard.

“*Petimusque damusque vicissim,*” the legend which heads the Canon’s manuscript garden-book, breathes so truly his spirit and his practice that it may fitly be placed in the forefront of this brief memoir, the preparation of which has been undertaken in response to the wishes of many of the Canon’s friends, whose desire it is to have some permanent record of what they and the craft he loved have lost.

The compilation of the Memoir is mainly the joint work of Mr. W. J. Bean and myself. For particulars of the Canon’s family we have received much information and help from Mr. and Mrs. Janson. The account of the Canon’s Travels has been drawn up from his own diaries, supplemented by notes from Mr. A. C. Bartholomew and Mr. Hiatt Baker.

The following announcement of the wedding appeared in Freeman's *Exeter Flying Post* of March 3, 1773: "Yesterday morning was married at St. Martin's Church in this city the Rev. Mr. Ellicombe of Thorverton to Miss Rous, an agreeable young lady, with a very genteel fortune." The arms of Rous are therefore entitled to be quartered with those of Ellacombe, as are those of Greene and Myddleton. William Ellicombe shortly after (in 1780) became rector of Alphington, a village two miles from Exeter, the living being then in the gift of the Pitman family. He held the living for fifty years and apparently acquired the advowson. Through his wife the patronage of Clyst St. George, near Topsham, Devon, came into the Ellicombe family.

William Ellicombe had seven sons; the eldest, William Rous Ellicombe, succeeded his uncle—Miss Rous' brother—in the family living of Clyst St. George; a second, Henry Thomas, the father of the Canon, became curate of Bitton in 1817 and later (1850) was presented to Clyst St. George in succession to his eldest brother; while a third son, Richard, followed his father as rector of Alphington.¹ Of the other sons, Charles served under Wellington in the Peninsular War,

¹ Both livings have now passed out of the family. The living of Clyst St. George having been purchased by the Gibbs family, who owned a good deal of property in the neighbourhood.

Mr. F. A. Janson, to whom we are indebted for many details of the family history, married Miss Ellacombe, the Canon's third daughter. He informs us that his grandfather was living in Alphington and his mother was born there when William Ellicombe was Rector.

Mr. Janson's elder brother married the Canon's second daughter and was appointed vicar of Oldland by the Canon, in which benefice he was succeeded by the late Rev. H. A. Cockey, who had married Miss Frances Ellacombe.



H. T. ELLACOMBE.

With a model he made to show the proper way of hanging a bell.



ultimately becoming a general, and had the K.C.B. conferred upon him. Hugh Myddleton became an attorney-at-law, and the two others died young, one of them after seeing some service in the army.

The present rector of Alphington (the Rev. Bernard C. Bennett) writes to Mr. Janson :

“ My old gardener remembers Henry Ellacombe, who told him he had dug the well in the garden himself, and on a tree and on the shutter of the kitchen he has cut his name.

“ The trees in this garden (Alphington) are very fine, Tulip trees, Cork trees, and many curious varieties, all of which were planted by your people. . . .”

Before passing to the main subject of this Memoir, something must be said of the Canon's father, H. T. Ellicombe. He was evidently a man of exceptional talent and very varied activities, and no doubt exercised a strong influence in developing the interests and tastes of his son.

The Canon's father was born on May 15, 1790, and was early intended to follow his father and grandfather in taking Holy Orders. With this end in view he went up to Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1812. He inherited, however, like his distinguished brother, General Ellicombe, many of the engineering qualifications of their ancestor, Sir Hugh Myddleton, and being unable to resist his natural impulses he devoted all his leisure time to mechanical drawing and the construction of models.

It was while he was still at Oxford that he was given the opportunity of an introduction to (Sir) M. I. Brunel, and to him he submitted his drawings and models. So much impressed was the engineer with the delicacy, accuracy and beauty of the workmanship, that as we

learn from the "Life of Brunel," he not only formed a very favourable opinion of the young man, but offered him a position in his office, and soon afterwards promoted him to be his confidential assistant.

His engagement with Brunel appears to have commenced sometime in 1814, probably after the following letter was written, which was addressed to him at Oxford on June 17 of that year:

"If you can be at Portsmouth on Wednesday next you shall have a chance of seeing all the great personages again.

"I had a visit this morning from the Emperor and Grand Duchess. I was highly gratified with both; he shook me by the hand and thanked me in a very polite manner for what he had seen.

"I don't know how you can make your way to Portsmouth; there I can give you room for a week. Last Monday I was introduced by the Duke of York and Lord Castlereagh to all the illustrious visitors of Woolwich including the Prince Regent.

"Yours in haste,
"M. I. BRUNEL."

At this time Brunel was engaged on his great works at Chatham, and in 1816 we find Ellicombe at Chatham as Resident Engineer.

While Brunel was in France in that year the Navy Board wrote on May 9 to inform him that they had "desired Commissioner Sir Robert Barlow to signify to Mr. Ellicombe that his services are no longer required at Chatham to superintend the works connected with the saw mills." To which Ellicombe replied that being Mr. Brunel's agent he could not abandon the trust committed to him during his absence or without his

authority. To this the Navy Board replied that no salary would be paid to him as from the day on which his services were stated to be no longer required. Brunel on his return was dismayed to learn of the dismissal of his resident engineer, and remonstrated with the Navy Board as to the "nature as well as the manner of their act." "If for so short a period," he adds, "as two or three weeks, Mr. Ellicombe's exertions and labours have not been so actively and usefully employed as they were before, it is because others have not been as expeditious in the execution of the works they had to perform as I had expected."

"Mr. Ellicombe's services have not been continued by me solely for the purpose of superintending the saw mill, but for directing the execution of the works in general, and for giving them the effect they should arrive at before they can be left to the management of others.

"No part of the work evinces greater proof of ability and judgment, than the manner in which the timber-lifting apparatus has been put up and brought into action.

"What remains to be fixed cannot be combined with the existing works, nor connected as it should be, unless I have the entire management of the concern, as I have hitherto had, nor unless I have the choice of instruments I think necessary to my purpose. Mr. Ellicombe being, from his superior education, liberal connections, and his uncommon acquirements, fitted in every respect, I trust that, if your honourable Board has no personal objection to him, he will be allowed to continue where he is in the character of my confidential agent in superintending my Chatham engagement until I shall have completed it.

“ Waiting for your honourable Board’s directions and instructions, I have the honour to be, Sirs,

“ Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ M. I. BRUNEL.”

“ CHELSEA,

May 15, 1816.”

To Brunel’s remonstrance, the Commissioners expressed their consent to Mr. Ellicombe remaining a further time in the superintendence of the works ; but in their short-sighted eagerness for economy, they desired to be informed “ how much longer it is likely that Mr. Ellicombe’s attendance, at the public expense, will be absolutely necessary.”

Ellicombe, however, had already left Chatham in disgust and returned to Oxford, where this letter was forwarded to him.

He thus returned to study for ordination, not, as the Navy Board put it in their letter to Brunel of June 17, 1816, “ from motives of self-advantage and convenience,” but, as he himself stated in his reply to the Navy Board forwarded to Brunel—which was not, however, sent, and for which Brunel substituted a letter of his own—“ from a conviction that if work and genius like his (Brunel’s) can meet with no better reward than was fallen to his share it is not worth any man’s while of ordinary abilities to exert and harass himself for such a trifling reward ; and therefore having obtained Mr. Brunel’s dismissal, I return to the profession of the Church for which I was originally intended.”

Brunel’s letter to Ellicombe in reply is of interest as showing the confidence he placed in him and the high opinion he had formed of his abilities.

“ Few, my good friend,” he writes, “ combine with

a steadiness of mind those qualifications and acquirements you are blessed with. Few, indeed, unite in that moral composition, the advantages you possess. To divert all these talents from their useful course, is to deprive your country of the benefit that must have resulted from your labours, and yourself of that reward which would ultimately have been the share of your perseverance. To the five talents you have received shall you not have to say, in return, *Ecce alia quinque* ? As to myself, I must submit to the loss I cannot prevent, and which I feel most particularly at this time. Alone in the middle of the action, or at any rate, in the thickest part of it, a great deal still remains to be performed, before I can say I have closed the career in Chatham dockyard.

“ The share I had assigned to you, left me at leisure to ponder upon what came next ; but now no one have I at the helm—none through whom I can convey my directions and ideas—and by the co-operation of whom I can proceed with confidence. If you still continue in your determination of returning to the Church, may you, my good friend, prove as great an ornament to it as you would have been in that most arduous career in which you leave your very sincere friend, *with one of his lights out.*”

Thus the engineering profession lost the services of a man well fitted by his natural endowments to have made a distinguished position for himself, and though the adoption of the clerical life led him into very different paths his mechanical tastes and engineering knowledge were by no means lost to the country.

Ellicombe took his M.A. degree at Oxford and was ordained in 1816 by the Bishop of Exeter to the curacy of Cricklade, Wiltshire, and in 1817 was appointed

curate-in-charge of Bitton by his friend Archdeacon Macdonald, the patron of the living, who appointed himself vicar of Bitton at that same time.¹ In 1835 the Archdeacon resigned the living of Bitton and appointed H. T. Ellicombe vicar in his stead, and it is interesting to record that the Canon was also presented to Bitton by Archdeacon Macdonald when his father resigned in 1850.

While working at Chatham under Brunel, H. T. Ellicombe became engaged to Miss Nicholson, a very beautiful daughter of a Government contractor at Chatham, who among other works built many of the Martello towers round our coasts when there was the fear of a Napoleonic invasion. Some of these, by curious chance, were destroyed by his grandson, General Nicholson, a gunner, who with his brother, Sir Henry Nicholson, were very dear friends of the Canon.

By this marriage there was one son (the Canon) and five daughters. The Canon was born at Bitton vicarage on February 18, 1822, and was christened Henry Nicholson, the latter being his mother's maiden name. Of his sisters, only one was married, her husband being Mr. Welland, who held the living of Tollerton, near Ottery St. Mary. There were no children, and

¹ The Prebendal stall of Bitton is still so named in Salisbury Cathedral; it was endowed by the great tithes of Bitton, the holder of it being therefore in the position of lay rector. Until within recent years the Prebendal house at Bitton was called the rectory, so that there were both a rectory and a vicarage in the parish, an uncommon occurrence. The rectory has lately been named The Grange in order to prevent confusion with the vicarage.

In connection with these notes on the parish of Bitton it is of interest to record that Sir Bartle Frere's brother settled here in 1833, and lived at the rectory, an interesting old house, which formerly belonged to the Seymours. The family is kept in grateful memory by the almshouses which were their gift to the parish.

she died after a long widowhood full of good works. Another, Elizabeth, was a woman of great mental and bodily activity, and in addition a very good linguist and musician. She was devoted to Church work.

Elizabeth Ellacombe died in March, 1910. During her long life she gave of her best to the Church in so quiet and unobtrusive a manner that little is known of her labour of love and life of self-devotion. A writer in the *Church Times* of April 1, 1910, writes as follows :

“ Last week one passed away who has done more work for the Church than is generally recognized, as, in addition to great gifts and devotion, she possessed a modesty and humility rarely equalled. To Elizabeth Ellacombe the Church in England owes the introduction of Dupanloup’s Method of the Catechism, for it was she who translated the book, though she suppressed an edition on which the publisher had put her name. . . . She was an ardent botanist and gardener ; the friend of Mrs. Ewing and the Gattys, she knew the ‘ Soldiers’ children,’ and other characters in those unrivalled books. Some of the Tractarians were her friends and guides, and few passes in Switzerland were unknown to her. How many languages she studied and spoke it would be hard to say, and late in life she learnt Braille for the benefit of the blind ; but all her culture and learning were for the good of the Church.

“ When I first knew her she lived in the house in Great College Street where she died, and the comment of a little maid she had gives the keynote of her life : ‘ Miss Ellacombe isn’t any trouble to me. She never wants hot water in the morning, for it keeps hot all night in a basket. She doesn’t have early tea ; all she cares for is to go to seven o’clock service at St. Matthew’s, and she doesn’t want anything cooked for breakfast.

Then she hardly has any lunch, and she doesn't have afternoon tea, and just something simple for dinner. She isn't any trouble to me. . . .'

"Her Sundays put younger women to shame: 7 a.m. at St. Matthew's; then at 9.30 she played for the service at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd; and later read at the Grosvenor Hospital. In the afternoon she played for the service at the Refuge, and when she had passed seventy she spoke apologetically of having given up her Sunday-school class.

"No one can say how great her influence was in getting the daily Celebration at Westminster Abbey, and when the Cowley Fathers settled in Great College Street, she sent an ambassador to them, fearing lest their daily Eucharist would diminish the number in the Abbey. Perhaps it would be true to say that she lived on the tenth of her income, and gave the rest away."

A third sister, Jane Ellacombe, it is of interest to record, was one of the two ladies who were the first to enter the religious life on its revival in the English Church, as a member of Dr. Pusey's first sisterhood. The Canon's mother died when she was quite young, and his father married twice afterwards. By his second wife he had one son and one daughter; the son died while he was up at Oxford. By his third wife, who predeceased him, there was no issue.

H. T. Ellacombe, as from now onwards the name will be spelt, had not been long at Bitton before his interest in works and buildings began to be re-asserted.

While at Oriel in the days of Provost Eveleigh he was an intimate friend of John Henry Newman, and to this friendship and to friendships with other prominent members of the Oxford movement may be attributed in some measure his practical interest in church building,

and more especially no doubt the manner in which the works were carried out.

This influence may be traced in his earliest work, the restoration of the ancient parish church of Bitton. As early as 1820 he made alterations in the interior arrangements when the old double pews were swept away, and the new life which was being infused into the Church and her services was noticeable in all his later work.

The parish of Bitton, when he was appointed vicar, comprised an extraordinary area, to which the great size of the churchyard still bears witness. The church also is remarkable among other features for its fine tower, and the old vicar was known to say that he could almost worship the man by whom it was designed and built.

Owing no doubt to the unwieldy size of the parish, which rendered it impossible to be worked properly by the vicar residing at Bitton, Mr. Ellacombe set out to provide for the proper spiritual welfare of the more outlying portions, and at the same time was able to indulge his interest in church building.

The first example of his activity in this direction was the re-building of Oldland Church in 1829, now for more than half a century a separate parish. The re-building of the church at Oldland involved the taking down of the interesting little mediæval chapel of St. Anne, and the new edifice was considered in 1829 an architectural triumph. In after life, however, Mr. Ellacombe never ceased to regret the destruction of the earlier building. All that can be said of the present church is that for that period it certainly might have been worse! In 1844, he built Christ Church, Hanham. Archdeacon Norris notes in his Register, under the date

September 3, 1887, that Pusey, Keble, Denison, and others were among the subscribers. The almsdish bears the inscription: "Dederunt Vicarii Bittonensis filii filiaequae." In 1851, Warmley Church was consecrated, the district having been formed a few years previously in part from the parish of Bitton.

An interesting account of the vicar, written apparently in 1847, and of his activities is given by "The Bristol Church Goer" in *His Visits to Bitton, etc.*¹

"The vicar of Bitton (who, by the way, I must not forget to remark, read the lessons to my mind much too rapidly) is one of the most indefatigable men in the world. He is one of those men, who, if you placed him in the desert of Arabia, would I believe have half a dozen churches up about him in little more than that number of years. I'm afraid to say how many he has built in the parish of Bitton, which was once almost as bad as Arabia; but I think I am correct in stating that he found it with one, and that he has managed to add four or five others, and by the time he is gathered to his fathers as many more will I expect stand as monuments of his untiring, his unconquerable zeal and services to a large district, once so destitute of the proper means of public worship. Where he gets, or got, the money for them all, heaven knows, I don't; but I should say he must have been a most intrepid beggar and indefatig-

¹ The pamphlet bears the date 1849, and may have been published separately afterwards. The date 1847 can be fixed by the fact that on the Sunday "The Church Goer" attended service at Bitton "the vicar announced that his son [the Canon] was a candidate for Deacon's orders at the next ordination and solemnly called on the congregation, according to the custom enjoined in such cases, if they knew any cause why he should not take upon him the holy office, in the Name of God to declare it." The Canon was ordained in 1847.

able man, to do what he has done ; he restored the mother church ; he rebuilt Oldland ; perched a pretty new chapel on Jefferies' Hill ; and planted another amongst the coalpits of Kingswood ; and too good a Churchman to confine his labours to his own parish, he is setting one or two on foot at Siston, and in all he is as cool-headed and as cool-handed as you can well imagine ; he is too ' old a stager,' as somebody assured me, to be put out by a trifle ; ' high and dry,' he rubs on, enlarging the borders of the Church, while others are squabbling about her—erecting altars, while others are fighting about turning their faces towards, to, or from them. His energy would make him a capital Colonial Bishop, and if he could be tempted to take Hong-Kong, the island, I'll be bound, would be full of churches in less than no time. One only wishes he had a more grateful and better field for his exertions, for his parish is eaten up with Dissenters, whose ideas of religious duty are comprised in a few hours' cleanliness, on Sunday evenings, and ' sitting under ' a *preacher* for some sixty minutes. It must be, and I doubt not is, very disheartening to the vicar to see so scanty an attendance of poor at the parish church ; for though there are not many in Bitton itself, the poor being principally in Oldland, more ought to come, and would if they were not drawn off by the meeting-houses, with which on a Sunday afternoon the region round about is literally *vocal*."

Chanting in church was then coming into vogue and meeting with some opposition, but from the " Church Goer's " accounts some portions of the service were chanted at Bitton, and had been for several years, and he notes that " nothing could be more generally or agreeably done."

In addition to his alterations at the parish church and his building of three others, providing seats for 2,285 worshippers, he built a schoolroom for 820 children and carried out numerous alterations and additions to the vicarage.

With the vicarage the old vicar indulged his love of building to the full. The "Bristol Church Goer" remarks :

" I should hardly have known the vicarage as I passed it on my way to the church. . . . In my old friend Mr. Curtis' time it was a plain building ; on the present vicar entering it as curate it was tastefully improved, but on his becoming incumbent, it grew with his growth into quite a Gothic edifice, with a great array of Oriel windows " ; and he goes on : " On this same progressive principle I expect to see it a palace by the time he has expanded into a bishop."

The following motto ¹ on a shield in the courtyard of the vicarage indicates that the main alterations were completed in 1835 :

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance to find
A new home to thy mind
And built without thy cost—
Be good to the poor
As God gives thee store
And then my labour's not lost.

H. T. E.

MDCCCXXXV.

H. T. Ellacombe was also keenly interested in music, and was in particular a leading authority on church bells and bell-ringing. The Canon inherited his father's interest in church bells, and in response to a remark in

¹ This motto was originally put up by George Herbert at Bemerton. See the Canon's paper on House Mottoes reprinted in this volume, p. 268.

the *Bristol Times and Mirror* he wrote : " Bells were rung on every occasion, and it was a sort of unwritten law that any one who chose to pay the ringers might have a peal for almost anything. My father, a ringer from his youth, set himself to reform belfries, and to make them as much a part of the church as the nave or chancel. In 1848 he drew up a set of rules for Bitton ringers which are still in force, and have been copied in many other churches. The 27th rule runs thus : ' The use of the bells is to be strictly confined to ecclesiastical purposes ; they are not to be rung for any political matters, such as elections ; nor law suits, trials, and such like ; nor for prizes ; nor for any unusual special purpose.' " This rule indicates fairly clearly the various secular purposes for which church bells were rung in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and their disuse for such purposes may no doubt be traced to the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe's initiative. His book, entitled *Practical Remarks on Belfries and Bell-ringers, with an Appendix on Chiming*,¹ reached a second edition, and shows that his influence must have been fairly widely dispersed. He also wrote accounts of the church bells of Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester. The study of bells also gave scope for his inventive genius, as we learn from the Bristol Church Goer's pamphlet that he was struck on entering Bitton Church " with a very simple but curious mode of chiming the bells ; one boy without the slightest labour chiming the whole set." " The ingenious device," he adds, " is, I believe, the vicar's."

Among the Canon's interesting collection of bound

¹ *Practical Remarks on Belfries and Bell-ringers, with an Appendix on Chiming*, by the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. Bell and Daldy. He also edited *The Ringer's True Guide*, by S. Beaufoy.

pamphlets, a well-known feature of the library to the Canon's friends, was an interesting sermon preached by H. T. Ellacombe in 1862 when he was at Clyst St. George on the occasion of the inauguration of the full peal of six bells, one of which had been subscribed for by the parishioners in memory of the Prince Consort and two others had been added two years before. In the course of his remarks on the music of bells and the sentiments they awake he aptly quotes from the *Merchant of Venice* :

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason's stratagems and spoils,
Let no such man be trusted.”

“Let us hope,” he concludes, “that long may England's bells ring on, telling of peace and happiness at home, and above all proclaiming that she is a Christian land.”¹

By his will H. T. Ellacombe left his models of a printing press and tower bells as well as his collection of bells to the South Kensington Museum.

Another example of his mechanical genius was the watch which he constructed and which the Canon wore until the day of his death.

H. T. Ellacombe's interest in bells and bell-ringing was no doubt partly stimulated by the opportunities they afforded him to exercise his mechanical abilities, but more especially we believe by his love and knowledge of music. Not only did he introduce chanting in church at Bitton at an early date, but he was a friend and patron of Robert Lucas de Pearsall, the writer of madrigals, whose work approaches very nearly in excellence to that of the great Elizabethan madrigalists.

¹ “The Bells of the Church,” preached Monday, November 24, 1862. Bell and Daldy.

Pearsall lived at Willsbridge House, Bitton, until July, 1837, and Elizabeth Ellacombe, the old vicar's daughter already mentioned, helped the composer in writing out the voice parts of his compositions.

From the records of the Bristol Madrigal Society we learn that two of the compositions which Miss Ellacombe helped to copy, "An Ancient Norse Melody" and "Who shall have my Lady Fair," were first sung by the Society on May 22, 1839.

Visitors to Bitton will remember that the table in the dining-room at the vicarage was originally in Pearsall's dining-room and was purchased by the Canon's father on the sale of Pearsall's effects. It may also be noted here that the oak pulpit in Bitton Church was presented by Pearsall in 1838.

The old vicar is also well known for his antiquarian researches both at Bitton and at Clyst St. George. He wrote a history of the manor of Bitton,¹ a history of the parish of Bitton, and a history of Clyst St. George, and was an active member of the Society of Antiquaries.

The history of the parish of Bitton² was privately printed by W. Pollard, of Exeter, and consisted of two parts. The second part, bearing the date 1883,

¹ *A Memoir of the Manor of Bitton, compiled from Ancient Records*, by the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, M.A., formerly vicar of Bitton, 1869. J. B. Nichols. This was first published in *The Herald and Genealogist*.

² Ellacombe's (Rev. H. T., F.A.S.) *History of the Parish of Bitton in the County of Gloucester*, in two parts, comprising: Introduction, The Common Meadows, Annals of the Forest and Chase of Kingswood, Manufactories, Appendix, Records relating to West Hanham, Manors, Bristol, Barton, and Kingswood Chase, *splendidly enriched with numerous folding coloured maps and plans, coloured plates, with copious engravings, exhibiting specimens of the architecture, ancient monuments, etc., 4to, newly and handsomely half bound in antique calf extra*, as new, privately printed for author, £2 2s. Exeter, 1881.

commences with chapter vi. and contains an account of the Manufactories, the Geology, the Flora, and the Antiquities and Ancient Records. The Geological chapter was contributed by the Rev. H. H. Winwood, M.A., F.G.S., and the account of the Flora, consisting of a list of plants with their English names arranged according to their natural families, was drawn up by the Canon. In a footnote the old vicar states: "I am indebted to the filial courtesy of my son for this list of plants." This is followed by the list of herbaceous and bulbous plants grown in the garden of Bitton vicarage in the year 1831 by the Rev. Henry Thomas Ellacombe, then curate of Bitton. A list of the trees and shrubs was printed in *The Garden* for July 31, 1880, from a MS. catalogue dated 1831, and is here reproduced as an appendix.

To these tastes and interests H. T. Ellacombe added a keen interest in gardening, and there can be no doubt that it was his example and his foundation of the fine collection of plants in the vicarage garden at Bitton that led his son and successor there into the paths of horticulture and botany and into becoming one of the most prominent figures amongst the amateur gardeners of the Victorian era.

The trees and shrubs cultivated at Bitton afford a good example of the interest taken in horticulture by the elder Ellacombe, and many an amateur gardener or botanical establishment to-day would welcome an opportunity of recovering some of the interesting old garden plants, and especially the roses, enumerated in this list.

On leaving Bitton in 1850 for the Rectory of Clyst St. George, a village near the old Devonshire town of Topsham, he continued to keep up a lively interest in

gardening and set about making a new collection of plants there like the one he had established at Bitton. Neither was his interest in building and church restoration in anyway abated, as he carried out extensive alterations at the rectory and also restored the nave of the church, and rebuilt the chancel.¹ In 1860 he erected a school-house and a residence for the master.

H. T. Ellacombe maintained an extensive correspondence with the leading horticulturists and botanists of his day. Thanks to the generosity of the Canon, we have at Kew a fairly complete collection of the letters received by his father between the years 1828 and 1845, and it includes letters from W. T. Aiton, of Kew ; Anderson, of the Chelsea Physic Garden ; W. Baxter, of the Oxford Botanic Garden ; R. Carr, of the Bartram Botanic Garden, Philadelphia, from whom he received a consignment of plants ; S. Curtis ; S. Benson and later N. S. Hodson, of the Botanic Garden, Bury St. Edmunds ; F. E. L. Fischer, St. Petersburg ; J. S. Henslow ; W. Herbert ; T. T. Mackay, Trinity College Garden, Dublin ; Stewart Murray, Glasgow Botanic Garden ; Mirbel, Jardin du Roi, Paris ; D. Moore, Royal Dublin Society's Botanic Garden, with whom he got into correspondence through the Archbishop of Dublin ; Fr. Otto, of the Botanic Garden, Berlin, from whom he received several parcels of plants ; R. Sweet and others. From these letters it appears that the first recorded sending of plants to Bitton from Kew took place in the year 1828, when a parcel containing twenty-one plants was "forwarded per Pickwick's

¹ The vicar of Alphington, writing to Mr. Janson, says : " Henry Ellacombe's love of decoration can be seen at Clyst St. George, truly an extraordinary effect, and his tree planting there is marvellous."

coach to the Rev. H. Ellicombe, Bath." In the same note a large number of desiderata are mentioned with the note, "Mr. Aiton will be thankful for any species of the annexed list that may be quite convenient to Mr. Ellicombe to spare for His Majesty's Botanick Garden, Kew." Kew also possesses another interesting collection of letters written to the Rev. H. T. Ellicombe by A. H. Haworth, the well-known authority on *Liliaceae*, etc., between 1829 and 1833. The letters throw an interesting light on the wide botanical interest of the Canon's father. His last letter to the Director of Kew which has been preserved bears the date February 9, 1875, and was written from the rectory, Clyst St. George, Topsham.

"Though it is a long time ago since I had any communication with Kew—not I think since Mr. Aiton's time!—my name is not perhaps unknown to you as the founder of the fine collection of herbaceous plants at Bitton and the old father of the present gardener and possessor.

"I therefore venture to ask if you can supply me with any of the hardies in the annexed list? I cannot find them anywhere. The rose I left at Bitton. I received it from Berlin, it has a red foliage like a red beech. *Aponogeton distachyon*—this though a Cape plant—was not injured by a hard frost in December, and the blossoms were frozen in, and in bunches upon the ice.

"I shall be very thankful and gratified if you can make up my wants, and do me the favour to allow what you can spare to be sent to me. My address as above and South Western Rail to Topsham. You will very much oblige and gratify,

"Yours faithfully,

"H. T. ELLACOMBE."



H. T. ELLACOMBE.

From a miniature painted in 1817

The Aiton referred to was William Townsend Aiton, with whom he corresponded in 1828. W. T. Aiton succeeded his father, William Aiton, as Chief Superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kew in February, 1793, and held the post until 1840, when he resigned and was succeeded as Director by Sir William Hooker.

Henry Thomas Ellacombe lived and ministered at Clyst St. George until his death in 1885 at the age of ninety-five, after sixty-eight years of active service as a parish priest, and was buried at Bitton. By his death, as our record shows, there passed away a man remarkable both in his wide interests and in his conspicuous ability who, had he so willed, might have occupied a very important position in the public life of the country.¹

H. T. Ellacombe was a remarkably vigorous personality, and something of an autocrat in his ways, as is suggested by the photograph taken about 1850 (p. 12). In contrast to the Canon, he was a short man, and not so well favoured in looks, the Canon inheriting his fine features mainly from his mother. The miniature of him here reproduced, taken in 1817, the year he went to Bitton, shows a very pleasing alert face and gives evidence of the keen and active mind that lay behind it.

¹ A list of his books and papers is given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

CHAPTER II

PEARSALL AND THE ELLACOMBES

THE following account of Robert Lucas de Pearsall, the musician, who was so closely associated with both H. T. Ellacombe and the Canon, has been contributed by Miss Ellen Willmott.

To write a narrative of the Ellacombe friendships would be a formidable undertaking, for Bitton vicarage was a centre to which gravitated so many of the notable men and women of the time. The Canon's father had a genius for friendships, whilst the Canon himself with his wide and varied interests and his attractive personality won friends on every side throughout his life. One of the great names of the early days is Robert Lucas de Pearsall, a Gloucestershire man and a close and intimate friend of the Ellacombe family. Born in 1795, he owned Willsbridge, the adjoining village to Bitton, on the Bristol Road. Willsbridge House, built on an eminence high above the road, looks down upon the picturesque little village below and over the tree-tops to the ironworks, long since disused and nestling in romantic seclusion by the large pool amongst the trees.

Pearsall's tastes being far removed from business, he determined to close down the ironworks and devote himself entirely to musical and literary pursuits. He had been called to the Bar, but decided to give it up and

study music seriously in Germany. Eventually he sold the Willsbridge property, and some years later bought the Castle of Wartensee, on the Lake of Constance, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, where he passed the last fourteen years of his life and died in 1855. At Willsbridge he was in congenial surroundings, for the Canon's father was himself musical and encouraged music in his own family and in his church choir. Thus the two forms of music in which Pearsall delighted were fostered by his environment and could find daily expression. He wrote madrigals and glees which were sung at the vicarage and coached by him. Many of his madrigals were written at this time either at the vicarage or for the vicarage circle. Miss Ellacombe had a beautiful voice, and her brother and sisters all sang well. Musical cousins and friends often visited them and then Pearsall was in his element composing and conducting, and there was much part-singing. He often wrote the music for special occasions of local interest, thus the Bitton Clothing Club had its incidental music, and a clever caricature of its members still exists, but much of this music has been lost.

The following letter was written by Miss Saunders to her mother on May 28, 1839, from Bitton :

“ As you wish to know about Mr. Pearsall I shall begin by telling you that he is an oldish man of a middle height, very fat and quite bald. He does not talk much, but what he says is very agreeable and much to the purpose. He sits all day when he is here composing and copying music and practising madrigals with my cousins and Miss Ellacombe, but he is a good deal away. He makes this his headquarters and then goes away for a few days at a time to stay with other friends in the neighbourhood, and he is now away for a week. We had

a very pleasant little sort of party here on Thursday, ten people singing the whole time. I have only seen Henry [the Canon] two or three times and think him an exceedingly nice boy with plenty of fun and a nice open ingenuous-looking face. Jane has been in a dreadful fuss about what she should do when Mr. Pearsall, Miss Ellacombe and I are all gone after having had such a house full."

At this time Pearsall began to be interested in Church music and set to work with the Bitton choir, seeking to banish some of the many defects common at that time in Anglican chanting. At the instigation of Mr. Ellacombe he began writing "Observations upon Anglican Chanting," with the intention of publishing a book upon the subject. He worked upon it on and off all his life and completed it at Wartensee, but it was never published until, after being edited by Mr. Barclay Squire, it appeared in the magazine of the International Musical Society as a commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Pearsall's death.

Some of the defects in Anglican chanting which gave rise to Pearsall's remarks are happily matters of past history, yet as a scientific study of the whole subject and as an example of the author's clear and well expressed literary style, the essay can still be perused with profit. The following extract from an unpublished letter written by Pearsall less than a year before his death to a friend to whom he had sent the MS. is of interest :

" You know already, I think, that in the autumn of the last year I was visited by an attack of apoplexy, and the consequences of that attack have deprived me of everything like that sort of energy and activity of mind which fit one for an active correspondent, and independently of this misfortune, I have had other

grievous troubles which make me sigh for nothing so much as the release from this world of torment and which make even the sight of the words of the old Roman Catholic Requiem, 'Da nobis pacem,' a sort of consolation to me. As an unworthy member of our Church of England religion I ought not to hold forth in praise of that of Rome, but somehow or other the latter offers great consolation to a man whose heart is attuned to poetry and whose spirit is broken down by misfortune ; under such circumstances even the signing a cross with holy water on one's forehead seems to convey an assurance of comfort, and I can now well understand the feeling of Henry IV of France when he made a cross on his breast as he mounted the walls of a battery under a heavy fire, although he was then only known as a confirmed Calvinistic Protestant, and I like him all the better for having in that manner given way to the dictates of his heart. As to your question whether I would like to publish my 'Observations on Chanting,' I thank you for bearing in mind my probable wishes and answer that I should like it much, for if it proves nothing else it will prove that I have not lived quite in vain. But as you have had something to do with carrying my ideas out I should like to do my best in publishing to present myself as well as possible to the musical world, for to do my best will be at least a recommendation of my poor abilities, and I think that in this cold-hearted world of ours no one should let slip any opportunity of recommending himself, for no one can guard himself against an hour of need, when even the good opinion of a stupid churchwarden may obtain him bread and cheese."

He had written many hymns for Bitton and arranged several services. Some are still in MS., but the greater

part were unfortunately destroyed at the death of Miss Ellacombe, the Canon's younger sister, who had lived for many years in Great College Street, Westminster (see p. 19). The Canon, who was ill at the time of her death, was unable to go to London; and thus many of Pearsall's letters, sketches, music, and other MS. were lost, while some Miss Ellacombe had already given away.

Besides his work upon Anglican chanting, Pearsall wrote much for the Catholic Liturgy and edited a hymn-book for St. Gall, which was published after his death. The greater part of his work in this direction, however, is still in MS. He was one of those who was largely responsible for establishing "Cæcilienvereine," which have so greatly influenced the direction of Church music. It seems strange that outside Bristol Pearsall's name as a composer should have been comparatively unknown in English contemporary musical circles. The Bristol Madrigal Society had indeed from time to time given his part music at their concerts, and were always glad to produce anything from his pen, and he always kept in close touch with them; but away from this rather restricted circle his name was scarcely known in England, even as late as the first edition of *Grove's Dictionary*. His retiring disposition, coupled with his long residence abroad, may in a certain measure account for this. Certain it is that he did not take the smallest trouble to get his music published, and beyond

"Great God of Love,"

"The Hardy Norseman,"

"Take heed, ye Shepherd Swains,"

"When Allen a Dale went a hunting,"

"Oh, who will o'er the Downs so free,"

none of his compositions were published during his lifetime.

He left a mass of MS., and a certain number of his madrigals, glees and part-songs were published by his daughter, Mrs. Swinnerton Hughes, after his death. It was in this very typical and English music that he excelled, and for beauty, charm, imagination and variety they can scarcely be surpassed. Since their publication his name has become known wherever unaccompanied singing is performed, and his madrigals and other part music have taken the high place they merit.

Until comparatively recent years, Bristol was the only town where his music had been heard. The Bristol Madrigal Society was instituted in 1837 and obtained a well-deserved popularity by the artistic rendering of madrigals and part-songs. It is still in existence and flourishing, and happily maintains its high reputation. Pearsall, whilst he was living at Willsbridge, wrote for the society

“ Shoot false love,”

“ All ye Nuns,”

“ I will arise,”

“ Why weeps alas,”

“ I saw lovely Phyllis,”

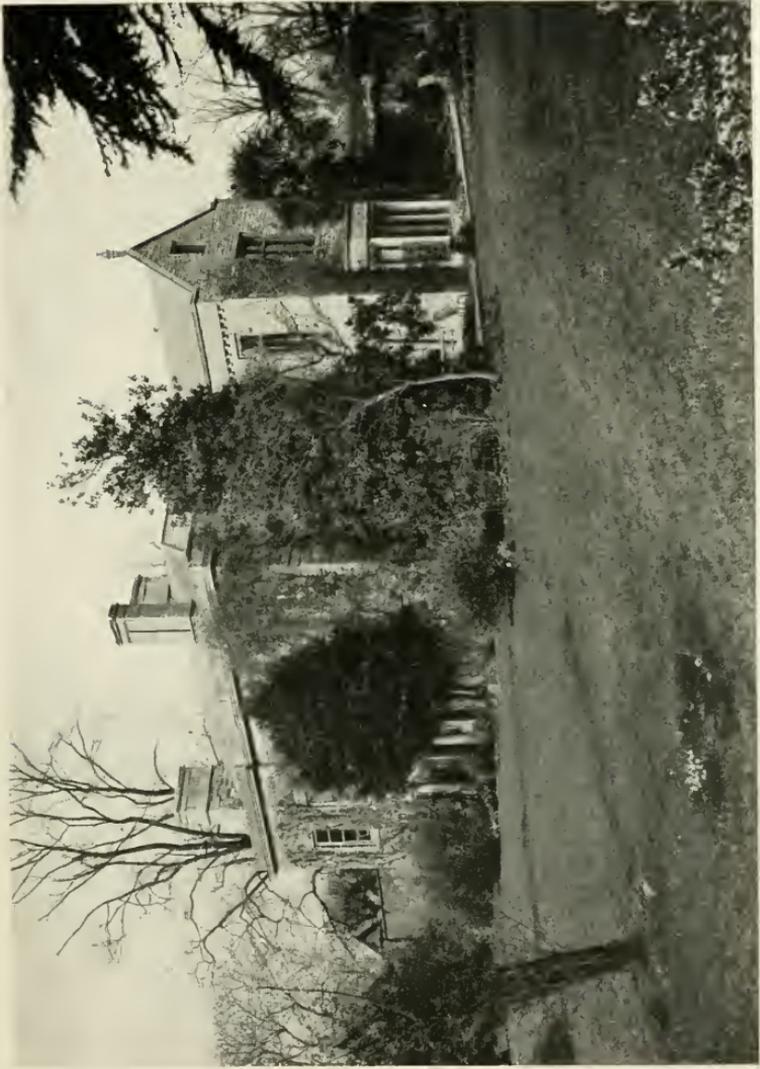
and they were sung by it at Bristol in March, May and June, 1837. Upon the occasion of his visits to England Pearsall generally wrote something for the Society and attended the performance. On one occasion it was arranged that the vicarage party with Pearsall should drive over to Bristol for the madrigal concert. The Canon had ordered a carriage for the purpose, but the coachman proved to be so hopelessly drunk that the Canon had to take the reins himself and thus succeeded in getting his party safely to Bristol and back. But the great evening was the hundredth anniversary of Pearsall's birth, when the Society gave a concert of his

music. His younger daughter, Mrs. Swinnerton Hughes, was staying at Bitton for the occasion, and she was greeted with a great ovation.

On October 1, 1915, the Society had the happy idea of making a pilgrimage to Bitton and Willsbridge, and singing some of the madrigals which had been written there. Pearsall's study at Willsbridge House is just as it was in his day and we were all greatly interested in seeing it. In the garden the fine old mulberry tree still flourishes as it did a hundred years ago when the Pearsalls, Ellacombes and Creswicks used to meet for alfresco repasts followed by part singing.

At Bitton vicarage the singers sat around the very table at which Pearsall had written the madrigals, and in church they sang the singing exercise which had been written for the choristers to put them in good voice before the practice.

On this memorable October 1, 1915, occurred the last of the Canon's hospitable gatherings at the vicarage. He was as well and as bright as ever and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the happy little commemoration of his early friends. He spoke to us all individually and we little thought the end was so near. The mention of Pearsall's name always pleased him ; he said it took his memory back to his young days, and he was never tired of relating reminiscences of Pearsall. He generally had some fresh anecdote to tell about him or something to show me. He always brought out the *Bitton Chronicles* ; folio volumes full of interest and illustrated with sketches and prints added to from time to time by the Canon or his father. One volume was written entirely by Pearsall in his beautiful neat hand and clear concise style. There were drawings of the picturesque little church of Oldland with its most romantic old



THE VICARAGE, WITH UMBELLULARIA BY THE PORCH.

village as it was in Pearsall's day; even now it still wears much the same aspect, although the interesting old church has had to make way for a modern one, and a few of the old cottages have disappeared. Hanham Court, where dwelt the Pearsalls' nearest neighbours and great friends, the Creswicks, has since been pulled down. Pearsall had many stories and legends to tell of the old place and its owners.

There is still much of an old-world atmosphere about Willsbridge, Bitton and Oldland, the three villages almost within a stone's throw of each other. Anything more typical of rural England as it was a century ago could scarcely be found. The steep wooded banks, the various flowery chines and the little thatched cottages in the villages all make that remote part of the country one of the most romantic I have ever seen. Many a time I have walked along the footpath and over the downs from Bitton to Willsbridge through Oldland, so often traversed by the Pearsalls and Ellacombes in those far-off days, and I have in spirit pictured the light-hearted young people laughing, talking and singing as they returned from one of their musical gatherings.

CHAPTER III

HENRY NICHOLSON ELLACOMBE

THE outline which has been given of the life and activities of the old vicar of Bitton throws some light on the character, tastes, and interests of Henry Nicholson Ellacombe, his son, the memory of whose life is a source of unfading joy to all those whose privilege it was to be admitted to his friendship.

It has unfortunately been extremely difficult to ascertain particulars of the Canon's early life. He outlived all his early contemporaries, and the memories of his later friends, so far as they are concerned with him, do not go back much more than forty years. As a matter of fact, Canon Ellacombe's life was centred almost wholly in Bitton parish, Bitton church, and in his vicarage and garden. Full of interest and beauty as was his life, it was not eventful in the ordinary sense of the term.

He was born at Bitton on February 18, 1822, and lived there quietly with his half-brother and sisters. In fact, with the exception of the year he was a curate in Derbyshire, Bitton was always his home.

His early education was no doubt received from his father, who, by way of augmenting his income, used to take pupils at the vicarage, and later he was sent to Bath Grammar School, where he was taught by Dr. Pears. In 1840 he went up to Oriel

College, Oxford, his father's college, where he graduated in 1844. At Oxford his acquaintances among the senior and junior members appear to have been remarkable. Among various relics from those stirring days he preserved a letter, written by himself from Oriel in 1841 to his father, relating how the condemnatory judgment which followed the publication of Tract XC., on being posted in the College Hall, was forthwith torn down.

Like his father he was strongly influenced by the Oxford movement, and may be classed as a High Churchman of the old school. The views he formed in these early days no doubt found expression in later years in the character of the works of restoration he effected at Bitton.

When he first went up to Oxford it was by coach, and the route from Bath was by way of Cirencester, where the midday meal was served. The driver of the coach being a well-known character this means of transit was a very popular one.

Among other reminiscences of the old coaching times, the Canon used to tell how, in his very early days when the family went to London, probably to stay with his maternal grandparents, his father used to book the inside of the coach and put them all in—and it was a very close fit. Once, too, when Ellacombe was returning to Bitton from Oxford the coachman, who was very rheumatic, asked him if he could drive four-in-hand. Ellacombe told him he thought he could tackle his team, and so to rest his aching arms drove it a considerable distance.

In 1847 Ellacombe was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of Lichfield and was licensed to the curacy of Sudbury in Derbyshire. While here he did

some tutoring in addition to his clerical work, and had as his pupil Ernald Lane, who afterwards became Dean of Rochester, and for whom the Canon always had a very deep affection.

In after life he used often to stay with him at Rochester, as he had done with his predecessor, Dean Hole, the well-known writer and authority on roses.

In 1848 Ellacombe took his M.A. degree, and in the same year ceased to be curate at Sudbury and returned to Bitton, where we believe he acted as curate to his father until he succeeded him as vicar in 1850. He, like his father, was appointed to the living by Archdeacon Macdonald, who was still patron and Prebend of Bitton. Now, however, the Bishop of Bristol, in whose diocese Bitton is situated, is patron, and on the Canon's death has presented to the living for the first time.

The Canon had not long been vicar of Bitton before he found it necessary to bring the needs of the parish in the matter of education to the notice of his parishioners, and the following letter, which is as true to-day as when it was written, is an interesting example of the Canon's constant thought and care for the welfare of his people :

TO THE

LANDOWNERS AND INHABITANTS OF BITTON.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

I think it is my duty, as your clergyman, to set before you a short statement of the education of the poor in this parish. This is a subject of the deepest interest to myself ; and as a new-comer among you, it is most probable that I am struck with various things, which many of you, who have resided a long time in the

parish have scarcely observed, while a state of things has been growing up around you, of which few, I think, can be aware.

By the exertions of my father, your late vicar, the school buildings are very good and substantial. For this I am most thankful. But I think few of you can be aware of the great ignorance in which a large portion of the children of this parish are sunk. I speak now solely of the hamlet of Bitton (including Swinford, Upton, and Beach), and almost solely of the boys. The girls are not much better, yet their condition is somewhat better than the boys, and is in a fair way towards improvement.

Of the boys I can scarcely speak too strongly. Their ignorance and idleness is most deplorable—their manners are rough and uncouth in the extreme—of the common duties of civility and kindness they seem to have little notion—and the higher duties of truth, honesty, obedience, and the fear of God are, I much fear, little more than mere names to them. With all this they seem to have little desire to improve themselves, and we cannot but look forward with some dread to the time when such boys become men, and husbands and fathers.

The only remedy for this is a *good* daily school, and I have a confidence that with God's blessing on it, that *is* a remedy. And when I speak of a school, I do not mean a place where the boys may merely learn to read and write, but where they shall be taught something that shall really enlarge their minds, and give them a love of learning, some knowledge of their own and other countries, some knowledge of other men and other times, some knowledge of themselves, of their duties, privileges, and responsibilities as English boys and Christian boys,

who are to be trained up to take their station as good Christian Englishmen.

On the third of this month I opened a boys' school in the village, having secured the services of a master from Bath. But I need scarcely say that I cannot by myself support the school. An inefficient school can be easily supported, but in establishing a school which shall do anything in the reformation of the parish, and be such a school as I should wish to see, I cannot work single-handed.

I must ask your assistance in the good work. If you are already a subscriber to the schools in the parish, I would ask you to consider whether you cannot increase your subscriptions, or at least whether you cannot give an extra donation for this year, which will necessarily have heavier expenses than succeeding years. If you are not already a subscriber, I would ask you to become one at once, and I would do more than this, I would press it upon you as your duty. It is not for myself I am asking, but for those masses of children living around you, who, if allowed to grow up in their present state, will most assuredly be thorns in your sides, and a constant source of fear and trouble to yourselves and your children who shall come after you.

In *landowners* (of every degree) I think it a positive duty that they should do what they can in the cause of education. And I think the case not much different with tenant farmers, and inhabitants of the parish in general.

I put it before you as a positive Christian duty and a high privilege. But let me also call to your mind the lower inducement, that it is far better to pay a little money now to help to educate your labourer's children,

than to be forced hereafter to pay as much or more in the shape of poor rates to support the same children, when they, from being brought up in ignorance and idleness, become pauper men, or it may be criminals and convicts.

But it is not only by your money that you may forward the good work ; each one of you may do much to help it by persuading your labourers to send their children to school, and by assisting them, if need be, in that purpose. Indeed I know no better way in which a master and farmer can reward a deserving servant, than by paying either in whole or in part for the education of one or more of his servant's children. The cost is small, while the benefit is incalculable.

I would wish to say much more on this subject, but I have already written more than I intended. I only beg of you to consider it carefully, and not to throw it aside as a matter in which you have no concern. It concerns every one of you very nearly.

For myself, if it please God to grant me health and strength, I am resolved to do all in my power, and knowing that it is HIS cause, I have a full confidence that it cannot altogether fail. And I would beg all of you, in whatever other way you may assist the cause, to remember it in your prayers to pray that it may be begun, continued, and ended in God, and bring forth fruit to His glory. And may HE by HIS Holy Spirit direct, guide, and assist you and me in this and all other works, that we may do all as HE would have us to do.

I remain,

Your faithful Servant and Pastor,

HENRY N. ELLACOMBE.

BITTON VICARAGE,

February, 17, 1851.

Unfortunately we have no record of the response which resulted from this appeal, but the modern well built school at Bitton no doubt can be traced to the Canon's influence and to his efforts to provide for the education of the children of the parish.

This interest in education he maintained to the close of his life, for he was a member of the Managing Committee of Kingswood Reformatory for Boys and took a very practical part in the direction of its affairs. A party of twelve boys from the institution, it may be remembered, attended the funeral.

On October 5, 1852, Ellacombe married Emily Aprilla Wemyss, daughter of General Wemyss, who served all through the Peninsular War under Wellington. They had ten children, the eldest of whom—a son—died at the age of ten. Then followed seven daughters in succession, the last two children being sons. Of this family two sons and three daughters survive him, but his wife died on April 30, 1897.

His son, Dr. Gilbert Ellacombe, of Livingstone, Rhodesia, shares something of the Canon's botanical interests and has sent to Kew some interesting plants and seeds from that region. From the seeds a new species of *Kalanchoe* (*K. Ellacombei*) has been raised at Kew.

In 1874, Ellacombe was made Rural Dean of Bitton, and in 1881 Honorary Canon of Bristol.

As to the interests of his early days we know that he busied himself with unravelling details of the family history, tracing out branches on female lines. He was quite a good draughtsman and illustrated his book with beautiful paintings of coats of arms. His botanical tastes, which were the absorbing interests of his later life, do not appear to have been fully aroused until he became vicar of Bitton, when his father's collection

of plants came under his care. He contributed the botanical portion of his father's *History of Bitton*, as has been recorded, but it is probable that this was done after he became vicar of the parish.

During the years that followed Ellacombe's marriage in 1852 he lived quietly at Bitton. In these early days he and his wife used to ride a good deal, and in this way no doubt he acquired his intimate knowledge of the countryside. He was a keen sportsman and very fond of fishing, and used to go out with his cousin, the late Admiral Nicholson. This interest is reflected in the charming little book he published in later years on *Shakespeare as an Angler* (see p. 124). Shooting he never took up keenly, though, as with most things connected with outdoor life, he knew all about it. Another favourite form of recreation was a walking tour with a friend or friends, and these continued a lifelong interest. His continental journeys, as we shall see, were indulged in up to a time of life when most men have abandoned active exercise, and the memory of his walks and travels remained a constant source of pleasure with him up to the end of his life.

No events of outstanding importance appear to have occurred, other than the births of his children. His duties to his parish and his growing family occupied his time, and he took an immense interest in restoring Bitton Church. His love of the fine old church was a very real thing. At the time it was being restored he was always on the look out during his travels abroad for features in the interior of churches he visited which might be copied, or at least suggest something, for Bitton. He decorated the chancel in large measure at his own expense with Italian marbles, using first Rouge Royal, and afterwards employing Red Verona

marble for the altar steps. In his diary for 1904 he notes : " If I am able to do any more marble work at Bitton I shall try and get this." [The Red Verona marble used in the Chapel of S. Felice in the Church of S. Antonio, Padua.] In 1906 he visited the Church of S. Anastasia, Verona, and writes : " I am quite pleased to see that the altar steps are Red Verona marble. I had not copied mine from there, but it was pleasant to see that I had chosen right. The steps at S. Anastasia have rather deep noses. I prefer mine with the plain edges, though, of course, the noses hide the joints." He further notes the flooring and gives a coloured plan showing the design which is formed by a succession of red and white lilies. " The upright lilies are red and white alternately in the row, the reversed ones are dark grey and black. Some day I may be able to use it at Bitton if I live. The lilies would be quite appropriate in a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The size of each square is eleven inches." It was on this visit to Italy that he purchased a " Savonarola Chair " for the sanctuary at Bitton, " as a small thank-offering for the health and strength which have enabled me this year to see so many and beautiful works of God and man."

He himself drew all the designs for the oak bench heads of the pews, and a village carpenter did all the carving. These, and the fine pencil cedar roof of the church, which was also put up by him, are lasting monuments of his work at Bitton.

The Canon's views on the subject of Church Restoration are admirably expressed in his paper on the subject contributed to the *National Review* in 1907 (see p. 279). Referring to Bitton Church, he remarks :

" In the last century, or at the end of the eighteenth,

the churchwardens destroyed the rood screen, the old seats, and the old roof, and put up an elaborate Tuscan reredos, very ugly, as we should say, but costly and well worked. My father, in 1820, destroyed all their work as far as he could, and did some excellent work in the fashion of the day. Most of his work I destroyed, and received his thanks and approval for so doing. I have little doubt that my successors will undo much of my work ; and the time may come when they will restore the Tuscan reredos. To such an event I look forward with a very light heart ; if the work is done solely *in majorem Dei gloriam*, I wish them all success."

He was a thorough iconoclast in matters of restoration, and felt that the work done should express the spirit of the times. He had no great reverence for early work from the sentimental aspect, and considered it should be removed if sufficient evidence of the need of change were forthcoming. In his paper he points out that but for this spirit which animated our great mediæval church builders we should not have had our noble churches and cathedrals, built often on the sites of early buildings, which had been destroyed to make way for them.

An important matter in connection with the life of Canon Ellacombe was his association with the New River Company until its absorption by the Metropolitan Water Board. He sat on the Board as a trustee, as did his father before him, in respect of one of the adventurer's shares which was part of the dowry of Miss Greene, his great-grandmother. He took a great interest and delight in the work. An interesting fact about these shares is that two of the four which formed the dowry were kept in the family all through and were the only ones that had never been sold. They are now converted

into prosaic Metropolitan Water Board stock. Until a few years before his death, the Canon came regularly to London to attend the Company's Board meetings and, in consequence, Kew got the benefit of many more visits from him than otherwise would probably have been the case.

There must have been but few visitors to Bitton who were not reminded at some time or other of the Canon's connection with the New River Company, as the excellent cold boiled beef, always known as "New River beef," was often to be found on the luncheon table and was very justly praised and enjoyed by the Canon and his friends. The recipe was given to the writer and is printed in the footnote, as it is too good to be forgotten.¹

In Bitton there are, no doubt, amongst his late parishioners, elderly persons who knew him longer than any one else. But the oldest friend of his with whom we have been able to communicate is the Rev. H. H. Winwood, of Cavendish Crescent, Bath. To him we are indebted for the following notes :

"It was my privilege to become acquainted with Mr. Ellacombe soon after I came to Bath in 1861, and from that time onwards until a few weeks before his death my visits to Bitton were a source of delight and instruction ; the extent of his knowledge on so many subjects, whether architecture, archæology, botany, or geology, always filled me with admiration. It was principally natural history and its cognate subjects that formed the bedrock of our intercourse. We both

¹ *To boil Salt Beef.*—Tie beef in floured muslin cloth, plunge into boiling water. Boil briskly for about five minutes and then draw away from fire and allow to simmer gently, leave until the water is cold. Add one tablespoonful of vinegar to the water, which improves colour.

became members of the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club in 1861. After the death of the Rev. Leonard Blomefield, in 1894, our friend became president and held the office for three years. Owing to increasing age, his name dropped out of the list in 1899. During those thirty-eight years he contributed a series of most valuable papers on subjects principally connected with the garden he so loved; and in the discussions which followed the communications from other members on various subjects more or less connected with Field Club work, even on such a question as 'The cure by touch,' he was always ready to take his part and show how great was the range of his knowledge. The first paper he contributed to the Club was read in 1869 on the subject of 'The Common English Names of Plants.' 'Remarks on the Study of Varieties with reference to Field Club work,' 'Place-Names derived from Plants in the neighbourhood of Bath,' 'The Vineyards of Somerset and Gloucestershire,' and 'On Field-Names' were amongst papers read at various times. The last contributions concerned the weather and its effects on the garden: 'The Great Frost of February, 1895,' and 'The Great Drought of 1896.' All these communications were looked forward to by the members with much interest. During one of my visits to Bitton he told me of the visit of a man who astonished the folk of the village by splitting with his fist small boulders of hard quartzite called 'Bitton Sawyers' found scattered about in the district, a knack which few men can acquire.

"Memory fails to recall many incidents of the fifty-five years of my friendship with the Canon, which would have been of value and interest if taken note of at the time. Perhaps the last interview shortly before his

death may be worth recording. Hearing of his serious illness, I visited the vicarage on November 24, 1915, and found him reclining on his sofa in the well-known room where we had chatted so often. A fall from a chair had shaken him a good deal, but he was cheery as ever, and the following anecdote showed how his memory still remained good and accurate as ever. The mention of the recent election of Sir Francis Darwin as a member of the Cotswold Naturalists' Field Club recalled to his mind the following occurrence. He was walking in the garden (probably his own) with Charles Darwin and Sir Michael Foster, who were present at the meeting of the British Association in Bath, 1864, when the sight of a gentian, the 'closed one'—*Gentiana Andrewsii*—led to their 'discussing' the process of fertilization, and how, in the case of this particular flower, it was effected, as a bee was supposed to be unable to enter it. As they were passing they actually saw a bee open the flower, enter and fly out. This was my last visit; he was conscious that the crossing of the stream was nigh at hand and with a handshake and a 'vale' we parted. It was his gain, but my loss!"

The Rev. W. E. Blathwayt, of Dyrham Rectory, Chippenham, sends the following note of his recollections of the Canon, and in his letter mentions, as a characteristic example of the Canon's dash and vigour, how when Mr. Blathwayt's father was going up to London by an express train after a visitation, the Canon gave him his gown to throw out at Bitton station as the train went through. The practice seemed well known to the station-master, who was quite satisfied when he picked up the gown and saw the label!

"It is difficult to give an adequate idea of Canon Ellacombe to those who never met him. I first knew

him about 1875-6. Later on I became more intimate with him and learnt to see how strong a figure he was. What seemed to be his great characteristic was his *robust vitality*. He might have been a brilliant country leader, there was such a dash and élan about him. He was a great reader with the power of reading quickly ; some will remember his eagerness in turning the pages of a book to find some passage and his quickness in finding it.

“ This vitality at times carried with it impetuosity, he would discard a plant and then have to restore it to his border.

“ Those who sat under him as a chairman will recall the way he got through business, perhaps sweeping away obstructions, and those so treated did not always quickly recover their balance.

“ Of his interests the number was great—archæology, architecture, natural history, the classics, objects of beauty as china and glass, one and another claimed his attention and were spoken of with zest and appreciation.

“ Again his likes and dislikes were sharply defined and sometimes sharply expressed. His long experience and retentive memory made his advice and companionship valuable. He was a great personality. His vitality showed constantly. You saw it in his greeting when visited, even in his farewell, when he sped the parting guest. How that varied interest in things and people was kept up to the last is amazing. Many would have subsided when their sight was affected, but he had the nerve and resolution to second the efforts made to help it. I think we may feel how the trouble of finding and putting on his different glasses would try him, but he was brave and kept on.

“The passing of such a man made a blank in the lives of many and we shall look in vain for another like him.”

Both Mr. Winwood and Mr. Blathwayt have referred to the Canon's many-sided activities in various branches of natural history and other subjects, and a perusal of the papers he read before the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club shows that his interests were grounded on a firm basis of knowledge and sound learning. It must not be forgotten that in addition Canon Ellacombe was also a fine scholar. He read the psalms and lessons daily in Greek and Latin, and year after year he would read his classics through, and his retentive memory made ever present guests of his favourite passages.

With one friend (Dr. Warre) he kept up a correspondence in Latin and generally in elegiacs, and his favourite pastime in later life was to compose Latin verses when resting on his couch before dinner. Quotations in Latin or original compositions often occurred in his letters and post-cards, and some of these are reproduced in a later chapter.

The Canon's article on House Mottoes published in *The National Review* and here reprinted (see p. 259) affords an excellent example of his Classical interests and wide knowledge of Greek and Latin.

“Canon Ellacombe,” writes Sir Herbert Maxwell, “was an excellent classical scholar. In 1905 I happened to supply the *Spectator* with an English version (not by me) of the lines which T. Wharton (afterwards Poet Laureate) composed as an inscription for a statue of Somnus. The Canon sent me a Greek version by himself. In case you do not know them, I enclose all three.”

WHARTON'S LINES TO SLEEP.

Somme veni ! et, quamquam certissima mortis imago es,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse mei.
 Huc ades : haud abiture cito, nam sic sine vita
 Vivere quam suave est—sic sine morte mori.

ANONYMOUS ENGLISH VERSION.¹

Come sleep ! though thou of death the image art,
 O share my couch with me, nor soon depart ;
 For sweet it is, while languid here I lie,
 Lifeless to live, and without death to die.

CANON ELLACOMBE'S VERSION.

*Υπνε προσέρχου μοί θανάτου τὴν εἰκόνα μέντοι
 ὄντα σε σύγκοιτον βούλομαι εἶναι ἐμοῦ.
 ἦδε μένοι ἐλθών. τερπνῶς τὴν νύκτα πάρεμι
 ζωὸς ἄνευ ζωῆς, θνητὸς ἄνευ θανάτου.

Unfortunately but few of the Canon's verses have been preserved, and unless he happened to send a copy to a friend they were never written down. As will be mentioned later his interests took him into the byways of classical literature and caused him to turn his attention among other works to *Theophrastus*, which eventually led to the translation of *The Enquiry into Plants* by Sir Arthur Hort.

Of his life as a parish priest and the father of his flock we can unfortunately say little. As a preacher, his sermons were all good and worth listening to, and we believe that this side of his parochial duty was more particularly congenial to him.

It was never the good fortune of the compilers of this memoir to hear the Canon preach, but the following sermon, which is the only one of his we know to have been published, is very characteristic of him. The occasion

¹ The Canon's English translation of these lines is given in his article on "House Mottoes" in *The National Review*, reprinted on p. 275.

was the death of Charles Ship, parish clerk of Bitton from 1823-1853, and the sermon was preached on Advent Sunday, 1853.

“That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly towards them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”—I *Thess.* iv. 11-13.

There is something very remarkable in the connection of these three texts; things the most opposite seem to be joined together in a way that at first sight seems hard to account for. First, come rules for common ordinary everyday life; rules, it would seem, that would suggest themselves to most thoughtful persons, “study to be quiet,” etc., and then immediately follows a discourse on the state of the dead, that none but an inspired Apostle could write, beginning with those noble heart-stirring texts, that have been the comfort of Christian mourners for all ages, “I would not have you

¹ The following prefatory note was printed on the cover of the sermon:—Charles Ship was born in the year 1788; appointed Parish Clerk of the Mother Church of Bitton in 1823; and died November 20, 1853.

By his uprightness, and quiet peaceable life, he had endeared himself to all who knew him; and, at his death, there seemed to be one common feeling throughout the parish, that a good man and a good neighbour had been taken from us.

He was buried on the Saturday after his death; and on the next Sunday I preached this sermon. It is now published with the idea that many might be glad to have even this slight memorial of him. When it was first proposed to me to publish it, I purposed to enlarge upon it, by adding other points in his character besides those I had mentioned in the sermon. But he was so well known to all that, on further consideration, I thought this unnecessary. It is therefore published as it was preached.

May God's blessing go with it, and may He raise up among us more of such, His faithful servants, is my earnest prayer.—H. N. E.

ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Now this connection of the most solemn subject that an Apostle could write of, with such ordinary rules (as we should call them) as "study to be quiet," "do your own business," and such like, has its lesson for us. And if it means anything, it means nothing less than this, that when we see men of quiet, humble diligence, passing their lives in quietly and honestly doing their duty in the state in which it has pleased God to call them, then, when they are taken from us, we have no need to sorrow for them as others which have no hope; we have a good hope that they are fallen asleep in Jesus, and our faith bids us look forward to a joyful and happy resurrection. And such an one has gone from *us*. It has pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother, who for more than thirty years has been the parish clerk of this church; and we, yesterday, committed his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

There is, I think, no service so beautiful as our service for the Burial of the Dead. There are, sometimes, it is true, cases in which we can scarcely venture to hope to apply some of its sentences to the dead, but in all cases charity allows us to think the best, and bids us to "hope all things." But when we are burying those whom we have loved and honoured, and whose life suggests nothing but hope, then it is a service that goes home to the hearts of all. And such, I am sure, was the case with all of us who were at yesterday's funeral; we all must have felt, as we left that grave, that we had

all endured a heavy loss—the loss of a good man and a good neighbour—but all must have also felt that we had grounds for a joyful hope ; we must all have felt that he was gone at last to that Home of which he was ever thinking ; he had entered into that happy rest for which he had been for so many years preparing himself.

You all know how very unusual a thing it is to hear in this church a funeral sermon. Such sermons, indeed, are now very rare in any place. Clergymen feel there is a certain unfitness in them. We feel that they are often painful to the real mourner, and tedious to those who are not interested in the subject. And, beyond all this, we feel that, as we dare not utter a sentence of final condemnation on any one that is taken from us, so neither dare we to utter a sentence of final justification. That is not our office ; it belongs only to our Lord and Master. But something we may do. And our late departed brother lived and moved among us so long, so known and observed of all, so honoured and respected by all, and died so deeply lamented by all, that I feel I should scarcely be doing my duty, if I did not point out to you some of these points in his character which made him what he was ; and which have enabled us to speak with such earnest hopefulness of meeting him again in Heaven, if, by God's mercy in Christ, we ourselves ever reach that Home. And let me say at once, very distinctly, that in speaking of him, I have no wish to extol *him*—that would be but foolish waste of time, for he is passed away from all our praise, and all our judgment. But the reason I speak of him is that you and I may endeavour to think of his example, while it is still fresh in our memory, and where we find it to have been according to God's commandments to go ourselves and do likewise.

Now, the chief thing that struck most of us in the character of Charles Ship was his strict daily observance of the Apostolic rule, in the text, "study to be quiet, and to do your business." I think I have never met with a man so gentle, so thoroughly quiet-minded as he was. He never seemed to be put off his guard by anything, and I should suppose no one ever saw him in anything approaching to passion. This was partly, perhaps, constitutional, but it was, I know, to a very great extent, the result of his own self-discipline and watchfulness. He rightly considered it unbecoming in a Christian man to let himself be put out by any trifles. He deeply felt the value of the soft answer that turneth away wrath; he knew too well the worth of a good temper to let himself give way to every provocation to anger; and he knew, also, that the giving way to a bad temper was, in fact, a giving way to Satan. And so he *studied* to be quiet; he made it a daily lesson to himself to be at peace with all men, and at peace with all men he lived and died. And any one who has studied the same lesson knows that it is not an easy one. It is galling to the flesh to have to bear all provocations; it seems so much more natural to let things have their course, and let trifles annoy us, and put us out of temper with ourselves and all around us; and so it *is* more *natural*; but the Christian's task is to subdue his natural inclinations, to curb his passions, and give no place to anger. And in the end he will find it better too. There are real sorrows and troubles enough through life to try the Christian, and if he is tempted to murmur and be impatient at trifles, how shall he stand when God's hand is laid heavily upon him?

And if we would know how our late brother was

enabled to bring to a successful issue his study to be quiet, it was very much by following the Apostle's next rule, "Do your own business." It seems a common rule, a piece of advice that any man could give his neighbour, and yet, I suppose, there is no rule more frequently broken. It is the great evil of the age that man will *not* do his own business, that he will not do his work in an honest straightforward way, simply trying to find out his duty, and then striving by God's grace to do it ; but he will be for ever looking to his neighbour (not merely from the wretched busybody disposition of liking to know all about his neighbours, but really, though none like to confess it), to see how his neighbours do their duty to God and their neighbours, and to take *them* for their rule, instead of God's word. Our late clerk had no such rule for his religion. His earnest wish was to do his duty to God, his neighbour, and himself ; and he honestly sought for the paths of that duty, not by seeing where his neighbours went, but by the constant study of his Bible, to see where that directed him.

And as it was in his religion, so it was in other things. His office as clerk brought him into contact, in some way or other, with nearly every family in the parish ; and we know that, in several cases, the office may be made an excuse for meddling and interfering with, and uselessly prying into other men's business. That it was not so in his case, all would bear me witness ; for he knew he had his own business to do—that was enough for him : and he did it as an honest Christian man should.

One great assistance he had in this work was his excessive humility and meekness. He might have taken for his rule a character of a parish clerk, laid down by

a good man more than two hundred years ago—that he should be

“Humble-minded and industrious-handed ;
Do nothing of himself but as commanded.”¹

This humility and meekness was a great help to him in his study to do his own business quietly and peaceably ; for there is nothing so bad as pride and self-conceit in drawing a man off from his own business, and making him meddle with other people’s. A proud self-conceited man is apt to think his own business always well done ; to think that he is all right, and his neighbours all wrong, until he comes among them. Humility and meekness make a man do his duty, and then say, “ We have but done that which it was our *duty* to do.”

Our late clerk was for many years a bright example to us of reverence in holy things. It is often found in parish clerks that their necessary and constant attendance upon Holy services make them, by little and little, less and less reverent, and get more and more to look upon the services as irksome duties, tedious tasks which must be gone through, and the sooner they are over the better. We have had a better example before us. Many of you, like myself, have been familiar from our childhood with his constant attendance at his post in church, and have been ourselves made to think how holy was the place we were in, by seeing his reverential and devotional behaviour. He really *loved* the service of the church and all belonging to it, having been, as I am told, brought up from early childhood to look on the church as God’s house. I met with some lines lately written by a good American clergyman

¹ The *Synagogue*, by Christopher Harvey, M.A. (1640).

upon another clerk, so applicable to ours, that I will read them to you.

“ In early youth his little feet
 The Sanctuary pressed,
 And there in age his hours were sweet,
 With cherished memories blest.
 He loved the Church with order due,
 Altar and chancel, desk, and pew,
 And priest in snowy vest.
 He loved the prayers of his dear mother,
 No better knew nor asked for other.”¹

And his reverence was carried out through all the services of the church. At the Holy Communion he was a constant and reverent attendant. Whether it was a funeral, or a baptism, or a wedding, his conduct was always that of a man who looked on these as Christian services to be performed in a Christian manner. He considered that these services were not mere empty forms that decency required to be undertaken, but that they were full of deep Christian meaning, and would bring comfort and blessings to those who performed them as unto the Lord, and not as unto men. His services in this church are now over, and a bitter grief it would be to us to say so, had we not a full and lively hope that he still worships and adores God in a far better and more glorious place than this earthly tabernacle made with hands, and that he has ceased to pray in the company of mortal, sinful men, only that he may worship and fall down in the company of glorified Saints and Angels before the Throne of the Lamb. But though he is gone from us, I am sure we should do well to keep alive the memory of his reverential conduct in God's House, and in all things pertaining thereto ; every such example is good for us, and I do

¹ *Poetical Remains of the Rev. B. D. Winslow, of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, New Jersey.* Published at New York, 1841.

not remember to have ever witnessed a better one. And do not let us be induced to blame the prayers and services of the Church, if we find ourselves irreverent and without devotion in them, and so failing to carry home their blessing. The prayers are good and holy, and heart-stirring, none more so ; and if we are restless and listless during them, let us blame our own selves, and not them. Men *have* been devout and reverent in the use of the prayers of the Church ; why should not we ? Other men have reaped abundant blessings from them ; why should not we ?

I have kept, for the last, a very remarkable and well-known part of Charles Ship's character, and one which, I believe, had an untold influence upon his daily life—and that was his constant looking forward to, and preparing for, death. With him, it was no idle speech to speak of this life as a life of trial to fit and prepare him for another ; for he was always thinking of that time when his trial should be ended. With him, it was no idle speech to talk of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death ; it was with him a real active principle of life. In all that he was undertaking he was thinking of the uncertainty of his being allowed to finish it, or to enjoy it ; in his favourite amusements of planting and gardening, he was always thinking more of those that would come after him than of himself ; and when he was building the house in which he ended his days, he was in the constant habit of saying, that he was building a house not to live in, but to die in ; and this when, in all human probability, he had yet many years to live. And he honestly meant what he said ; for he really looked upon his death as the only event of any consequence that could happen to himself in that house, and the chief thing he had to look forward

to. And now mark the consequence. Such frequent thoughts of death did not make him gloomy, or inattentive to his daily duties while life lasted; but the consequence was this, that when death did come upon him, many years before he might naturally have expected its approach, it did not find him unprepared. When all his friends were astonished, and shocked to hear that the hand of death was upon him, he alone seemed to think it no strange thing; he had long schooled himself to an entire resignation to God's will, he had a most lively faith in God's promises and Christ's love and he had never ceased daily to prepare for death, and so, when it came, he met it with the same quiet calmness that he had shown throughout all the events of his life. And mark another consequence. These constant thoughts of death had made him very careful that, when it came, he should be in all points ready; that, whether his Lord's call came in the evening, or in the cock-crowing, or in the morning, he should not be found sleeping. Now it pleased God that his last illness was of such a nature that he was unable to bear much reading or conversation, even on the subjects that he loved best, and he often declared his thankfulness that he had not left the thoughts of death till his last hours, otherwise his illness would have prevented him from thinking of them at all. Let us think of this, when we comfort ourselves with the thought that we shall have full time to make our accounts right with God when we are on our death-beds. It can be so in very few cases indeed. In the greater number of cases, illness does prevent a man from thinking as he ought of those four last things—death and judgment, and heaven and hell. They are all too mighty to be thought of when "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint," with the near

approach of death ; they demand our hours of strength, and our years of health ; and if not listened to then, there is little chance that they can find a proper hearing when man is laid low on his last bed.

I said that this was the last point of his character that I should mention, though there is much else that might be said of him,—his constant endeavour to speak good of all, his sobriety, his sound good sense, his kindness to all, his great respect to all above him in worldly station, his uprightness, his purity, in short many little points that will suggest themselves to most of you, as helping to make him what he was, a bright example of a good, kind, Christian English Churchman. But I have said enough.

And so he is gone from us. For myself, having from my childhood been taught to respect him as a good man, and having had constant experience in his faithful services to my father and myself, how well he deserved the name ; and having a hope that, if it pleased God to spare my own life, I might have looked forward, for many years, to having him as a companion in the performance of my duty as your minister, his death is to me a very grievous personal loss ; I cannot but feel as if I had lost a most intimate friend. Yet not for the gratification of my own private affection towards him, nor yet to extol him, have I thus spoken to you of our good old clerk ; but that you and I might profit by his example, and, by trying to find out the secrets of his cheerful honoured life, and his peaceful end, we might get the same blessings for ourselves.

And here are the secrets—prayer to God, study of the Bible, frequent communion, constant preparation for death, “ Study to be quiet and do your own business.”

And here is the happy end. "That we sorrow not as those without hope for those that thus fall asleep. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Towards the close of his ministry he gave up preaching, as he found the strain too great, but up to the last years of his life he nearly always read the lessons and the Gospel in the church. In order to save himself from undue fatigue he had arranged for him a sort of couch in the chancel stalls from which he did not move during the service.

In the hearts of his parishioners his influence was great, and well it might be, since he had christened, prepared for confirmation and married most of them, and for many he had performed the last sad rites of burial.

Even in his last year he saw each candidate for confirmation separately, and no real need of any of his people fell on a deaf ear. He was fully cognisant of their ills and troubles and they freely came to him for help and comfort in all their trials and difficulties.

In one of his last letters to Mr. Bartholomew he refers to his class of confirmation candidates :

"I am getting on very pleasantly with my thirty-eight candidates. I shall have had about one hundred interviews by the end of the week, and a good many more before the 30th. I enjoy it much. It has not the least fatigued me—they are all so good."

As with his garden so with his parish he realized the limitations, and placed a full confidence in his people that they, like his plants, would respond fully to a proper understanding of their needs.

Nor was his belief misplaced, for in his constant desire to foster and encourage all that was true and beautiful he reaped his reward in the love and affection of those to whom he was truly their father in God.

CHAPTER IV

TRAVELS ABROAD

DURING the last forty years of his life the Canon took his holidays very frequently on the Continent, usually in company with relations or friends, but sometimes alone. Of many of these journeys he wrote up a detailed record, which he preserved. Visitors to Bitton Vicarage will remember a long row of these black notebooks on one of the library shelves with the country visited and the date stamped in gilt on the back. From these diaries the following pages are mainly compiled. As might be expected, his dominant interests appear to have been ecclesiastical architecture and gardening. But the most varied subjects claimed his notice and his interests were very catholic. His appreciation, too, of a good lunch or dinner was always frank and evident, and his diaries are full of valuable information as to the best places to dine and sleep. So pleased was he at times with the excellence of some particular hostelry that he would make a point, on his next holiday, of paying a visit to the same spot, where it is evident from his diary that he received a very warm welcome. The Canon must have been a joyous companion on these excursions, out frankly to get as much health and diversion from them as possible.

His first journey abroad recorded in these diaries was



CANON ELLACOMBE.

From a photograph taken about 1870.



in 1873, when he went to Belgium in company with his father. He was away from August 26 to September 10, and visited, among other places, Bruges, Ghent, Oudenarde, Antwerp, Aerschott, Louvain, Tirlemont Brussels, Tournai and Calais.

As an instance of the remarkable vitality of the elder Ellacombe, then eighty-three years of age, it is interesting to notice in the entry in the Canon's diary of their first day in Belgium that when they met at breakfast "we found that we, all except my father, were very tired after yesterday's journey."

"*August 25, 1873.* Lunched at Kew with Dr. Hooker, who was as usual overwhelmed with work and visitors, but was very kind and obliging. Returned to London early and went to the Charing Cross Hotel. Dined at table d'hôte—a very good dinner, but very long and very silent. My father came between seven and eight and had tea. After tea Mr. Buckler came and gave me a great lot of introductions to friends in Belgium, and sketched out for us a good route.

"*August 26.* Up at six—and after breakfast started by the express to Dover. This was a most pleasant journey—through Chislehurst and Sevenoaks—a pretty country all the way. We got on board the steamer and started at 9.45. It was a beautiful and bright day—with just enough wind to make it fresh and pleasant, but not enough to make it rough. We could not have had a more beautiful passage, there was not a pitch or a roll the whole way, so that we were all on deck the whole time and all well and enjoying it. We reached Ostend at 2.15. The luggage was rapidly and most politely examined on board, so that we soon landed, and after waiting about half an hour at the station we started. Through a dull flat country (reminding

me much of the North of Lincolnshire) we soon reached Bruges, where we put up at the Hôtel de Commerce. We seemed to have not only the hotel but almost the town to ourselves. After table d'hôte dinner (only ourselves, but a very good dinner) we strolled out and called on Mr. Weale. He was unfortunately not at home, and I was glad to get to bed early, very tired. The drawing-room looks out on a small garden choked with trees, chiefly umbrella acacias. I saw the waiter pick pears from a tall pear tree in a new and clever way. He had a long pole about 10 or 12 ft. long, on the top of which was set a thin disc about six inches diameter set with wooden teeth just like a hayrake. Putting this under the pear so that the pear rests on the disc and giving a slight twist the pear is at once detached and brought down unbruised.

“The hotel is clean and comfortable, the cooking good and the servants very obliging—but there are some quaint points about it. The chief staircase has for its banisters a succession of bright green bulrushes (in cast iron) with their end placed in the mouths of swans with very white bodies and very red beaks, in this way cleverly placing the poor swans in almost the only ungraceful position that is possible to a swan. The washing arrangements are peculiar. A small jug and basin are placed in a shallow tea tray inserted in the washstand. I could not see the use of this tray till by a happy thought I determined to convert it into a sponge bath—*faute de mieux*. It did not answer perfectly, as it was like tubbing in a saucer, but it was all I could get.

“After luncheon we took a *vigilante* to call on Canon Bethune. The drive took us along the Great Canal and gave us an excellent idea of a Flemish town. The

sides of the Canal are planted with rows of trees at intervals, chiefly poplars, and the houses are nearly all of the old, high-roofed, cabré-stepped character. When we reached the Grand Seminaire, which is a large, ugly Franciscan convent, we found that the Canon was in, but was, unfortunately, in retreat till Monday. So the grim porter refused to admit us, saying, 'C'est impossible,' but a young priest undertook to convey the letter to the Canon, who could only say that he was quite prevented by his ecclesiastical rules from seeing us. This was a great disappointment. In the evening we walked about the streets. The town is very empty and seems to be composed at least one-half of priests and Sisters of Mercy. The priests are clear enough, but we soon found that the usual dress of the Bruges peasant women is a clean, white cap and a long black cloak with a hood, which makes them all look very much like 'sisters.' The working men are all in blue cotton blouses, which to English eyes make them all look like butcher's boys. Men, women, and children of the poor all wear sabots, certainly the ugliest and most uncomfortable shoe ever made."

1874

The following year, 1874, he went to France, his father, although eighty-four years of age, again being one of the party. He left Bitton August 17 at 7 a.m., and in the afternoon "called on Robinson (of *The Garden*), Masters (of *The Gardeners' Chronicle*), Barr and Allen, and afterwards met my father." The following day they crossed over to France, and made their first stop at Abbeville. On this journey the chief object appears to have been to visit the French Cathedrals. Besides that of Abbeville, which Ellacombe describes as "a grand beginning of an unfinished work" they saw the

Cathedrals of Amiens, Notre Dame at Paris, Chartres, Angers, Tours, Alençon ("a building in the extreme style of flamboyant, ornament everywhere *dabbed* on without meaning") L'Abbaye at Caen, and Rouen.

Under *Paris, Monday, August 24*, appears the following: "After breakfast went by myself to the Jardin des Plantes; there met M. Verlot and with him called on Professor Decaisne. The professor was a charming old French gentleman, who made me free of the garden; when I told him that I had visited the gardens on Saturday and made a list of *plantes desiderées* to which I should probably make an addition to-day, he at once opened his arms to their full extent and hoped I should not only make an addition, but a large addition, *et très large addition*. Then I went with M. Verlot to see the Alpines and the more private collections—they have an immense collection of plants, but very far from perfect, and I expected to see a far better collection of Alpines. Still I saw a great deal that was new to me, and M. Verlot was most polite and obliging. At noon my father came to the gardens and then we went home. I called on M. de Vilmorin, but he was not at home. His foreman, however, gave me all the information in his power about the French gardens. We all dined at the Palais Royal and then drove to the Garden of the Luxemburg Palais—a very pretty small edition of the Tuilleries Gardens.

"*Friday, September 4*. We left Alençon at eleven, finding nothing more of interest in it (the lace-work is almost, if not quite, a thing of the past) and went on to Falaise which we reached about three o'clock. It was quite a relief to find a pretty little town with very respectable hills and valleys. All the rest of France that we have seen is more or less of a great plain. The town itself is very old and full of quaint bits, but

the great object of interest is, of course, the Castle where William the Conqueror was born. It is on a high hill with a deep valley below on one side, and all the town below on the other, and opposite the chief tower is a grand rocky cliff of mountain limestone. The Castle itself is not large, but is a very fine piece of Norman masonry. We went through it with an old female concierge—a very jolly old woman who chattered all the time. It was very interesting to me to see the castle covered with the *Dianthus caryophyllus*, and it is a curious coincidence that its chief English habitat is Rochester Castle, which was built by Guthlac, one of William's followers. It is nothing impossible that he may have brought away plants or seeds from Falaise (as I did) and planted them at Rochester. In France it is only found on old castles and walls. We went all through the Castle and up to the very top of Talbot's Tower. We were accompanied by two young soldiers (one the sentry) who had never seen the castle. He went to the top, but the other refused and was unmercifully chaffed by the old woman of being afraid to go where the old gentleman and young English lady had gone."

1882

The next diary in point of time gives an account of a journey in Ireland in 1882, on which he was accompanied by Mr. Graham. Fishing appears to have been the main object of this trip, varied, as always, by plant-hunting, either cultivated or wild. Under May 12, 1882, he writes: "Had a beautiful passage to Dublin, not a wave, scarcely a ripple the whole way. But the Captain complained bitterly of the loss of traffic occasioned by the 'Irish troubles.'" The following day, May 13, he writes: "After breakfast took a car and drove to

Glasnevin and called at once on Mr. Moore. I found him a very young man, but very intelligent, enthusiastic and civil. He took me everywhere as far as the time allowed and I came away with the idea not only that Glasnevin is the prettiest Botanic Garden I have seen, but that the collection is most excellent and well cared for. After lunch I called on Burbidge at the Trinity College Botanic Gardens, where I found the old shrubs against the wall were especially worthy of note and Burbidge most attentive."

In 1882 the "Irish Question" was at an acute stage—the Phœnix Park murders were only a year old. We do not know what political views the Canon held, or whether indeed he had any; but the following extracts from the diary show how sympathetically he appreciated the situation in Ireland:

"*Wednesday, May 24.* Went out fishing by myself. It was not a good day, but I managed to get about five dozen. The trout in these lochs are small, but they are very plucky, and our days on them were made pleasant by our good boatman, Macbride. He was a most intelligent and conversable fellow, anxious to know all he could about England and we learned a great deal about the life of the poor in his neighbourhood. Their poverty is frightful. Their houses cost about £12 or £14 complete, often without windows or chimneys, and they consist of but one room, which not only serves for father, mother and all the children, but for the cow and poultry also. Every house is built by the poor people themselves, the landlord doing absolutely nothing, except raising the rent as improvements are made. In Macbride's own case, he rented seven acres, of which less than one acre was under cultivation, the rest bog and heath. For this he originally paid 11s. 4d., which

was at once raised to two guineas when the one acre had been cleared and the house built."

On May 27 he had reached Londonderry. "In going along the quays," he writes, "we found that preparations were going on for embarking a large body of emigrants; this takes place two or three times a week, and sometimes oftener. The small steamer takes them from Derry to Moville, where they join the large emigrant steamer from Liverpool. We determined to see the embarkation. They went on board in a long stream, more than 300 in all, men, women, and children. They were bound for the *Devonia*, of the Anchor Line. It was one of the saddest sights I ever saw, but it formed a fitting conclusion to our fortnight among the poor farmers of Donegal; for the emigrants were evidently not the very poor, there were no rags among them, but they were all from the small farmer class. They none of them seemed to have more baggage than they could carry in their hands. Many of them were broad-shouldered, active young men and healthy young women, and it was sad to think that the country should be subject to such a weekly drain of many of its best people, and still more sad to think that every one went out with a grievance in their hearts, a feeling that they were being driven out of their own country and that from the moment they embarked they were for the future the determined enemies of England and English rule. They all seemed determined to put a brave face on it, but it was very easy to see that there were very sad hearts both on ship and on shore."

Two days later, travelling from Portrush to Coleraine, he records that "for travelling companions we had two men, who both seeing we were Englishmen, prepared to enlighten us on the Irish Question, but they took

totally different views and enforced them with a strength of language against each other which few Englishmen would have put it with. The one who was most voluble was not a pleasant companion, but I was glad to have met with such a specimen of an out-and-out Irish politician. He was for getting rid of everything English. He did not want them or their money and still less did he want them as landlords, in fact he would get rid of landlords altogether, and had some scheme of buying them out altogether. He was a man in good position, but he raked up all old facts and laws of hardship against Ireland, such as the laws of 1782, and distorted them all. The other man was quite distressed at our hearing such opinions, and when he left us hoped we would not pay much attention to such a fellow, 'for he was a fool,' which, I fancy, he was not."

1889

In July, 1889, the Canon visited Switzerland, going by way of Amiens to Lucerne. Fifteen years had elapsed since his former visit to Amiens, and he writes :

"I was glad to find myself again in the comfortable Hotel du Rhin. When we came down to breakfast we found that we had it almost to ourselves. We went out and spent an hour in the Cathedral. Since I was last here (in 1874) a great improvement has been made by taking down the houses at the west end, so that now it is possible to see it from some little distance. Certainly the oftener one sees Amiens the more one sees how grandly it compares with all others."

In Switzerland, architecture and the study of Alpine plants filled up his time.

On this holiday, which took place between July 11

and 31, he went from Lucerne to Hospental and thence to the Furka, and so to Brigue, Finhaut, Geneva and Berne; on the way home he broke his journey at Laon.

When at Finhaut he devised a very practical method of carrying his collections with the minimum of trouble to himself or damage to the plants.

“ I adopted a plan to-day for carrying my flowers as I collected them which I found most excellent. Tying the four corners of my handkerchief together with string, and then tying that to the head of my alpenstock, I had at once a light basket always open to take the flowers and carried at a most convenient point. I then understood the meaning of the bundles represented at the top of palmers' staves; it was the way they found most convenient to carry their little baggage, and the alpenstock is of course identical with the pilgrim's staff.”

Of Laon Cathedral, which impressed him greatly, he writes :

“ The towers are unlike any others. The object seems to have been to show as much blue sky through them as possible and the result is very beautiful. Ely has something of the same, but not to the same extent.”

The holiday of 1889 was evidently a complete success, for his diary ends with a characteristic note :

“ And so ended our pleasant holiday. Everything has helped to make it delightful. We have had brilliant weather with just enough of rain to lay the dust and not to keep us in. All has gone without a hitch, except for two or three little accidents, not much worth thinking about, certainly not worth complaining about. We have gone over a great extent of country

(about 1,500 miles). I have seen many wonderful sights which will be pleasant memories to me for the remainder of my life, and learned much that was new to me, and so I finish with my mind enlarged and thankful. *Deo gratias.*”

1893

Four years later another visit was made to Switzerland, which was reached by way of Boulogne and Berne. Places not seen on the previous journey were visited, amongst them Thun, St. Beatenberg, Grindelwald, and, on the way back, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, and Rheims. His son Gilbert was his companion. Writing of the Lake of Thun he says :

“ When we were at Thun we had admired the rich blue of the Lake. It is as blue as the Lake of Geneva, but a different sort of blue, not so dark and more of a sapphire blue. I fancied it looked bluer the higher we got (he was walking from Thun to St. Beatenberg), and afterwards found that this was certainly the case. We dined at the table d’hôte, the English first and the Germans by themselves afterwards ! ”

“ *Tuesday, August 29, 1893.* [St. Beatenberg—to which they had come up the day before.] A fine morning and a steady barometer determined us to take a good walk and we started between eight and nine for the Groennenalhorn—6,770 ft. We were told that the road was easy and well marked, but we did not find it so. Here and there we found some stones marked with red and yellow paint which were supposed to mark the way, but they were few and far between and we constantly lost our way, but with the mountain

before and the Reichenbach Valley to guide us, we never went very far out of the way. We got, however, at last near the top, and I did not altogether fancy the climb to the very top. I was beginning to feel very tired and done up, and found that it would have been wiser for me to have rested a day after the hard climb of the previous day ; so I sat down to eat my lunch, but found I could eat nothing. I had tired out my appetite. Gilbert went on to find a path to the top ; he soon came back for me with the advice to get to the top, as I should then hit upon a much better path downwards ; so I struggled up and soon reached it. It was well worth the climb ; the mountains of the Bernese Oberland from the Wetterhorn and the Niesen were beautifully clear and even beyond them, while to the south were beautiful valleys leading down to Lucerne. We did not stop long on the top, which was all of peat with a carpet of *Azalea procumbens* almost out of flower. We were not much more successful in finding our way down ; we soon lost sight of painted stones and had to find our way through the woods and bogs—fortunately the bogs were all dry—and struggled home (or rather I did, for Gilbert was very fresh throughout) and thankfully reached our hotel about 5.30. It was a grand walk, and in spite of my fatigue I thoroughly enjoyed it, and was glad to have done it. About half an hour before the end I experienced a very curious effect of fatigue. I was lying on the grass and a few yards off I saw a rich bank of heather with tall grasses, and a tall red flower which looked like a foxglove. I even looked at it through the glass, but could not make it out exactly, so I asked Gilbert to pick it for me ; he said there was nothing there. So I got up and found he was right ; there was

absolutely not a flower there and I had been dreaming with my eyes open.”¹

1897

In July, 1897, Ellacombe went to Switzerland, again in company with his son. At this time his life had been darkened by the loss of his wife, who had died about two months previously. This visit was always held in pleasant remembrance by him for his walk over the St. Gothard Pass, from Hospental to Airolo—a very creditable feat for a man turned seventy-five—and because he then made his first acquaintance with Piora, a place which he visited again and ever afterwards held in affectionate regard. His love for Piora can be gathered from the article which he published in *The Guardian*, which is reproduced here (p. 224) by kind permission of the Editor.

The other places included in this visit were Lugano, Mt. Generoso, Arona, Orta, Simplon, and Berisal, the return journey being made by way of Geneva, Dijon, and Paris. The inclusion of Lugano was unintentional, as is shown by the following extract from his diary :

“*Lugano, Thursday, July 15, 1897.* A glorious day but rather foggy in the morning. It was no part of my scheme to go to Lugano or near it, but we had been forced into it ; and I intended to stay one night and then on to Mt. Generoso, but it was otherwise ordered. I suppose I had done too much the day before, so I had an uncomfortable night, and awoke in the morning so unwell that it scarcely required Gilbert’s orders that we should stay quietly at Lugano for the day at least,

¹ Notes added by the Canon in his diary : “ This is a strange repose to be asleep with eyes wide open.”—*Tempest*, a. ii. s. 1.

“ Falling into a trance but having mine eyes open.”—Balaam.

perhaps for more. This was bad enough, but it became still worse when he forbade my eating any of the beautiful green figs which were abundant and served at each meal. But it could not be helped and I passed the whole day in my room, for the most part lying down. I spent the afternoon chiefly in writing the article on Piora for *The Guardian*, afterwards republished by Lombardi of Airolo."

Two days later he writes: "I remained indoors except for about an hour in the garden and again I did not find it wearisome. Wrote some letters and finished my article for *The Guardian*. I shall always remember Lugano, for it has taught me a good lesson—at least I learned it there. I knew I was *getting* an old man. I have learned that I *am* one now, and that it would have been wise to have put in practice sooner what Miller [his gardener at Bitton] has put so steadily into practice for the last two years, that the time comes when it is wisdom to take two days or more for work which you could once do well in one."

1898

On April 29, 1898, the Canon joined a party on board the steamship *Goth* at Southampton, bound for Holland and Germany. In the party were W. Nicholson with his two boys, Fred and Robin, Mr. Ellis Firmer, of Ashmansworth, near Newbury, the Rector of Yarmouth, I. of W., and Mrs. Speed, Miss Maturin, of Lymington, sister of Mrs. Speed, R. H. Alexander, of Goudhurst, Kent, and Ed. de Segundo. "Others were expected, but were obliged to put it off, so the party was a small one, but it was a very pleasant one and we all harmonized admirably. Mrs. Speed and her sister were good musicians and de Segundo was a

most accomplished pianist and singer, so that we had good music every evening." He also mentions as being on board "Gilbert, the captain's clerk, great on the banjo."

They first visited Rotterdam, where the Canon was struck with the "canals and barges in every part of the town, and especially with the windmills working in the very streets." He went by rail to The Hague, Haarlem and Amsterdam, passing the tulip farms on the way. Mere masses of colour, especially made by cultivated plants, never attracted the Canon, and of these farms he says: "They were gorgeous masses of colour, but from what I saw I was not tempted to repeat the visit."

At Amsterdam he was much interested in the Museum, especially in the paintings by Rembrandt and others of the Dutch School. Returning to Rotterdam they went by the *Goth* to Hamburg, then on to Lubeck, where they stayed a few days, getting back to Southampton on May 10. "What struck me most," he writes, "both at Hamburg and the other towns, was the apparent comfort of all the people. I saw no beggars and all seemed well clothed and well fed. The children especially were pictures of health and happiness. . . . There were no old shops or local work—all Paris and Regent Street. . . . Left the ship with real regret, having had a very pleasant time and quite new experience of life on board ship and a new country unlike anything else in Europe. I went to Ryde, lunched with Ewbank; garden still very ugly. To London in the evening, and the next day to Warley."

A little more than two months later, on July 28, 1898, with his daughter, Mrs. Cockey, as a companion, he set out again for Switzerland and Italy, going by

way of Paris, Dijon, and Annecy to Chamonix. He had a very pleasant time in the Mt. Blanc district, and writing in his diary at Finhaut, says: "I had my last look of Mt. Blanc. Shall I ever see it again? It has been almost a lifelong wish with me to be absolutely under its shadow, and to have been there is a thing to be thankful for, but I can scarcely expect to see it again." At Vernayaz he was joined by Mr. A. C. Bartholomew, from whom we have received the following account of the latter part of the journey:

"Our first trip together began at Brigue and ended at Goeschenen. It occupied three weeks in August, 1898. Berisal, Simplon village, Domodossola, Orta, Mottarone, Baveno, the Falls of Tosa, Airolo, Piora, formed our route. None of this was new ground to my dear old friend, but I think he found his compensation and his happiness in introducing me to all his old haunts and acquaintances, especially the charming landlady at Berisal, who had the gift—a gift, I am told, possessed too by Mr. Gladstone—of making the person she was for the time addressing feel that he, or she, was everything in the world to her. His memory, marvellous in a man even then nearer eighty than seventy, enabled him to predict, as we passed from stage to stage, the treasure we should find, and rarely did he fail. His cheerfulness and sunny spirit made each day a fresh delight, and no amount of discomfort could ruffle his imperturbable temper. One day, it was the day on which we in vain attempted to find a Pass he had come from England to explore—the landlord at Domodossola had provided him with a vicious beast of a mule which for twelve hours made unceasing efforts to break the Canon's leg—failing in this he took his revenge by landing him in a mass

of filthy, ill-smelling mire !—but this extracted nothing but a smile. I am glad to say that five years later the Pass was accomplished in company with Mr Baker and another friend, and was a very treasured memory.

“ In 1897 he had planned a trip to the Falls of Tosa, but so excessive had been the fall of snow in the winter and spring that even in July the Falls could not be visited. Some chance led him to try Piora, a place then practically unknown to Englishmen, and so delighted was he with his new acquaintance, that he wrote an article in *The Guardian*, most strongly recommending the place to any who required rest or loved rambling about in search of flowers on fairly level ground. To such Piora is a Paradise. The article bore fruit, and when we visited it at the end of our too short trip we found it full of English, drawn thither by the Canon’s praises. There we had a happy week. The hills were not too steep for him and we were out all day, either rowing on the lake, or searching the water’s side for some new treasure, or carefully beating the less steep hillsides, peering into each patch of brushwood, in hopes of finding an *Aquilegia alpina* safe from the tracks of indiscriminating goats. Troops were out on the hills, engaged in autumn manœuvres and this added to the interest of the scene. Wherever we went he found some friend or made some new and pleasant acquaintances, and he was always being applied to to name some unknown flower. Our last day together was spent in a drive over the St. Gothard, a drive for which the landlord refused to receive any payment, out of gratitude for the influx of new visitors. So we parted, for his holiday was not yet up.”

1899

In 1899 he made as regards distance one of his longest journeys, lasting from June 15 to July 12, part of the time with Mr. Milburn, the curator of the Botanic Garden at Bath, as his guest. From Boulogne he went to Paris, Dijon, Geneva, Vevey, Brigue, Simplon, then north to Constance, whence he followed the Rhine to Cologne, coming home by way of Liège, Brussels, Lille, and Calais—a very creditable performance for a man in his seventy-eighth year.

“*July 10, 1899.* After luncheon I had a short journey to Aix-la-Chapelle. This I only remembered as one of the nastiest places with the nastiest hotel that we visited in 1852—but I wanted to renew my acquaintance with Charlemagne’s church, and went to the Hotel Nuellens, which I found good in every way. The church is unique—inside an octagon—outside sixteen-sided with late additions of choir, etc. Though perfectly plain it is most attractive; each side has one large arch and above that two high triforium arches, each side being divided into three by marble pillars. But the great sight is the treasury, which I saw under the guidance of a delightful priest, very different from the verger of Cologne. The collection is said to be the finest in Europe and I can well believe it. The greater portion are reliquaries of many dates and shapes, but all different and all exquisite specimens of goldsmith’s work.

“*Tuesday, July 11.* Left Aix after breakfast, being told by landlord, porter, chef de station, etc., that the train was express to Calais and Boulogne; but no landlord knows anything beyond what he can see from his own door. When I got to Brussels I was told I had to change into another train and wait three

hours : it was an express to Boulogne and Calais, but only on Mondays, so I waited, and after more misdirections from the officials I got off at last and reached Boulogne via Calais, and so to the Folkestone boat—a lovely evening.”

Commenting in his diary on the whole journey he wrote :

“ June is certainly a good month for Switzerland. It is cold in the higher parts and that must be provided for, but it is far the best month for the majority of the flowers. The hotels are not crowded, there is no dust and there are no flies. Taken altogether the trip has been most delightful, with splendid weather throughout except one day of snow at Bel Alp and one of rain at S. Bernardino. It has not been the less a success because it has taught me rather sharply that I am too old to take a Swiss trip for walks and climbs. If I am spared to go again, I must go to one place and stay there and admire mountains from a distance without attempting difficult walks. Even if I am limited to that I may well be content and thankful. *Deo gratias.*”

1900

In spite of the remarks just quoted and the cheerful resignation they imply, the Canon was off again in 1900 on another trip as long and as arduous as usual. His chief objective was the Dolomites, and he visited Paris, Lucerne, Lugano, Milan, Brescia, Salo, Riva, Verona, Trent, San Martino, Perarolo, Cortina, Innsbruck and Bâle. Mr. Milburn, of the Bath Botanic Garden, was again his companion for part of the time.

“ *June 25, 1900.* I got to Milan about three p.m. and went to the Hôtel di Roma. I found it a small hotel, and in the hands of the painters. It has no look out

and I was almost the only guest, but it was very clean, the landlord was obliging, and the cooking most excellent with plenty of fruit ; but I am too late for the loquat and too early for the figs. I went at once to the cathedral. On first going in it was so dark that I could see nothing, but after a time I could see that it was a wonderful piece of work utterly unlike any other cathedral in the world ; but I was disappointed with it, all the parts are so frittered away with endless ornaments that it did not give me any idea of grandeur, and it did not appeal to the religious feelings. In themselves each part is beautiful, but the parts do not work into a grand whole. I like the pierced patterns in the groinings of the roofs, but thought the very long capitals ending in a thin carved band of foliage quite ugly. The tracery of every window seemed to me mean, with very thin mullions—which added to their mean appearance. Outside I thought the west end ugly, but when I saw it in the evening, lit up by the setting sun, it was striking.

“ A mount of marble, a hundred spires.”

“ All the other outside is full of beautiful points—the endless pinnacles each topped by a saint—the delicate parapets—the pierced flying buttresses—each by itself is a thing of beauty—but they do not make a beautiful whole—it is all too finicky and lacey, almost like a gigantic bit of confectionery and asking to be put under a glass case. What it wants is a great central spire or tower, that would harmonize the whole ; now each pinnacle is a finish. With a great tower they would all form one harmonious group. But it is a building well worth seeing and it is clear that the builders, architects and sculptors gave of their very best.

“ The same afternoon I saw, but only the outside,

the Grand Hospital, said to be the finest in Europe—a very grand building, but I did not go beyond the first quadrangle in which are six or eight magnolias of an exceptional beauty.

“*Tuesday, June 26.* I left the hotel early enough to see the east end of the Duomo lit up by the sun, and it was wonderfully beautiful. I took a fiacre to S. Maria to see the Coenaculo. I knew it was but a ruin, but I am very glad I saw it. I have never seen any engraving or copy of it which gave the full beauty of Our Lord’s perfect calmness in the midst of the terror shown on every other face. It is of course a sad ruin but is well worth a journey to see it. The Crucifixion at the other end of the refectory is a wonderful picture. I do not remember ever to have seen an engraving of it, but I was very much impressed with it, every face and figure is so full of character and it is in very good preservation.

“From the Coenaculo I walked to S. Ambrosio, certainly the most remarkable, and perhaps the earliest church I have seen. The outer court (atrium) ending in the true west end is unique; the Galilee at Durham is a faint copy of it, and the church inside is wonderfully simple and very grand. I made a point of seeing the altar—the fee is five francs—which at first seemed too much; but it is a long business to uncover it, and the priest who showed it took every trouble to show me all the parts. It has the reputation of being the finest piece of goldsmith’s work in Europe. All four sides are of gold with different subjects in many compartments; it is all beaten work and the dividing bands of mosaic are most delicate. There is an abundance of grand jewels, cameos, etc., and altogether it is a grand example of the way in which those early

Christians thought nothing too good for the service of God. I had not time to do more than just look very hurriedly at some of the other treasures in pictures and frescoes, then went back to my hotel.

“ And so my pleasant trip has come to an end, and again I have nothing to record but almost unmixed pleasure. I have seen Milan, Verona, and the Dolomites. I have had delightful weather throughout, my companion has again been all that I could wish, and I have added very largely to my knowledge of plants in their native habitats. It would have been worth a longer journey to have seen, as I have, such things as a wood full of cypripedium, meadows of scarlet lilies at their best, and *Phyteuma comosum*—and I have seen a great many more than these. Add to these delights the meeting with many friends, making many pleasant acquaintances, and meeting everywhere with kindness, I may well say that my foreign trip of 1900 (probably my last) has been a great success—for all which *Deo gratias*.

“ P.S. I took as my book companion Horace and read through the Satires and Epistles twice and many of the Odes. I am delighted with my old friend—he is as fresh as ever—and my opinion of him is much raised.

“ For the plants I took Woods' *Tourist's Flora* and was well satisfied with it. The descriptions are very short, only giving the differences, but even so I found it very helpful.

“ I ought to name among the good things of my trip that throughout I was in excellent health. The only thing I had to guard against was over-fatigue, but I never felt that to any great extent. There were times when I should have been glad of a new

back and a new pair of legs, but by never doing more than half a day's work in a day (except on the long drives) I got on very well with the old back and legs. And I never felt that insatiable thirst which was so trying in 1898, and which drove Bartholomew and me to such endless *limonades gazeuses*.

“ Before I left home I had been told that I should have great difficulty in Tyrol with the language. I never had any real difficulty, nearly everywhere there was some one who could speak English or French. In a few places where nothing but Italian or German was spoken, I found that my French with a mixture of very elementary German and Italian from me, and occasional interjections of English from Milburn got us through. Where both sides are doing their best to understand each other, the desired result comes sooner or later.”

1903

In February, 1903, he left London for a journey to the French and Italian Riviera, visiting Paris, Dijon, Avignon, Nimes, Carcassone (where he spent his eighty-first birthday) and Arles on the way. He was apparently alone, but met Miss Willmott and other friends during the journey, and stayed with Sir Thomas and Lady Hanbury at La Mortola.

“ *February 14, 1903.* The railway embankment near Lyons station is one of the few places where *Genista horrida* is found. I looked for it, but did not expect to see it from the carriage windows, and did not. But I noted that the soil was liassic, so that accounts for its doing so well at Bitton.”

“ *February 16.* I have long desired to see Nimes, but as years have gone by it did not seem likely. Now

I have seen it and the impression left is that in spite of the wonderful Roman remains you do not feel yourself in a Roman town as you do at Verona. There you would not be surprised to meet Horace or Catullus at the corner of the street ; but you would at Nimes ; they would be out of place. Perhaps to a great extent this arises from the fact that Nimes nowhere enters into Roman history. The beautiful buildings are there, but they have no connection with any great Roman, nor any special episode in Roman history. At Verona the modern buildings do not look as if they belonged to the town ; at Nimes it is the old buildings that seem out of place."

"*February* 18. Murray specially calls attention to the beauty of the Arlesian ladies. I saw none, though I had exceptional opportunities, for a very smart wedding was going on in the hotel, and I found myself very much *de trop* mixed up with the bride and lots of bridesmaids. The bride's train was at least three yards long and it was the prettiest part of her."

By March 2 he had reached Nice and was detained a few days by illness. "My illness," he writes, "was aggravated by the mosquitoes. I lost my umbrella, I lost my money, and have not recovered either. From Nice I went to the Garavan station at Mentone, where I met Sir Thomas and Lady Hanbury and drove with them to La Mortola. I took a short walk with Sir Thomas in the garden before dinner ; enough to show me that I was in an exceptionally beautiful place, every yard full of interest to a gardener. I cannot describe the beauty of the position of La Mortola or the charms of the house. Of course it is all more or less marble, but from Sir Thomas' long inter-

course with China it is full of all sorts of interesting things from China and Japan (including two sets of lovely Chinese drawings of flowers—among them a rich blue tree pæony—which the Chinese ambassador assures Sir Thomas is a reality but very rare). My bedroom is lovely ; one window looks upon the mountain and the other on the sea, and no mosquitoes.”

“ *March 3.* In the morning walked in the garden with Sir Thomas and everywhere saw plants of which I may have read but have never seen. The whole place was full of flowers, but I think the speciality of the garden is the wonderful collection of Cape succulents. The aloes were a revelation to me. They were of every size and of every colour, and were for the most part suggestive of kniphofias of the most brilliant colours. I had no idea such things existed. Part of the garden is still in its wild rocky state and it was delightful to me to see growing wild the asparagus, smilax, *Pistacia Lentiscus*, *Arisaema vulgare*, *Allium neapolitanum*, and a host of other things which are among my chief treasures at Bitton. At luncheon we had Buxton, and in the afternoon Lady Hanbury had an at home at which it was pleasant to meet Dr. Hugo Müller and family, Mrs. Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley of Cirencester, and a Mrs. Coneybeare whom I had met years ago at Avening. The porch of the house was filled with an abundance of cut flowers for the visitors to take away with them.

“ *March 4.* After breakfast, Miss Hanbury kindly took me a walk through the grounds, and of course I saw heaps of things which I had overlooked before. After lunch Sir Thomas Hanbury took me down to the bottom of the garden which is bounded by the sea. It was too delightful. I cannot attempt to

name all the rarities and beauties that I saw—among other things the fruit of the new *Cydonia sinensis* and of *Ficus repens*; but the walk by the shore was most beautiful, *Cineraria maritima* was very abundant. It's a stiff walk up and down, but I was none the worse for it. Sir Thomas and Lady Hanbury pressed me most kindly to stay on, but I went away after afternoon tea, Sir Thomas sending me to Cap Martin—a most lovely drive along the shore of the bay. I got to Cap Martin in good time, and found a gigantic hotel full to the top, but they had kept a good room for me."

On March 19, he was back at Bitton and writes:

"With the exception of my illness and consequent weakness at Nice, I have had a delightful holiday. I have travelled 2,000 miles and seen a great deal that was not only beautiful and interesting but entirely new to me. In fact, the Riviera, though within twenty-four hours of London, is practically a different world. It has been a great delight to me to see it. It has an abundance of beauties, but I should not choose it as a place to live in or die in. . . . In the five weeks that I have been absent from Bitton I have not seen a drop of rain. I have made several good friends and made many pleasant acquaintances. *Deo gratias.*"

On June 25 of the same year, 1903, the Canon set out on a second trip abroad, this time to Switzerland; returning home on July 9. His chief object on this journey was to cross from Switzerland to Italy by the Muscera Pass, a feat he had long contemplated. His companions were Mr. Hiatt Baker and Mr. E. Lascelles. Writing in *The Pilot* for August 8, on his return, he says:

THE MUSCERA PASS ¹

I am sure that very few, if any, readers of *The Pilot* have crossed from Switzerland to Italy by the Muscera Pass; and I am sure that a great many have seen and passed by the commencement of it. Standing in the doorway of the good little Hôtel Fleitschorn, in Simplon, one sees immediately in front but on the opposite side of the valley a long grassy slope, leading to a col between two high points; this col leads to the Muscera Pass. The pass is now very little known; Baedeker and Murray take no notice of it; Ball walked over it many years ago, and gives a short, sketchy description of it; but I have never met with any one else who had taken the walk, and have failed in finding a guide over it either at Simplon or Domodossola. Yet I feel sure that before the grand military road from Brigue to Domodossola was made the Muscera Pass must have been one of the passes, and a very important one, over which passed the great traffic that is known to have gone over the Simplon in mediæval times. The col, as seen from Simplon, must have had an inviting look, while a passage through the Gondo Gorge must then have been absolutely impossible, though, perhaps, it might have been circumvented. Since the road has been made the Muscera Pass has been entirely neglected and almost forgotten; and my knowledge of it came from the possession of one of the pretty model plans of Switzerland which were made in the beginning of the last century. In my model the pass is distinctly given, and for many years I have had a desire to make the walk; for I felt sure, from the different contours,

¹ This article was published in *The Pilot*, of August 8, 1903.

elevations, and aspects, that it must be a good hunting ground for Swiss flowers. Three times I have failed in the attempt : once I was stopped by weather ; once by the illness of my companion ; and the third time by the misdirection of the landlord at Domodossola ; but I got through it on Tuesday, June 30, and all my expectations have been more than realized ; and I now propose to give a short sketch of the walk, and to say why I recommend it to others.

But, before I begin my sketch, I must say something about the Simplon Pass itself. Every one admires the grand drive from Brigue to Domodossola ; but I have heard many say that from the point of view of flowers, it will not bear comparison with many other good drives, especially in its higher parts. That is so if the drive is taken in August and September ; at that time I know few more dreary parts than the mile each side of the hospice. But in the end of June and beginning of July the scene is very different, especially in a backward season like the present. Taking the highest point, that is, the half-mile each side of the hospice, and leaving out such things as the great masses of Alpine rose, gentians, and *Trollius*, there can be found in that mile and close to the road such good Alpines as *Senecio incanus*, *Loiseleuria procumbens*, *Ranunculus pyrenaicus*, *Viola calcarata*, *Lloydia serotina*, the white *Pinguicula alpina*, *Achillea umbellata*, *Salix reticulata*, and others. But, to my mind, the great interest of the Simplon now centres in the wonderful landslip from the Fleitschorn, which took place last year close to the village of Simplon. I had, of course, read of it, but the impression left on me was that it was the fall of a great glacier ; but it was much more than that. It was the fall of a large

portion of the mountain, and in its fall it brought with it the glacier that covered it. It dashed down into the valley, damming up the Krummbach, and forming a lake where the river had been, filling the valley, and destroying the road so that all traffic ceased for two months. Whether the great rock toppled over or slid down I do not know; probably it did both; at any rate, the glacier is now for the most part the lowest stratum covered with the masses of broken rock. The road is carried through it, but subject still to constant changes and anxious watching; it may be said to form the base of a triangle, of which the apex is in the head of the valley above; and some idea of the extent may be gained when I say that at my request my two companions, tall men, stepped it for me, and made it about 730 yards; and the distance from the base line to the apex must be at least double that. The pretty valley is now a valley of desolation, and so it must be probably for many years. The little Krummbach soon recovered itself, finding a new way through the rocks, and especially through the glacier which gave the fewest points of resistance, and which bridges it over in many parts; but the glacier melts very slowly, and until it has entirely melted the rocks that are in it and over it cannot come to their final resting places. It is altogether a stupendous and fearsome sight, and impressed me more than anything I had seen previously with the truth that our earth, and the scenery of it, is still in daily process of formation and change.

I must return to the Muscera Pass. It was impossible to get a guide, but the landlord found a wiry elderly man who looked intelligent and active; he confessed that he had never been over the pass, but he

knew the first part of the walk, and with that we had to be content. We left the hotel a little after six a.m.—my two companions, who are young, walking, and I, who am not young, riding. I could not get a mule, but the landlord brought out a *petit cheval* that did not look promising at first ; but I saw that he was a well-built, short-jointed little horse, with a bright, cheerful eye, and so I entrusted myself to him, and my confidence was not misplaced ; I shall have more to say of him. We left the main road near Algaby, and at once began the ascent, and reached the col we had seen from the hotel, known as the Furgge or Furka (6,175 ft.) with little difficulty. From that point we descended rapidly into the Zwischenberg Thal, through which runs the river that comes out at Gondo. Here we were almost on the same level again as our hotel, and we had a steep but not difficult mount to the Posetta Huts. It was now nearly twelve o'clock, so we called a halt, and *datur hora quieti* and lunch. I made a delightful couch in the inner part of the chalet from the fine hay there and got a short nap ; but was soon roused by the guide's "*Montez, monsieur—il faut partir, il pluit*" ; and so it did for four or five hours, with short, sharp thunderstorms. The last part of the ascent was along the side of a barren-looking mountain, but it was not really barren ; the snow had only just left it, and the grass was brown and crushed ; but already *Primula farinosa* and *P. minima* had pushed their rosettes through the soil and were in flower ; and the dwarf larches that had been under the snow were putting out their fresh green leaf-buds. We got to the cross which marks the summit (6,946 ft.) between one and two p.m., and then we were in Italy. Here we

began the descent, and at once our difficulties began. The guide knew nothing of the route, and there was no visible track ; but we were between two rivers, and ought to have taken the one on the right, but we took the one on the left, and soon got into trouble. The prospect was not pleasant ; the short thunderstorms still went on with heavy rain ; there seemed no possibility of recovering the route, and at length the poor guide gave it up, threw down my alpenstock that he was carrying, and took to his prayers. Fortunately, a woodcutter's hut came into sight ; we went into it, and found about a dozen men round a wood fire ; they were most kind and attentive, and three consented to guide us out of our difficulties, which they did by making us climb through a steep rocky wood all of large boulders covered with underwood, almost back to the summit, and to a rapid rocky river, which we had to cross. Then they led us by a fairly marked path to the Chapel of St. Bernard. This chapel we ought to have reached under an hour from the summit—we had taken over four. It was the great landmark of our walk, and from it we went by an easy incline to San Lorenzo, a little village perched up high, and only approached by a path of cobbled steps, I should suppose nearly two miles long, which are not pleasant either for walkers or riders. However, it came to an end at last, and we found ourselves going through and under the pretty vine pergolas, with the hemp and maize in the gardens, the maidenhair fern on the walls, and in the cottages the beautiful children with their large blue-black eyes—all telling of Italy. We reached Prestino about seven o'clock ; there our carriage met us, and we soon got to Domodossola. We were, of course,

wet and tired ; and as to myself, I was so stiff with my twelve hours in the saddle that I had to be lifted out of it ; but I was delighted to have done the task that had hitherto baffled me, and thankful to have been able to do it, and to see such beauties of scenery and flowers.

Such was our walk over the Muscera Pass, and the reader may well ask what there was in it to distinguish it from many other Swiss walks. There is this. In all my walks in search of flowers I have never and nowhere seen such a wealth of flowers as I saw there ; from beginning to end there were scarcely any gaps—and not only did we see an immense variety of species, but in each species a large abundance of individuals. The pastures were full of *Trollius* and St. Bruno's lilies. The yellow anemones (with the remains of *A. vernalis* out of flower, but easily distinguished by its beautiful silky involucre), the gentians, both *G. acaulis* and *G. bavarica*, and the bird's-eye primroses were with us all day. At the top of the pass was an abundance of the white *Crocus vernus*, with *Ranunculus pyrenaicus*, *R. parnassifolius* and *Gagea Leotardi* ; and on the Italian side were meadows really full of orchids of many sorts and colours, and all at their best ; and in some places both sides of the valley were brilliant with the broom, which I suppose to be ours, but it was quite dwarf and prostrate. I have no space to mention more, but before leaving the flowers I must say that we returned the next day by the road, and four flowers that we saw deserve notice—*Opuntia vulgaris* was in flower ; it is not a native, but is completely naturalized on the walls and rocks near Domodossola. The large rosettes and grand spikes of *Saxifraga Cotyledon* were wonder-

ful in every coign of vantage in the deep rocks. The orange lily (*L. croceum*) was in full beauty, of a far more brilliant colour than we know it in England, generally but not always growing alone on inaccessible ledges of rocks, and so differing from its near relative, *L. bulbiferum*, which, owing to its bulbils, increases rapidly, and fills the meadows in Tyrol and elsewhere; and near Simplon was *Streptopus amplexicaulis*, which I look on as showing some of the most curious freaks in plant life, but I have no space to speak of it further here.

I must find room, however, to record the virtues of my horse. He was twenty years old, and had never been on such a trip before. But he was perfect. He went up and down steep, rocky, stair-like paths like a goat; he showed no dislike or fear of rain and thunder-storms; he took me through the rapid river with a rocky bottom and the water up to my stirrups, and a bad take-off and landing as if he liked it; he walked over fallen trees as if they were the proper things to find in a road; he took me into and out of the low narrow doors of the woodcutters' hut, and stood by the fire like a statue; uphill or downhill were the same to him; and his pace throughout was never jumpy, but smooth and easy—together a wonderful little beast, of whom I shall always have a grateful remembrance.

To finish my paper, I may say that if any one is tempted by my description to take the same walk, it is by no means necessary to do the whole. A very pleasant walk of a few hours' length could be made from Simplon to the first col and back; or from Simplon to the Italian frontier and back, between breakfast and dinner; and on the Italian side a good

walk of not more than four or five hours might be made to and from the chapel of St. Bernard. And I must warn the reader that, though I found the walk wonderfully rich in flowers, it is not always so; it would be quite possible to take the same walk later on and find almost nothing. The flowering period of nearly all Alpines is a very short one; they have a special work to do, and a very short time in which to do it; but they do it and do it beautifully.

H. N. E.

The following note on this journey has been sent us by his companion, Mr. Hiatt Baker:

“Canon Ellacombe had always had a fancy to go over the Muscera Pass from Simplon to Domodossola; it seems some ancient writer had said that it was very rich in flowers; and having been on three occasions baulked by adverse circumstances, he asked Lascelles and me to see him over it.

“We duly arrived at Simplon, and there slept the night. Inquiry produced a horse, but no one had ever been over the pass, which was unused these hundred years or more, since Napoleon made the excellent road that avoids the two low mountain passes across which, before this time, lay the only way into Italy.

“We started at about six o'clock, and all went well over the first pass, which was obvious from the hotel, but having got down into the next valley, our route was by no means certain. We pushed on through deepish snow to the top of the next ridge, and on the other side we got into a tangle of torrents running through boulders and rhododendron scrub, and to add to our difficulties it thundered and rained for all

it was worth. The Canon was quite placid, sitting his horse as if he were part of it (it was as often as not on its head or its knees !) a huge white cotton umbrella over his head, and continually shouting, 'Baker ! Baker ! What's that flower ?' I may say the water was streaming down my back-bone !

"He was not even much moved when our so-called guide, casting his staff from him, fell on his knees in prayer. (One does not altogether like one's temporal guide to turn in obvious despair to spiritual resources !)

"I was beginning to be really alarmed, afraid that at any moment he might come down and break his bones. Finally we got to a place where we could not possibly get the horse down ; what we should have done if some charcoal-burners had not come to our rescue, I don't know. After retracing our steps for some way, we came to a track—the first we had seen that day—and the rest of the way down was fairly simple. We did not get in till after six, and, except for half an hour for lunch, the old man was in the saddle all the twelve hours. He was down before us the next morning, and was in no way the worse for the expedition, which I think at his age was really remarkable.

"We found among other interesting plants a beautiful patch of white *Rhododendron ferrugineum*."

1904

In 1904 the Canon was away from Bitton from May 11 until June 9, visiting in the interval France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and, as he says, enlarging his acquaintance of Europe by visiting for the first time Les Barres (Maurice de Vilmorin's place), Tresserve (Miss Willmott's), Cenis, Susa, Turin, Aosta,

Fribourg, Strasburg, and Baden Baden. He was apparently alone most of the time, but was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Hiatt Baker at Aix, and saw Miss Willmott and the Berkeleys of Spetchley at Tresserve. He started with a cold, which hampered his movements for a few days. Under "Paris, Sunday, May 15," he writes: "Stayed in all day; cold still bad." Monday: "Very uncomfortable, sent for doctor (Müller). After examination this was his verdict: 'Your tongue is clean; your temperatt and pols is normal; your longs is quite clear; your eye is bright; you have no cough or pains and your heart is splendide; it does belong to a strong man of twenty. Que voulez vous m'sieur? You can go where you like, and you shall live as many years as you shall like'—I felt myself an impostor. . . . I took a long drive in the Bois—at this time of year it is lovely. There were several Paulownias and Judas trees in flower—and all in the most beautiful order."

Two days later he visited the Salon in Paris, driving back from which he says: "I had a bad *cocher* who did not know his business. In turning out of the Rue de Rivoli a motor charged into us full tilt; the horse went down like a ninepin, but no more damage. It was, however, too close a shave to be pleasant."

On the 18th he went with M. de Vilmorin to Les Barres, where the wonderful collection of shrubs much interested him. "In the evening we all went to supper at a neighbouring chateau about five miles off. I had not before seen much of French chateaux so I was glad of the opportunity. The chateau was of the usual type, a long front with a large tower at each end topped by a short spire. The owner is a Count Hardy de Puniri of a very old family connected with

the Montmorency and Coligny. They were all most polite and kind and thoroughly French. I took Mdme. la Comtesse into supper, but as she could not speak a word of English and I could only hear a very little of her French, she must have found me very dull and stupid. But it did not affect her good temper or her appetite. The four children, eldest about ten, were evidently much awed by me. They did not keep their eyes off me and did not speak; but de Vilmorin tells me that is the rule with French children at meals.

“*Saturday, May 21, 1904.* Spent the day at Tresserve. Went up after breakfast and found Miss Willmott and the Berkeleys ready for us. The place is a delightful one; the house on the top of a low hill and the garden reaching down to the pretty lake Bourget, which, with the fine hills behind, that separate the lake from the Rhone, makes an ideal setting for the garden. The garden is intersected throughout by long shady walks, and there is a marvellous abundance of flowers revelling in the soil and climate. We had come at the exact time for the irises of which there is a splendid collection; also a great variety of roses, but we were too early for the great collection. But after seeing the Les Barres and Tresserve collections of roses I have come to the conclusion that, as I have long suspected, I know very little about roses; and I really think there is no one who is a complete master of them.”

On May 30, he reached Aosta. “After lunch I went to see the Roman antiquities; first the Porta Pretoria, which like the Porta at Susa was evidently something of a barrack, then to the Triumphal Arch. This was the thing for which I have always wished to see Aosta. I knew it from a beautiful drawing of

Uncle G.'s—now with E.¹ It is a splendid specimen of Roman work—remarkable for the simplicity of the design and the wonderful perfection in which it now is. It looks as if it might have been made quite recently. From the Arc I went to the Eglise St. Ours—chiefly remarkable for its grand Lombardic detached tower. The interior is horribly spoiled by modern decoration of the vulgarest kind. From there to the cathedral. This also has two striking Lombardic towers. These Lombardic towers with swelling bases and with no decoration whatever on the lower half and the upper half divided into three or four stories each with its pretty open-work arches, always have an attraction for me. I wonder they have not been copied in England. Inside the cathedral the piers are Romanesque and square, but all spoilt by decoration—the square piers covered with red baize! The decoration throughout is sadly mean. In neither of the churches did I go into the crypts, but saw enough to show that they were simple and rather grand. At St. Ours I went to the cloister, which I much admired. It was of simple Romanesque arches, the capitals well carved, but so screened off that I could not examine them as I should have liked to have done.

“Wollaston arrived in the afternoon, having crossed from Martigny with the report that it was impossible for me to go over the pass. He had come through four hours of deep soft snow up to and over his knees. That certainly would not do for me, so I had to give it up; it was a great disappointment but unavoidable.

¹ This drawing and its companion Venice, which used to hang over the study mantlepice are now in my possession, having been presented to me by Mr. and Mrs. Cockey shortly after the Canon's death.—A. W. H.

Wollaston said that I might perhaps cross in a *chaise à porteur*, but I should feel ashamed of myself to cross in that way. I should have been very uncomfortable and it would be very expensive, requiring four or five porters. They might fail in the attempt, and what then?

“*Thursday, June 9.* New River board and home. So has ended my little trip of 1904. It has not been altogether a success; yet in spite of drawbacks—some perhaps rather serious—and some disappointments, it has certainly not been a failure. For a great part of the way I have had delightful companions. I have seen many plants in their native habitats that I had not seen before, and I have had, with one day’s exception, perfect weather, though often hotter than I quite like; and though occasionally rather weak, I have never been over-fatigued. So, if my life is spared, I see no reason why I should not cross the Channel again—perhaps more than once—but not alone. *Deo gratias.*”

On Monday, September 12, 1904, three months after his return he set out alone, however, for Venice via Lucerne, Lugano, Milan and Verona, returning by way of Padua, Ravenna, Milan and Paris.

“*Monday, September 19.* Left (Milan) after an early breakfast for Venice, but stopping at Verona. I got to Verona before midday; every shop was shut and it all looked very dreary, but I went to S. Anastasia to see my church floor. I find that I was mistaken in the three colours—the light colour is not a buff, but pure white, for the most part discolored by age, which accounted for my mistake. Again I was much impressed with the whole building and if I am ever able to get a new west door or choir stalls for Bitton, I shall go to S. Anastasia for my model.

“*September 22.* Gave up the day to a trip to Padua

and was delighted with it. From the station I drove at once to the Botanic Gardens which are the oldest Botanic Gardens in Europe. The collection was an interesting one, but for the most part the things are shown in the usual continental fashion, i.e. starved in pots standing on the gravel paths. But the trees and shrubs were splendid—majestic magnolias, Lagerstroemia out of flower but of great size, and a Salisburia, probably the finest and oldest in Europe. It is about 90 ft. high and was covered with fruit, of which I gathered some. There was a fair collection of herbaceous and Alpine plants, but nothing particular and many wrongly named. From there I went to S. Antonio. Externally it has no beauty, but the interior is very striking, and the chapel of S. Felice is most beautiful. I particularly admired the red Verona marble, which is abundantly used; it is of a very rich red, richer and less brown than the rouge royal that I have been using at Bitton, almost as red as the Numidian marble. If I am able to do any more marble work at Bitton, I shall try and get this.”¹

The Canon does not seem to have enjoyed his only visit to Venice. “I am very glad to have seen it; it is so absolutely unique—no other place in the world like it. I found it very depressing; certainly I could not live there—a town with no horizon, no hills nor trees, no horses, but on the other hand no dust and no motors. It was very cold when I was there.” From Venice he went on to Ferrara, “a good specimen of an old Italian town with many quaint buildings. The cathedral alone well repaid me. The west front is most beautiful with a succession of arcades which run practically all round the building.”

¹ I have used it since for the altar steps.

He arrived at Ravenna on Monday, September 26, and the next morning "after breakfast I drove to the tomb of Theodoric, a little way outside the town. This I have always longed to do ever since I first read of it in Gibbon. It is at the end of an untidy garden and certainly has no beauty, but it has great interest. The roof is a puzzle of engineering, but there is really nothing to see in it but its massiveness."

He returned to England on October 3. Although now approaching his eighty-third birthday he appears to have been alone all the time. This and the lateness of the season seem to have made his journey less enjoyable than was usual with him.

1906

In 1906 the Canon was away on the longest (in point of time) of all his continental visits, leaving Bitton on April 25, and not returning until eleven weeks after, on July 11. Three weeks of this he spent at Florence where he had Mr. A. C. Bartholomew for a companion.

"*May 9.* "Left Paris at noon. I have been there just a fortnight and I can't remember ever to have spent so idle a time. I have seen very little and done very little and have not cared to see or do much more. The weather has to some extent caused this, but in addition I have not felt quite up to the mark. Nothing much the matter but a lassitude and indisposition to do much. On the whole, I have not found the 'sweet-do-nothing' altogether unpleasant."

He then went on to Dijon, Lyons ("I had my hair cut and, as I left the coiffeur to his own devices, I left his shop as bald as a coot"), Aix ("was warmly welcomed as usual by the pleasant landlady"), Turin and

Genoa, arriving on May 16 at Florence where he was joined by Mr. Bartholomew on June 1.

“ June 7. Spent the morning with Bartholomew at the Uffizzi Galleries. It would take many weeks to exhaust all its beauties. In the afternoon went again to the Via Romana, to get a Savonarola chair for Bitton church, and an old bureau for myself.

“ I have placed the chair in the sanctuary at Bitton as a small thankoffering for the health and strength which have enabled me this year to see so many wonderful and beautiful works of God and man.

“ On the way (to Saltino) we found the following, which were new to me in their wild state—*Cistus florentinus*, abundant in sunny banks, *Nigella* (love in a mist) and *Ornithogalum pryamidale* in the cornfields. There was also an abundance of an upright heath, *Erica arborea*, which was not in flower.”

We are indebted to Mr. A. C. Bartholomew for the following notes on his sojourn with Canon Ellacombe at Florence and Genoa :

“ Eight years later and we were again together, this time in Florence. He had many friends in Florence and the neighbourhood (‘all widows,’ as he laughingly observed) and paid frequent visits to their lovely gardens, which they were only too proud to show him. On one occasion the owner pointed to some very fine delphiniums and pleased him much by adding, ‘Those came from Bitton.’

“ The fireflies in the Cascini Gardens interested and amused him, and he pointed out with great glee large patches of *Capparis spinosa* growing out of the wall on the road up to Fiesole. The ordinary sights in Florence, churches, galleries, etc., I did not visit with him—probably he knew them well from pre-

vious visits and was content to renew his acquaintance vicariously through my eyes. We left on the 9th for Pisa, and after a day there, much of which was spent in the Campo Santo, passed on to Lucca. His only regret was that we had neither of us heard of the camel farm and so missed paying it a visit. The next stage was Spezia, and here we would gladly have stayed longer, had plans permitted, the wide open level space, tree planted, between the hotel and the sea pleased him much, and he drew my attention to the remains of the mole which Napoleon built across the mouth of the harbour. He had found the heat a little trying, but here it was mitigated by the sea breeze. As the line between Spezia and Genoa largely consists of tunnels, he determined to go by road, making a two days' drive of it and passing the night at Sestri Levante; and a very enjoyable drive we had, mainly through woods of Spanish chestnut. *Serapias cordigera* was in great beauty by the side of the road (and I was glad to have it named). Apparently the season on this part of the coast was at an end; the hotel could only muster a slatternly boy and a no less untidy cook, but the place is so lovely that we were indifferent to creature comforts and a plunge into the sea only a few feet from one's bed made amends for all shortcomings. The second day's drive we both found hot, dusty and uninteresting, relieved at times, however, by splendid masses of *Tecoma*. We were both glad when we reached Genoa. We paid an early call on the director of the botanic garden and he arranged a delightful excursion. We went by train for some ten miles and then hired a trap which took us to the top of Monte Creto, over which we rambled for some hours, astonished at the wealth of the flora. Some

thirty species of orchis were in flower, but the two finds which seemed to give him most pleasure were *Catananche caerulea* in every instance growing as a single plant, and a very dwarf growing, almost creeping form of *Rosa gallica* with large dark crimson flowers, an ideal rockery plant.

“ Milan was our next stopping place, and finding I had never seen Verona, he treated me to a visit, drawing out a programme to enable me to make the best use of the time available. The weather was extremely hot and he did not accompany me. Our final stage was Lugano, from which we made an expedition to Monte Generoso that he might show me the pæonies.”

Mr. Bartholomew adds: “ I fear it is not easy to put on paper the pleasure a companion enjoyed from being with one who was determined to be happy whatever befell him and who was sure of a warm welcome wherever he went—a welcome generously extended to his fellow-traveller.”

“ June 15. Genoa. Penzig pointed out to me a specimen of the typical indigenous cypress. It is not upright and fastigate as commonly seen, but spreading like a yew. He says that the upright form was produced by many generations of trimming! Now the upright trees produce seed which generally, but not always, produce upright seedlings; sometimes the seedlings revert to the type.”¹

¹ This is the most extraordinary case of “ inheritance of acquired characters ” we have ever heard of. Of course, there is not an atom of truth in it. The fastigate cypress is a natural variety of *Cupressus sempervirens*, which normally has spreading branches. The fastigate form, being the more impressive, is much more generally cultivated. It can be raised from seeds, which largely come true, or by cuttings. The Monterey cypress (*C. macrocarpa*) is represented by two similar forms.—A. W. H.

“*Saturday, June 16.* After an early breakfast went by train to Verona. There Bartholomew got out at the wrong station and we missed each other, but met two hours later in S. Anastasia. This fine church was as attractive as before and I was quite pleased to see that the altar steps are of red Verona marble. I had not copied mine from there, but it was pleasant to see that I had chosen right. The steps at S. Anastasia have rather deep noses. I prefer mine with the plain edges, though of course the noses hide the joints.”

This was the Canon's third visit to Verona and he gives sketches of pavements in both diaries.

“*Wednesday, July 11, home.* My long holiday has come to an end, and it has given me many pleasant memories. I have seen Florence and Pisa and a good deal of the Apennines. I have seen for the first time many beautiful plants in their native habitats. I have met with several friends and made some pleasant new acquaintances, and have been everywhere treated with the greatest kindness. I have had, with the exception of a few days at the beginning, excellent weather. I have been fortunate in always getting comfortable and uncrowded carriages on the railways. I have been very well and never was really fatigued. *Deo gratias.*”

1907

The last of the Canon's diaries is headed “A short Swiss trip.” He had with him his daughters, Mrs. Janson and Mrs. Cockey. They reached Lucerne by way of Nancy and Bâle and after a few days' stay there went on to Lugano, “which I still consider one of the loveliest places in Switzerland.”

From Lugano they went to Bellinzona, Biasca and Faido. "We stopped some time at Giornico to see the church of S. Nicolas. It is now disused but very well worth seeing and indeed one of the most curious churches I have seen. It must be one of the very earliest of the prevailing type in Lombardic churches."

At Goeschenen, his knee, which had troubled him earlier, became worse, and he gave up the idea which he had entertained of going up the Goeschenen Alp. However, on July 27, he writes: "I went a short way up and was pleased to be amongst my old plant friends again, such as *Campanula barbata*, Alpine rose, *Sempervivum arachnoideum*, *S. Doellianum*, *Luzula nivea*, *Digitalis lutea* and others. The flora is evidently very similar to that of Piora and probably as rich."

He reached home again on August 2, and he writes: "This little trip, though not a complete success, owing to rain in the Ticino Valley and my weak knee, was very pleasant. We were especially fortunate in our railway journeys, nearly always having a compartment to ourselves, and very fine weather, except a day and a half in the Ticino Valley."

So ended the Canon's many peregrinations abroad. He was now in his eighty-sixth year and time at last won its inevitable victory. But through them all and to the very end he remained the invincible optimist. However unpleasant the circumstance of the moment might be he maintained an unbroken cheerfulness and a determination to make the best of things. His philosophy was based on the conviction that however much one might lack or wish for, one always actually possessed much to be thankful for. In the diary of 1897 he writes, soon after the loss of his wife: "The one black cloud that has followed me throughout has

been the thought of my widowed home at Bitton, for in all former journeys the great part of the pleasure has been the return home. It is not so now, and never can be again. Still, 'though much is taken, much remains.' "

CHAPTER V

THE CANON'S BOOKS AND PAPERS

THE Canon published four books, three of which are fairly well known. The two earliest dealt with Shakespeare, and are *The Plant-Lore of Shakespeare*, published in 1878, which ran to three editions, and *Shakespeare as an Angler*, privately published in 1883. The sale of this, as was the case with the first edition of the *Plant-Lore*, was largely managed by the Canon. The other two books, mainly concerned with gardening, are *In a Gloucestershire Garden*, published in 1895, and *In my Vicarage Garden, and Elsewhere*, published in 1902. Both these latter appeared first as a series of papers in *The Guardian*.

In addition to these books the Canon contributed numerous papers to the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club, between the years 1869 and 1894, and also to the Bath Literary Club, of which he was a member from 1875-1892. He also wrote numerous articles and reviews for *The Guardian*, *The Pilot*, *The Garden*, *The Gardeners' Chronicle*, etc.

To the various gardening magazines he was a constant contributor, and during the last few years of his life he interested himself in collecting together the references to plants contained in the works of Spenser, Gower, Chaucer, and Milton. These scattered papers

contain a good deal of curious information and would make an interesting companion to *The Plant-Lore of Shakespeare* if gathered together in book form.¹ As in the *Plant-Lore*, the passages in which reference to a particular plant is made are quoted, and notes on the plants or on the passages are added by the Canon. He had been requested to prepare them for publication in this manner, but unfortunately felt he had not the necessary strength to do so in his ninety-second year.

His last literary production was the series of papers upon the flowers of Milton. He used to say that it was not such a congenial task to him as the flowers of Shakespeare had been, because Milton had not the same knowledge of plants.

Incidentally he was much interested in finding so many passages in Milton which were applicable to the war and to trench warfare :

“ Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length : before the cloudy van. . . .”

And again :

“ What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove

¹ “ Flowers of Spenser,” *Gard. Chron.* (Ser. 3) 44, 1908 (p. 393) ; 44, 1908 (pp. 6-8, 15, 26, 45, 54, 65, 94, 103-104, 124, 138, 172, 204, 219, 251-252).

“ Flowers of Gower and Chaucer,” *Gard. Chron.* (Ser. 3) 49, 1911 (pp. 401-402), 50, 1911 (pp. 24-25, 43, 84, 107, 126, 147, 165).

“ Flowers of Milton,” *Gard. Chron.* (Ser. 3) 58, 1915 (pp. 33, 69, 89, 99, 113).

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers
 Worshipped with temple, priest and sacrifice ?
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward. . . ."

Also the following from Dryden applicable to the Kaiser :

"Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."
 "So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The Tyrants plea, excused his devilish deeds."

Among his other noteworthy papers and articles which we have been able to trace may be mentioned the papers on "Field-Names," in the proceedings of the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club, and in the *National Review*, and his papers on "Church Restoration," "Garden Shrubs," and "House Mottoes" in the *National Review*. These are of such general interest that with the exception of the one on Garden Shrubs they are reprinted here (see pp. 238-291) by the courtesy of the editor.

Two papers also appeared in *Cornhill* on Roses and Japanese Flowers in English Gardens, and the former is reprinted at the end of this memoir by kind permission of the editor. Another interesting paper by the Canon is that on "Plant Names from Animals," which was printed in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of October 5 and 12, 1912, which is a good example of the wealth of the Canon's classical and literary knowledge.

For the following notices of the Canon's books we are indebted to Sir Arthur Hort and to Mr. D. C. Lathbury. Sir Arthur Hort has written the notes on *The Plant-Lore of Shakespeare* and on *Shakespeare as*

an Angler, and Mr. D. C. Lathbury has contributed the account of the two gardening books.

THE PLANT-LORE
AND GARDEN-CRAFT OF SHAKESPEARE.

This pleasant volume is of value not because of any thesis which the author sets himself to establish. He is well aware, as he says in the introduction, of the snares which await the steps of any one who would fain claim the many-sided poet as an expert in his own particular hobby or profession. We are reminded that he has thus been claimed as "a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, an astronomer, a physician, a divine, a sportsman, an angler!" There is a humorous touch about the last claim, for which we are referred in a footnote to *Was Shakespeare an Angler?* by H. N. Ellacombe, 1883.

The truth indeed, as the author was well aware, is that Shakespeare had an almost miraculously receptive mind, and senses extraordinarily alert to receive impressions. "Quicquid agunt homines" was of course his prime interest, but we might almost add "quicquid agit rerum Natura," so keen was his zest of life. The Canon does indeed express a wish to claim Shakespeare as "a lover of flowers and gardening," but he immediately qualifies the claim in a way which classes him among the sane commentators and not among those enthusiasts who have been dazzled by unique genius into a blind fanaticism which does not stop short "this side idolatry"!

As the author points out, the special charm of what Shakespeare has to say about plants is that his allusions to them are never forced; though he mentions a large number of plants, and covers a wide range of habitat,

one never feels that he brings in a flower because it is his duty as a poet to do so. The allusion is never conventional, it is always natural, spontaneous—and English. One may add as an illustration that, though he went to Ovid, and later poets much beholden to Ovid, for much of his classical lore, there is a world of difference between his method and that of that meretricious bard. Shakespeare could never, as Ovid does, make Proserpine gather on one day a posy made up of flowers which bloom at widely different seasons. And after all, the roll even of English poets contains perhaps not so very many names of whom as much could be said.

The bulk of the book consists of a complete alphabetical list of all the plants mentioned by Shakespeare. Under each name are printed all the passages in which the plant is mentioned. Then come illustrative quotations, chiefly from contemporary writers, and discussion of any difficulties of identification. As the author points out, Gerard, who was an almost exact contemporary of Shakespeare, is a valuable guide in this matter. In some cases notes are added on the culture, or cultural history of the plant, so that the list is far from being a mere plant concordance. In these notices the author seems to have struck the happy mean between scraps of information and diffuse lectures on the lore which has gathered round each plant. As an old frequenter of Bitton reads one of these pleasant little essays, he seems to see and hear Canon Ellacombe again in his own home surrounded by his books. Or one recalls how a casual question put to him about a flower at the far end of his garden would make him and his visitor return hot-foot to the study to haul down some well-worn volume and verify a quotation. "Always do a thing, my dear Hort, when you think of it," he would

say, and one would obediently follow him across the lawn and into the study and get the point settled to his satisfaction, after which he would pick up his spud and lead the way back to the plant which had caused the digression. There is in the book no parade of curious learning, nor yet is there a mere superficial survey ; everything quoted is to the point. The Canon was not indeed a profound scholar nor a profound botanist, but he knew his books and his plants and moved among them with the camaraderie of long and intimate acquaintance, and it is this thoroughness of intimacy which is reflected in his literary work. Some few of the notices of Shakespearean plants are rather more elaborate, being reprints of papers read to the Bath Field Club. One may perhaps pick out among those of special interest and completeness the notices of daffodil, ferns, pears, primroses, and roses. In these and many other such paragraphs we have a succinct and readable account of the love which attaches to certain popular favourites, an account which is neither the twitter of the sentimental drawing-room-table flower-book, nor a dry-as-dust compilation intended to illustrate the learning of the compiler. Now and again one is greeted by a personal touch, as when, at the end of a notice of " Long Purples " (in which it is pointed out that, oddly enough, the common field orchis has no accepted English name), the author remarks, " Though I hold it to be one of the first rules of good gardening to give away to others as much as possible, yet I would caution any one against dividing his good clumps of cypripedia, the probability is that both giver and receiver will lose the plants." The notice of potato points out that the two mentions of the plant in Shakespeare

(in *Troilus and Cressida* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*) contain almost the earliest references to the potato in our literature, since its introduction to Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584. It is curious that Shakespeare appears only to mention ferns once, and that in the passage of *I Henry IV* which alludes to the supposed property possessed by "fern-seed" of making one invisible. This belief is referred by the author to the doctrine of "signatures," "When men found a plant which certainly grew and increased, but of which the organs of fructification were invisible, it was a clear conclusion that, properly used, the plant would confer the gift of invisibility." One would like to know if any more probable explanation than this attractive suggestion has been offered.

An essay called "The Garden-Craft of Shakespeare" forms the second part of the book. Here is collected what the poet has to say, apart from his references to particular plants, on such topics as gardens, gardeners, garden operations, garden enemies. We shall not expect to find that Shakespeare was an expert in topiarian art or in any of the technical processes of horticulture. But, as we read once more certain familiar passages, here conveniently put together, we are struck afresh, not merely with Shakespeare's powers of observation, but with his accuracy. He goes no further into the subject than is necessary for his immediate dramatic or poetical purpose, yet so far as he goes, we see that he is writing down what he has seen and watched, not what he has read. Part II is a very readable essay, naturally more continuous than Part I, and the book as a whole is a worthy tribute to the master from a devoted and discriminating admirer.

The "Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare"

appeared as a series of papers in *The Garden*, and they were published for the Canon in book form by W. Pollard, of Exeter, in 1878. This edition was an 8vo volume of 303 pages and included an appendix on "The Daisy; its History, Poetry, and Botany," which was a paper read to the Bath Natural History and Field Club in January, 1874.

The Canon dealt with the majority of the orders for the book himself and among his papers at Kew we have a number of letters sent to him asking for copies of the work. One of these from Reynolds Hole, afterwards Dean of Rochester, is worthy of reproduction, and is as follows :

" May 11, 1878.

" MY DEAR BROTHER (in the Gospel and in the garden also),—

" It has often been in my mind, as I read the charming papers on 'The Plant-Lore of Shakespeare,' to offer you my thanks, and to suggest their publication as a book; and I am therefore delighted to receive the announcement that I may send my name to the author as a subscriber to the work, and may express at the same time the grateful appreciation and affectionate sympathies of

" S. REYNOLDS HOLE."

Another interesting letter relating to the book is also of more than passing interest, and the information it gives is inserted on p. 46 of the third edition.

" August 19, 1878.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" *Plant-Lore of Shakespeare*, pp. 14-17-37.

" Let me set right the *one* error I have yet found in your book.

“ The traditionary dish of a roast apple with a little saucerful of carraway seeds to eat with it was still habitually served up in Combination Room at Trinity College, Cambridge, on feast days in my earlier days and may be so still. I have often eaten it.

“ It is just as Shallow described, the apple and the separate dish of carraways.

“ It is curious that a custom which has lived on in no mean place such as Trinity should, as I gather from your book, have been elsewhere so little known.

“ Yours very truly,

“ A. ST. J. BERESFORD HOPE.”

A second edition of *The Plant-Lore* was published in London in 1884¹ and consisted of pp. viii and 438. In this edition three appendices are included, the first being the paper on “ The Daisy,” a second dealing with “ The Seasons of Shakespeare’s Plays,” while the third concerns the “ Names of Plants.”

This last gives the old names of plants mentioned by Shakespeare, showing the forms in which they were or might have been familiar to Shakespeare. For these names the Canon quotes from *Promptorium parvulorum*, 1440 ; *Catholicon anglicum*, 1483 ; Turner’s *Names of Plantes*, 1548 and *Herbal*, 1568 ; Gerard’s *Herbal*, 1597, and Cotgrave’s *Dictionnaire*.

These appendices were all omitted in the best-known edition—the new (third) edition with illustrations—published by Edward Arnold in 1896. This consists of pp. xvi and 383, and is illustrated with sixteen plates and sixty-four text-figures by Major E. Bengough Ricketts, which add considerably to the interest of the volume.

¹ Printed for W. Satchell & Co., and sold by Simpkin Marshall & Co.

SHAKESPEARE AS AN ANGLER¹

The little book on *Shakespeare as an Angler*, privately published in 1883, is a reprint of two articles contributed to *The Antiquary* in 1881. By examination of all the passages in which the poet refers to fish or fishing (whether directly or in metaphor), the author arrives at the conclusion that the poet was not merely writing of what he had observed but had himself probably been an enthusiastic angler. The collection of passages, which includes Shakespeare's descriptions of river scenery of various types, is interesting as an illustration of one side of that multitudinous mind. But it can hardly be said that the main thesis is proved. By parity of reasoning it might be shown (as has often been pointed out) that Shakespeare had been a king, lawyer, courtier, jester, and many other things. It is fair to add that Ellacombe does not claim to have established more than "a strong probability" that Shakespeare was an angler. He is on firmer ground when he contends that the poet's descriptions of country life are a refreshing contrast to the conventional rural scenery of contemporary poets. "His fields and woods are not inhabited by Pan and Flora and Vertumnus, or any other cold classical gods and goddesses . . . but it is the genuine country life of England in his day that he paints for us, in which there are English labourers and their lasses, English mowers and reapers, 'Sunburned sickle-men of August weary come from the furrow,' with their 'rye straw hats put on.' . . . It is the same with his rivers and brooks. He does not delight in rivers because they are the abode of heathen river-gods, and such like, his delight is in 'plenteous rivers and wide skirted meads,' just

¹ Published 1883 (Elliot Stock).

such as his own Warwickshire Avon, near Stratford ; or in 'brawling brooks,' such as he may have seen running their merry course from the Cotswolds to the sea." And no Shakespeare lover is likely to quarrel with the conclusion, quoted from Johnson, "He that will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field." For the rest, the pleasant little volume contains besides an acceptable piscatorial concordance to Shakespeare, a number of quaint and interesting literary illustrations, many of them from the byways of literature.

To Mr. D. C. Lathbury we are indebted for the following notes about the Canon's two gardening books, *In a Gloucestershire Garden* and *In my Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere*, which appeared originally in *The Guardian* when Mr. Lathbury was the editor.

IN A GLOUCESTERSHIRE GARDEN.¹

IN MY VICARAGE GARDEN AND ELSEWHERE.²

I owe my friendship with Ellacombe to *The Guardian*. In common with all garden lovers I had been greatly delighted with Henry Bright's *A year in a Lancashire Garden*, and when I became editor it struck me that a journal which numbered so many of the clergy among its readers might very properly give them something of the same kind. I knew Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore of Shakespeare*, and that seemed to show a similar combination of technical and literary knowledge. So I wrote a letter in which I introduced myself, and

¹ London, 1895. 8vo, pp. 303.

² London and New York, 1902. 8vo, pp. viii + 222, with portrait of the author.

told him the kind of thing I was in search of. It took his fancy as it had taken mine, and the result, besides many valuable reviews, was the series of papers afterwards reprinted as *In a Gloucestershire Garden* and *In my Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere*. I have earned, I venture to think, the gratitude of every lover of plants who knows these two books. Open them where he will, the reader is sure to come across some bit of new information, some interesting quotation from old authors, some hint of gardening pleasures as yet unrealized, or a seldom noticed feature in the habits of this or that flower. The description of the Bitton garden with which the earlier volume opens brings it vividly before any reader who has seen it. "It is not a large garden—the whole extent, including a good proportion of lawn, being about an acre and a half, and in shape a parallelogram or double square." In the last years of Ellacombe's life the lawn had been occasionally invaded. A narrow winding bed following the line of a wider border, was made for additional shrubs, and another for additional roses. The Cotswolds "rise about half a mile away to the height of 750 ft. and about fifteen miles to the south are the Mendips." That the former is a valuable shelter from the north and east every visitor realizes whenever the wind comes from those quarters. The last spur of this delightful range has the local name of Lansdown, and is the chief feature of the view from the garden. But the value of the protection against the violence of the south-west winds afforded by the Mendips is certainly less obvious, though Ellacombe's observation had convinced him of it. About another advantage, the richness and depth of the alluvial soil impregnated with lime and magnesia, there could be no question.

The proof was seen in the growth of the plants, in the freedom with which they seeded themselves and in the ease with which many Alpines were cultivated, though the garden is only 70 ft. above the sea-level. Of the second of these advantages the lawn was an example. It was constantly being invaded by seedlings of *Cyclamen Coum*. They had originally been planted under a high south wall to give them the shelter needed, or in this case supposed to be needed, by a flower which comes into bloom in January, but they grew by the hundred far away from their parents. This particular cyclamen was a special favourite with its owner, partly because "it is the plant described by Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny and mentioned by Theocritus, and partly because by a succession of coils of the flower stem the hanging seed-vessel is brought close to the ground and there buries itself." Why this particular cyclamen should be the only plant that has this curious habit has never, he thinks, been satisfactorily explained. The fact that in this way the seeds are protected during the winter "helps very little. There are tens of thousands of plants whose seeds are shed on the ground and have to fight the battle of life through the winter." Why should this particular form of protection be given only to a single genus.¹

He had a place in his affection even for weeds. The dandelion would be "sorely missed" if it could meet the fate that many owners of lawns would assign it. "Surely no other flower can surpass it for beauty of

¹ The habit of burying the seed is common to the genus *Cyclamen* and is not confined to *C. Coum*. Somewhat similar devices for burying the seeds are shown by *Linaria cymbalaria*, *Arachis hypogaea*, *Voandzeia subterranea* and *Kerstingiella geocarpha* (see *Kew Bulletin*, 1912, p. 209).—A. W. H.

foliage, beauty of shape, and rich beauty of colouring." Even in a garden, weeds have their uses. They often serve to protect more precious plants. He mentions a particular Scottish garden which, though it was "a mass of weeds and rampant weeds" yet among them and "apparently rejoicing in them" was a collection of very rare plants growing in wholly exceptional luxuriance, the reason being that the weeds kept the earth moist and prevented the radiation of heat. "Certainly I would rather see a flower border with a mixture of flowering weeds than with a few plants and large continents of bare soil." To this general toleration of them, however, there was one curious exception. Wordsworth's praises of the lesser celandine awoke in him no echo. For that

"Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth,"

he has not a word of welcome. It is only "a sad weed in a garden, springing up everywhere and defying the neatest gardener." Indeed, his dislikes were never concealed. "Throw it away," was a sentence very commonly passed on some new plant that had been sent to him. I once told Ashmore that the Canon's rejections would fill a border. "Border!" was the reply, "you'd be nearer the mark if you said an acre." Though he admits that the colour of the florist's tulips are in some cases "most brilliant," even the exceptions are "always coarse and flaring." A bed of them is only "an ugly object"—the ugliest indeed of all such arrangements—"except a bed of double zinnias." He will not, however, have florists saddled with the blame of the tulip mania of the seventeenth century. That was "simply a gigantic swindle, in which the plants had really very little part—a Stock Exchange gambling,

which it required the high hand of the law to stop." On the other hand for the species of tulips of south and east Europe and southern Asia he has a warm welcome, many of them "are very beautiful flowers, and, unlike the great florists' tulips are low and small." All tulips, however, have an interest for him as regards their botanical structure, for "each bulb lives three years and no more, yet each as it comes to maturity contains within itself other formed bulbs for two years to come." There are several references in both these books to the extremes of the year 1893. It had an exceptional winter and an equally exceptional summer. It is of the latter that the Canon has most to say, for a prolonged drought makes a greater impression on a gardener than an equally prolonged frost. Both bring destruction on some plants, but in a drought the blow falls upon them in their lusty growth. "It is really sad to go round the garden during a long drought, with the lawn brown, the shrubs getting scorched, and the beds looking almost like dust heaps. Yet no sooner does the rain come than all is at once changed, and we are taught that the garden was by no means dead but only biding its time." It is like a man who has been condemned to enforced idleness by illness, "but who, as soon as the cause is removed, shows that the idleness was only from temporary weakness, which ended in increased strength." And when all has been said and said "as grumblingly as possible," there is surely "much in a hot dry season to rejoice and be thankful for. It will be something to remember for many years that throughout all England we have been able—for three continuous months—to be out of doors in our gardens, under perfectly cloudless skies, with no fear of rain, with very little wind, and even with so little

dew, that in the early mornings and in the late long evenings the most delicate might sit out." After all "the wise man's conclusion is the best, *Omnia fecit pulchra in tempore suo.*"

It is not, of course, to these volumes that the lover of new varieties of popular plants will turn for information. It was the wealth of species that made the chief charm of the Bitton garden, and even when a whole chapter is given to a particular flower it is not in the improved forms of it, that fill so large a place in the nurseryman's catalogues and horticultural shows, that Ellacombe is chiefly interested. Thus in *A Gloucestershire Garden* the chapter on Roses opens with the old cabbage rose, by reason not only of its wonderful scent, but also because of its "historical interest." It is the red rose of England and the "provincial rose" of Hamlet. Pliny says of it *Centifolium vocant*, and the hundred-leaved rose is still one of its English names. From this we are taken to the York and Lancaster rose, *Rosa versicolor*, in its two forms—the "roses damasked, red and white" of Shakespeare, with its many and uncertain combinations of the two colours, to a younger and more beautiful variety of it, *Rosa Mundi*, and to the many species that even a quarter of a century ago were being introduced from China, Northern India, and the Himalayas. These last have, indeed, the fault of remaining in flower but a short time, but against this must be set the merit that they are fruit bearers: "No one who has not seen a collection of these roses can have any idea of the variety and beauty of their hips; they are of all colours from black and green to brilliant red, and of all sizes and shapes." Another rose which was a special favourite was the *Rosa hemisphaerica*. Its English

name is the yellow cabbage, though it has no relationship to the better known red cabbage rose. It was "a great favourite with the old rose growers," though, as it requires a hotter sun than it usually finds in this country, the flowers seldom open completely. But even in its half opened state it was a favourite with the Dutch painters, and the Canon speaks of its grand appearance on his wall when there were "nearly two hundred blooms more or less open—really a grand sight." I was fortunate enough to see it in bloom some years later when the blooms had been carefully counted and proved to be more than double this number. The high south wall against which it was planted played a large part in the Bitton arrangements. It was not for climbing plants only that its possessor valued it. There are "plenty of plants that will grow on it as well, and in many cases even better, than on the border." Chief among such plants he places the Cheddar pink (*Dianthus caesius*), which had been there before he came and had gone on flowering without attention or protection. In another garden in the same district it flourished even better, for from the top of an old wall it hung down "in a beautiful mat, more than five feet in length, and three feet across." No mention is here made of what I feel sure was the reason why it did not grow to the same size on the Bitton wall. Five feet in one direction and three feet in another was an amount of space that would never have been afforded to any herbaceous plant. The "mat" would constantly have been cut back to make room for some new arrival.

I have taken but a very small toll of the contents of these volumes. I have said nothing of the chapter on Plant Names, on the Scents and Medical Properties

of Flowers, on Garden Trees, Garden Birds, Garden Associations, or Garden Lessons. But I will close with a practical quotation. "When I am asked what qualities I consider most necessary in a gardener wishing to have and keep a good collection of plants, I name without any hesitation these three—patience, liberality, and a catalogue." Under patience he includes "perseverance and a prudent boldness," and by way of an instance of the last named quality he says: "I have always been fond of trying in the open ground plants which I have been told would only grow in the greenhouse, and I have been rewarded with many pleasant surprises." It may be well, however, to bear in mind that the "open ground" in the Bitton garden was of a very exceptional character, and the Canon himself would sometimes when saying "Yes" to the question, "Is it hardy?" add the qualification—"At Bitton." Of liberality he writes: "I have no sympathy with the feeling of satisfaction in being the sole possessor of a rare plant. I hold it true economy to divide and distribute as much as possible, for the selfish owner of the rarity will often find himself rightly punished by losing his one plant and then not knowing where to look for it again." Of the third requisite, a good catalogue, he speaks from long experience. He would have had great difficulty in getting his collection together if he had not always made it a practice to catalogue his plants, and to keep the catalogue as accurate as possible.

CHAPTER VI

THE BITTON GARDEN

W. J. BEAN

VARIED as Canon Ellacombe's tastes and interests were, we think that those who knew and appreciated him best will agree that apart from his ecclesiastical duties it was his garden that claimed his richest affections. There is no better reflex of a man's mind than his library, and of the many phases of life and thought represented on the Bitton bookshelves, the horticultural and botanical books were undoubtedly first in number and importance. The Canon was a great gardener. But we must interpret that word as implying something more than the faculty of getting plants to grow. He was pre-eminent in that, but what struck one more was his love for them, his intimacy with them and their peculiarities. No doubt he was fortunate in several respects. His father, as we have seen, was an ardent plant-lover, and when he left Bitton vicarage in the hands of his son he left behind him also a garden well stocked with beautiful and rare plants. Ellacombe, too, was fortunate in that the soil and climate of Bitton are exceptionally favourable for the growth of many exotic plants. We extract the following from a pleasant appreciation of the Canon which appeared in *The Times* of February 15, 1916 :

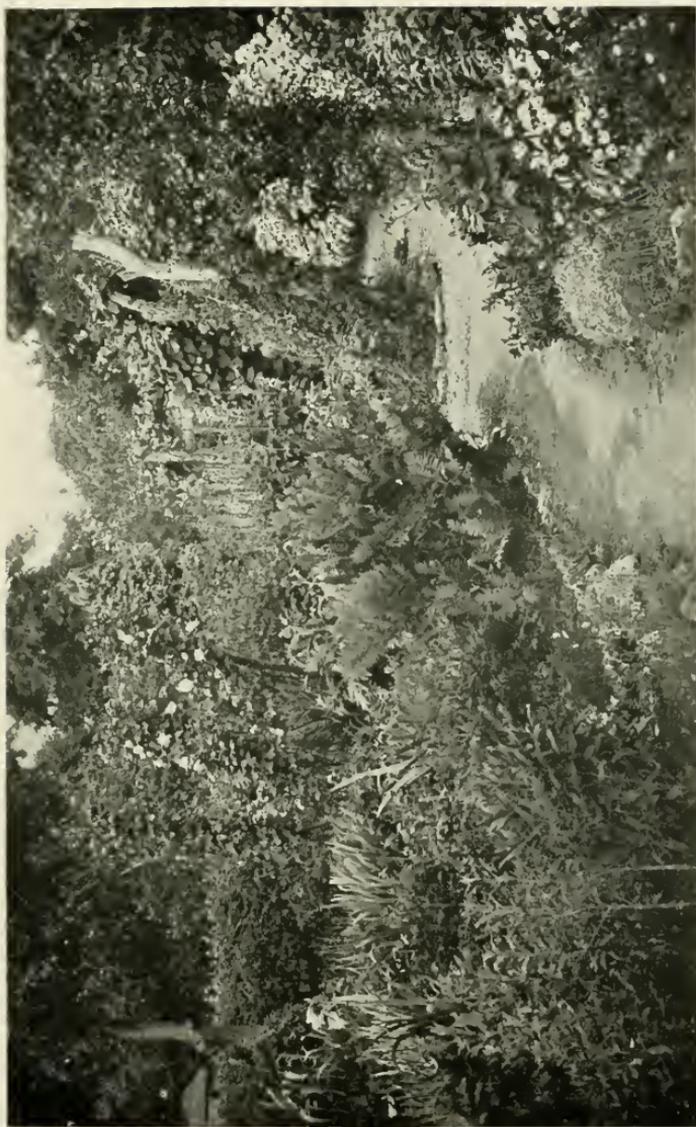
“ Tucked away in the extreme south-west corner

of Gloucestershire, in the trough between the Cotswolds and Mendip hills, Bitton is a typical instance of the old English parsonage, peaceful, homely and picturesque. Externally and in its general aspect there is nothing especially remarkable about the place, but once inside the gate the horticultural pilgrim becomes aware that here indeed is a paradise for plants.

“ ‘The Canon,’ as he was affectionately known to a host of friends, was more concerned with the well-being of the inhabitants of the vicarage garden than with the aesthetic appearance of the place itself ; he was pre-eminently a cultivator, and had the inestimable advantage over modern gardeners that more than half a century of experience and continuity of cultivation under ideal conditions alone can bring. Hence it has come about that, notwithstanding the extraordinarily high pitch to which the cultivation of plants has been brought within the last few years, Bitton remains almost unique among inland gardens, while few places similarly situated can compare with it where rare flowering shrubs are concerned.

“ It was Ellacombe’s habit to ascribe much of his success as a cultivator to the alluvial soil and genial climate of his county, and while these factors, as well as the warm vicarage wall, had much to do with the wonderful growth of plants and shrubs, they would have counted for comparatively little if not reinforced by the knowledge, ripe experience, and sympathy possessed by the Canon.

“ Ellacombe was no stay-at-home, and in his regular visits to friends contrived to see nearly all that was worth seeing in the many fine gardens that have sprung into existence during the last thirty years. In the course of his life he shared in all the



A CORNER OF THE VICARAGE GARDEN.

extraordinary changes that have lifted gardening and the cultivation of plants from the moribund condition in which they were in the 'sixties' to the wonderful standard of recent years, and his influence has been all for good."

There is perhaps no part of England where the soil is deeper and richer than in that part of the Avon valley in which Bitton is situated. It has only one drawback for a garden. Being heavily impregnated with calcareous matter the cultivation of all lime-hating plants is debarred. Thus Canon Ellacombe grew practically no rhododendrons and except for a few heaths very little of the *Ericaceæ*. Wisely, as we think, he set his face against importing peat and the like into his garden for the purpose of making special provision for such plants. His gardener, Ashmore, used sometimes to feel rebellious about the limitations the lime imposed upon them, and a conspiracy between him and Mrs. Graham Smith resulted in their smuggling into the garden (tradition says by dead of night) a consignment of peat. Our experience supports the Canon's view. On a small scale and in exceptional circumstances it may sometimes be worth while, but the success obtained by bringing peat, etc., into a lime-impregnated garden is rarely other than partial and temporary. The lime wins back in the end. And after all, in spite of lime, the very last charge one could bring against the Bitton garden was that it lacked variety.

Various friends of Canon Ellacombe have written in testimony of their delight in the vicarage garden and in appreciation of his society and charming hospitality. From these writings, some of which have appeared in public print, some sent to us specially, we propose

to give extracts. It may be noticed sometimes that the same thing is said by different people in different words. That indeed was inevitable with a man of such pronounced individuality as the Canon.

From Mr. D. C. Lathbury comes the following :

“ I cannot recall from what year my knowledge of Henry Ellacombe dates, but in the preface to *In a Gloucestershire Garden* I read that ‘ this volume owes its existence to certain papers of mine which were published in *The Guardian* during the years 1890–1893.’ Consequently by the first of these years my visits to Bitton had certainly begun, and I had already discovered that he was the most delightful of hosts. It was not his readiness to welcome his visitors that impressed me so much as his anxiety to prolong their visits and to fix a date for their renewal. ‘ In this garden,’ he used to say, ‘ there is something fresh to be seen every month ; why don’t you make a point of seeing them all,’ and before long I came to feel that he meant it. I had to content myself, however, with two visits a year—taking different months in the spring, and either September or October in the autumn. And what visits they were ! I never knew the Canon waste any time in the commonplace inquiries customary on arrival. He took you at once into the subject which happened to interest him at the moment. ‘ Listen to the nonsense this fellow talks,’ or ‘ Have you seen ——’s article ? How good it is !’ and there you were started in an hour’s talk almost before you had disposed of your overcoat. Sometimes you would be taken at once into the garden to see some special plant which had just flowered and was of special interest, because it was new to Bitton and had refused to bloom till

it came there. Throughout the last years of his life he struggled valiantly with his increasing deafness, and pressed his friends to remember that they must ordinarily say everything twice—the first time to call his attention to the fact that they were speaking to him, and the second to put him in possession of what they wanted him to hear.

“ His favourite doctrine was that a true gardener is known by the pleasure he takes in giving plants to his friends. And certainly, judged by this standard, he was a prince among gardeners. In the spring and summer and in fine weather he had often two or three separate sets of visitors in the course of an afternoon. Latterly, indeed, he very seldom went round with them, except they were old friends. But he had one constant inquiry for them when they returned either to his study or to his seat in the garden : ‘ I hope you have found something to take away with you.’ And, unless their interest in plants was merely assumed as a matter of courtesy, this hope was never disappointed.”

Here is a characteristic letter to Mr. Bartholomew :

“ *November 14.*

“ If you ever say you are in debt to Bitton I will not speak to you again. If I give a friend 100 plants and he gives me one, I thank him for the one, but I don't enter him as my debtor for 99. However, I gave your message to Ashmore and enclose his answer, which you may attend to as much or as little as you like.

“ I have rather a nice thing in flower now—*Hippastrum brachyandrum*. Do you know it? I advise

you to get it. Mine came from some out-of-the-way garden in Berkshire, so you will have no difficulty."

Mr. Bartholomew sends us the following note :

"He was specially proud of his success in making his gardener as free-handed as himself. 'Ashmore,' he used to say, 'did not much like giving things away when he first came here, but now he is as much pleased when he sends off the right people with a good box of loot as I am myself.' They needed, however, to be the right people. No one was ever quicker in distinguishing between real and simulated interest. 'Oh! Canon Ellacombe,' a lady once said to him, 'what do you do to have all these beautiful flowers?' 'Well, madam, I plant 'em,' was all the reply she got, and, as he well knew, it was all she deserved. Ashmore, I may add, was in his way almost as unusual as his master. He only survived him a few months and had for some time been almost a cripple. A friend who knew him even better than I did wrote to me after his death, 'I never saw a very heavy cross more bravely borne.'

"What were the special features in the garden which gave most delight? Well, I can only answer for myself, and even so I find it very difficult to decide. Shall it be the *Cyclamen Coum* in their myriads, flourishing apparently anywhere even in the grass beneath the ancient yews? or shall it be the glorious snowdrop from Naples with its stalks 2 ft. in length and flowers of a proportionate size, which grow in masses under the south wall and seem to do all the better the more crowded they grow? Could anything be more beautiful on a sunny spring morning than the long stretch of *Anemone blanda* with double forms of every shade of colour mingled with the single? What is one to

say of the middle path all aflame on either side with *Anemone fulgens*? or that same path in the Iris season? or the innumerable species of roses? or the glory in autumn when the leaves of the vines are all crimson and gold? or the vision of *Rhus cotinoides* as you look through it towards the western sun? what of *Poinciana Gilliesii* or of *Wistaria multijuga alba*, or of *Bignonia grandiflora* when a hot summer has tempted it to flower, or *Gaya Lyalli*, or *Abutilon vitifolium*, or *Clematis Sieboldii*, or *Magnolia stellata*, or the beautiful tamarisk, which was the thing which struck me most on the happy day which introduced me to Bitton? I don't think he could have said which of all his treasures gave him most delight.

“There never was such a perfect Liberty Hall as Bitton vicarage. You must, it is true, conform to the hours for meals, but except for that you might spend the day as you would. As years passed on, and he was unable to make excursions with one, he found his consolation in arranging little trips, and his intimate acquaintance with a neighbourhood, in which he had lived for some three-quarters of a century, made the choice of such trips almost endless. He had special pleasure, if the visit were to a garden, in making Ashmore share the trip, and no one took a more intelligent interest in and appreciation of a good garden than he. Warm as his invitations always were and much as he enjoyed company, he never grudged one a visit to some friend, though it might mean absence for the whole day, and was always anxious to hear what had given the greatest pleasure.”

In making the tour of the garden—I mean the grand tour as distinct from minor excursions—we always

took the same route. Never to my knowledge was this departed from. We started at the porch of the vicarage and discussed first of all the fine old *Umbellularia* growing on the house and a fine plant of *Berberis fascicularis*. Turning to the right past the library windows and the arched doorway giving access to the vicarage lane, we came to the churchyard wall and its border and to that part of the garden abutting on the rich Avon valley meadows. Then came the long wall on the upper side with its wonderful collection of climbers and shrubs and the narrow border at its base even more remarkable for the excellence and rarity of its plants. Every yard, often every foot, contained something of interest to discuss, something to reveal the deep and intimate knowledge the Canon had of his treasures. There is no garden in this country, I believe, that contained so much of interest condensed in so small a space. I do not know whether it was by design or not but the Canon's way of touring the garden involved one in a sort of crescendo of interest, for after traversing the long wall just mentioned you reach the warmest corner of the garden, bounded on three sides by the greenhouse, the stable yard, and the schoolhouse. Here grow *Melianthus major*, *Diospyros kaki*, *Corokia Cotoneaster*, and a host of similar rarities—not aliens struggling in adversity, but comfortable, robust, and prolific as any German in a foreign land.

I do not think the artistic side of gardening, certainly not "colour schemes" and such like, made much appeal to the Canon. If *Anemone blanda* has grown and spread till it makes "drifts" of blue in the approved modern fashion, it is to the soil and climate of Bitton that the credit is due more than to any set purpose of

the Canon.¹ With him the individual plant was the thing, its beauty, its health, and the right position for it. Then came its botanical peculiarities and its history, natural and acquired. Of most things he did not care to have more than one of a sort. He had not room for them. But the more kinds he could get the better. The collector spirit held him to the very end. On the other hand, none was more generous than he. His hospitality was of that comforting kind that always made one feel he hated to see you go, but nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see a visitor laden at his departure with a bundle of plants, the bigger the better. Several times he has imperilled the existence of his only plant of a kind to give part of it to Kew.

¹ Several times in the course of these memoirs mention is made of *Anemone blanda* as seen in the garden at Bitton. It was indeed a great feature there every spring, and during the whole year there was no single kind of plant that created so fine an effect. Although the Canon's taste did not lead him to attempt great displays with any one thing, this anemone was an exception, and he took great delight in it, all the more, no doubt, because it multiplied and spread naturally. The appearance of a double form—the first recorded so far as we know—pleased and interested him very much. His letters in the early part of each recent year frequently contain allusions to it. On April 20, 1907, he wrote: "The manners and customs of *A. blanda flore pleno* are peculiar. The first appeared two years ago and has since improved every year. Last year came two fresh ones, and this year four or five. In each case the newcomers have been removed from the old stock." The following year he wrote: "I have no new ones this year, but one that I separated last year is almost white. The bees do visit the double flowers but I am not sure they do more than look at them." Writing on December 30, he says: "Another virtue of the double *A. blanda*: it is the first to flower"; and on April 18, 1915: "A fresh lot of *A. blanda fl. pl.* coming on; — advises me to give it to nobody, but keep it as a speciality of Bitton vicarage. What do you say? That is not exactly my line." Subsequently he gave plants to Kew, but apparently they resented their exile to a less salubrious home and have tended to revert back to the single state.

Like most people well advanced in years he had a love of jokes that had become mellow with age. For instance, one rarely went past his fine plant of *Citrus trifoliata* (which flowers regularly and often ripens its fruit at Bitton) without being informed of his standing offer to village maidens and marriageable ladies that if they would only find the husbands he would supply the orange blossom. One of the Canon's favourite diversions with a fresh visitor to Bitton was to take him to a fine specimen of the common oak at the end of his garden which has a trunk, so far as my recollection goes, about 3 ft. in diameter, and ask an opinion of its age. With some knowledge of the soil and rates of growth at Bitton I guessed it at 150 years. Some would guess it at 200 years, some at 300. He would then tell you he planted it himself! He would also tell you how anxious a local timber merchant was to buy it, the same man who, as an inducement to the Canon to part with it, offered to put by enough boards cut out of it to make his coffin!

His vigour and his interest in new things were amazing for a man over ninety. I saw him in September, 1915, about five months before he died, and have a vivid recollection of his going out after breakfast and shouting "Ashmore!" in a voice the possession of which many a man of thirty would envy. And in the evening of the same day he discussed how to get and plant new trees and shrubs which could scarcely be expected to give much return before he had reached his hundredth birthday. All which goes to show how blessed is the old man whose hobby is gardening!

A remarkable characteristic of the Bitton garden is the way many reputedly tender and difficult things thrive there. The Canon never rested on his oars. A



DOUBLE ANEMONE BLANDA.

strong element in his gardening was persistent experiment. By continually trying new and unlikely things he brought off some astonishing successes. He used to repeat with considerable glee a remark made by his friend Lord Ducie at the dinner table one evening in mock depreciation of the Canon's achievements: "After all, you know, Ellacombe's successes are due chiefly to his impudence."

In later years, when he had passed his ninetieth birthday his failing physical powers did not allow him to spend so much time with his visitors in the garden as formerly. One recalls him then most vividly in his library, where, indeed, most of his waking hours were spent. In this delightful old room (I believe some parts of the vicarage are 400 to 500 years old) with its old-fashioned fireplace, its view through the windows of Bitton church, about 100 yards away, its atmosphere of homeliness, its curious medley of odds and ends, and above all, of course, its books lining the walls from floor to ceiling, here I think his happiest hours were passed—especially after dinner when he had a friend to talk to about plants. Some years ago, but not until he was well on in the eighties he invested in a couch. Latterly he spent most of his day resting himself on this with his shoulders and head propped up. A long and intimate acquaintance with its idiosyncrasies enabled the Canon to get a good deal of comfort out of this couch, although, having tried it many times after he had gone to bed, I used to wonder how he managed it. But here he used to like to rest, pouring out the lore with which his mind was so full, discussing books, plants, foreign travel, old glass, silver, churches and bells. In recent years his sight failed him, but it was marvellous how he knew the exact position of

nearly every tiny plant in his garden and the place of every book (there were hundreds of them) in his library. Until within the last year or two he would be up from his couch a dozen times an evening after a book wherein to find a picture, proof of a contention, or to verify a quotation. On these occasions the only trace of irritation I ever saw the old man show was with his spectacles. He used two pairs, one for reading only, the other for general purposes, but, in the eternal perversity of things, he always seemed to get hold of the wrong pair.

He had never smoked tobacco since his Oxford days, but after dinner in the library he always invited his guests to light up. For politeness' sake we would ask him if he was sure he did not mind. "Mind," he used to reply, recalling the furnace-like achievements of a certain frequent visitor, "I couldn't mind anything after an evening of ——'s pipe."

Recalling many happy hours with Canon Ellacombe at Bitton I feel that the dominant characteristic of the man was his loving kindness. His knowledge, classical, antiquarian, literary, and botanical, was wide and varied, yet in one's memories of him it is that that stands out before all.

Time passes and grief, like everything else, wears away, but just now with his loss fresh upon us it is difficult to believe that one's life in its association with gardening will ever be quite the same again.

In *Country Life*, March 4, 1916, there appeared the following, signed "Observer":

"Bitton is a place brimful of interesting plants, resulting from many years of devotion by the late Canon and his venerable father before him. It is worth

recording that while the late Canon died at the advanced age of ninety-four, his father, the previous vicar of Bitton, was writing on matters relating to the garden when he was ninety-two. They were two of the great master gardeners of the world, and the vicarage garden at Bitton was made the home of rare and interesting plants from many corners of the earth. Many a little known and beautiful plant would for ever have been lost to cultivation had it not been for Bitton, whence plants were distributed in a disinterested and generous manner. The late Canon held that no garden could flourish which was not constantly giving. It is impossible to think of the garden without its gardener; the two were inseparably associated with one another. And yet the garden might seem comparatively dull to those who have only a superficial knowledge or love of plants. There was no striving after unnatural bedding effects, no aim at colour schemes, and singularly enough, no great speciality of genera.¹ Plants were just put in here and there with no order beyond finding a place to suit them. The garden was small, with little or no room to spare, but it would be impossible to find another garden of its size so rich in species and varieties of hardy flowers and shrubs. Each little flower meant much to him. It was not merely a pretty bit of colour; he would tell you something interesting of its native haunts, its likes and dislikes, or its uses; to him it was a revelation of its past history, and he imparted botany and horticulture combined, helping others to find the same delights that had filled his life. The great art of gardening is to know plants as he knew

¹ The Canon, however, paid special attention to yuccas and roses, which interested him perhaps more than any other genera.

them, and I hope that his successors will cherish the garden he loved so well. In one respect the garden, as the photographs show it, is very unlike many which are illustrated in *Country Life*. It is wholly devoid of design. I imagine that Canon Ellacombe knew nothing and cared nothing about the architectural aspect of a garden, its artistic relation to the house, and the whole philosophy and practice which we sum up as 'formal gardening.' To him a garden was a home for flower and shrub and tree, a place of hospitality for plants, but not a work of art in its own right; which goes to show that there are many sorts of gardeners and gardening, and all of them combine to make the complete story of the oldest pursuit and pleasure of mankind."

Mr. H. J. Elwes wrote as follows in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of February 19, 1915:

"The death of Canon Ellacombe will be deeply lamented by all who knew him, for I can truly say that during a friendship of forty years I never heard an ill word said of him by any one, or of any one by himself, and his friends were very many. However far I look back to find a clergyman who was his equal as a gardener or as a writer on horticultural subjects, I cannot think of one, and certainly there has been no private garden large or small which during so long a period has afforded so much pleasure and interest to so many people as the one at Bitton, in which I have spent many happy hours with a man whose like we shall not see again. One of its features was that its owner had no speciality, though he had the best of everything that will live in the open air; he was equally fond of shrubs, herbaceous plants, and bulbs, which were grown without much order wherever space

could be found to plant them. The want of space was the chief reason why there were not more ; but in the compass of one and a half acres, including the vegetable garden, it is safe to say that so great a variety of plants has never been grown elsewhere.

“ There was not, and never will be, any man who has given away so freely to all deserving visitors ; for, as he said on page 293 of *A Gloucestershire Garden*, ‘ I was long ago taught and have always held that it is impossible to get or keep a large collection, except by constant liberality in giving ; “ there is that scattereth and yet increaseth,” was Solomon’s experience, and it certainly is so with gardening.’ Nothing pleased him more than to go round his garden with an old friend fond of plants, always taking the various beds and borders in the same order, always as anxious to get knowledge as he was ready to impart it, always able to tell something new as to the origin, correct name, or cultural requirements of innumerable rarities. And though when I last had this pleasure in the autumn of 1915, I could see that his memory and strength were at last failing him, he was just as hospitable, just as courteous, and just as anxious to give me good things, both at lunch and from the garden, as when I first went round forty years before.

“ Of his personality I need not say much ; a tall figure, slight stoop, and grey beard were combined with an active mind and body until he was long past seventy. He was fond of society and travel, and was constantly away on short visits to his innumerable friends. I well remember his staying at Colesborne about ten years ago in company with the late Sir Charles Strickland and the Earl of Ducie ; their united ages came to about 240 years, and my mother, who

was then nearly eighty, declared that never in her life had she met three men together who seemed so happy, active and vigorous, and who enjoyed life so much at such an advanced age. This she attributed largely to their common love of horticulture. There is no space here to allude to his activities in other fields, but I must mention the church which he served faithfully for nearly sixty-five years, and which was restored during his father's and his own incumbency entirely by the hands of Bitton residents and workmen. The roof is, so far as I know, unique in being designed by himself, and constructed of American pencil cedar wood which he purchased from a ship wrecked in the Bristol Channel. In the churchyard is a young specimen of the Mexican form of the deciduous cypress, raised by myself from a seed brought from Mexico by Mr. Marlborough Pryor; I hope that Canon Ellacombe's successors and the churchwardens will protect this tree during severe winters, as the only other specimen that I know of similar origin in Great Britain is at Tregothnan, in Cornwall.¹

“ Ellacombe was a ready writer, and had the gift of imparting knowledge in a way that make his writings as popular as they are instructive. He had a good knowledge of literature as well as a select library, and used both so well that probably the most generally known and successful of his works was *The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare*. This book is crammed with classical, botanical, and literary references to all the plants that Shakespeare mentioned, and as Ellacombe knew his Parkinson and his Gerard as well as he did his Shakespeare and his garden, his work is not likely to be improved on or superseded. Com-

¹ Some plants are at Kew.

panions of this classic are the *Flowers of Chaucer, Spencer and Milton*, which appeared in the columns of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*.

"*In a Gloucestershire Garden* is another book written no doubt to encourage other country parsons to grow and take more interest in plants not often found in vicarage gardens; it does not cover so wide a field or go into so much detail as *Plants of Shakespeare*, and does not mention many plants for which his garden was famous. Though Ellacombe knew a great deal about plants he did not pretend to be a botanist, and had no sympathy with the sort of botanist who, as he tells us in his *In a Gloucestershire Garden*, replied to a simple question about some flower, 'I cannot tell you, and have come to the conclusion that I know nothing whatever about flowers.' He never paraded his botanical knowledge and, as he tells us when speculating on the possible use of the nectary in hellebores and *Eranthis*, 'As I walk round my garden I read in every plant my own ignorance of its real history.' A list of plants grown at Bitton contains nearly 3,000 names of species and varieties which had been cultivated there at some time during the last fifty years.

"I shall look on *Yucca rupicola*, which I have succeeded in propagating, as the most valuable plant that I owe to Canon Ellacombe's liberality."

From the article in *The Times* of February 15, 1916, already alluded to, a few further extracts are taken:

"The passing of Canon Ellacombe, after nearly a century of life, deprives the world of amateur gardeners of a personality as unique as it was remarkable. Ellacombe inherited his love of plants along with the

vicarage garden, and before many of the present generation of amateur gardeners had left the nursery Bitton had become the Mecca of people interested in horticulture. That it should have remained so to the present time, through all changes that have taken place in more than fifty years, is a wonderful testimony to the influence of the man and his work.

“ In the 'sixties, convention ruled the garden with a rod of iron ; our fathers were still in the clutches of geometrical formality and hide-bound tradition, the latter usually garbed in broadcloth and a green apron. The cultivation of hardy plants and Alpines as practised nowadays was unknown, the carpet bedder reigned supreme, and amateurs with any intimate knowledge of garden plants and their ways were few and far between. That the whole artificial product of ages should have crumbled to the ground so completely in a comparatively short time was due in large measure to the untiring efforts of William Robinson and the school of thought he initiated forty years ago.

“ No one had more sympathy than Ellacombe with the desire to let Nature in at the gate and banish the shams and 'artistic' monstrosities with which the 'landscape artists' and gardeners of the Victorian era cozened their patrons, and Bitton is a good example of trees, shrubs, and plants, forming a picture as satisfying to the eye as it is to the needs of the practical gardener.

“ To a cultured mind Ellacombe added the possession of an almost unique library of horticultural and botanical works, none of which had any secrets from him ; indeed, one never asked him for a reference in vain. There are scores of gardens in the three kingdoms where his memory will be kept green for many a day.”

Mr. Gerald Loder has lent us a notebook that belonged to Canon Ellacombe in which he had entered the names of the plants obtained for the Bitton Garden between 1871 and 1876. It is interesting as showing the extraordinary industry and enthusiasm that went to the making of the Bitton collection and the remarkable extent of the connections the Canon had established in the botanical and horticultural world. There are detailed records of consignments from the Botanic Gardens of Kew, Edinburgh, Glasnevin, Oxford, Hull, Liverpool and Glasgow, as well as from the R.H.S. Gardens at Chiswick. From the Continent he received plants sent by the Botanic Gardens of Paris, Angers, Rouen, Tours, Brussels, Berlin and Hamburg. He had correspondents also in Gibraltar and New York. Many of the leading amateurs of that time were his helpers, amongst them G. F. Wilson, G. Maw and W. W. Saunders. In the five years covered by this entry book he received as contributions to the Bitton Garden about 4,900 plants and 1000 packets of seeds. That he did not keep them all goes without saying. In one of his letters he says: "Since I came here I have entered in some half-dozen notebooks all the plants I have received. I have been amusing myself looking through them. It is quite sad reading. If I could remember one-half, or one-tenth, of the things I have once known and forgotten I should be a very wise and learned man. In the same way if I had now one-tenth of the good plants I have had and lost, I should have a splendid collection."

From no notice of Bitton Garden as it was during the last two decades of Ellacombe's life can be omitted mention of his gardener, Richard Ashmore. About 1898, Ashmore was engaged in place of Miller, the man

who found out before the Canon did that the time comes when it is wise "to take two days or more to do work you used to do well in one" (see p. 81). The engagement proved a great success, although at the time Ashmore went to Bitton he had had practically no experience in the kind of gardening Canon Ellacombe loved. The latter used often to record his impressions of Ashmore at their first interview and tour of the garden: "I saw he knew nothing about the kind of plants I grow, but I also saw he did not pretend to." His modesty and evident anxiety to learn—qualities which never left him—led to his engagement, and this, it is no exaggeration to say, added much comfort to the latter years of the Canon's long life. Bitton Garden was really a botanic garden in miniature, but although the number of species grown there was extraordinary for so small an area Ashmore comparatively soon got to know the name of almost every one. In later times, too, he was constantly being called upon by the Canon for information as to the history or source of individual plants, never, so far as we remember, in vain.

Ashmore when he first went to Bitton was a sturdy young man in the early thirties, to all appearance destined for a long and healthy life. It was his fate, however, to outlive the Canon but seven months. About 1911, the first symptoms of a subtle paralytic disease began to be evident, and in spite of medical advice obtained by the Canon they became more and more pronounced until about a year before his master died he could no longer do active work and had to be wheeled about the garden in a bath chair. It says much for the esteem in which the Canon held his merits that although at last he could not set foot to ground



CANON ELLACOMBE AND RICHARD ASHMORE IN THE GARDEN
IN 1909.

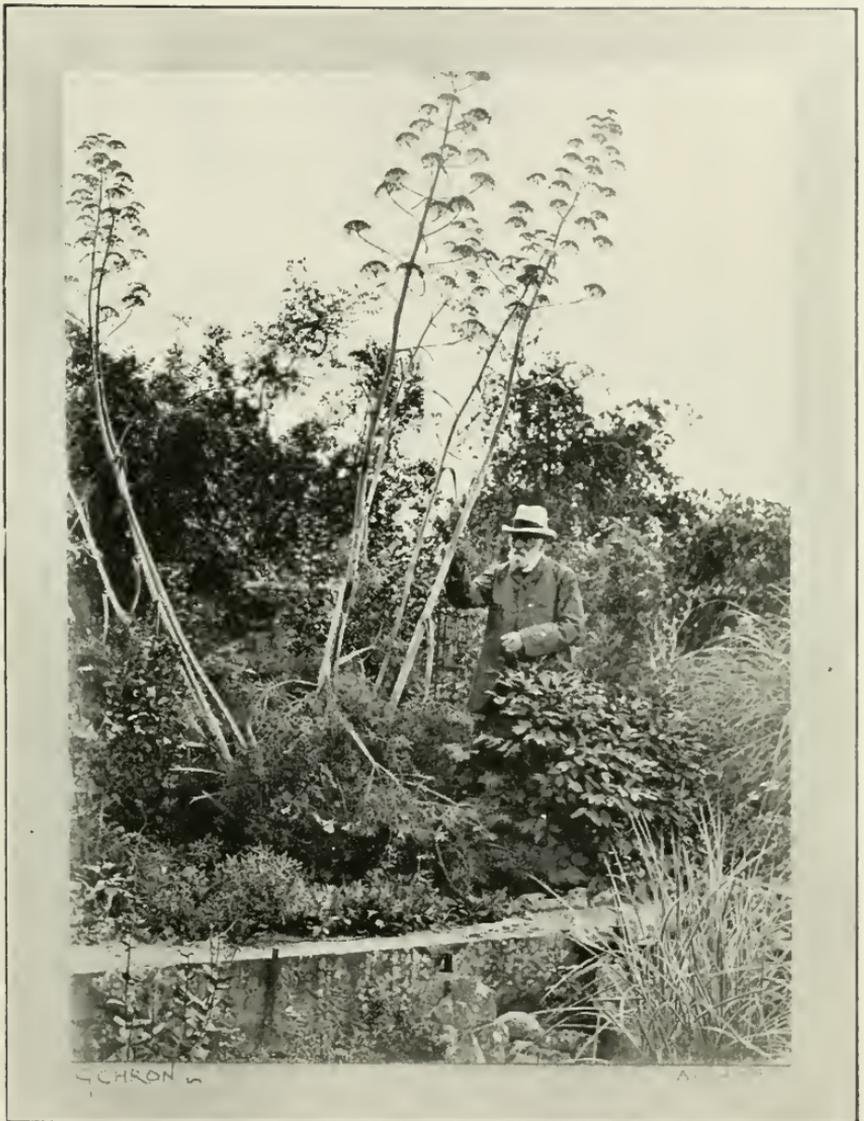
he was still considered indispensable to Bitton. The garden necessarily suffered from the absence of his actual labour, valuable as his supervision still continued to be. Canon Ellacombe, however, never thought of changing him for another, always saying he was well worth his pay. Ashmore died towards the end of August, 1916, and was buried in Bitton churchyard on September 3, within a few yards of the garden he loved so much. He was a native of East Yorkshire, and was about fifty-three years of age.

CHAPTER VII

CANON ELLACOMBE AND HIS PLANTS

ELLEN WILLMOTT

WHEN staying at Edge Hill with the Rev. Charles Wolley Dod about the year 1890, we were discussing the debatable question as to whether *Narcissus Allen's Beauty* and *Narcissus nobilis* of the sixteenth and seventeenth century gardens figured, amongst other books, in *Theatrum Florae*, Paris, 1538, were identical. He advised me to make a pilgrimage to Bitton Vicarage, where many of the daffodils and roses of the old gardens were to be found. As I had never met Canon Ellacombe, I had always hesitated to propose myself. Mr. Wolley Dod, who knew the Canon well, assured me that gardening visits gave him great pleasure, and suggested giving me a letter of introduction to him, at the same time telling me that I should find him the most amiable of men, and a charming personality, with untold funds of classical, literary and plant lore, with a keen sense of humour and great kindness of heart; at the same time well knowing what he wanted and also whether his self-invited visitors were sympathetic, or the reverse, and that he had no hesitation in letting them know if he wished their visits repeated or not. I have more than once been witness of this trait in our dear friend's character, and admired the neat, but unmistakable way in which the intimation was conveyed to the visitor.



THE CANON AND FERULA GLAUCA.

It was some time before my first visit to Bitton took place, but we corresponded frequently after the opening exchange of ideas upon the identity of *Narcissus Allen's beauty*. Many letters passed between us upon the plant and garden questions, which arose from time to time. One in which he was deeply interested, and in which I agreed with him, was the identity of the true rose of the Temple brawl. Two roses have borne the names "York and Lancaster," and those holding opposite opinions can make out a good case, but there is little to show why one should be right and the other wrong.

Another point of discussion was the suggestion that *Rosa Rapinii* was the single form of *R. hemisphaerica*, and he kept to his opinion all through that this was so.

On the identity of the "seven sisters rose" the Canon gave way. His father had it in his rose collection, and as *R. Roxburghii* it figured in the list of the roses cultivated at Bitton in 1830, published as an appendix to this memoir. The true seven sisters rose is a *multiflora* form introduced into England from China between 1815 and 1817. It was figured in the *Botanical Register* from the plant growing in the Horticultural Society's garden at Chiswick in 1830, and Lindley gave a glowing description of its beauty and attributed the name to the seven different coloured flowers found upon each corymb. The same name was current in China, but was then supposed to refer to the seven flowers which generally opened at the same time upon each corymb. The rose *de la Grifferae*, with which it has been confused, was raised by Viberd in 1845, and is also a *multiflora* form but an entirely different cross. Nothing daunts the vigorous

growth of *de la Grifferae*, but it is the reverse with the seven sisters rose, which was common in gardens nearly thirty years before the introduction of *de la Grifferae*, and the confusion between the two roses has only arisen since the disappearance of the true "seven sisters."

On my first visit to Bitton I went from Paddington by the nine o'clock express, having ordered a good pair of horses to meet me at Bath to take me out to Bitton. Just as I was getting into the victoria at Bath, a voice said: "I am sure you are Miss Willmott, and coming to see my Vicarage Garden? You are very welcome, and your visit is one to which I have been looking forward."

"I travelled down by the same train and looked out for you at Paddington, but expecting to see one of more mature years, I missed you."

We had a very pleasant drive out together, and when we came into the vale of Bitton, and the fine church tower appeared over the tree-tops, I thought I had never seen such an ideally beautiful sylvan scene. The Canon was very proud of his tower, and told me how a cousin of his, working in the Vatican Library, had found a document of the sixteenth century referring to the building of the tower, and granting an indulgence to all those who contributed towards its erection.

Every incident of that first visit is indelibly fixed upon my mind, and my first impression of the Canon has always remained and was thoroughly justified during the many years I had the privilege of his friendship. His appearance was strikingly impressive, and is deeply fixed in my recollection as I saw him at Bath for the first time: tall, handsome and distin-

guished looking, with his intellectual countenance and courteous manners.

Notwithstanding his many interests, the assiduity with which he carried out his parish duties as vicar always filled me with admiration. He was always accessible to the young as well as to the old folk of Bitton, and to the most humble of his parishioners. I have often seen him leave important visitors to speak to some one who had called to ask his advice or counsel.

The Canon held very pronounced ideas upon the training of a child's character, and he attached great importance to children being kept occupied, and he strongly condemned their being left to idle or loaf. He was constantly urging the village parents to remember that habits of industry acquired in childhood are rarely lost in after years. He would say how easy it was to find children small occupations which interest them, play or light jobs of work or reading, anything in fact to keep them from doing "nothing." It was not only the village parents that he tried to impress with the necessity of occupying their children's leisure hours, for he believed that the same principle applied to boys back from school for the holidays. He had rarely found a boy who could not be induced to take up some hobby or another or whose interest could not be directed into some channel which would occupy his head or his hands. He admired St. Antoninus, the patron of industry, who waged ceaseless war against idleness. "*Otio perpetuum bellum indixit.*"

In the days when I first knew him he came to London every week to attend the meetings of the New River Company. It was during those years that he visited most of the gardens where interesting plants were to be found, or where the owners were plant-

lovers or botanists, and he thus came into contact with all the gardening folk of those days. He used rather to deplore the modern fashion for gardening, saying that so many now gardened or collected plants because it was the fashion, whereas, in former days, only those who really loved plants troubled about them.

After that first visit, I was a regular visitor at Bitton. Sometimes the Canon was alone, but I often found myself in the company of some of his many interesting friends. He excelled as a host, and was never seen to better advantage than when dispensing hospitality and doing the honours of his garden, or showing his collection of old glass or going through his fine library of herbals and other books bearing upon botany and horticulture.

The Canon's scrapbooks were of unfailing interest. After a long delightful day in the garden the evening passed in his pleasant little library was equally enjoyable, and then I used to ask to see the wonderful scrapbooks. Begun in early days they were an illustrated record of many of the happenings connected with his journeyings through his long life. His own sketches and drawings were excellent and were often accompanied by letters and notes relating to them. Turning over the pages he would tell many anecdotes or give descriptions and accounts of incidents connected with them.

He was always glad to speak of his father, for whose memory he had a great regard, and many were the incidents he used to relate connected with him. He must from all accounts have been a most interesting and lovable man. As a boy the Canon had been more interested in drawing and music than in flowers. In very early days his love for the classics evinced itself.

After his ordination and before his departure to Sudbury, to which place he had been appointed curate, he surprised his father by asking for a hamper of plants to take with him for his garden. The old vicar, rather amused and greatly pleased to find his son taking such an unexpected interest in plants, gave him all he fancied, and thus began the Canon's gardening career.

Of the Sudbury days he had much to say; it was a short epoch of his life but one for which he had great affection and which was very evident when the Sudbury pages of the scrapbook were opened.

The Canon gave without a thought of *quid pro quo*, although nothing pleased him better than a present of plants. He often quoted Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford: "Gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche." He thought it was one of the best precepts for a garden lover and his friends.

Upon the occasion of one of his first visits to Warley, seeing the pleasure he took in going through my collection of the species and varieties of old roses, I showed him the notes and drawings I was putting together about them, and he was greatly interested in the historical particulars I had collected. From that day he never ceased urging me to enlarge the scope of the book, from the projected illustrated notebook for private circulation, to one of sufficient general interest to justify publication.

He was interested not only in the species of roses growing at Warley, which I had collected from far and wide, but in the old roses, which have been known to cultivation for centuries, and also in the teas and hybrid perpetuals raised prior to 1870, many of which are equal to later introductions and often superior,

but have fallen from notice to make way for the numerous novelties which the professional rosarians continue to send out every season. He deplored this rage for novelties which has banished so many of the beautiful old roses.

To keep in touch with the treasures of the Bitton garden, it would have been necessary to visit it every week throughout the year, and one would have been well repaid, for such a wealth of rare, interesting and choice plants, could hardly have been found in any other garden, even of far greater extent. The Canon's many visits to the Continent were fruitful sources for its enrichment.

First and foremost among the interesting plants was *Rosa hemisphaerica* for which the Canon had a great affection. *Fuchsia excorticata* from New Zealand was another especial favourite, and so was *Fremontia californica* which he had planted out long before it was considered hardy enough to be trusted in the open. *Chimonanthus fragrans* rejoiced many of his friends in the winter, for he would enclose its fragrant blossoms in his letters. *Paliurus* (Christ thorn) he had brought back from North Italy and he always said that in its native habitat he had never seen it so beautiful as at Bitton, when it was one mass of glowing gold succeeded by the curious fruits.

Diospyrus Kaki was another of the much admired wall plants, and it was a fine sight with its golden fruits. I never saw it fruiting so freely elsewhere in England.

Convolvulus tuguriorum, a plant which I have not seen anywhere else, has a pathetic story. The Canon often related the story but could never explain the name. A Scotch lady, very devoted to her garden, had a sailor son, who collected plants and seeds all over the

world and always came back laden with treasures. Returning from a long voyage the ship was overtaken by a great gale and wrecked within sight of Leith where the mother was awaiting her son. He was drowned and his body washed ashore and in his pockets were found the seeds he had collected. Amongst them was the seed of this convolvulus, some of which was given to Miss Frances Hope, from whom it reached Bitton.

Among the treasures at Bitton may be mentioned *Phlox Nelsoni*, which had been sent to the Canon by his friend Mr. Nelson, of Aldeborough, and *Yucca recurva x superba* which had been brought from Loddiges' garden at Hackney by the Canon's father. This and some other plants the Canon regarded with especial affection—his black pansy was one of them. Brought from Italy by his father in the early part of the nineteenth century, it became a permanent occupant of the garden, and very few visitors left Bitton without a plant of it. The Rev. H. T. Ellacombe had identified it in Van der Gass's picture "Il Presepio," circa 1450, now in the Pitti Gallery. The Canon paid a special visit to Florence to see the picture his father had mentioned, and he was greatly pleased to recognize unmistakably the little flower, which is now so widely known as the Bitton black pansy.

Another speciality of the Bitton garden was *Erodium romanum*, from the Coliseum in Rome, which was making itself thoroughly at home in the vegetable garden, coming up regularly in the gravel paths.

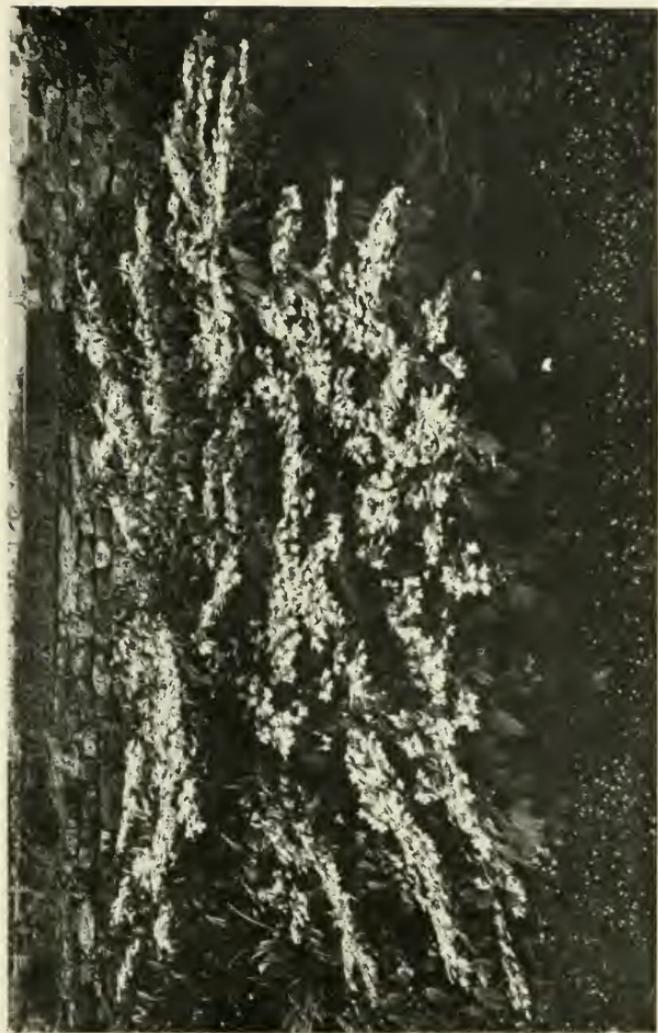
Yucca Ellacombei also deserves mention. It was named after his father and was therefore an old inhabitant of the vicarage garden. Not many years ago this plant found its way to Sprenger's garden near

Naples and under another name was offered for sale. The Canon eventually succeeded in establishing its identity. *Euphorbia amygdalis* is another plant originally distributed from Bitton.

The seed of *Statice cosirensis* was brought to him by a sailor who as a boy had been in the choir at Bitton and remembered the Canon's love for flowers. The seed had been collected on the Isle of Cosyra, a small island between Italy and Africa, now known as Pantellaria.

A favourite shrub with the Canon was a fine plant of Maries' variety of *Viburnum tomentosum*, growing in the border against the churchyard wall. It not only gave a beautiful display when in flower, but its flat tabular branching habit made it a plant of interest throughout the year.

And so, did time and space permit, one might go on calling to mind an infinite number of rare and interesting plants. In very few private gardens in the British Isles could there be found so great a gathering of unique and out-of-the-way plants, certainly none concentrated on so small a plot of ground. It was this that gave the garden its unfailing interest at every season of the year. During a stay of one or two days one might go round the borders half a dozen times and yet every journey would reveal something fresh. And although it was so old, the Canon's interest in new things gave it perennial youth. Now alas! the master has gone and Bitton can never be the same again, nor in our time is it ever likely that such another garden can arise, for it needed the man, the soil, the climate and fifty years' love and work to make it.



VIBURNUM TOMENTOSUM, VAR. MARIESII.

CHAPTER VIII

CANON ELLACOMBE AND KEW

WE can find no record of when Canon Ellacombe began to correspond with Kew. Though, no doubt, he followed in his father's footsteps, and very soon after his appointment as vicar entered into the pleasant relations with the Royal Gardens which lasted until his death. The first entry of a consignment of plants from Bitton, after he became vicar, of which we have a record, is September, 1869, when a parcel of sixty-five herbaceous plants was received from the vicarage garden, and in exchange a parcel was sent from Kew that same autumn. A reference to this or to a slightly later sending is made in the *Kew Report* for 1870. From that date onwards until the last year of the Canon's life the exchange of plants proceeded with regularity. His correspondence with Kew mainly relates to the plants he was anxious to acquire or to offer.

Frequently his notes contained a single query as to some interesting phenomenon or some obscure point about a particular species. Nothing pleased him more than when the vicarage garden was able to furnish a plant for figuring in the *Botanical Magazine*, and from the following list of plants figured it will be seen that the collection was of no mean order. The value of the Canon's services to horticulture is expressed in the dedication of volume 107 of the *Botanical Magazine* to him by Sir Joseph Hooker in 1881.

To the Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, M.A., Bitton
Vicarage.

MY DEAR MR. ELLACOMBE,—

For upwards of half a century the editors of the *Botanical Magazine* have exercised the privilege of dedicating a yearly volume to an individual distinguished for his love of botany and horticulture.

Allow me, when adding your name to the list of recipients of this modest tribute, to record my high appreciation of the value of your venerable father's and your own intelligent interest and zeal in the introduction and cultivation of interesting, rare, and beautiful hardy plants, and your disinterested liberality in the distribution of them amongst horticulturists.

Believe me, most faithfully yours,
JOS. D. HOOKER.

ROYAL GARDENS, KEW,
December 1, 1881.

LIST OF PLATES IN THE "BOTANICAL MAGAZINE"
PREPARED FROM PLANTS GROWN IN THE GARDEN
AT BITTON VICARAGE.

Plate	
6223.	<i>Sedum pulchellum</i> .
7035.	<i>Rosa incarnata</i> .
7171.	<i>Rosa Banksiae</i> .
7172.	<i>Yucca rupicola</i> .
7258.	<i>Potentilla Salesoviana</i> .
7421.	<i>Rosa Luciae</i> .
7497.	<i>Actinidia polygama</i> (really <i>A. arguta</i>).
7509.	<i>Coriaria japonica</i> .
7772.	<i>Wyethia mollis</i> .
8155.	<i>Bigelovia graveolens</i> .

Plate

8217. *Echinops Tournefortii*.
 8329. *Pterostyrax hispidum*.
 8354. *Aquilegia flabellata* var. *alba*.
 8425. *Corokia Cotoneaster*.
 8506. *Vinca difformis*.
 8513. *Rosa foliolosa*.
 8525. *Coriaria terminalis*.
 8558. *Vitis Thunbergii*.
 8755. *Zanthoxylum planispinum*.

The greater number of the Canon's letters to his friends also related to his garden or his garden's needs. An appreciable proportion of his time must have been devoted to his correspondence. From our own experience we should judge that few of his friends remained for long without seeing his characteristic and unmistakable handwriting. In the later years of his life, during which he rarely left Bitton, he seems to have felt an imperative need of being in constant touch with those, and they were many, whose affection he possessed. His letters, whatever they may have been in earlier days, were in recent years never long; they were short and frequent, for he did not allow topics to accumulate. The post-card was in great request. Its convenience appealed to the Canon in his later years, and his friends were often greeted by a message from him on their breakfast table which might never have come had he been obliged to have recourse to the more troublesome and formal letter. Short as these notes were apt to be, they were often illumined by a flash of wit, a touch of humour or a passage in Latin. And they almost invariably asked, "When are you coming to Bitton?" mentioning, as an inducement to make the visit as

soon as possible, that the garden was "full of interest." This, indeed, was literally true of it at all seasons, except perhaps when it was buried in snow. It would have been a dull and unresponsive soul indeed that failed to find relaxation and enjoyment in a one or two days' visit to Bitton, its vicar and vicarage, its garden and library.

Here is a typical note to Mr. Bartholomew :

"On the other side I send a list of things noted by Ashmore with you. Any or all of them, will be welcome as seeds, cuttings, or plants, at such time, or times, as suits you.

"Why don't you come to Bitton? It is delightful now. Is there any other month in the year that can show such a delightful triplet as we have now—roses, strawberries, greenpeas—but *surgit amare aliquid*.

"My dear boy leaves to-morrow for S. Africa. *Eheu! Eheu! me miserum! iterumne aspiciam!*"

We have reproduced some of the Canon's correspondence with friends at Kew and elsewhere. The selection is neither so long nor so varied as could have been wished for, the letters being concerned for the most part with one only of his varied interests in life. Still, of his secular interests that was the dominant one, and they show his perennial love for plants and the regard he always felt for the national establishment.

The earliest letter we have found shows that the Canon must have been in correspondence with Kew for some time and it is of interest to notice the extent to which the national collection at Kew was being enriched at this time by constant exchanges of plants with Bitton, evidently sent in response to a definite request.

“ *February 15, 1871.*

“ DEAR DR. HOOKER,—

“ I have to-day packed and sent off a basket of plants addressed to you. You must please to look on them only as a first instalment—for the basket only contains between seventy and eighty plants, which is not more than one-fifth of your list—whereas I hope to accomplish at least two-thirds of it—I shall be able to send off another such lot in the course of next month, but it was more convenient to me to get up at once what I could be certain of. Most of them are good healthy plants, but some will require a little nursing. Such as they are I hope you will be pleased with them.

“ If you find any wrongly named, pray let me know of it. I try to be as accurate as I can, but perfect accuracy in plant naming is not granted to man.”

The next letter, written to Sir Joseph Hooker just before he left for his journey to the Atlas Mountains and Morocco, is also interesting from the light it throws on the Canon's gardening practice which he continued to follow. Those who knew the long border will remember the wealth of plants of all sorts which lived there unmolested.

“ *March 27, 1871.*

“ I never knew bulbs and seeds do better than this spring—which I put down to last summer's roasting. I have endless seedlings of self-sown plants, which is an advantage I get from not forking my beds, and I find such forking quite unnecessary if the ground is mulched; instead of being pounded by the winter rains, the ground under the mulching is more free and open than any forking would produce.

“ I wish you *bon voyage* to Barbary—I envy you your trip. As Mr. Maw has promised to come here soon after he returns, I shall look forward with much interest to his report.”

There is a gap of six years before we find another letter from the Canon in the Kew archives, and this is the earliest one which affords evidence of that interest in and knowledge of roses for which he was renowned. Some of his rich store of knowledge has fortunately been preserved for us in his paper on “Roses” in the *Cornhill*, vol. xix., which we have been permitted to reproduce.

No doubt his studies of the genus *Rosa* were encouraged by his father’s love for the group and stimulated by the remarkable collection of forms which the elder Ellacombe had gathered together in the vicarage garden (see appendix, pp. 314–317).

“ February 28, 1877.

“ DEAR DR. HOOKER,—

“ Can you give me any certain information as to what was the old white rose of England—the cognizance of the House of York? I do not know any white rose that was in cultivation at that time. Gerard’s first rose is a double white, which his latest commentator identifies as *R. alba* (Linn.). In Yorkshire we used to consider *Rosa arvensis*, which is common round York city in the lanes, the white rose *par excellence* of the Yorkists; *R. alba* is only a cultivated race of *canina*, and was not grown till the end of the eighteenth century. No doubt it is like the Scotch thistle. They did not discriminate species, but took any white rose that came handy.

“ This rose I do not know, but Lindley speaks very highly of its beauty—but it cannot be that, if Rivers

is right in saying that it was introduced into our gardens in 1597. Pliny says that England is called Albion, 'ob rosas albas quibus abundat'—but this is nonsense; white roses could not have been such a speciality of England in his time.

"I am still trying to get together the good and distinct species of roses. I have not room for them all. Could you help me at Kew to *R. berberifolia*—the double Pennsylvanian, or *R. lutescens* (Lindley, fig. 9)?"

"P.S. I do not know whether it was so at Kew, but here we had a very uncommon sight last night. The moon in eclipse was seen through a thin cloud, which made it completely *red*."

The Canon never put the year on his letters, but we have been able to date this one by the reference to the eclipse through the kind help of Dr. Chree of Kew observatory.

The next letter from the Canon relates to the formation of the rock garden at Kew, which now forms one of the chief sources of attraction to its many visitors. Nowadays, thanks to the important horticultural press and to the great interest that has been aroused in gardening, there is little fear of Kew being overlooked or too little appreciated. Rather perhaps do the Royal Botanic Gardens need to be saved from their "friends" and more especially from those busy-bodies in a public place who are prepared to sacrifice the legitimate claims of the student to the supposed demands of the people.

"January 6, 1882.

"DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—

"I return the paper with thanks to you for giving me the opportunity of reading it. It is very clear

that the Board of Works give you credit for a broad back and a willing heart, and they do not mean to lighten your burdens, unless pressure is brought to bear on them, and that is the difficulty. It has always seemed to me that you do not sufficiently 'puff' yourselves, though how that can be done decently I do not exactly see, but as a matter of fact Kew is very little known. A lot of bank-holiday people know of it as a good place for a pleasant day, but it always surprises me how many educated gentlemen and ladies that one meets have never been there or cared to go. The public press seems quite to ignore it, except the gardening papers, and they do next to nothing—the 'faint praise' of the *Chronicle* is almost as damaging as the abuse of the *Garden*. In this direction I think something might be done, and I should like some day to have a little chat with you about it. I am meditating an afternoon at Kew to see the hollies and boxes (of which I fancy you have a good collection) before the other trees are in leaf—but it cannot be just yet—I have a daughter's wedding on the 17th, which upsets everything.

"As to rock gardens I have my own ideas, which I think are fairly successful and which I enclose. I do not put them against Mr. Loder's, but you may now probably like to get some reports of all successful rockwork.

"When you were at Pendock I meditated a letter to try and tempt you to return via Bristol, but I gave it up. I want very much to introduce you to Churchill's herbarium at Clifton. It is the very best herbarium of European plants both as to number and condition that I know, and he has a most accurate knowledge of them all. He works with Kerner of Innsbruck, and

has a marvellous series of primulas, gentians, saxifrages, etc., etc. If you could at any time manage to get down here, I could take you."

The story of the making of the rock garden at Kew is given in the *Kew Report* for 1882. A memorial was sent to H.M. Office of Works by a "number of gentlemen in the habit of visiting the Kew collections, who were anxious to see a larger development of rock-gardening at Kew." The Canon was among those who signed the memorial (see letter December 24, 1881) and late in the report Sir Joseph states: "I must here express my obligation to several gentlemen who during the progress of the work favoured me with many useful suggestions and otherwise interested themselves in its details. I may especially mention Mr. George Maw, F.L.S., Dr. Masters, F.R.S., and the Rev. H. Ellacombe. To the latter gentleman we are particularly indebted for considerable trouble in procuring us a quantity of finely-weathered pieces of Bath oolite."

Considerable official opposition was raised to the rock garden scheme, and but for the gift by the executors of the late Mr. G. C. Joad of Wimbledon (in accordance with the wishes expressed before his death) the formation of the rock garden might have been considerably delayed. Canon Ellacombe's interest in this matter is worth putting on record, and all the more so as he was instrumental in resolving a misunderstanding which had arisen between Mr. Joad and Sir Joseph Hooker, so that but for this act the Joad bequest might never have been made. The Churchill herbarium to which the Canon alludes in this letter was also bequeathed to Kew by Mr. Churchill, and the

good relations between Mr. Churchill and Kew were largely due to his influence, as is shown by the following letter written a few days before the one just reproduced.

“ December 24, 1881.

“ DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—

“ I wish at once to make it clear to you that in Joad’s feeling towards Kew there was not only nothing personal to yourself, but that the feeling (such as it was) quite passed away when he made your personal acquaintance. As far as I recollect the circumstances he went with Churchill (of the ‘Dolomites’) to the herbarium one day, to look up some particular family, and they fancied themselves snubbed. Probably they were both too ready to take offence and they forgot that as entire strangers they could not expect the officials to know by intuition that they were both men of great practical knowledge in European plants. Added to this he had the idea that Kew was not at all anxious for exchanges of living plants, and therefore he gave himself no trouble to offer plants, and did not intend to do so. On this point I was able to put him right from my own personal experience, and advised him to go and make the experiment. In the meantime I had told you of the existence of such a good collection close by you, and when he did come very soon after he found himself most kindly received.

“ As to —, I give up trying to set his twist right—but I regret it because I think his paper does good, though I care very little for it myself. Like Elwes and Maw I constantly threaten that I will send him no more notes, but he will not let us alone. I have not seen this week’s number, but I believe he has printed my father’s list of roses (species and

varieties) grown by him fifty years ago—if so, I think the list would interest you.

“ I wish I had known more of your ‘ starvation ’ at Kew before I signed for the rock garden. I should have suggested a rider for additional assistance ; otherwise the rock garden will be only an additional burden to you.

“ I beg to send to you and Lady Hooker all the good wishes of the season.”

More than a decade elapses before we find the next letter from the Canon, this time to Mr. (now Sir William) Thiselton-Dyer, who succeeded Sir Joseph Hooker as Director in 1885.

“ October 2, 1893.

“ DEAR THISELTON-DYER,—

“ I have been prevented from getting to Kew this year as much as I like, but I managed to get there last Thursday morning. I made a special pilgrimage to see the bamboos. They delighted me, and I think they are a great success. I do not understand why they have grown so well this year, for with me they showed no symptom of growth during the drought, but as soon as the rain came they made good shoots. The only one in which I think I can beat you is in *B. Castillonis*—which is very good with me. Your *B. Veitchii* was quite a surprise to me.

“ I enclose a short list of desiderata in the hope that you will be able to spare some.

“ I have beautiful fruit on my *Citrus trifoliata*. I am going to send a spray or two to Masters for engraving. No fruit is given in the *Botanical Magazine* plate.

“ I think your *Index Kewensis* is a grand piece of work—the price is beyond me, but I saw it at Tort-

worth, and spent a long morning in correcting my mistakes. The asters alone are enough to immortalize the authors."

The reference to the bamboo garden, made by Sir William in 1891-92, no doubt gave particular pleasure as it was a development of the garden in which he always took especial interest.

In the next letter we are able to reproduce, the Canon alludes to a subject to which he continually reverted in later years. On October 2, 1905, he wrote as follows :

"DEAR THISELTON-DYER,—

"There is a work I should like to see done—and that could easily be done by the Kew staff—and I think it might produce good results.

"Looking through the *Botanical Magazine*, *Botanical Register* and other such books one is struck with the very large number of good things which were once in English gardens and have disappeared. If some of your staff would go through the volumes and note such plants, comparing with the hand-lists, the result might be published either as a bulletin or as an appendix to the *Botanical Magazine*, or in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. It would not take him long, because he need not go through the volumes, but only through the indices, and I am sure that if that were done many good things would be recovered.

"The books I should suggest would be *Botanical Magazine*, *Botanical Register*, Sweet's *British Flower Garden*, because the plants named in them have all been in English gardens, and the majority at Kew.

“ I trust you will think of this ; if you could manage it, it would be a good addition to your good works at Kew.”

The same subject is alluded to in the postscript of his letter of October 17, 1912, and he often referred to the matter in the course of conversation.

The work is well worth doing, especially when so many old-fashioned and sweet-scented flowers are being ousted by the large-flowered, and often scentless forms produced by florists to suit the more vulgar tastes of present-day gardening. Even such a charming old plant as the small double white pink of cottage gardens is now hardly to be obtained from nurserymen owing to the introduction of “ Mrs. Sinkins ” and other quite undesirable “ improved ” forms.

The continuity of the Canon’s interest in Kew is shown by his last letter to Sir William as Director of Kew, written after the appearance of the intimation in *The Times* of Sir William’s retirement and of Lieut.-Col. David Prain’s appointment to the Directorship of Kew.

“ December 8, 1905.

“ DEAR THISELTON-DYER,—

“ *The Times* says that you are leaving Kew. I had thought that you had another year of office, and I do not like you to leave without my taking the opportunity of saying how sorry I am that you are going. I have known you during the whole time of your Directorship and before it, and I have always received from you much kindness and courtesy so that your tenure of office has added to the pleasure of my life. It will be a matter of satisfaction to you that you leave Kew in such a high state of efficiency. I hope your

successor will carry it on on your lines. I know nothing of him.

“ I wish you and Lady Dyer many years of health and happiness in your new Gloucestershire home.”

A much later letter to Sir William, written either in 1914 or 1915, displays his classical interests and was written after the publication of Sir William's paper “ On Some Ancient Plant Names.”¹

“ July 31, 1914.

“ DEAR DYER,—

“ How can *Sempervivum* be connected with the finger? Pliny says that the Aizoon in *tegulis nascens* is called in Latin *digitellum*. You probably know the Treubner edition of Pliny. It is good for its splendid index. I suppose Linnaeus invented ‘digitalis’ as the Latin for ‘glove.’

“ I wrote to Cambridge for a copy of your most excellent paper. I did not expect to get it and I did not. Warre lent me his copy. You ought to publish it as a separate pamphlet.”

The Canon's next letter written to Lieut.-Col. Prain shows that he had no intention of letting time slip by before he established friendly relations with the new Director in his thoroughly characteristic manner. The letter was the first of many and commenced a friendship as warm and lasting as those which existed between the Canon and the two former Directors of Kew.

¹ Sir William Thiselton-Dyer's first paper, “ On Some Ancient Plant Names,” was published in *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xxxiii., p. 195. Two further papers appeared in vol. xxxiv. p. 78 and p. 290.

“ February 20, 1906.

“ DEAR SIR,—

“ For many years I have been in pleasant communication with Kew. From time to time I have received several good plants from the gardens—and sometimes I have had the pleasure of sending plants there. I hope I may be allowed to continue the connection under your directorship—and I will begin by begging. I should be thankful for any of the plants named on the other side. I have had some of them before but have failed with them :

“ *Ceanothus rigidus*. *Rhododendron Chamaecistus*.

“ *Dicentra chrysantha*. *Tanacetum argenteum*.

“ *Corydalis Wilsoni*.”

Early in the new year the Canon was always on the look-out for visitors to Bitton, and in his next letter, written on February 11, 1907, he is endeavouring to persuade the Director to pay a visit to Bitton.

February 11, 1907.

“ DEAR COLONEL PRAIN,—

“ In the last *Bulletin* there is a list of half-hardy plants which much interests me because it has always been my hobby to grow such plants. The list gives names of plants that can only be grown in the warmer part of England, such as Cornwall, etc. But a large number of them can be grown in much less-favoured places and I have put a mark against those which I grow here, and I am sure the list could be very much enlarged.

“ I take the opportunity of again saying that I hope to tempt you here—and as a preliminary step I should like to hear from you when is the most likely time to try to tempt you.

“ Apparently there is a promise of a very flowery year—snowdrops, *Cyclamen*, *Calycanthus*, *Eranthis*, *Photinia*, and others are loaded with flowers.”

It is probably to a second visit from the Director that the following characteristic paragraph in a letter of June 12, 1908, alludes.

“ June 12, 1908.

“ Your visit was one immense pleasure to me, and did me a lot of good. Please repeat it.

“ P.S. Since you were here an old white Scotch rose has produced very pretty three-coloured flowers, yellow, rose, and white in distinct rings. I shall keep the hips and sow them, though I know that variegated flowers, at least on variegated plants, are seldom fertile.”

The next two letters need but little comment ; all lovers of Bitton remember the pride and interest the Canon took in *Rosa hemisphaerica* and also no doubt regret that their efforts to emulate him in its cultivation were usually so unfortunate.

“ February 19, 1908.

“ Is your *R. hemisphaerica* doing well ? If it is I will not offer you another, but I have one to spare, and I want to put it where it will be appreciated. Kew comes first, but not if already supplied. Still a prisoner, but getting on all right.”

“ February 2, 1911.

“ DEAR PRAIN,—

“ This is not a begging letter as mine usually are. I have a page in my notebook headed ‘ Desiderata from Kew,’ but the only name now remaining in it is *Cornus Nuttallii*, and I know you cannot spare

it yet. My object in writing is: I think there is no time of the year in which the garden is so interesting as from the middle of February to the end of March, and I look on Bean as the best counsellor for my garden that I have; but he has never seen the garden at that time. Could you spare him for one or two nights at any time between this and the end of March? The garden is full of flowers. *Fritillaria chitralensis* will be out in a day or two unless the slugs forbid. Warre is expected at Bath this week, and I hope to get him here more than once during his stay there."

The Canon's friendship with the late Provost of Eton commenced in a chance meeting at Kew, as he mentions in the following note.

" March 11, 1912.

" Warre has been with me the last two days, a very pleasant guest. I first met him at your house, but we knew of each other by correspondence before."

The following letter was written to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer a short while after the meeting, referred to in the letter just quoted, took place:

" December 5, 1907.

" Dr. Warre lunched with me yesterday. We discussed Roman trees. We agreed that Ovid's '*Curvataque glandibus Ilex*' must mean that the boughs were weighed down with the acorns. But is it the fact that the *Ilex* in S. Europe bears enough acorns to bend down the branches? I doubt it. Are the acorns of the *Ilex* the same chemically as the oak and as good for pigs? I have been a prisoner for over six weeks

but am getting all right. When are you and Lady Dyer coming to cheer me up? Have you finished Daubeny?

“Is it the case that all Transalpine oaks are *Q. pedunculata*?”

The friendship between the Canon and Dr. Warre became very intimate, and was no doubt fostered by the keen interest in gardening and the love of the classics which they both shared. Dr. Warre made several visits to Bitton and a considerable correspondence took place between them. Often when the Canon was more than usually pleased with some Latin verses he had composed he would pull out a post-card and send them off at once to the Provost!

It is a matter of great regret that owing to Dr. Warre's illness we have not been able to ask him for a contribution to this memoir.

Here, however, is a note to Mr. Bartholomew dated January 22, 1911, which records one of Dr. Warre's visits to Bitton:

“*Jubilate*—Warre is here and he says we are both right. I am right in saying *κερᾶτος* and you as an Attic are quite right in saying *κερᾶτος*. You need not trouble about an apology. I will take it as read. *Plaudite—solvuntur risu tabulae—mihi plaudo ipse domi.*”

Another welcome visitor to Bitton during the latter years of the Canon's life was Sir Herbert Maxwell, who tells us that he did not make his personal acquaintance until 1903.

“He wrote to me in that year,” Sir Herbert writes, “some notes on a book of mine which he had been

reading, *Memories of the Months*, 3rd series, finishing his letter by an invitation to visit him. I did so twice, once, I think, in that year, and again in 1914, with Mr. A. Grove. 'Mine,' wrote the Canon, 'is not an every-day garden. I have a big house, with lots of room for guests, and a welcome for them.' Needless to say that my visits to Bitton remain among the most charming memories, and I returned from each with fresh knowledge, as well as notable additions to my collection of plants. We continued to exchange: the last thing I sent at his request two years ago were some tufts of that dowdy little thing *Viola palustris*, which, though an abundant wilding in this district, is absent from the Mendip Hills and Cotswolds.

"It makes me proud to think that I was able to contribute anything to his store. I happen to have a letter lying before me dated September 9 (he never put the year), in which he reminds me to send him *Digitalis ambigua*, and *ferruginea*, *Centaurea Rhaponticum*, *Veronica spuria*, *Sedum spurium* (deep rose) and *Cynoglossum appenninum*. 'I like,' he added, 'to get new plants in early, so as to get a grip of the ground before the frosts come.'

"We had a controversy over the legend about Linnæus' emotion on first seeing a field of English gorse in bloom. I had quoted it in one of my books, whereupon the Canon wrote maintaining it was the German Dillenius, not the Swede Linnæus, who fell into ecstasy over the golden blossom. He referred me to Miller's Dictionary as his authority.

"Writing on October 25 of the same year, he said: 'We have now had nine consecutive nights of sharp frost. It has stripped the garden for the present, but I take comfort in Sir Robert Christison's observations

that a consecutive frost in the end of October or beginning of November is always followed by a mild winter. He was a very accurate observer.' This doctrine has been amply confirmed in the present season.

"*Cyclamen Coum* was in great profusion at Bitton, and the progeny of some plants thereof which I brought away with me are now flowering here bravely.

"I have many letters from the Canon, but they are buried so deep it would take days to exhume them. A few are before me as I write, and here are some random extracts. 'A few months ago a rather Cockney rector of a near hill parish was dining with me, and told me that he would not think of going home through the fields and a rough lane; he would go more than a mile and a half further by the road, because he was afraid of the badgers! A naturalist friend, who was also dining, agreed with me that we would gladly go a mile and a half or more if we could see one.'

"'As a member of a fishery board I was once asked to give a motto for the seal. I suggested—*Mersat profundo pulchrior evenit*—"It enters the sea a smolt and comes up a salmon."'

"'Your remark that, among British wild flowers scarlet is confined to *Anagallis* and the field poppy is new to me; but would you not call *Adonis autumnalis* scarlet? the beautiful *Peziza coccinea* is not a flower, but its splendid coral cup almost entitles it to flower rank.' My rejoinder was that *Anagallis*, corn, poppies, and *Adonis* are all weeds of cultivation, and probably of exotic origin.

"'I think *Rhus Toxicodendron* should be forbidden by Act of Parliament. It is most dangerous. I saw it occasionally on walls of schoolrooms, and ordered

its immediate removal. . . . *Rhus cotinoides* has been fairly good. I value it highly: its beautiful transparent leaves are a joy all the year. I know no leaves with such transparency. Miss North, who had travelled all over the world, told me that the finest tree for autumn colour was the *Gingko*. It is so here most years, so much so that I do not have the fallen leaves cleared up; they form a lovely golden carpet. . . . The Americans say that the tints are best after a wet summer. In a hot summer nature thickens the cuticle of the leaf to prevent evaporation and that dims the colouring. That may be true of some American trees, but I have not found it so here . . . the *Sophora* you sent me is doing well. Can you spare a bit of *Veronica Allionii*? ' "

A few other letters may be added here as interesting specimens both of his classical lore and his keen sense of humour. As with nearly all his letters and post-cards the only clue as to the year they were written is gleaned from the postmark which is often undecipherable. The first four of the following letters were sent to Mr. Bowles and the others to Mr. Bartholomew.

“ March 16, 1907.

“ Both Ashmore and I are pleased with the tetramerous *Galanthus*—neither of us have noticed it here. I love everything that offends against human rules and arrangements. Horrible N.-easter—but the garden is as gay as possible. Come and see it.”

“ If you are going to the R. H. S. to-morrow you might like to show these to some of your friends. But don't show them as an *exhibit* from me. I am not fond of exhibiting either my flowers or myself. Garden lovely.”

“ April 25, 1907.”

“ Will you lunch with me on Thursday at the Langham Hotel at 1.30, and take me to Chelsea? My knee is still naughty, but I have had it x-rayed to-day and so shall know more about it soon. I believe it's nothing but innate cussedness. There is such a thing in my family, and it's not the only sign of it in me.”

“ February 3, 1910.

“ If you are at the R. H. S. on Tuesday and see Miss Willmott, I wish you would ask when she is coming to Bitton; it's no use writing. If at the same time you should happen to see E. A. B., you might ask him the same question. I hope he is well, but I have not heard of him for many months and am anxious. If you do not see him at R. H. S. you might see him in the looking glass. The garden is already full of flowers.”

“ July 8.

“ Is Horace also among the prophets? Yes, he foretold aviation.

Pinnis non homini datis
Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia.

“ Motto for my successor :

Defunctumque laboribus
Aequali recreat sorte Vicarius.

Hor. iii. 24, 15.”

“ July 5.

“ DEAR A. C. B.,—

“ I think I gave you my version of success—if not, here it is :

'Tis not in mortal to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
Non nobis semper (victores) victoribus esse licebit
Semproni, potius nos meruisse juvat.

“ Browne (Bishop of Bristol) says ‘victores’ is wrong—Warre says one is as right as the other. Glorious weather. Everything very promising.”

“ *September 27.*

“ I have a garden party on the 14th *puellarum et Viduarum grex*—Eheu!—will you come and help me? You would be a tower of strength to the shy vicar.

“ To attempt to add anything to the pleasure of a visit from you would be to add a perfume to the violet and paint the lily. Still, if you could bring a good bunch of *Iris Douglasii*, it might add to your welcome.”

“ *January 19.*

“ Hoffman is found, and so friends are declared ‘not guilty’ of illicit borrowing and larceny—on the charge. I have found a good motto for the house in which I was born, ‘*haec domus infantem vidit et ipsa senem*’—Lucan.

“ Miss Willmott is coming to-morrow, and Warre on Saturday, *sic itur—sic vivitur spiro ad huc et spero*. *Anemone fulgens* fully out.

“ Doctor Lee saw me to-day—never mind what he said. Churchyard conveniently near.

“ *Vive valeque—moriturus te salutat.*”

The two following letters refer to the existence at Badminton of an old collection of portraits of plants, of which the Canon as a young man had learned from his father, who had seen it. But when in later years he had endeavoured to obtain an opportunity of examining this collection it could not be found. At last, however, accident revealed it and it was at once put at the Canon’s disposal and inspired the following letter to Sir David Prain :

“ November 27, 1911.

“ DEAR COLONEL,—

“ I want to tempt you to come to Bitton some time before December 4 with a special object. I have at last unearthed a splendid book of flowers at Badminton. I have known of it for years but the Badminton people—dukes and duchesses and all—have always denied its existence. At last it is found—and the Duchess brought it here last week and has allowed me to keep it for a fortnight. It contains life-size paintings of plants grown at Badminton in 1703. They are splendidly done and the colours as good as if done yesterday. I am sure that it would not only give you pleasure to see it, but you really ought to see it. It would be like your visiting a garden of 1703, and you would help me to identify the plants.”

The drawings were made for Her Grace the first Duchess of Beaufort, a keen gardener and botanist, who made in addition a *hortus siccus* of the rarer plants she raised. This she shared with Sir Hans Sloane, in whose herbarium her specimens may still be seen. Her Grace died in 1714. The drawings are in two series. Those of the first series, executed by a Netherlands artist during the closing years of the seventeenth and the first few years of the eighteenth centuries are marked by a skill and a fidelity that fully warrant the Canon's encomium. Those of the second series, commenced in 1707, were “ drawn by Daniel Franckom, a servant of My Lady Dutchess of Beaufort's, from the naturall plants growing at Badminton and Chelsea,” though of less artistic merit they are none the less faithful and painstaking. Most of the plants delineated are readily recognizable, though a few

are no longer in cultivation. The intrinsic interest of this collection of pictures of plants actually being grown in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century is considerable. That interest is enhanced by the fact that something like one-third of the plants figured are species whose first introduction to living collections has hitherto been believed to have taken place at considerably later dates.

The Canon's interest in this aspect of the collection did not disappear with its safe return to its home. In a letter nearly two years later he wrote :

“ August 22, 1913.

“ DEAR PRAIN,—

“ A great many thanks for the delightful lot of cuttings that came to-day—a very good supply for my Paris frame.

“ I have come on other proofs of your suggestion that the Alderly book is Italian and older than the Badminton. The title page is horrible Latin—so bad that it puzzles even Warre. Good showers at last—and the lawn as green as in April.

“ *Rosa foliolosa* is forming fruit.”

My own friendship with the Canon did not commence until 1912, some years after I had been at Kew. His first letter to me, however, is dated October 12, 1911, when the Director was away on leave. From this time, and especially after my visit first to Bitton, most of his brief notes were sent to me.

“ 12 X. 1911.

“ DEAR SIR,—

“ In the absence of the Director I address this to you.

“At this time of the year I have for many years been allowed to send a list of desiderata to Kew—gathered from many sources. Any that you can spare will be welcome—and so will you be if at any time you can pay me a visit.”

Subsequent letters or cards merely referred to desiderata or questions about new plants and are not now of sufficient interest to be reproduced. The next letter is nearly a year later and was answered by a visit to Bitton about mid-October.

“27 ix. 12.

“DEAR MR. HILL,—

“Your note received this morning reminded me that I have never had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I should be very pleased if you could pay me a visit. I am always at home and have lots of spare rooms, so you cannot propose a day that would be inconvenient to me.

“The sooner the better.”

The following letter was received shortly after my return from my first visit to Bitton and relates to matters which we had discussed together. *Erodium chrysanthum* was a vigorous grower at Bitton and the Canon was all the more interested in it when the diœcious character of the plant was pointed out to him.

“DEAR MR. HILL,—

“*Rosa reversa*—I told you of my father’s catalogue of roses which I gave to Kew and which you say cannot be found, and I sent an abstract of it to the *Gardeners’ Chronicle* which you will find in the number

for July 5, 1902, and in it is *R. reversa* under the head of *pimpinellifolia*. I have no doubt this is the plant still remaining here, of which I am glad to send Kew a specimen. It's always a pleasure to send to Kew.

"Young plants of *Erodium chrysanthum*. It is not possible to distinguish the male and female plants till they have flowered, but as a general rule the greys are the males and the green the female, but there are sometimes exceptions.

"I believe I have sent all the other things in your list—I wish there were more.

"I sent my list of desiderata from Kew, chiefly from Bean's and Irving's suggestions, to the Director. If he did not get the list I can make it out again.

"Dyer is coming here to-morrow.

"*Rosa reversa* is given in the French edition of Lindley, 1824, with a reference to a 'Sommaire' by Lindley in 1822, which I have not got. Ashmore is quite certain that the flowers of mine are white.

"This appearance of *R. reversa* in my garden gives strength to my suggestion that you should publish in the *Bulletin* a list of plants once in English gardens and now lost. A large number are not lost and would be recovered if looked for."

Here is a typical note putting forward the claims of the garden at the earliest possible moment in the year :

"January 23, 1913. I should much like you to visit Bitton in February—early—I think February a most interesting month in the garden—can you manage a day or two? The garden is full of flowers, but would be better for an examination.

"I had the Horts here on Monday."

“ 27 i. 13.

“ DEAR HILL,—

“ ON or about the 11th will suit me well. I have no engagement then. As to Baker and Bath they are within easy reach of Bitton—but they will require time—and you must not cut me short for either of them—so give yourself—and me—as many days as you can.

“ I hear from A. Henry that *Buxus Henryi* has not yet been introduced into England.”

“ 31 i. 13.

“ I shall look forward to seeing you on the 11th.—wet or fine—snow, frost or sunshine. Let me know when you will arrive at Keynsham or Bitton and I will send to meet you.”

The visit took place and was as usual a very pleasant one. Its interest was enhanced by the good fortune of Miss King, G. H. Wollaston and A. C. Bartholomew also being there and the weather was perfect. It was followed by another short visit later in the same year. The letter of the 27th is of interest as an example of how jealous the Canon always was of his visitors and how he invariably insisted that the Bitton garden demanded as large a share as possible of their time. Suggestions that neighbouring gardens might be visited were usually not very cordially received if such visits entailed any curtailment of the time which should have been spent at Bitton.

A short note asking a question received a few days after my return from Bitton in July ends: “ Your visit was a very great pleasure to me—*repetatur faustus.*”

“ April 2, 1913.

“ The new number of the *Botanical Magazine* wakens up my covetousness. Can you spare me *Cocculus trilobus*? It looks as if it would suit Bitton well—and are *Rosa sertata* and *R. omiensis* in a state to be asked for? I should like both or either. The garden is full of beauty. When can you come and see it? I had Elwes here yesterday and Lynch last week. Have you yet got a right name for the *Crataegus* you gave me as *C. brachyacantha*? Mine is crowded with flower buds.”

“ 25 viii. 1913.

“ On Monday I will send you a young male plant of *Erodium chrysanthum*. At the Grange there is a plant with male and female on the same plant. I have a large plant of *E. Sibthorpii* and will send it later on. I will also send on Monday *Digitalis lanata*—seeds later on. Have you *Digitalis laevigata*—I should like to get it.

“ We have started our Paris frame—and should welcome a few good cuttings for it.

“ I hope you understood that your visit was a great pleasure to me and did me a lot of good.”

“ July 29, 1913.

“ DEAR HILL,—

“ I have given Bradley two plants of the *Erodium* and take his with the two sexes in exchange—and send it to you to-day. The *Digitalis* and *Erodium* are for Kew—the rest for yourself. The garden still delightfully full. When may I ask for cuttings of *Salix magnifica*? The account in the *Bulletin* makes me ask.”

“ 19 viii. 13.

“ We have started the second Paris frame. Can you help in the furnishing with any good cuttings ? ”

The Paris frames, filled with sand, on the lawn were always a source of delight and interest to the Canon and he was never happier than when he had secured a large assortment of interesting cuttings for striking in them. There were few plants that he did not attempt to strike and his success was considerable.

In the early autumn of 1913 he had a bad fall on the stairs, to which he refers in his next postcard, but thanks to his remarkable vitality he made a fairly rapid recovery and by October 20 he was able to send one of his usual letters asking for plants.

“ 7 x. 13.

“ I am slowly recovering from my accident and should be pleased to see you whenever you can come.”

“ BITTON, *October 20.*

“ DEAR PRAIN,—

“ You will not be surprised at getting a begging letter from me, for I do but speak after my kind. By the help of other people’s eyes—specially Bean, Hill, and *Botanical Magazine*, I have put together a long list on the other side. Any that you can spare will be acceptable.”

This was followed by a list of twenty-nine names of plants most of which were sent from Kew shortly afterwards.

Among the plants of particular interest at Bitton was the large bush of *Zanthoxylum planispinum*, which in winter was covered with red berries and was so fine

a sight that material was taken to Kew for figuring in the *Botanical Magazine*. The rolling back of the leaves in winter and their unrolling in early spring was a regular event at Bitton and is alluded to in a later letter.

“ December 12, 1913.

“ *Zanthoxylum planispinum*. The bush is red with them (the berries), and I like the scent of the leaves.

“ I am expecting Hort and, I hope, Dyer between Xmas and New Year to fight over Theophrastus. I wish you could be here; that would be a grand symposium.”

“ February 11, 1915.

“ *Zanthoxylum planispinum* has unfolded all its leaves. What other shrub behaves in the same way? rolling up its leaves at the approach of winter and unrolling at the approach of spring. “ Garden full of interest—come and see it.”

“ April 6, 1914.

“ I want you to tell me something about *Anemone blanda*. It is evidently a splendid plant for English gardens. Here, as you know, it revels and will soon spread over not only the garden but the parish, and yet I am sure I have not had it for more than ten or a dozen years. Where was it before that? It does not seem to have been figured in any English work except the *Garden*. Mine is still a glorious sheet of colour and I have had colour in it since January 1 or before.

“ Bartholomew is with me and has been for ten days. I have fed him with crab. He partook of it freely and asks for more.

“ Vicary Gibbs has sent me *Ribes laurifolium*, male.”

The reference to crab here and in the letter of February 11, 1915, needs a word of explanation. Shortly before, I had been staying at Bitton, and when dressed crab appeared at dinner one evening I hesitated about partaking thereof. Stimulated however by the example of my host, then in his ninety-second year, I felt I might venture with impunity. The venture was such a success that dressed crab appeared, if possible, on subsequent visits. I well remember that on the occasion in question the Canon and I finished our dinner with apricot brandy and the usual good glass of port and that next morning the Canon gave a further display of his sound health and vigorous constitution by breakfasting on the remains of the crab followed by a sausage!—a meal from which many a man in robust health and half his age might well shrink in horror and one which would hardly commend itself to “ Sir Faraday Bond ” or other members of the profession as suitable diet for a nonogenarian. In a subsequent note he writes, “ I have just been reading the *Batrachomyomachia*—very amusing and witty. I am amused with the grand position given to our friends the crabs, quite *dei ex machina*.” Later, possibly to prevent anticipations incapable of fulfilment, he wrote: “ Crabs all blown up by submarines.”

The Canon had a voluminous correspondence about plants with Prof. Bayley Balfour, especially since the year 1890. The following letter was written shortly after the publication of Prof. Balfour’s *Masters Lectures* on plant propagation at the Royal Horticultural Society and appears to have been written about 1913.

Prof. Balfour, always a welcome visitor to Bitton, was frequently spoken of by the Canon in very warm terms.

“ DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—

“ I know you can strike anything—even an umbrella. I heard from F. Godman a few days ago telling me of your triumphs, and I have your most instructive article in R. H. S. Journal.

“ Do you know *Pistacia chinensis*, a very beautiful tree? It is extremely rare, but I have a good specimen and should like to send you cuttings. I have tried it more than once but without success. If you care for cuttings please say when.”

Prof. Balfour succeeded in striking the *Pistacia*, as we gather from a later letter. Nearly all the letters to Edinburgh are concerned with requests for plants or refer to the sending of plants from Bitton, and some refer to the possibility of growing certain Chinese rhododendrons in the calcareous soil of Bitton, a subject in which the Canon was greatly interested. His trials in the bed on the lawn outside the dining-room window were not however very successful.

The following is one of his typical postcards to me :

“ August 6, 1914.

“ Why do not you say in the *Botanical Magazine* that *Zingiber mioga* is perfectly hardy? I have had it for years out of doors. I suppose I must give you *Crassula sarcocaulis*—when you come—the sooner the better.”

The invitation was accepted and shortly afterwards having to be declined called forth the Canon's displeasure on another postcard :—

“ 25 IX. 14.

“ Well ! you are naughty ! ‘ *nulla est juris tibi perjerati poena satis.*’ I will try and forgive you, and expect you in October—the earlier the better.

“ Shall I send the books, or keep them till you come ? Bowles comes to-morrow—unless he follows your bad example.

“ I hope you understand that you may do what you like with the books ; give them to Kew Library—or your own—or your fire—don’t send them back. Are you a penitent for your misdoings this week ? ‘ *ita ? ais ? absolvo te.*’ ”

In the autumn of this year the Canon had another fall from which again he made a very fair recovery, and the two following letters show that his activities were in no way impaired thereby.

“ October 12, 1914.

“ I am getting on quite well but slowly. I expect to be quite fit to receive you next week or the week after as arranged.”

“ October 16, 1914.

“ I have screwed up my courage to the writing point—and have sent a list of desiderata to the Director. When you were here I believe you made a note of a few things that you thought would suit Bitton. Perhaps you could send them with the others. October is slipping away and still no news of you.”

Some of the Canon’s letters written during 1914 which refer to his portrait are reproduced elsewhere, and the following postcard with his new year’s greeting

completes his Kew correspondence for the year with the customary invitation to visit Bitton.

“ 31 xii. 14.

“ 1915. Floreat Kew—Floreat Bitton. Fl. A. W. H. ; flo. H. N. E.

“ *Valetudo contingat abunde et mundus victus non deficiente crumena!* ”

“ 1915. Agenda—Visits to Bitton.”

The Canon's correspondence with Kew in 1915 was very small—a few requests for plants and a characteristic invitation which fortunately was accepted, as it proved to be the last time I saw him. His very last note is reproduced in the final chapter.

“ 18 ii. 15.

“ Glad to see you as soon as you can. *Galanthus Imperati* worth a visit. Bartholomew has been laid up badly with influenza in Scotland—but getting all right. The winter has treated me very kindly—am very well except senile debility—ninety-three to-day.”

“ 26 iii. 15.

“ Ashmore wants to know when Mr. Hill is coming here. Can you say? *Anemone blanda* splendid.”

Postcard of October 18, 1915 :

“ Have had a bad fall. No bone broken and going on well. A wonderful escape—almost fatal. Written on my back.

“ H. N. E.”

CHAPTER IX

THE CANON'S LAST YEARS

MY first visit to Bitton vicarage was in 1912, and it was impossible to realize that the Canon was then in his ninetieth year, so alert and full of vigour did he appear.

After a warm welcome he plunged at once, as was always the case on subsequent visits, into enquiries about new plants and things he had noticed in the *Botanical Magazine* or elsewhere, or told of rarities he had recently received from Edinburgh, Glasnevin, or one of his many correspondents. Nothing seemed to escape him, and were it some new introduction or some well-known plant, he could at once turn up the references in his library and put before one all there was to be said about it.

Difficult plants were always an interest to him, and some of the supposed lime-loving rhododendrons which he received from Edinburgh were a frequent source of discussion and correspondence.

But the tender plants which flourished under the noble wall were perhaps his greatest interest, and there was seldom a time of year when this part of the garden had not something to arrest attention. Always, in the Canon's words, even though there might be no flowers, the garden "showed great promise," and the moral he invariably pointed, like his farewell at the close of a visit, was "Come again."

When one paid a visit to Bitton, it was considered almost an offence to go off elsewhere to see another garden, as the Canon was very jealous of the curtailment of the time he considered the vicarage garden should receive. Still one was usually quickly forgiven, and after an expression of his opinion of one's scandalous treatment of him in deserting him for a lady, he would say, "Ah well, she's a good creature."

The vicarage was rarely without visitors, and to each and all the usual remark after the warm welcome was "Now I'm going to pick your brains," and out would come rough pencil notes of lists of plants, the last number of the *Botanical Magazine*, the *Kew Bulletin*, *Appendix of New Garden Plants* of the year, etc., and should anything be considered desirable for the garden it was at once asked for, or a request would be hastily written off to some friend on one of the half-sheets of notepaper, or postcards which were always kept in readiness on his desk.

The visits of his friends seemed to infuse new life; they were eagerly looked forward to and long talked of afterwards. Ashmore was always told all that Mr. So-and-so had recommended, and never failed to express his own opinion on the suggestions. Many a time has one sat on the brick edging of the little greenhouse under the wall with Ashmore and his cat, listening with amused interest to his shrewd, but always kindly, comments on what he considered the Canon's idiosyncrasies. Some of the Canon's friends or visitors, however, escaped less lightly, and many a well-deserved caustic remark would be made with reference to some impractical suggestion.

The Canon's daily life from the time that I knew him was simple and regular. He had learnt the secret

that at his age only certain things could be done and he took care not to go beyond his limits. Family prayers and breakfast started the day punctually. No time was wasted over the meal, and then the Canon went to the library to read and answer his letters. He would then read the Psalms and lessons for the day in Greek or in Latin and this was followed by a study of the local Bristol paper. *The Times*, which always arrived by the morning post, was never opened until after lunch—a relic of earlier days when that was its normal hour of arrival, for the Canon was a thorough conservative in all his habits, and his daily duties followed a well ordered rule firmly established by long custom. By the time the reading of the local paper was finished “elevens” had come, consisting of some fruit, then a turn in the garden accompanied by Ashmore. He was a great believer in the free use of the knife and would point with pride to a tree pæony, upon which, though it was known to be seventy years old, he had operated with great success. Returning from the stroll, he would rest on his couch until lunch. After lunch he had another rest till the post came, and then another stroll and some reading. This reading mainly took the line of classics, of which his favourites were Homer, Horace, Virgil; and in English, Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser. Tea followed and the next hour or an hour and a half was devoted to a close study of *The Times*. From six o’clock until dinner-time he retired upstairs and rested, and after dinner read or talked or had a game of backgammon, or whist. Nothing would induce him to try bridge, which was anathema to him! At ten he retired to bed. “When you come to be as old as I am,” he would often say, “learn to do nothing in a hurry.” He gave up his

reviewing work for *The Guardian*¹ in 1909, with which he had been connected for some nineteen years, as soon as he found it began to be a strain and caused him to be unduly wakeful at night thinking about the work.

Though his life was smooth and even he was never idle. When resting before dinner he almost invariably composed Latin verses which were usually recited in the course of the meal. Sometimes if he was particularly pleased with the effort he would write them down and send them to Dr. Warre (then Provost of Eton) from whom he was certain of receiving a humorous rejoinder in verse.

Among his morning duties were the affairs of the parish, which often involved an interview with his curate, and this was usually preceded by a discussion of domestic matters with his cook.

The reference to his cook reminds one of the interest

¹ The following letter sent to the Canon by the Editor of *The Guardian* marks the close of his long connection with that journal.

29, KING STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

April 7, 1909.

The Rev. CANON ELLACOMBE,
Bitton Vicarage,
Bristol.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have received your letter with great regret. I shall indeed be sorry, and so will all the staff, to lose you as a reviewer. As you say, the connection has been a long one, and it is never pleasant to contemplate the severance of a relationship which has lasted for many years. I am sure that *The Guardian* owes you sincere thanks for much work admirably and punctually accomplished, and I trust that we on our side have left an equally pleasant memory with yourself.

Sincerely yours,
J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST, *Editor*.

the Canon always took in matters gastronomic. He was a gourmet in the true sense of the word—not by any means a large eater, but properly interested in the affairs of the table, his interest being grounded in a very sound knowledge of cookery, to which was added a connoisseur's judgment in wine. He knew the right place to purchase the best things, and to those properly interested in culinary affairs he would invariably give sound and practical counsel. Meals at the vicarage were always interesting—light and varied, but chosen with an expert hand. Should all else fail one could “always find a good Stilton and a glass of port at the vicarage,” as the Canon would say to his friends; and it was no idle boast.

His interest in his meals is noticeable in his diaries, for seldom does he forget to mention where or how he dined when he was on his holidays on the Continent, and not infrequently he made a point of re-visiting a place where the inner man was well cared for.

His interests in such matters, however, were in no way excessive, but were only on a par with his keen interest in all the affairs of daily life. He loved this world and all its beauty, and in consequence ever saw more and more of that beauty which is so often hidden to those who know not how to seek it.

One felt when standing at the graveside how inappropriate in a sense in his case were our thanks “for the delivery of our brother from the miseries of this sinful world.” “No man,” writes a friend, “ever loved the world better than he did, to no man was it more pure, it was God's world, and he always saw the *bona aeterna* in the *bona temporalia*.”

I well remember one evening when he was half lying down on his couch in the study after dinner, and

our conversation turned to the subject of death and the life hereafter, that we agreed how far from the truth in one aspect is the saying "we take nothing out of this world." He, full of years, with a mind rich in experience, and stored with sound wisdom and knowledge, has indeed left us all the poorer for all that he has taken with him.

It is of the evenings after dinner when the Canon was lying on his couch that one retains some of the pleasantest memories of a visit to the vicarage. Conversation would turn to his journeys in Italy or Switzerland, and his interest was fully aroused should his visitor have recently been in one of his especially favourite spots. Piora for instance, which he, more than any one else brought to the knowledge of English people by his articles in *The Guardian*, was a place he loved to talk about, and it provided him with innumerable happy recollections. It was when coming down from Piora in 1897 that he records in his diary that he realized he was an old man! As a rule, however, he did not live much in the past, but was keenly interested in the affairs of the day. This was especially true in all that related to his garden and his gardening friends. If conversation turned to some new plant, as it often did, books were taken down and references hunted out until the subject had received its full share of attention. It was only in the last year or two of his life that the visitor was allowed to find the books himself; up till his ninety-second year it was not permitted, and the Canon's knowledge of his books was remarkable. Few private libraries contained so interesting a collection, and the books gained an additional interest from his habit of placing within them any letters he received and newspaper cuttings which

referred to them. Moreover, he remembered almost invariably all about the extraneous matter which a particular volume might contain.

With his store of knowledge which covered so many subjects the Canon's conversation was always interesting and illuminating, enlivened as it invariably was by his keen sense of humour. He thoroughly enjoyed a joke, but his fun was always kindly and never at the expense of friends or acquaintances; as for enemies, he seemed to have none.

In his account of the Flowers of Milton, published in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*,¹ he wrote with reference to the amaranth: "As Milton so expressly limits the existence of the amaranth to heaven it is useless to try to fix his amaranth to any earthly plant."

"Their crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,—
Immortal Amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom, but, soon for man's offence
To heav'n removed where first it grew, there grows
And flow'rs aloft shading the Fount of Life." (*P.L.*, III. 351.)

In one of his brief postcards not long after, conveying an invitation to Bitton, he wrote: "Very pleased to see you on Thursday if I am not summoned to inspect amaranth."

In almost his last note referring to the accident from which he never recovered, when his chair broke under him, he was able to display his love of fun and described his fall in Latin verse.

On one evening I remember the Canon was talking about Churchill the celebrated botanist and Alpine collector who had been one of his greatest friends and with whom he had kept up an extensive correspondence. He told me that it was through his influence the

¹ Flowers of Milton. *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 1915 (2) p. 33.

misunderstanding which had arisen between Churchill and Sir Joseph Hooker had been swept away, and that a similar reconciliation between Sir Joseph and Mr. Joad, the pioneer of rock-gardening, had been effected. Reference has already been made to these incidents, both of which subsequently proved to be of great importance for the Royal Botanic Gardens, and must be reckoned among the many services which the Canon rendered to botany and horticulture.

To the inspiration and stimulus of Canon Ellacombe we owe very largely the recently published translation of Theophrastus, *Enquiry into Plants* by Sir Arthur Hort.¹ It was a source of very great satisfaction to him when at length the work was taken in hand, and it is a matter of regret that he did not live to see the completion of this excellent and valuable translation.

In his preface to the translation Sir Arthur Hort writes: "I should never have undertaken such a responsibility without the encouragement of that veteran student of plant-lore, the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, who first suggested that I should make the attempt and introduced me to the book. It is a great grief that he did not live to see the completion of the work which he set me."

The following letter from Sir Arthur Hort to Mr. Bowles with reference to the Theophrastus recalls the Canon quite vividly:

" February 21, 1913.

" DEAR BOWLES,—

" Can you do anything to awaken the Canon to a

¹ Theophrastus, *Enquiry into Plants*, with an English Translation by Sir Arthur Hort, Bart., M.A., 2 vols, 1916. Wm. Heinemann.

sense of duty? He calls me his *collaborator* in translating Theophrastus. When I last saw him I said point-blank: 'Now, what are *you* going to do?'

"H. N. E. 'Nothing whatever.'

"A. F. H. 'Yes, you are: you are going to write a charming general preface.'¹

"H. N. E. changed the subject.

"Yours ever,

"ARTHUR HORT."

The progress of the work and the co-operation therein of Sir William Thiselton-Dyer afforded the Canon very lively satisfaction during the last years of his life, especially as it brought him visits from both distinguished scholars, and he maintained a lively interest in the progress of the work almost to the end.

Reference has already been made to the Canon's interest and unrivalled knowledge of the genus *Rosa*, but it is probably not generally known that he presented to the Kew library a copy of the very scarce and valuable little work *De Rosa* by Monardes.²

¹ This, or words to that effect; anyway that's what I want him to do, and I don't want him to put it off till he is as old as Theophrastus himself, who, according to S. Jerome, died at the age of 107! (A. F. H.)

² Among Canon Ellacombe's presentations to the library of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, is a rare little volume on the rose by Nicolas Monardes, which, though bearing no printed date, is known to have been published in 1551, and is regarded as the earliest separate treatise on the subject. The title-page reads as follows: "*De Rosa et partibus eius. De succi Rosarum temperatura, nec non de Rosis Persicis, quas Alexandrinas vocant, libellus.* Nicolas Monardo, Medico Hispalensi, auctore. Excudebat Hispali Dominicus de Robertis." It is a small octavo volume of forty-six unnumbered pages. The author, who is commemorated in the Labiate genus *Monarda*, Linn., was a physician and also, according to some authorities, a wealthy merchant of Sevilla (Hispalis) in

Nor must it be forgotten that he rescued from oblivion Forbes Watson's charming little book on *Flowers and Gardens*,¹ which he edited and to which he also contributed a biographical note of the author.

Mention has also been made of his love for old garden plants now so fast becoming lost to cultivation and his desire that they might be hunted out and restored to Spain, where he was born in 1493, and died in 1588 at the great age of ninety-five. He is best known as an author by his *Historia medicinal de las cosas que se traen de muestras Indias Occidentale*, the first part of which appeared in 1565. It was re-issued in 1571 with a second part, and in 1574 the completed work in three parts was published. Editions in Latin by Clusius, in Italian, French and English followed. The English editions, by John Frampton, are dated 1577, 1580 and 1596, and appeared under the title: *Joyful newes out of the newe founded worlde*, etc. Being a physician, Monardes was naturally chiefly concerned with the medicinal or economic properties of vegetable products, and all his writings on plants, including the little treatise on the rose, are mainly discussions on these properties.

De Rosa, etc., was originally issued with *De secunda vena* by the same author, and in 1605 it appeared in Clusius's *Exoticorum libri decem*, appended to the tenth book, which is a castigated Latin edition of the *Historia medicinal de las cosas*. Monardes gave a very good description of the rose, which is now believed to be *Rosa damascena*, Mill., and said of it (quoting from the translation of the passage given in Miss Willmott's monograph *The Genus Rosa*, vol. ii. p. 370): "Amongst the Italians, Gauls, Germans and other tribes frequent use is now made of these roses, which they call *Damascenae*, because they believe them to have come from Damascus, the chief city of Syria. But with us this species has only been known for about thirty years." Lindley (*Ros. Monogr.*, p. 63) assumed from this that the introduction of the damask rose, the origin of which is unknown, may be dated from thirty years before Monardes made the statement, and gave the year as 1575. This, it will be observed, is thirty years before Clusius published his edition of the dissertation, but as it first appeared in 1551 Lindley should have given the year of introduction of the rose as 1521.

¹ *Flowers and Gardens*, by Forbes Watson, with photogravure portrait of the author. Edited, with a Biographical Note, by Canon Ellacombe. John Lane.

favour so that their beauties might once again be appreciated.

He was no lover of the modern florists' flowers, to whose preponderance in gardens the loss of so many interesting old plants must very largely be attributed. His interest in the old-fashioned garden plants was often expressed in letters to Kew, and he more than once urged the republication of the remarkable list of old garden roses and other plants cultivated in his father's garden in 1830 which is now reprinted as an appendix to this memoir.¹

His love of Nature was not confined to plants alone, for birds, and other creatures, were always a source of great pleasure to him. Coconuts were always hung outside the study window during the winter, and the antics of the tits afforded him much amusement.

Then there was the thrush which built its nest in the crown of the palm near the study window and hatched out its young ; the various birds which availed themselves of the boxes he had provided for them ; the rooks, his "blackcoated brethren," in the elms at the east end of the garden, the owls, and more particularly the woodpecker which hollowed out a hole for its nest in one of the poles supporting a vine under the wall.

For these, "his little brothers and sisters the birds," like St. Francis, he thanked God, both for their beauty and for the added pleasure they gave to the life he shared with them.

One must say something here of the portrait of the Canon which is placed at the beginning of this memoir.

¹ The list was published in *The Garden* of December 24, 1881, and is here reprinted by the courtesy of the editor.

The only published portrait of the Canon we know of is the one which is placed as a frontispiece to his book, *In a Vicarage Garden*, which represents him in middle age, but three amateur portraits of him are also known to exist, and one by a professional photographer, taken about 1870, which is here reproduced facing p. 68. It was therefore suggested to Mrs. Graham Smith that she should make a pastel study of the Canon if he would consent to sit to her. The suggestion was readily taken up by Mrs. Graham Smith, and in May of 1914 the work was commenced.

In the three following characteristic letters to me the Canon pretends to express his feelings on the subject, but despite his protests he really rather enjoyed the "operation" and the opportunity it gave him of several visits from one whom he held in very high regard. The third letter also gives an idea of that constant flow to Bitton of guests interested in botany and gardening which went on throughout the year.

" May 1, 1914.

" I send the spray of ceanothus you ask for. It came from Kew many years ago.

" I have got a big bone to pick with you. I find that you are one of the conspirators—and perhaps the worst—that have forced me to submit to having my portrait taken by Mrs. Graham Smith. It is dreadful. I am sure the operation will kill me. I did my best to refuse, but I am a mere nothing when I am ordered to do anything by one of the predominating sex. But oh, the pity of it!

" The garden is wonderfully full. Would seeds of *Zanthoxylum* be any use to you?

" I envy you your New Forest trip—I found the

Pulmonaria near Beaulieu in 1878—and recorded it, I think, in a paper on the New Forest in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of that year, p. 468.

“Hort seems to have had a very good time in the Pyrenees. His *Iris albicans* from Syracuse is magnificent.

“Has not the wood sorrel something of the same twist of the leaves as the *Zanthoxylum*?”

A suitable reply as to the portrait produced the following postcard:

“*Absolvo te—in pace abeas,*”

and a note a few days later shows that he probably found “the operation” a pleasant experience rather than otherwise:

“May 9, 1914.

“I have got through the first stage of the bad operation, and so far do not feel the worse for it. You may like to know this as some salve to your conscience for your wicked conspiracy—another stage next week.

“*Zanthoxylum schinifolium* is covered with flower buds; I have never seen the flowers.”

“July 29, 1914.

“Praeger is with me and tells me that you are going to America.¹ But surely you cannot go in your present state. Have you forgotten that you are still unpardoned for your wicked conspiracy against me—but absolution can still be given. The penance is a visit to Bitton. Can you stand that? If you think you can, come whenever it suits you, but before you go to America, and I shall be glad to say ‘*absolvo te.*’

¹ Owing to the outbreak of the war this visit to America did not take place.

Any time that suits you will suit me. Grove was here last week and I was glad to make his acquaintance. He came with Sir H. Maxwell. Bidder comes this Saturday for the week end. The garden is delightfully full of flowers. What hardy crassulas do you grow at Kew?"

In connection with this portrait we may fittingly place here Mrs. Graham Smith's memories of the Canon.

"I saw Canon Ellacombe for the first time on September 25, 1908, when Mary King took me to luncheon with him. He had fine manners, a fine figure on the large scale, and was very handsome. Cultured, travelled, frequenting people of the world, he formed a striking figure in this country.

"No one could rival him in animation. Judging by his vitality he was scarcely half his age. He loved to joke and to tell stories. Discriminating, critical, and full of human sympathy, the comments of his caustic tongue were delightful.

"There never was such a welcoming manner as his; it put a man immediately on good terms with himself. Friends were encouraged to bring their friends so that his plants might receive the admiration they deserved.

"He liked the pretty and the witty and saw at a glance if his visitor was attractive.

"He loaded them with plants, ordered gems to be quarried from his mine of treasures and knew as little of grudging as Nelson knew of fear. He enjoyed good food, good company, and loved entertaining.

"With his excellent sense of humour and inexhaustible fountain of high spirits he must always

have been sought after. This unexampled vitality continued until within a few months of his death.

“ His cheerful religion was enviable. Such healthy, vigorous piety and simple, unquestioning belief are a pattern to all. He was without pretension and claimed no credit for his many acquirements. His sole source of pride were his plants, and they repaid his care a thousandfold. He would not keep those that required expensive pampering. When I once took a sack of peat to Ashmore for some peat-lovers, a conspiracy of silence had to be maintained which had its own charm for us both.

“ Ashmore was intensely proud of his master and revelled in repeating his sayings. When told that it would be many years before a certain plant would bloom, the Canon said, ‘ Never mind, there is plenty of time.’ Another favourite saying was, ‘ If you want to keep young, never hurry and never worry.’ His present to the troops at the outbreak of war consisted of socks with double heels and some dozens of packs of cards, which he sent to the Navy. He took not unnatural pride in this last uncanonical choice.

“ His views of the war were very optimistic.

“ The head gardener of a friend not famous for giving said that the Canon gave too many plants away. His generosity certainly put every one to shame. Exchange, he maintained, was the secret of gardening success. ‘ The garden is full of promise,’ was his greeting, and his parting words were, ‘ I hope you have taken plenty of cuttings.’

“ On May 8, 1914, I began his portrait, which had been suggested by Arthur Hill and arranged by Mary King. He readily consented and sat most kindly and willingly. I had five short sittings, altogether about



CANON ELLACOMBE.

From a photograph taken about 1906.

six hours. He did not look much at the pastel, saying he knew nothing of his own appearance, but some months later he asked me if I could copy it for some of his friends.

“ His passing has left us greatly the poorer and with a large circle I lament the loss of this rare being.”

In 1913 the Canon had a nasty fall, which shook him badly. He gradually recovered, but was never quite the same again, and although his mental faculties remained as acute as ever, he became palpably more feeble in body every time one visited him. During the last year or two his deafness increased and he spent much time dozing on his couch in the library, making his tours of the garden in a Bath chair. Writing on February 18, 1915, he says: “ The winter has treated me kindly—am very well except for senile debility—ninety-three to-day.” A few months later, July 2, 1915, he wrote :

“ I think *Convolvulus (Calystegia) tuguriorum* is worth a place in the *Botanical Magazine*. I know you have it. I have sent it to Kew more than once. Here it is lovely—covering many yards. Still in the doctor's hands. He says I am slowly improving. I partly believe him, but I am a poor creature—very poor—but *spiro adhinc*. ‘ Faint yet pursuing.’ The garden is splendid ; come and see it. Have you got in Kew library the old folio Theophrastus—1644—with plates ? ”

Regarding this last phase of the Canon's life Mr. A. C. Bartholomew has written the following note :

“ His periods of rest were, of course, often broken in upon. Hardly a day passed in which visitors did

not come to see the garden and, until comparatively lately, he would take them round and spare no pains to make them enjoy their visit if he found them real garden lovers ; but if their interest was a make-belief, he beat a hasty retreat, leaving Ashmore to complete the round. Frequent, too, were the interruptions by the village folk. It could not be otherwise when he had baptised, married and buried several generations. He was never too tired to rise at once and give them all the help they needed. He was a bit of a despot, but such a kindly one ! and every villager knew that they had in him the wisest and best of friends. One custom of his, pursued to the very last year of his life, was to prepare each candidate for confirmation separately. It was very laborious, but he always felt that it was well worth while, and that it gave him an influence over them otherwise unattainable. One was not surprised on the day of his funeral to mark the demeanour of his flock. All evidently felt that they were standing by the grave of one who was very dear to them."

A second accident, which undoubtedly hastened his end, occurred in October, 1915. He wrote on the 18th : " Have had a bad fall ; no bone broken and going on well. A wonderful escape ; almost fatal. Written on my back." Three days later : " Old chair broke to pieces under me, landing me on my back, helpless, unable to move. *Procumbit humi bos—pity poor bos—mutato nomine de me fabula narratur.*"

Although the Canon never lost his interest in things, his humour, nor his cheerfulness, the frail body had come to the end of its recuperative power. He spent nearly the whole of the remainder of his life on his

back, sleeping much of the time. But in November he had copied out for him a list of plants he desired and sent it to Kew. Thus his garden remained probably the last of his earthly interests. The end came on February 7, 1916, eleven days short of his ninety-fourth birthday. He was buried on Thursday, February 10, in Bitton churchyard near the east end of the church. Here his wife, his father, and some of his children are laid. He had long fixed the precise spot for his burial. It was to be close by the remains of his wife, on whose headstone his name was already carved, a space being left for his age, and the date of his death.¹

¹ The following account of the funeral appeared in the *Bath Chronicle* of February 12, 1916:

“ There was a numerous congregation at the funeral on Thursday afternoon. The regard in which the deceased clergyman was held as a botanist was evidenced by the presence of the Director and Assistant Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. The coffin was borne from the vicarage, close to the parish church, at half-past two, being carried by six ringers, for the deceased, like his father, was a keen campanologist and took the greatest delight in good bell-ringing. Behind the coffin walked the following mourners: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Janson (son-in-law and daughter), the Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Cockey (son-in-law and daughter), Captain and Mrs. Cumberland, of Bath (son-in-law and daughter), Miss Moberly and Miss Cockey (nieces), Lady Ellis and Colonel Ellacombe (cousins), Mr. Elwes, Lieut.-Colonel Sir D. Prain, C.M.G. (Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew), Mr. A. W. Hill (Assistant Director), Sir Arthur Hort, Bart., Mr. G. H. Wollaston (Flax Bourton), Mr. A. C. Bartholomew (Reading), Mr. Philip Foster (cousin), Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lascelles (cousins), the Rev. Oliver Walford, of Lees (cousin), Miss King, Miss Willmott and Mrs. Graham Smith. The bearers were: George Miller, Albert Miller, Charles Higgins, George Hillier, Bert Gerrish and Frank Beer.

“ The churchwardens of Bitton (Messrs. W. J. Batley and H. G. Gallop) walked in front of the surpliced clergy in the procession.

“ The Ven. J. G. Tetley, Archdeacon of Bristol, officiated, assisted by the Rev. C. E. Cockey, Vicar of Oldland (son-in-law), and the Rev. E. Lough (curate of Bitton). The clergy also present included Canon Browne (Iron Acton), the Rev. D. W. Mathie (formerly

We cannot more appropriately bring this memoir to a close than by reprinting an article written by one of his oldest friends, G. H. Wollaston of Flax Bourton. It appeared in *Country Life* for February 19, 1916, a curate of Bitton and Walcot), the Rev. T. J. Bowen (St. Nicholas, Bristol), the Rev. C. W. Walker (Hanham), the Rev. C. A. Williamson (Cold Ashton), the Rev. H. E. Dandy (Kingswood), the Rev. F. Rogers (Warmley), the Rev. R. Atkins (Longwell Green), the Rev. F. W. Young (Pucklechurch), the Rev. H. C. D. S. Muller (acting priest-in-charge of Tormarton), the Rev. R. P. Davies (late rector of Charfield), the Rev. E. W. Poynton (Kelston), the Rev. Wynter Blathwayt (Dyrham), the Rev. W. S. Michell (former curate of Bitton), the Rev. C. H. Young (Northstoke), and the Rev. D. P. Hatchard (Keynsham).

"Twelve boys of the Kingswood Reformatory were present under the headmaster (Mr. Oakes), the deceased having been a member of the managing committee. Mr. P. J. de Carteret, of Hanham Court, chairman of the committee, was also present.

"Among those present were: Colonel and Mrs. Woodward, Captain Price Parker, R.A.M.C., Mrs. Parker, Mrs. J. Parker, Miss V. Woodward, Captain and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Hiatt Baker (Bristol), Mr. George Blathwayt (Melksham), Mr. E. A. Whittuck (Claverton Manor), Messrs. J. R. and H. N. Torrance, Mr. J. E. Rawlins (Siston Court), Mr. W. J. Caple, Mr. J. Milburn (who laid out the Bath Botanical Garden, in which Canon Ellacombe assisted), Mr. H. Graham Bush (Keynsham), Mr. J. S. Parker (Upton Chaney), the Misses Gilliat (Bathampton), Mr. and Mrs. G. Tomblin, Mr. H. H. Howes and Miss Howes, Mr. T. H. Nicholetts, Mr. Higgins, Mr. W. T. Howes, Mr. and Mrs. King Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bradley.

"Before the funeral service commenced, Mr. W. Sommerville, who presided at the organ, played 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' The hymns sung were 'Now the labourer's task is o'er' and 'Safe home, safe home in port.' The Nunc Dimittis was chanted and the concluding voluntary was Chopin's March Funèbre. The vicar's seat was draped with black and on it were placed his hood and stole.

"The interment was made in the family grave (just behind the east window of the church), the sides being lined with moss studded with hellebore and white tulips.

"After the burial the ringers rang a double muffled peal on the church bells."

few days after the Canon's funeral. It gives expression to the poignant feelings and sad memories that filled the hearts of so many that day. None, we believe, felt the sadness of farewell so deeply as those "sons and daughters of Bitton" to whom Mr. Wollaston alludes. To have belonged to that band who regarded the Canon as friend and mentor has been one of the happiest experiences of many lives. Until the time comes when, as is our trust and hope, we may rejoin him, his memory will endure, always fresh and green.

"It is now well over forty years since I paid my first visit to Bitton vicarage on a beautiful day in July and made the acquaintance of the vicar and of his garden; it is impossible to think of one without the other. A tall, handsome man of about fifty, with not much besides his white necktie to mark him as a cleric, but with the kindest and courtliest of manners, welcomed me in his library. It was a small room with space for only one round table with a writing desk on it. At this desk he wrote *The Plants of Shakespeare, In a Gloucestershire Garden*, a few other less well-known books, and an almost innumerable series of articles, reviews, and notices relating to botany, gardening and kindred subjects. Over the mantelpiece hung a print of Christ on the Cross with the motto 'By Thy Cross and Passion, Good Lord deliver us.' On it were two very beautiful iron candlesticks, Berlin work reminiscent of the great War of Liberation, and a clock. It was very characteristic of the vicar that the striking part of none of his clocks was ever wound up. 'Time goes too quickly as it is; why should I be constantly reminded of it?' The walls were covered with books. One side was entirely occupied by botanical works,

many of them rare and of great interest ; the small space between the windows was given to guide books ; there was a section for theology, one for archæology, one for general natural history, one for general literature, ancient and modern, one for dictionaries and other books of reference ; of late years the great Oxford Dictionary had made its bulk severely felt. This might be the description of many libraries which we have all known, the speciality of the Bitton library was that every book in it was a real living thing to its owner, a familiar friend constantly consulted, whose place on the shelf was so exactly known that it could be found immediately. Every book however had to 'earn its keep' ; it was liable to be turned out at any time if its place were needed for a better. For a constant weeding took place ; it was essentially a workman's library. And in its variety as well as in its *lacunae* it most wonderfully represented the mind of Canon Ellacombe. There were very few subjects in which he was not interested, of nearly all he had a more than common working knowledge, but of modern physical science he had no idea. I do not think that there was a single volume of chemistry or of natural philosophy on his shelves, and I verily believe that he thought that the explosives in use in the present war were the same as Friar Bacon's mixture of charcoal, brimstone and saltpetre. Biology, too, was entirely out of his ken ; I well remember his puzzlement over Doctor Keeble's little book on plant animals.

"Of course, I did not discover all this at my first visit to Bitton. It was only little by little as years rolled on and my visits became more frequent and more familiar that I learnt it, and learnt, too, to honour and

to love ever more and more the man who for many years past now has been as a father to me. Nor was I alone in these feelings towards him. Bitton vicarage was a centre to which were attracted men and women of every rank, of every age, and of every calling, there to enjoy his generous hospitality, to profit by his ever-ready advice, his unfailing kindness, his abundant wit and his deep, genuine piety, or to contribute something small or great to the treasures of the house or to the beauty of the garden. Naturally, living as he did to a very great age, he saw nearly all his contemporaries, the friends of his early manhood, pass away, the gaps became year by year wider, and he felt the loss sorely ; but he had ' a genius for friendship.' Younger men and women were gradually admitted to his intimacy, to his heart ; he never came to be a lonely old man, and their common affection for him formed a strong chain binding together these friends of his old age. It was the gathering of so many of these ' sons and daughters of Bitton ' from all parts of the country which, next to the crowd of the parishioners and the ranks of nearly all the clergy of the deanery, formed the chief feature of the assembly round his grave last Thursday. So, while we thanked God that it had pleased Him to deliver our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, we were able to give warmer thanks, too, for that to him it had been granted to live in the spirit of the prayer : ' Sic transeamus per bona temporalia ut non amittamus aeterna.' And a robin was singing overhead all the time.

" It was but a step from the churchyard, past the twin memorial poplars, to the garden. Even in the grey light of the February afternoon the clusters of

small golden flowers of the cornel shone over the wall, the ring of *Erica carnea* blushed in the great round bed, and, as we took the accustomed path up the three steps towards the little greenhouse, we saw hundreds and hundreds of *Cyclamen Coum* glowing red among the shrubs and bamboos and herbaceous plants by the old schoolhouse and the long wall. Here, as we expected, we found Richard Ashmore in his wheel-chair. For more than eighteen years he has lived and worked and learnt in the garden ; first as a strong young man, capable of and ready to do any amount of labour, always learning and acquiring an astonishing knowledge of plants of every kind, always helpful, courteous, kindly, always ready to teach, whether it were a garden boy or one of the many visitors to the garden who asked his advice, loving and reverencing his master and entirely trusted by him. ' He never but once, in all the years that I have been here, asked me what I had been doing, didn't the Canon,' he said to me a week ago. But, of late years, though a cripple and a great sufferer, spending sleepless nights of pain and hardly able to leave his bed for his chair, his place was still in the garden. He directed everything, he was consulted for everything ; the position of a new plant, the advisability of pruning an old one, of shifting its place or of removing it altogether, the right time of year for making cuttings, for planting them out, for sowing seeds, where, when, and how to sow them ; all this and all the daily work of the garden he supervised as he was wheeled round it by one of the boys. On fine days he would push himself along the path and, sitting in his chair, would weed the border with a long spud ; on wet days he sat in his little greenhouse, sorting and cleaning seeds, sowing them, pricking out

seedlings into pans, potting cuttings, with his cat by his side, always busy, always contented, uncomplaining, cheerful.

“So once more, and for the last time, we pushed Ashmore's chair round. A few early saxifrages among the stones by the path; dwarf rosemary on the long wall; mandragora and a wide carpet of deep blue *Anemone blanda* below it; *Crocus Imperati*, closed for the evening, everywhere; large masses of *Megasca* by the rockery; *Anemone fulgens* blazing by the broad walk. Not much else was in flower, but the garden was ‘full of promise,’ as Canon Ellacombe loved to say year after year. Yet as we went round we were able to see it in its glory; for memory brought back to us the happy sunny hours that we had spent in it with its beloved master, when, together, we would stroll along from plant to plant, from shrub to shrub, and he would tell of the history of each, of its native country, of the giver of it, of its culture, of its uses, nearly always ending up with: ‘I think that you will find some of that seed ripe,’ or, ‘You had better take some cuttings of it, it strikes like a willow,’ or, ‘Get a spade and dig up that young one.’ Never was any man so generous in giving plants; he held that no garden could flourish which was not constantly giving, and hundreds of labels bearing the initials, ‘H. N. E.’, in scores of gardens testify that he practised what he taught.

“On that grey February afternoon we saw, as in a vision, *Lathyrus undulatus*, the first to flower of the everlasting peas; the herbaceous clematises; the climbing clematises, on the wall or on the posts, *Clematis cirrhosa* even now in flower; ripening persimmons; scarlet flowers of the double pomegranate;

magnolias, white and purple; Christmas roses and the great Corsican hellebore, with their relatives from the Caucasus and from the Cotswolds; clumps of *Crinum capense*; *Salvia Grahami* and *Pentstemon cordifolius*; orange trumpets of *Tecoma radicans* and long white racemes of *Wistaria multijuga alba*; golden barked and golden leaved jasmine; *Eriobotrya japonica*; *Buddleia asiatica*; *Mandevilla suaveolens*; *Rosa hemisphaerica*; and *Cydonia japonica* of every tint. All along among the stones which fringe the paths a perfect chain of jewels; *Linaria*, *Ranunculus*, *Geranium*, *Erodium*, *Saxifraga*, *Sedum*, *Dianthus*, *Jasione*, *Hypericum*; overhead the long stems and the trailing branches of the vines; behind them the great border full of delightful things: tulips, anemones, daffodils, crocuses, irises, squills, snowdrops, snow glories, roses, cyclamens, heaths, sparges, thorn-apples, periwinkles, pinks, phloxes, snapdragons, spiraeas, primroses, campanulas, paeonies, sunflowers; there was no attempt at producing an effect, no thought of a 'colour scheme'; the only consideration when a new plant was introduced into the garden was as to what place would suit it best as regarding shelter and sun and air so long as it did not interfere with the earlier inhabitants. The result was that they all grew happily together as in nature; there was no time of the year when it was not possible to find something in flower.

"Then there were the trees—the remarkable elm by the gate, *Oreodaphne* by the porch, several kinds of thorn, the great *Catalpa*, *Rhus*, *Parrotia persica*, the cut-leaved beech, the tall *Gingko*, the cedar over which Canon Ellacombe leapt eighty years ago, the magnificent oak in the far corner of the garden which he had himself planted, the Mamre oak and many more.



THE CATALPA BEARING FRUIT, AND CHUSAN PALM.



“ How it all came back again, the glory and the glow and the joy of those summer years. The garden was full of flowers, the air was full of their scent, birds were singing everywhere, the rooks were feeding their brood in the tall elm, away across the lawn or behind the huge leaves of the gunnera we saw familiar faces and heard familiar voices, he himself with his tall figure, his keen eye, his hearty voice, hurried off to welcome some new-comer, the church bells were ringing merrily for a wedding. We listened again : it was a muffled peal.

“ Once more we gripped Ashmore's hand, we said good-bye to the garden and we parted at the gate to go to our various homes, some by rail, some by motor-car, some on foot. It was a sad parting, for each one of us knew that never again could we hope to meet at Bitton vicarage, that very likely some of us would never again enter its gate. To all of us the memory of days spent at Bitton is sacred ; the memory of that last day the most sacred of all.”

The following articles on Piora, Field-Names, House Mottoes, Church Restoration and Roses are reprinted by the kind courtesy of the Editors from the journals to which they were originally contributed.

PIORA ¹

IF any readers of *The Guardian* are in search of a place in Switzerland where they will find quiet rest in the midst of beautiful scenery and abundance of flowers I would recommend them to go to Piora. It is very easily reached. If they are in a hurry they can go from Luzern to Airolo in less than four hours ; but if they can spare the time they would be well repaid if they took the route that I did—from Luzern to Fluellen and Goeschenen, then by omnibus to Hospenthal and walk over the St. Gothard Pass. This is a walk that is now very seldom taken, but it is a grand walk and an easy one ; and though the two miles on each side of the hospice are barren and desolate, there is not a yard of the road without some object of interest. The road itself and the Simplon are the finest pieces of road engineering in Europe, and it is kept in beautiful order, though the traffic must now be very largely diminished since the opening of the St. Gothard Tunnel. The view on the southern descent when we first look into the Val Tremola is a view that none will forget when once seen. The long road made in a succession of corkscrew turns has quite a weird look, and seems as if a giant had amused himself by making gigantic flourishes on the rocks. But the result of the flourishes is that the walker finds the descent very easy ; he has a good road under him, a brawling and beautiful stream—the Ticino—by his side all the way, with grand rocks and good plants. It is not, however, a walk to be

¹ This article was published in *The Guardian* of August 4, 1897.

undertaken too early in the season ; it was the first week in July when I took it, and in many places the road was cut through deep snow ; the pretty little Lac Lucendro was unapproachable and the lake itself frozen over and covered with snow, and the Ticino in many places completely bridged over with snow for considerable distances. The corkscrews of the road are carried on almost into Airolo, but near Airolo they are of greater length, and the short cuts can be taken with safety and ease.

At Airolo there is more than one good hotel, but any one who wishes to go to Piora would do well to go to the Hôtel Lombardi, as the landlord, M. Lombardi, is the landlord of the hotel at Piora, as he is also of the hotel at the top of the St. Gothard Pass, and he will make everything as easy and pleasant as possible. The ascent to Piora is not for wheels of any sort. Very soon after leaving Airolo we commence to mount by a good mule path, and for the first half of the way the path is not at all steep ; but after passing the little villages of Madrano and Brugnasco we reach Altanca, where the ascent begins to be steep and in some places a little scrambly, but very delightful, as it goes by a succession of zigzags parallel with the pretty stream of the Fossbach, which descends rapidly and in a succession of grand waterfalls from Lac Rhitom into the Ticino. The finest of the waterfalls is close to Piora, and the lover of good flowers will be delighted to see the two steep sides of the gorge studded with white patches, which are the flowering spikes of the finest of all Alpine saxifrages, *S. Cotyledon*, that seems only to reach its fullest beauty where it can find bare rocks within reach of the spray of a waterfall. The mount from Airolo took me a little under four hours ; a good walker

would do it in half an hour less, or even an hour less, if he was walking against time, which I was not. Ladies are sometimes taken up on horses or a *chaise à porteur*; but it is quite practicable for ladies, and, though I am nearer eighty than seventy, I found no real difficulty in the walk up or down, though I confess to having been glad when each walk came to its end.

The Hôtel Piora is placed at the very edge of the lake; it is the only house in the neighbourhood, and it is a small hotel, so that those who wish to go there must order their rooms some days beforehand. But when once there the visitor will soon find that it is a place to stay in, and will not be in a hurry to go from it, unless, perhaps, the weather is very bad; and, though I only experienced it for one day, I believe that on many days the place is clouded with mist, sometimes for days together. I would gladly have stayed longer, and will now tell what reasons I have for recommending the place.

I said that I should recommend it to those who are in search of quiet rest. It is not suited for those who want to get in the midst of Alpine scenery, large *tables d'hôte*, picnics, and full-dress promenades; they will find what they want better at Luzern or Interlaken. But for those who, like myself, wished for quiet and rest, but not solitude, I can imagine no place that will better suit their wishes. The hotel, as I have said, is a small one, and during the week I was there I suppose we were never above twenty; but that is not all. While I was there the company that I met was not only a small company, but to me a very pleasant and very sociable one. Of course, there was the inevitable bride and bridegroom on their wedding tour, who kept themselves apart; but I always rather

like their company if there are not too many of them ; and I like to watch them as far as I can do so without distressing them. The watching may have in it some regret for the days that are no more ; but it is a pleasure to see two young people so thoroughly all in all to each other that mountains and flowers are very small items in their happiness ; and it is pleasant to think that to them, too, the mountains and flowers are teachers, and that the time is not far off when to them Piora and such like places will be a delightful memory that will beckon them back again ; and then, coming with fuller years and larger interests, the mountains and flowers will give a happiness and teach them many a delightful lesson which they could not see or listen to before. But these formed a very small portion of the company ; the rest were all gentlemen and ladies, each with some favourite pursuit carried out in almost a serious way, yet not so serious as to shut out the idea that they were all taking a well-earned holiday, and having a perhaps needed rest. Most were flower-lovers, perhaps all were more or less ; and some had a real knowledge of plants ; others were geologists and crystal-hunters ; all seemed to have some steady, sensible pursuit, and all seemed to be glad to contribute of their knowledge to the rest. Whatever flower I brought in and could not name, I had no difficulty in getting its name from some one else, and I never got from any the slightest idea that I was troubling them with my questions. In that way the place was to me an ideal place for rest and recruiting ; while each went his or her own way on their pursuits they were all ready to help and take interest in the pursuits of others. I may have been exceptionally lucky in the company I met, but I am told that the company at

Piora always consists rather largely of scientists, who find there a good field of research.

Another point which to me is a strong recommendation of Piora is that all the walks are within easy distance of the hotel—in fact, they are for the most part close—so that it is not necessary to walk three or four miles before you come to the object of your walk. The lake is surrounded by fine mountain peaks, each of which will give a good walk. The ascent of Taneda (8,760 ft.) will require the best part of a whole day, especially if, as it generally is early in July, the route is blocked in many places by deep snow; and there are many other good points which will require all the time between breakfast and dinner. But for those who do not wish for, or cannot take, such long walks, there are many delightful excursions close at hand. The Fongio rises from the very walls of the hotel, and you may do as much or as little of it as you like; each step is varied both in flowers and view. Within a hundred yards of the hotel door you may be among Alpines that will delight any lover of such plants; and you may with ease go on to the top (7,257 ft.), and at each turning in the path the view and the plants will change; or you may come down after having made half of the ascent well satisfied with your walk. I think one of the pleasantest walks I took was all round the lake, making a walk a little over three miles. As you look on the lake from the hotel windows you see, as is usual in most Alpine lakes, that the south side with a northern aspect is well clothed with trees and bushes, while the north side with a southern aspect is apparently bare and barren—but it is only apparently so; both sides are well supplied with flowers, but of a different sort. I walked first along the low ground

of the south side (northern aspect) ; it had an undergrowth of Alpine rose, with a thin wood of scattered firs ; and among this undergrowth was a rich growth of flowers, many of tall growth such as *Veratrum*, the taller gentians, and monkshood. The top of the lake was a marshy meadow formed in the silt from the mountains, with two small streams. One of these I had to wade, and found the barefooted walking so pleasant that I continued through the rest of the marshy meadow, and made a discovery which I had not noticed before. The river that I waded was icy cold ; the grasses and sedges were pleasant but a little rough ; but the masses of sphagnum were very pleasant, and perceptibly warm to the feet. This warmth of the sphagnum is a puzzle which I cannot solve. I can only suppose that the hot sun warms the water in the sphagnum and that it does not readily part with the heat so gained. The marshy meadow was full of good marsh plants. The walk home was along the north side (south aspect) which looks entirely bare and barren ; yet every foot has its good flowers, but all of a low growth. I think this ease of reaching good points both for views and plants is a very great recommendation to Piora.

But it is time to come to the flowers ; and in speaking of them I feel almost compelled to speak in what might well be called exaggeration and a too great use of superlatives ; but it is really impossible to speak of the flowers of Piora without using superlatives and what seems like exaggeration. Before I left England I had been told by more than one friend well versed in flowers generally, and especially in Alpine flowers, that in no part should I find such a paradise of flowers as at Piora. So I went in faith, and they really far

exceeded my wildest expectations. I took with me Gremlí's *Swiss Flora for Tourists*, published in English by Nutt, in the Strand—a most excellent little book which I can strongly recommend to all who go to Switzerland in search of flowers. I can also recommend, but not so highly, Correvon's *Flore Coloriée de Poche*, published in Paris. It has some fairly good plates, which are helpful, but it only records the more conspicuous flowers, and is not exhaustive as Gremlí's is. Now, Gremlí describes 2,637 Swiss plants, including ferns and grasses, but without the mosses, fungi, and lichens, which of themselves must be a study; and I feel quite sure that within a radius of three miles or less from the hotel it would be quite possible for a good searcher to find more than one-half of these 2,637 plants. I was not searching for plants; I simply admired and gathered those that were near the paths in my walks; and yet the number of different plants that I saw—many of them seen wild for the first time—were a constant delight, and a delight that was varied every day and in every walk. It was not only the large number of species, but it was the large number of individuals of many species that was to me so remarkable and noteworthy. I will name a few. The *Gentiana acaulis* was a little past its best, but it was abundant; and I am not exaggerating when I say that during the week I was there I must have walked over acres of the gem-like *G. bavarica*. I had no idea that I could anywhere see it in such masses; and it seemed to be in no way particular as to its position; it was abundant, and perhaps most abundant, in the damp ground near the lakes, but it was also in many high places. The whole place was especially rich in gentians; besides *G. acaulis* and *G. bavarica*,

there was *G. lutea*, *cruciata*, *punctata*, *asclepiadea* (not yet in flower), and *G. germanica*. This last one I was especially pleased to see; it is a British plant, and I know it well, especially on the Cotswolds. But there is a great difference between the British and the Swiss plants, and it is a difference which shows how largely the colour of flowers is affected by their soil, situation, and especially, perhaps, their elevation. In England the flower is a pale blue; at Piora the colour is all brilliant as that of *G. bavarica*, which it so much resembles at first sight, that it is not till you take the plant in your hands and see that it has an annual root, and that it has many flowers in its little stem instead of the one flower that *G. bavarica* carries, that you see the difference. As with *G. bavarica*, so it was also with the bird's-eye primrose (*P. farinosa*). It was everywhere in hundreds, and you could not help treading on the little beauty. I do not think it was finer than I have seen it at Malham and Ingleborough in Yorkshire; but I saw many specimens of a far richer and deeper colour than I have seen in England. The Alpine rose was everywhere, and was in its fullest beauty at that high elevation, though near Hospenthal it was almost past flowering. I delight in the Alpenrose, not only for its bright flowers, which give such a colour to so many Swiss hillsides, but because it is the only rhododendron (except *R. dahuricum*, which some consider only a geographical variety) that will grow on soil charged with lime.¹ To me the faint smell is rather pleasant, though to some it is quite unpleasant; and at Piora I learned

¹ It is only *R. hirsutum* and its hybrids that will endure lime; *R. ferrugineum*, the common Alpenrose will not grow in lime-containing soils. *R. dahuricum* is a distinct species.—A.W.H.

two facts about it which I had not noted before. There is every here and there wet marshy ground on the hillsides, not bad enough to stop a walker, but enough to make his feet damp. I noticed that wherever I could see an Alpenrose the walking was good and firm, though it may have appeared to be growing in a marsh. The other thing I learnt about it was that it gives most valuable protection to many plants. I suppose it is not grazed by cattle, sheep, or goats, and the result is that many good plants come up right in the midst of the bushes, and, I suppose, protected by them. I found many grand specimens of *Aquilegia alpina* so growing; also *Streptopus amplexicaulis* and others; and nestling round the outside of the bushes, and well protected by them, I found *Maianthemum bifolium*, *Pyrola rotundifolia*, and other gems. And I think it was worth all the journey to Piora if only to see the St. Bruno's lily (*Paradisea Liliastrum*) in flower. The first flowers were showing themselves when I was there; but I am told that when in full flower the hillsides are white with them, and that they can be gathered in sheaves. I have grown it for many years and admired it, but I never realized its supreme beauty till I saw it on its native hillsides. There surely can be no flower more thoroughly beautiful, while the whiteness of the flowers is the nearest approach to absolute purity that can be conceived. I shall never forget it as I saw it first at Piora. Growing with the St. Bruno's lily, and in many other places, was a large quantity of the fine yellow Alpine anemone (*A. sulphurea*), which I had seen before in its full beauty on the Furka Pass, where one hillside was so covered with it that at a considerable distance the whole hillside looked yellow;

but at Piora the time of flowering was past, yet the beauty was not gone, for the heads with their many-feathered seeds were very beautiful.

It is very tempting to say more of the many beautiful flowers that I saw, but time and space would fail me ; but there is one plant that I must on no account pass by. The cobweb *Sempervivum arachnoideum* is everywhere, clinging to chinks in the rocks, and of wonderful beauty ; there were many small patches of it which I could only compare to brooches set with brilliant jewels ; the outside of each rosette being a pale rose, and the inside a glittering spot formed by the cobweb that joins together every leaflet of each rosette. This likeness is increased by the fact that on all that I saw at Piora the rosettes were very small, and unopened except to a small extent.¹ I fancy that late in the year the rosettes expand and become flat, but they are so closely packed that it is hard to see how they can find room to expand. I was none the less glad to see the little beauty growing in such abundance and beauty, because I have never succeeded in growing it. In England it is a most capricious plant, growing well in one garden, and in another, with apparently the same surroundings, utterly refusing to live. And I must add another charm that the flowers give to the walks at Piora : there is an abundance of sweet-scented flowers. Among these there are two small orchids of very delicate and pleasant smell, the little black orchid, *Nigritella angustifolia* and the *Gymnadenia odoratissima* ; the *Nigritella* being fairly abundant, and the *Gymnadenia* not so frequently met with. These, however, do not give out their scent till sought for, and so do not account for the pleasant smells

¹ Not the typical *S. arachnoideum*, but *S. Doellianum*.

that are met with in the walks unsought. Much of this comes from the Alpenrose, and after rain the sweetbriar bushes scattered through the woods give out their well-known scent ; but there are two low-growing plants which, as I think, fully account for the pleasant scents. The one is our own thyme, which is everywhere ; but I think the chief scent is given out by the pretty Alpine milfoil, *Achillea moschata* ; it is very abundant, and when crushed gives an aromatic musky smell.

For plant-collectors, as distinguished from plant-lovers, Piora is a delightful place. I was not collecting plants ; I was simply looking for them to see them in their native habitats and to admire them in their native beauty. But I wished I could have collected the native plants and taken them home, for I do not remember ever to have seen a place in which they could be collected so easily and with such almost certainty of success. The lower parts of the hills, which alone I examined, are composed of *débris* formed from the stones that have come down from the rocks above, and are covered with and permeated throughout by a rich humus, which is practically all decayed leaf-mould. The stones are none of a large size, and it is very easy to remove them ; with a little help from the alpenstock they can one by one be removed, and then the root, though often penetrating the humus to a great distance, remains exposed, and the whole plant can be taken without injury. And at Piora there is little fear of the most greedy collector doing any real destruction ; he may help himself as largely as he likes with a very clear conscience, and he will do little harm for those who come after him. As an instance of the ease of taking up difficult plants there,

I may say that the evening before I went away I wished to find some seedlings of the handsome *Gentiana punctata* which I had marked by the lake-side not far from the hotel, for I knew that a full-grown *G. punctata* has a big root which it is almost hopeless to attempt to dig up with any chance of success. I soon found the plants, and among them many little ones that seemed exactly what I wanted. But I soon found they were not seedlings; the little bunch of radical leaves concealed a root stock more than an inch in diameter, and it took several minutes of work with the alpenstock to follow the root to the end, and then it turned out to be nearly a yard in length, with many ramifications, but the nature of the soil allowed me to get all I wanted without any injury to the roots. All collectors should remember that it is of the first importance not to bruise or break any of the roots; if they are bruised or broken, nature's first work is to heal the wounds, and while so doing little other work is done to the life of the plant, and if they are badly bruised and are long out of the ground and so get dried death is almost certain. Collectors should also remember that it is labour in vain with a great many plants to take them from a soil of one marked character and transplant them into another. All the plants at Piora grow in the *débris* of primary rocks at a high elevation; many of them, like the rhododendron, will grow anywhere, but a very large number, the majority perhaps, will simply die when removed to a soil composed of lime or chalk at a low elevation. I feel sure that the mountain air is a great factor in the vigour and abundance of Alpine plants, and in many instances in the colour of the flowers, and cannot help thinking also that the reduced atmospheric pressure which the

flowers get at high altitudes has its influence upon their healthy growth.

I have, I think, said enough of the flowers of Piora, but before leaving my account of its many attractions I should add that there is excellent trout-fishing in the lakes. I do not say this from my own personal experience, for when I was there it was too early for the fishing, owing to the large quantity of snow water that was daily falling into the lake ; but I have good authority for saying that later in the season the fishing is excellent ; the fish are plentiful, of a good size, and excellent for the table. And among the attractions I ought not to forget to mention the very reasonable charges at the hotel ; the charge *en pension* was eight francs a day.

In so small an hotel there is of course no chaplain, and there is none nearer than Airolo ; but I cannot altogether consider that a drawback to the place ; I would far rather be a priest unto myself on one of the beautiful hillsides than be condemned to one of the dreary Puritanical services in unworthy buildings which are so common throughout Switzerland, and advertised as "English Church services."

I have no doubt Piora is a very healthy place, and would be a good place for a long stay, but I fancy a little acclimatisation would be necessary for some people before they got the full benefit. I heard of several instances where the visitors had not been quite well after the first day or two. Perhaps the snow-water—all there is in the early part of the year—may partly account for this ; but I am sure that a sudden change from such an elevation as the valley of the Ticino to the elevation of Piora does not suit every one at first. I went on the same day from

Piora to Lugano, walking to Airolo and by train to Lugano. When I left Piora my aneroid marked below 24° , when I got to Lugano it marked above 28° . This sudden alteration is certainly rather trying to elderly people, or to those not in full health; to the young and strong it would make little or no difference; but I mention it because I think it would be wise for some to take it into account.

I hope I have now proved that Piora is a place of which many would be glad to know. I have wished to show that it has many requisites for a holiday resort in Switzerland. It is easy of access—*Cuivis contingat adire Pioram*—and when there the visitor has quiet rest, with beautiful scenery, lovely and easy walks, and an abundance of the choicest flowers of the Alps. I will only add a few words on a matter partially connected with my subject, though not much. I am not a cyclist, but I can scarcely imagine a more beautiful ride for a cyclist than the road from Luzern to Airolo. The roads are throughout most excellent, the gradients everywhere easy, and in most parts very easy, though the ascents and descents are great, and the scenery throughout of the very finest description and varying in every mile. If when the cyclist gets to Airolo he is induced, by what I have said, to visit Piora, he must, of course, leave his bicycle at Airolo and take to his legs; but when he comes down he may well go on a little further through the valley of the Ticino. The valley is very beautiful with the Ticino all the way; about half-way down he will be amongst the maize and vines, and at the end he will find all he can wish for at Lugano and its beautiful lake. But I must say nothing more about this—my one subject is Piora.

H. N. E.

FIELD-NAMES ¹

THE study of names may be said to be attractive to almost every educated person. Every one likes to know something of the meaning of their own or their neighbours' Christian and surnames. Most people like to know the meaning of the name of their county and parish, and many like to know the meaning of the names of the trees, shrubs and other plants in their gardens. In this way the study of personal names, place-names, and plant-names has not been neglected ; but few people seem to be aware of the amount of interest that there is in the names of every field in their parishes ; and I propose to show in a short paper that to any one who takes an intelligent interest in their surroundings the names of the fields among which they live will well repay a study ; in many cases they tell us much of the past, and their teaching will not end with us, for they will teach the same lessons to those who come after us.

Field-names must have existed from the very earliest times. As soon as any land was taken from the surrounding open country and cultivated by one person, that person and his servants would of necessity give a name not only to the whole property but to each individual field. But we have very few records

¹ This article was published in *The National Review*, 1905, vol. xliv, p. 878.

of such ancient names. There are, however, some in the Bible. The earliest mention of a field-name in the Bible is "the field of Macpelah," which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite; and the name is noteworthy because though the meaning is uncertain it is quite certain that it did not come from the name of the owner, and more probably it was taken from the peculiarity of having in it a double cave; and it was a portion only, a single field, of Ephron's property sold with all the growing timber on it. Then we have "the field of strong men," which we are told got its name from the hand-to-hand fight of the twelve young men of Saul's side with the twelve young men of David's, when the whole twenty-four were killed; we have fields in England with names that perpetuate a similar record.

Esdras records a special field-name: "I went into the field called Ardath, and there I sat among the flowers." There are also "the fuller's field" and "the potter's field," recording occupations of former owners; and "Aceldama," "the field of blood," that kept in memory the sin and death of Judas. There are others which are named after the owners, but which kept their names long after the deaths of the first owners, such as "Joab's field" and "the field of Joshua." There are two Hebrew words both translated "field," with originally different meanings of open country and enclosed cultivated land; and apparently Palestine had a large quantity of enclosed fields. We have frequent mentions of hedges and other boundaries; we read of the almost sacred character of landmarks; we read that "my well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill, and he fenced it," and there was "the hedge thereof"; and when Balaam was riding

towards Balak his road went through the vineyard, "a wall being on this side and a wall on that side"; and the breaking of hedges was a special crime: "whoso breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him," and the Wise Man gives the advice, "Look that thou hedge thy possession about with thorns," for "where no hedge is, there the possession is spoiled." All these notices of fences, hedges, and walls give sure evidence of enclosed cultivated land, and wherever there were such enclosures we may be sure that each enclosure had its name, known perhaps only to the owner and his servants, but in many cases known to his neighbours and recognized by them.

In Egypt boundaries were marked by a line of *stelae*. "Each stele received a name . . . it sometimes recorded the nature of the soil, its situation, or some characteristic which made it remarkable as 'The Lake of the South,' 'The Eastern Meadow,' 'The Green Island,' 'The Willow Plot,' 'The Vine Arbour,' 'The Sycamore.' Sometimes it bore the name of the first owner, or the Pharaoh under whom it had been erected, as 'The Nurse Phtahkotpu,' 'The Verdure Cheops,' 'The Meadow Didific,' etc. The name once given it clung to it for centuries, and neither sales, nor redistribution, nor revolution, nor change of dynasty could cause it to be forgotten."¹

I have been unable to find anything like our modern field-names in Greek or Latin literature. The peculiar tenure of land in Greece and Italy would perhaps account for this. The Roman *fundus* was sometimes called after the place or the owner, as *fundus Privernus* and *fundus Sempronianus*, but that is not quite the same

¹ Maspero, *Dawn of Civilization*, p. 329.

thing. Livy tells us that after the second Punic war an *ager* was purchased by the State and given to the soldiers in lieu of pay, and the *ager* was called *Trientius Tabularanusque* (xxx. 13), but this was probably a large tract of ground. So was the *Campus Martius*, which by some straining may be called a field-name. But surely the Greeks and Romans had field-names, and we should like to know the names by which Virgil and Horace distinguished the fields on the farms they loved so well. We know that Virgil's farm at Mantua—his *dulcia rura*—was bounded and probably intersected by hedges, and he describes the different sounds on each side of the hedge, but he has no name for the fields; nor has Horace any special name for his *agellus* or for the *angulus iste* of his neighbour's field, which he coveted.

So I come to English field-names, the special subject of this paper. It is a very large subject, for I believe that there is no country in Europe so rich in field-names as England; and I cannot attempt anything like an exhaustive account of them; I can but give some general sketchy account which may induce others to take an interest in them.

The first thing that strikes us in the study of English field-names is that nearly all of them are compound words. There is a sort of generic word which is found in the first or last syllable in a vast number of names, and then each name has its special affix or suffix, which, for want of a better term, may be called specific. The generic words are such as these: field, meadow, acre, close, croft, tything, leaze, paddock, hayes, and others, and on each of these it may be well to say something.

Field is a very old English word, and in its forms

of field, field, veld, veldt, etc., is found in most of the countries of North-western Europe, and in all these countries it has the same many-sided meaning that it has in the Bible. It is the open land as opposed to woodland and enclosed land ; or it is the country as opposed to the town ; or it is the enclosed cultivated land, whether pasture or arable, as opposed to the unenclosed land of the forest or down ; but the common derivation of field from felled, i.e., cleared land, has no authority whatever. My present business is with the names of enclosed and cultivated land. In every parish there is a large number of fields with the suffix of field, and in almost every case they explain themselves. The names are either taken from their size, as six-acre field, ten-acre field, or from their owners' names, which is a very frequent but a very changeable reason for the name ; or sometimes from the natural production of the field, as Oakfield, Rushfield, etc. But there is one point of interest in the names of which " field " is a part that, more than any other field-name, it has been extended from the field to the parish. The owner of a large field, which he called Broadfield, may have added field to field till his possessions were large enough to form a distinct parish ; and having been chiefly known as the owner of Broadfield, the parish got that name with the slight change to Bradfield. In the same way Swallowfield and Smithfield must have got their names from single fields which the owner was able to add to from time to time, but still clung to the name by which his property was first known. There are many such instances, and this is the one way among others in which field-names may be a great help in the history of a parish ; the original reason of the name may be

lost, but the name contains a history, to which further search may give a clue.

Acre is really the same word as field, for it comes from *ager*, and, like "field," it once had a much larger meaning than it now has, and very early the word was restricted to enclosed land, and then still further restricted in the reign of Edward I. to a fixed measure of land, though the land might be of any shape. In this way we get such field-names as Long Acre, still existing in London, Broad Acre, etc. But, like "field," it is usually joined with some numeral that tells its size, or with the name of the present or former owner. One of the most interesting uses of the word is in the good name for a churchyard, God's Acre. This is its name, of whatever size the churchyard may be. But I believe it is not an old English name, but has been borrowed from the German; though Longfellow speaks of it as "that ancient Saxon phrase which calls the burial-ground God's Acre." In very unpleasant opposition to this I have a record in more than one parish of Hangman's Acre. I cannot think that this had anything to do with the common hangman. I should suppose it to be a corruption from a name showing the steep nature of the ground, as in the Hanger recorded in White's *Selborne*, and in my own parish we have Hanging Hill.

Meadow is a very old English word, and enters into combination with the family name, or the description of the position, or of the crops in many field-names. It always implies rich pasture as *pratium* did in Latin (Cicero speaks of *pratiorum herbescens viriditas*).

Close is another old English word very often found in field-names, and probably always meaning originally a place walled in, and so applied to gardens ("cloos

or yerde, *Clausura*," Prom. Parv.); and Timson says, "I have a tree which grows here in my close." The word is not common now, but survives in the Cathedral Close, and the Vicars' Close of the Cathedral.

Leaze is a very common word in field-names. In my parish there are Crooked Leaze, Middle Leaze, Cow Leaze, Beech Leaze, Pigeon-house Leaze, etc., and Waring's Leaze, Hael Leaze, and others from proper names. The word is the Anglo-Saxon *Lese* or *leswe*, a pasture, and is found in the Vespasian Psalter, an. 736, "in stowe leswe—in loco *pascue*," and is commonly used by Wycliffe, as "we ben the puple of his lesewe," "the schepe of his lesewe." It was then a common word, but is now almost obsolete, except as a field-name.

Tynning is another word that has long fallen out of use, but is not uncommon in field-names. In this parish we have long tynning, upper tynning, Robin's tynning, Bath road tynning, and others. The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *tynen*, to hedge in, and was applied occasionally to other things besides fields. But it was the regular word for enclosing with hedges. In the Anglo-Saxon gospels we find "he plantide wingeard, and betynde hyne," and in the fifteenth century it seems to have been strictly confined to hedges, so we have in the Promptorium "Tynynd or hedgydde—Septus" "Tynyng, drye hedge—Sepes." In this parish we have a Wall tynning in which the word is not restricted to a hedge proper, but goes back to its older meaning of enclosure. It is on ground where stones are abundant, and so the owner would naturally enclose with a stone wall, and the field would be called the Wall tynning.

Paddock forms a part of many field-names, and in

this parish we have Greenways Paddock, Butterwell Paddock, Rushy Paddock (probably marking a rushy ground), and in the Court Rolls of the Manor in 1368 there is a Pat Parrok. This last name preserves the old form of the word otherwise written pearroc, pearuc, and parroce, and it survives in our park. I should suppose that whenever the name Paddock is found as a field-name it marks the former neighbourhood of a house of some importance.

A few words about Hayes. We have Little and Great Hayes and Dogs Hayes. In Bath there are East Hayes and Upper Hayes, and there is a whole parish called Hayes in Middlesex. The word means a hedge, from the A.-S. *hege*, and so would imply that the field was hedged in. In most parishes there was a Hayward, i.e., a person to look after the hedges.

I have dwelt at some length on these different words which enter into field-names not only because they are such an important part of field-names, that to many who do not know these words, the field-names would have no meaning, but also because they are often the oldest portion of the names. They have a large historical interest. All these words signify more or less inclosures ; and they are a reminder that almost within the memory of man England was a much more open country than it is now ; each inclosure, whether legal or illegal, was an addition to the cultivated land of the country, and as such required and almost deserved a distinctive name. There are probably very few parishes in England in which the inclosed land has not been largely increased during the last hundred years, and the names which the fields now bear are for the most part modern.

But all field-names are not modern, and even where

modern there has been a tendency to adopt ancient names either in whole or in part. Thus the word Croft has been used in quite modern times for modern inclosures. We have in this parish some fields simply called the Croft, and we have others, such as Moorcroft, etc. The word is a very old one, used by Langland in *Piers Plowman* :

Thaune shaltow come by a crofte. (v. 582),

and means a small field, but is now quite obsolete except as a field-name. I believe there is no field-name in Domesday ; single fields did not fall within the object of that inquest, but there are some [field-names] even older. In a grant from Cynewulf, King of the West Saxons, of land at Bedwin to his Earl Bica, A.D. 778, there is an undoubted field-name, *Agellum qui dicitur Tatanedisc*, i.e., Tatan's enclosure.¹ In Earle's *Land Charters* several names are given which are apparently field-names before the Conquest, such as Pathfield, Fernlea, Hartfield, Linacre (i.e., flaxfield), Levesons Croft, etc. In an exchange of land between S. Mary of Salisbury and S. Augustine of Bristol, A.D. 1192, there are two distinct field-names, *unam quae dicitur, "Esseacre,"* and *unam in Rugfurlong*, and in the Sarum Charters there are the following of the thirteenth century :

1227. *Unam quae vocatur Emelet.*

1228. *Terram quae vocatur Otfine.*

Duas croftas quae vocantur Stainecroft.

Unam quae vocatur Chadelesdene.

1243. *Culturam quae vocatur Riworth.*

Una acra quae jacet super culturam quae vocatur Wetheham, scilicet Attehell.

Cultura quae vocatur Biweth,

Cultura quae vocatur Gothacre.

Other names are Brandehell and Adamesgore, A.D.

¹ Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*, p. 778.

1227 and 1249, *prato quod dicitur Chercheham*, A.D. 1240, and *Blecheham*, Brodmede and Dolnede in the same year; and at Whitchurch in the same year Cosyam, Bury, Bicroft, Lidlegraph, Winesgore, Grashege, Lidlege, Lasage, Gilleswardelege, Cochulle, Manne-scumbe, Mortescumbe, Hundlehull, Blakelege, Fore-stare hege, Red Acre, Uplandgemed, and others. Each of these names deserves fuller notice, but I will here only say that the termination "lege" is the same as the common "lea"; "hege" is the hedge, and the curious termination "gore" shows that the land was an enclosure for the common uninclosed land. "Corners of the fields which could not be cut up into the usual acre or half-acre strips were sometimes divided into tapering strips pointed at one end and called 'gores' or 'gored acres.'" ¹ The same history is shown in the common termination "furlong," which was the regular name for the strips into which the common lands were divided. In *Notes and Queries*, v. Ser. vol. viii., there is a long list of the names of such strips in the common lands at Whitchurch, near Stratford-on-Avon; each strip has the name furlong with a distinguishing second name; the land is now inclosed and the names no longer exist. It is well to note that both furlong and acre were used as measures of length as well as of size; of which there is a good example in Hermione's pretty speech in the *Winter's Tale*:

Our praises are our wages; you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Furlong is still a lineal as well as a land measure, but acre is not.

¹ Seebohm.

Space will not allow me to say much about the field-names which are scattered through many mediæval documents, especially the Manor Rolls ; they are very interesting, but most of them are lost ; and I wish to speak more particularly of the field-names still existing, and the help they will often give in the former history of our parishes. And in giving examples of field-names I shall not think it necessary to crowd my paper with the names of the parishes in which they are found ; for the most part I have taken them from my own parish of Bitton in Gloucestershire.

I pass by all names which have in them family and personal names ; not only because they explain themselves, but chiefly because there is no class of names so subject to change. Probably the oldest field-names bore the names of the owners ; it would naturally be so, and we know that in David's time men " called the lands after their own names," but we know also that it was so done with the foolish idea that they " would continue for ever." But they soon go ; a new owner does not often care to preserve the name of the former owner ; he prefers to affix his own name in exchange. But this is not the case where the first owner held some high or honourable office ; then the new owner has some pride in keeping the old name, and so we find the names of King Field, Queen's Acre, Nun's Close, Canon's Marsh and Canon's Acre, Priest Acre, etc., still existing, though the lands no longer belong to King, Queen, Canons, Nun or Priest.

Memories of former trades and occupations survive in the field-names, though the trades and occupations may have left the place. Thus we have Smithfield, Potter's Wood, the Matmans, a rushy field probably occupied by a matmaker, Carpenters Acre and others.

And memories of former amusements survive in such names as Bowling Green, and Bull-baiting Acre.¹

Among the most valuable names for parochial history are those that preserve the memory of former forests and inclosures in them. In the Parish of Castle Bromwich, formerly called Wody-Broomwic, there are, or were, three fields whose names showed that they were clearings from the forest : Hurstfield, i.e., Woodfield ; Brockhurstfield, i.e., Badger Woodfield ; Bockenholtfield, i.e., Buckwood field. The connection with old forests and woods is also shown where lons, lawnds, or lawns form part of the names. Lawn was the regular name of a forest glade, a grassy open space amongst woods ; Shakespeare and Milton give good examples of this connection ;

For through the lawnd anon the deer will come.

—3 *Hen. VI.*, *iii.*

Groves, betwixt them lawnds or level downs.

—*Paradise Lost*, *iv.* 252.

The same connection with forests is shown by the use of the names of wild animals of the chase, such as fox, hare, stags, etc. ; and especially the names Cockshot, Cockroad, Cockway ; these showing the former existence of the decoys for woodcock which were used in all forests.

Some fields get their names from their shapes—long, short, broad, narrow are common parts of names ; and we have a field called the Leg, very like the map of Italy, the L piece shaped like the capital letter,

¹ A very interesting record of former tenures is found in such field-names as "fortnight," "week" "three days," "four days work." They are records of the amount of work which the tenant had to give to his over-lord in lieu of rent.

and Pond Leg, Three-cornered Patch, Hatchet Piece, the Harp (so called in 5 Henry VIII.), Carpenters Square, and a piece with two circles and a connecting piece, probably so formed by water, and called Spectacle Acre.

Animals have in many cases given their names to fields, presumably from their former abundance in those spots. Conygar and Congrove are names in many parishes and mark rabbit warrens; Brockham is often met with, so is Gooseacre and Goosegreen; and we have Dovelea, Culverham, Larks hege and Cats Cliff.

The good quality of the field is shown in such names as Eden Field, Paradise, Mount Pleasant, Angels Hill, Butterwell, Honey Hill, Green Piece, Clover Leaze, etc. While it must have been with the intention of giving a bad character to some fields that they were called Short Grass, Cockle Close, Pickpocket, Troublesome, Little Worth, Hungry Hill, Foulwood, Poor Tynning, Starveacre, Weary Furlong; and perhaps the same character is carried to the extreme in such names as Devil's Eyes, Devil's Backbones, and Devil's Acre. Such names as Slaughterfield, Hangman's Acre, Deadman's Acre may have arisen from some tragedy long forgotten; and in some counties there are records of fields isolated in the time of the Plague, such as Qualmstones at Sarden in Oxfordshire, and Pitch and Pay at Stoke Bishop near Bristol; which tell of the custom when provisions were placed for the infected and the money left on the stones without any personal contact between the sound and those infected with the disease. The story of such a place at Eyam in Derbyshire is well known; here there was a stone pillar used for the purpose, as there was at Bury St. Edmunds, but

I do not know that these were recorded in field-names.¹

The particular crops generally grown on any field would naturally give a name to it, but in most cases it would not be a lasting name. Still we have such names as Ryedown, Ryelands, Bean Leaze, Teazle Close, and others ; and we have records of cultivation in Hop Garden, Cherry Ground, Cherry Orchard and Vineyard, all long fallen out of use ; and the prevailing trees have given the names to Aldermoor, Poplarpiece, Elmgrove, the Ashes and Holly Guest, which probably gets its name as a corruption from the old English word " agist," a pasture.

All field-names are subject to corruption and change ; two instances will suffice. In an early survey a field near the road to Bath was called Bathway Tynning ; in older deeds it was Blathwayt Tynning from the name of the owner, and it has gone back again to Bath Road Tynning. A still more curious instance is found in the parish of Wickwar in Gloucestershire. In a Survey of 1772 there are two fields, called King Polehames and Wheeler's, both probably surnames ; but in the 1840 Tithe Award the names appear as the King of Poland's ground and the Queen of Poland's Ground. I am afraid that among the chief offenders in these corruptions we must reckon the Ordnance surveyors. They are for the most part very painstaking, but they have shown themselves too apt to adopt any name that any one would give them, and then to please themselves as to the spelling.

I said that I could only give a very sketchy account

¹ Qualm is a very old English word, signifying pestilence among man or beast. In that sense it is obsolete, and is now narrowed down to weakness or faintness of body or conscience.

of English field-names, for indeed the subject is so large and so many-sided that it is not possible within the limits of such a paper to give more than a sketchy account. It would have been easy to have filled many a page with long lists of names, and it was very tempting to do so, but that was not my object. My object was rather to state some general principles which might perhaps be a guide to other students in the same field, and to show that these general principles will be a help to the study of field-names in every parish in England. I believe the same principles will be useful in many parishes, if not in all. There are, of course, many names which will be found in the south, the part with which I am most familiar, which may not be found in the north, and *vice versâ*, and many may be found in East Anglia which would be unknown in Devonshire and Cornwall ; but there is a vast number common to all.

A large number of field-names with their explanation will be found in the volumes of *Notes and Queries*, but as far as I know there is no book specially devoted to the study of English field-names. There are in many county and in many parochial histories notices of field-names, and in some few instances they are well done ; but I must say there are far more in which the notices are misleading. It is too common to find the collectors of such lists explaining the names by that worst and most misleading of all explanations, similarity of sound. One instance will show what I mean. I mentioned Starveacre as a name showing poorness of soil. One would have thought that would be a sufficient explanation, but I found one author rejoicing in the explanation that it meant a field in which the drug Stavesacre was grown. He seemed

quite unaware that the plant was never a native or cultivated plant in England, and that the name was not English but a corruption of the Latin *Staphisagria*, which was only the Latin form of the Greek *σταφίς ἄγρια*.

I am sure that a good and very interesting book might be made on field-names only. It might take the form of Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words* or Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, i.e., give the name with a word or two—scarcely more—of the meaning and the county or parish in which it is found. If done in this way the book might perhaps be a large one, but it need not be a very large one; and there is abundant material for it, easily accessible. Under the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836 a survey was made of every parish in England and Wales and the result was given in an award. This award reports the names of the then owner and occupier, a description of each field or tithable property, whether arable, pasture, garden or woodland, with the exact acreage of each, and the name and its charge for tithes. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these awards; to the future parochial historian they will practically give the history of the parish at that date, for the smallest piece of ground is made to tell its history; and in this way it is, for its date, far more valuable than Domesday, for that inquest only had regard to lands chargeable to the king; these awards give the accounts of every piece of land in every parish. And there is little fear of their being lost, for duplicates are lodged with the Board of Agriculture, and are accessible there; but unfortunately the access to them is rather barred by high fees, which can only be remitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, perhaps not by him.

Another very valuable source of information can be found in the Report of the Charity Commissioners of 1827; they are not so far-reaching as the Tithe Awards, but they are, in many cases, more closely concerned with individual fields which were chargeable to charities; but I have very little practical knowledge of how far they are open to the public; I know that copies can be obtained, but I also know that they must be paid for.

H. N. E.

OLD FIELD-NAMES

On December 16, 1891, the Canon read a paper on "Old Field-names" before the members of the Bath Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club, which was published in 1892. Part of the paper is incorporated in his article on the same subject in the *National Review*, which is reproduced above, but as some portions, relating more especially to Bitton, are not included they have been abstracted for insertion here.

Barton is the enclosure for holding the ricks, originally chiefly barley ricks—whence its name, beretun, the ton or tun coming from the same word as tyning.¹ The word is still in common use for a farmyard, but formerly in some cases it stretched further, and a Barton was the manorial farm not let out to tenants but retained in the lord's own hands. This accounts for the name Barton Farm (we have one in Bitton), and near Bristol was the large Royal demesne of Barton Regis, which still remains as the name of the Hundred, though, perhaps, better

¹ Barn comes from the same root. It was originally Bern or Bernes, and Bern = bere-ern, a storehouse for barley—Ayenbite of Inwyt.—Glossarial Index.

known as the name of the Poor Law Union. In Bitton the name only occurs otherwise as part of the surroundings of a farmhouse, though in some cases it is sufficiently large to be separately named, as Mow Barton.

Paddock is a word that has much puzzled the etymologists. In its present form it does not appear in English literature till the later half of the seventeenth century, and its earlier form was *parroc*, or *pearroc*. In that form it is a very old word for an enclosure, almost of any sort. King Alfred speaks of the world as a *parrok*,¹ and as *parrock* it probably lasted till changed into *paddock*, though very few examples, or none, can be found after the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is this change that puzzles the etymologists, the change from the double "r" to the double "d," of which no other examples can be found except in the Lancashire use of *poddish* for porridge. . . .

Now all these generic names that I have mentioned have one feature in common : they all mark enclosures, and so they carry us back to the time when enclosures were the exception and not the rule as they are now. It is not so long ago that by far the greater part of England was unenclosed, and in the parish of Bitton I suppose that less than 200 years ago more than half of the parish was unenclosed, and of that a large part was open forest. I am not aware of a single acre in the parish now unenclosed. Almost during my own lifetime, though not during my own incumbency, large tracts at Oldland Common, Longwell's Green, North Common, Hanham Heath and Hanham Green, described as "common and waste lands," were enclosed

¹ *Thisum lythum parraocce*.—King Alfred.—trans. of Boethius.

by the Act of 1819. These contained 190 acres, and at the same time some "open and commonable arable fields" called Westfield and Redfield, of 70 acres, were enclosed, and later still (in 1865) 260 acres of commonable meadow were enclosed.

The late Mr. Davidson, of Warmley, who died in 1850, told me that he had conversed with a man who had seen the last stag killed in Kingswood Forest, so that it is not very long ago when there were special reasons for giving special names to enclosures, marking them as legal (or sometimes, probably, illegal) enclosures from the surrounding open country or forest. We have a good instance of such a country in the neighbouring county of Wilts, where very large farms exist, but where the enclosed parts of the farms are often not more than one-tenth or even one-twentieth of the whole; the rest is all open unenclosed country.

In connection with this I would mention that we have several fields still called moor and heath, which, no doubt, mark the site of old open country, though now long enclosed. We have Kipsley Moor, Kenn Moor, Waddown Moor, Press Moor, and Aldermoor. We have also Moorcroft, which would be a croft adjoining the moor, and I should have mentioned Croft among the generic names, for it is a very old word meaning a little field. It is used in the fourteenth century by Langland in *Piers Plowman*, who also mentions Parrok. But besides Moorcroft we have in Bitton only one other field called the Croft, now part of the Vicar's glebe. Besides the moors and the commons previously mentioned we have Wigley Common, and we have Hanham Heath, now called Hanham Common, and Caddy or Cadbury Heath. There is still heather

to be gathered on Hanham Common, but Cadbury Heath is built on and cultivated, and the nearest place where I can now find heather is on Siston Common, just over the borders of the Parish, and on the railway banks adjoining it, and these banks are now getting gradually covered, not only with heather but also like the neighbouring Rodway Hill with the dwarf gorse, *Ulex nanus*, a somewhat uncommon plant, very like the common gorse, but sufficiently distinguished by some slight botanical differences and especially by its low prostrate habit, and by its flowering in the autumn and even in the early winter, instead of in the spring and early summer. . . .

To return to Bitton—Baglands and little Baglands, Heards, Soper's Pool, and Chedwin House are probably proper names and may be passed by. The Lons is a good old word, apparently a local form of Launde, of which Lawn is the modern variant. We now always connect lawns with a well-kept garden, but the Lons, or Laund, were very different. They were always open grassy spaces in a forest, what we should now call grassy glades. And so I suppose that any field called the Lons (we have three or four in Bitton) would mark the neighbourhood of old woods or forests; just as Lansdown, formerly Launtesdon, was the western boundary of the old Royal Forest of Furches; and with its wide sweep of grass, edged on its steep inclines with woods, of which many still remain, it would well represent an ancient lawnde or Lons. . . .

As owners change, and fields are divided or thrown together, the old names lose their meaning and are abolished. And some of the changes and corruptions

are past explanation. Near the Village of Bitton is a large hilly field now always called Major's Hill after a former owner, Major Ryners, but the curious thing is that the name was not given till at least forty years after the Major's death ; before that it was simply the Hill. Then between Bitton and the Station is a farm, which in a wonderful way has got the name of Knight's Folly Farm. No one can explain the name, or how it got there ; there never was an owner of the name of Knight, and I am not aware of any special folly attaching to the farm, except that the Ordnance Surveyors put the name on their maps without any authority. I am afraid these surveyors will have to account for perpetuating a large number of mistakes all over the kingdom.

HOUSE MOTTOES¹

AMONG the minor adornments of good houses the mottoes and inscriptions placed on them by different owners well deserve notice. In many cases they add something to the architectural beauty of the houses, and wherever used they tell us something of the character of the owner, or it may be of the builder, who placed them on the houses.

I am not going into any history of house mottoes, for indeed they have no history, properly speaking ; nothing that could be called the evolution of the house motto. Yet they are very ancient. When the law was given to Israel, the Israelite received the order not only "thou shalt lay up the words in thy heart and in thy soul and teach them thy children," but especially "thou shalt write them upon the doors of thy house and upon thy gates," so that they may be always present to thee "in thy going out and in thy coming in." These were house mottoes with a special object for education in religious obedience.

I can find no mention of anything like our house mottoes among the Greeks ; yet as a nation the Greeks had a high opinion of the duties of hospitality ; and it is from Homer that we get the good and much-used proverb, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting

¹ This article was published in *The National Review*, 1905, vol. xlv., p. 276.

guest." Menelaus thus instructs Telemachus on the duties of true hospitality :

Ἰσὸν τοι κακὸν ἐσθ', ὅς τ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα νέεσθαι
 ξείνον ἐποτρύνει καὶ ὃς ἐσσύμενον κατερύκει.
 χρῆ ξείνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν.

Odyssey, xv. 72-4.

It was the last line which Pope so happily translated into "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."¹ In their houses the Greeks put at the entrance *χαῖρε*, and *εὐλάβου τὸν κύνα*, and on their public buildings they put inscriptions which told of the dedication to particular gods and goddesses ; but that was almost all. It was very much the same with the Romans. Their public buildings had inscriptions which told something of the purposes for which they were built, and which told the names of the consuls in whose consulate they were built ; but though they were very happy in their inscriptions on monuments, etc., they do not seem to have done much in house mottoes until quite a late period. Like the Greeks, they had their *Salve* and *Cave Canem*, and not much more.

So I come to English house mottoes and inscriptions. I shall take little or no notice of mottoes which are only the mottoes of the coats of arms of the owners, though in a few cases the mottoes may be as applicable to the house as to the armorial bearings. Nor shall I say much of inscriptions in or on churches ; they are nearly always texts of Scripture applicable as well to one church as another. And though I cannot entirely pass by all foreign mottoes, I shall chiefly notice them where they either supplement or explain mottoes found in England, or where they have some excellence

¹ George Chapman's translation, in 1614, is almost as good :

"We should a guest love, while he loves to stay,
 And, when he likes not, give him loving way."



THE VICARAGE, FROM THE EAST, WITH CATALPA.

that deserves special notice ; though in many parts of Europe house mottoes are far more abundant than in England, especially in Italy, Switzerland, Tyrol and Germany. And of the English mottoes I may say that most of them have been collected and copied either by myself or by trustworthy friends, and I have found very little help in books. From *Notes and Queries* I have been able to gather some, and about two years ago a book was published under the title of *House Mottoes and Inscriptions, Old and New*, by S. F. Caulfield ; it was rather a pretty book, but the inscriptions were not many, and the authoress' ignorance of Latin led her into many mistakes ; and I have found very little help from it. Of foreign inscriptions there have been several good collections ; and to help those who may wish to pursue the subject further I will mention three. (1) *Deutsche Inschriften an Haus and Geräth*, Berlin, 1882 ; (2) *An Exhaustive Collection of German Inscriptions in Alsace*, published by the German Vogesen Club of Strasbourg ; (3) *Hausprüche aus den Alpen*, by Ludwig von Harmann, Leipsig, 1896.¹ To these may be added a series of very good papers by Miss Busk in the 6th series of *Notes and Queries*, containing a large collection of foreign mottoes—chiefly Italian.

Among English mottoes the first place must be given to those which tell of hearty welcome. The Romans contented themselves with *Salve*, and in thousands of houses at home and abroad that has been considered enough, especially by foreign hotel keepers who seem to think it essential to their large doormats. But in England the word "Welcome" is much dearer ; it

¹ There is also a good collection of house mottoes, by W. Norman Brown, in *Country Life*, April 8, 1899, but it has not been republished in book form.

seems to come home to us with a sound of heartiness, such as the Italian *benvenuto* or the French *bien-venu*, though meaning the same thing, do not quite convey to us. And so in many houses that one word by itself serves for the house motto. At Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, the pierced parapet of the gate-house has that alone in open-work letters, and really nothing more is needed ; but it has been expanded into some hundreds of variants, all meaning the same thing, yet each conveying its own separate message, and many of them are very beautiful.

One of the best is over the door at Montacute, Somerset, 1600 :

Through this wide-opening gate
None comes too early, none returns too late.

On the pediment of the west front at Dyrham Park, Gloucestershire :

*His utere mecum.*¹

On the porch at Beddington, Sussex :

To those who cross the threshold of this door
A hearty welcome, both to rich and poor ;
One favour only we would bid you grant,
Feel you're at home, and ask for what you want.

At Verona and in many other places is :

*Patet janua cor magis.*²

Which over the gateway at Siena is enlarged into :

*Cor magis portis tibi Siena pandit.*³

And over a house in Tyrol :

*Pusilla domus et quantacumque est
Amicis dies noctesque patet.*⁴

¹ Use these with me. (In the translation of these mottoes I shall use a free rather than a strict literal translation.)

² My door is open to you ; my heart still more.

³ Wider than her gates, Siena opens her heart to you.

⁴ A small house, but, such as it is, open to friends night and day.

At Corby Castle, Cumberland :

*Suis et amicis.*¹

A very common series of inscriptions is in the enlargement of *Salve* into *Pax intrantibus*, seen on entering ; *salus exeuntibus*, seen on leaving the house ; and *benedictio habitantibus*, in a conspicuous place in the hall.² In some places this is slightly enlarged into :

*Gaudet ingrediens, lætetur et aede recedens.*³

and at Whitely in Northumberland, on the first and last house in England, the motto facing those who come into England is, *pacem intrantibus opto.*⁴ To which may be added the following very appropriate Shakespearean mottoes placed by Mr. J. Halliwell Phillips, the great Shakespearean commentator, on his house in a very exposed place at Ditchling Road, near Brighton :

Come hither—come hither—come hither—
Here shall you see no enemy but winter
And rough weather.

—*As you Like It.*

And on the door leading to the library :

Open locks, whoever knocks.

—*Macbeth.*

To us some of these offers of hospitality to all comers may seem extravagant and unmeaning ; but when they were written—I mean the older ones—they were not words without meaning ; they really meant all they said. For in those days such hospitality was not only looked upon as a duty incumbent on every Chris-

¹ For family and friends.

² Come in and welcome. Good-bye. A blessing on all in the house.

³ Joy as you come in, and joy as you go out.

⁴ I bid peace to all who enter here.

tian gentleman ; it was a necessity of the times. When inns were few and far between, the wayfarer of every class looked for open doors, with food and lodging, wherever the owner was in a position to give them ; and the benighted or hungry wayfarer received, almost as a matter of course, the same ungrudging hospitality which many of us have received from the Hospices of the Great St. Bernard or the Simplon, where all who come are welcome, and are fed and lodged, but no questions asked, and no return demanded. Such hospitality must have been the regular thing in Shakespeare's time, as we know by a passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*. The great lord, hearing a trumpet, says :

Go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds ;
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here ;

and when he is told that they are only " players that offer service to your lordship," it makes no difference in his welcome ; it is still :

Bid them come near ; now, fellows, you are welcome—
Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

The second batch of mottoes is on a rather lower scale. There is still the welcome, but it is a welcome with a difference ; not so much differing according to the rank of the visitors, but according to their characters. There are a great many of that sort. I select a few.

At Penny Hall, Almondbury, is one of such doubtful meaning that the guest might almost interpret it as he liked :

*Intret fides—exeat fraus, 1617.*¹

At Rome on an entrance with three doors : on a closed

¹ Enter faith ; away with deceit.

door, *nocentibus* ; on the central and side open doors, *sibi et amicis*.¹

On the door of the house at Salvington, Sussex, in which Selden was born :

*Gratus, honeste, mihi : non claudor, inito sedequē,
Fur, abeas ; non sum facta soluta tibi.*

It was translated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 18 4 :

Thou'rt welcome, honest friend ; walk in, make free ;
Thief, get thee gone ; my doors are closed to thee.

And at Losely House, Surrey, the old seat of the More family, is this over the door :

*Invidiæ claudor, pateo sed semper amico ;*²

and over the drawing-room door :

Probis non pravis.³

While the following, of which the original is, I believe, on the door of an Italian monastery, is also found on some English houses, as at the Old House at Ablington. It has a double meaning, according as the stop is placed ; it is either :

Porta patens esto ; nulli claudatur honesto ;

or it is :

Porta patens esto nulli ; claudatur honesto.⁴

This doubtful motto may well introduce us to some which are not at all doubtful, but are repelling and were meant to be so.

Foremost comes the one which only existed in the poet's imagination, but which has been taken as the classical motto, forbidding entrance, or at the least deterring all comers ; the inscription on the

¹ For rogues ; for self and friends.

² I am fast shut against the envious, but always open to a friend.

³ For honest men, not knaves.

⁴ Let the door be open, and shut to no honest man ; or, Let the door be open to none, and shut to every honest man.

Porta dell Inferno ; scritte al Sommo d'una porta :

Per me si va nella città dolente ;
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore ;
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente
 * * * * *

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate.¹

Of all the horrors of Dante's Inferno this seems to me the most horrible ; despair can go no deeper.

But there are other mottoes forbidding entrance, but without this terrible character. At Froome Royal co. Tyrone :

Welcome to come in, and
 As welcome to go by. 1670.

At Madeley, in Staffordshire, on a half-timbered house of 1647 is this churlish inscription :

Walk, knave. What look'st at ?

A very similar one is at Pompeii :

*Morandi locus hic non est, discede morator ;*²

and the account of both is that they were the houses of a tailor or cobbler who worked at an open window. But this sort of churlishness was not confined to Roman cobblers. It is very probable that the snarling dog, with the motto *Cave canem*, was not so much to warn friends as to frighten away unwelcome visitors, just as our modern "Beware of the dog" is for the benefit of tramps and rogues rather than of friends. Bishop Wordsworth quotes two passages from Ovid and Propertius which are examples of this churlishness :

Surda sit oranti tua janua, laxa ferenti :

¹ Through me is the way into the doleful city ;
 Through me the way into the eternal pain,
 Through me the way among the people lost.
 * * * * *

Leave all hope, ye that enter here.

J. A. Carlyle's *Translation*.

² This is no place for foolish loitering ; move on, loiterer.

And

*Janitor ad dantis vigilet, si pulsat inanis,
Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram.*

Miscellanies, p. 9.¹

i.e., if you are bringing a present, welcome ; if not, be off. But from the cobblers of Madeley and Pompeii it is pleasant to turn to a cobbler at Siena, who built a hospital and, with pardonable vanity, placed on it the motto, "*Hic sutor ultra crepidam.*"²

It is Pliny that tells the story of the origin of this proverb, that it was spoken by Apelles to a cobbler who ventured to criticize his painting of a man's legs ; but in Pliny's version the word is not *ultra*, but *supra*. This would have been almost better for the good cobbler's motto, but whichever he used it was a proof that he thought no scorn of his old craft, though in it he was only a *sutor crepidarius*.

I turn from these to a batch of mottoes which I should class as strictly religious, by which I mean that they do not so much record man's work in the happiness of house and home, as God's ; and they generally, but not always, take the form of texts of Scripture. One of the most common is a date with the initials, or perhaps the name of the owner, ending with : "He that built all things is God" (Heb. iii. 4). Another almost as common is from Psalm cxxvii. 1 : "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it" ; or, in the Latin, *Nisi Dominus*, etc. At Castle Ashby, in Northants, a beautiful pierced parapet runs all round the house, with this Latin text in fine open-work letters, with the addition over the

¹ Let the door be deaf to a beggar, open to a giver. Let the porter be wide awake to a giver, but to the knock of an empty-handed caller let him snore on all day.

² Here the cobbler has gone beyond (or above) his last.

entrance of *Dominus custodiat introitum et exitum tuum*.¹ At Primiero, the pretty little town that lies at the southern end of the great Dolomite range of Austrian Tyrol, Gilbert and Churchill in 1864 found on almost every house the motto, *Christus nobiscum stet*.² When I was there in 1890 many of these had disappeared from the main street, but there were plenty in the small back streets. In some the word was *stat*, not *stet*; both are equally good, the one being a declaration of faith in Christ's presence with His people; the other a prayer for His presence in that particular house. The same idea occurs on a stone over the entrance to Langford Court, Somerset:

*Christe casas intra mecum
Donec caelos intrem Tecum. 1651.*

Thus in English:

Enter, dear Lord, mine house with me,
Until I enter heaven with Thee.

At Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire,

*Omne bonum Dei donum.*³

On the roof of the hall at Rockingham Castle:

The house shall be preserved and never shall decaye,
Where the Almighty God is honoured and served daye by daye.

There is a large batch of mottoes akin to these, but which I should call mottoes of good advice to the readers. George Herbert's, at Bemerton, comes first:

TO MY SUCCESSOR.
If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost,
Be good to the poor
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

¹ The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in.

² Christ is standing with us.

³ Every good thing is the gift of God.

He may have got the idea of part of this from the motto over an alms-box at Reading :

Remember the poore
And God will bless thee
And thy store. 1627.

At Barr's Court in the parish of Bitton, there was a fine Manor House belonging to the Newtons, which was visited by Leland and admired by him. Over the entrance was "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The house is now destroyed, but the stone is preserved in a chantry of the Parish Church, formerly connected with the house.

At High Sunderland, near Halifax, is this :

*Omnipotens faxit, stirps Sutherlandia sedes
Incolat has placide et tueatur jura parentum,
Lite vacans, donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat, et totum testudo perambulet orbem.*¹

It is a sad record that the Sutherland who wrote this motto alienated the estate.

At Alnwick is this :

That which your father of old hath purchased and left you to possess, do you dearly hold to show his worthiness. 1714.

A large number of house mottoes record the writers' feelings as to past, present, and future owners, and the changeable character of all worldly goods. The idea is shortly stated in the line :

*Nunc mea, mox hujus, sed postea nescio cujus ;*²

but it has many variants. At Haunch Hall, in Staffordshire, there is a large four-light window. In each

¹ God grant that the Sutherland family may live here in peace, preserving the rights of their ancestors, without strife, till the time shall come when an ant shall drink up the ocean, and a tortoise walk round the world.

² Mine to-day, his to-morrow, whose afterwards I know not. A similar motto is found on many houses in Tyrol and Germany.

light is a shield and a motto. On the first shield is the coat of arms of the original owner, with the motto *olim*; on the second shield the arms of the owner preceding the present one with the motto *heri*; on the third shield the arms of the present owner with the motto *hodie*; and on the fourth a shield with no coat of arms, but the words *Nescio cuius*, and the motto underneath, *Cras*.

At Hawick is a motto with the same idea :

All was others—all will be others.

At Swinbourne Rectory, Northumberland :

Non tam sibi quam successoribus suis hoc aedificium extruxit
M. Allgood. Anno Mirabili 1660, followed by *Nunc mea*, etc.¹

The same idea may be found in *hic hospites, in caelo cives*, 1379, and in *peregrinos hic nos reputamus*, 1650.²

I do not know who was the first author of the motto *Nunc mea*, etc. It may have been founded on the text, "One generation passeth away and another cometh in its stead," but the oldest I can find is in an epigram in the *Anthologia Graeca*, ix. 74, which by substituting *οἶκος* for *Ἄγρὸς* makes a good house motto :

Ἄγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδου γενόμεν ποτέ, νῦν δὲ Μενίππου,
καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρου βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον.
καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' ᾤετο, καὶ πάλιν οὗτος
οἶεται, εἰμὶ, δ' ὄλωσ οὐδενός, ἀλλὰ Τύχης.

Thus in English :

Achaemenides my owner was, Menippus is to-day ;

From one unto another I shall quickly pass away.

One thought he owned me once, one thinks he owns me now,

But, except it be by Fortune, I am owned by none, I trow.

[H. N. E.]

¹ Not for himself, but for his successors, M. Allgood built this house in the wonderful year 1666.

² Here we are but guests, but citizens in heaven. We count ourselves as pilgrims.

A very interesting class of mottoes is found in descriptions of the house, and contentment with it, however small and unpretending it may be. Of mottoes on large houses I can only mention one that is found at the entrance staircase to one of the old tall houses of Edinburgh: *sic itur ad astra*.¹ But of mottoes on small houses there is an abundance, starting with *parva sed apta*, which is found on many. It takes many forms; as *parva domus, magna quies; satis ampla quae securitate gaudeat; satis ampla morituro*.² It was curiously enlarged by Ariosto and placed on the façade of the house he built for himself at Ferrara, and surrounded with a garden which he loved so well:

*Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen aere domus.*³

On a small house near Florence is a short motto, what has been often copied: *casa mia, casa mia, piccola che sia, sempre casa mia*, which reminds one of Touchstone's honest defence of his Audrey, "a poor Virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." We have some good mottoes of content and thankfulness, such as,

Travel east or travel west,
A man's own house is still the best.

which is thus given on some Swedish houses:

Bortà er bra, men hemma er best
(i.e., It is good to travel, but better to be at home);

and the same contentment with home is shown in the

¹ The way to the stars.

² A small house, but a fitting one. A small house with great rest. Large enough where there is safety. Large enough for a dying man.

³ A small house, but enough for me; in no one's way. Not mean, and gained by my own money.

mottoes by Dr. Stuckley and the Rev. R. Hawker.
Dr. Stuckley's was :

*Me dulcis saturet quies
Obscuro positus loco
Seni perfusus otio ;*

and Hawker's at Morwenstow Vicarage :

A house, a glebe, a pound a day ;¹
A pleasant place to watch and pray.
Be true to Church, be kind to poor ;
O minister ! for evermore.

The following on a small house at Ravenna is curious :

*O ! utinam ceber fidis ego semper amicis,
Parva licet nullo nomine clara domus.*²

But the following is not so pleasant ; it is from Phaedrus, but the original idea is attributed to Socrates, when his friends twitted him for building too small a house,

*Utinam etiam hanc veris impleam amicis.*³

Before going inside the house I must name a few garden mottoes ; on the garden entrance at Montacute is, "and yours, my friends." At the entrance to a garden in Surrey is this from Dante :

Le fronde, onde s' infronda tutto l'orto
Dell Ortolano eterno, am' io cotanto,
Quanto da lui a lor di bene è porto.

*Parad. xxvi. 64.*⁴

¹ See *The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker*, p. 283, "The annual value of the vicarage rentcharge.—R. S. H."

The motto is corrected from this work where Hawker's note is given.—A. W. H.

² Though my house is small and has no grand name,
May it find a place in the fond memories of faithful friends.

[Sir Arthur Hort suggests that the literal translation should be : "O would that I might always be thronged with loyal friends, tho' my house is small and of no reputation."]

³ Would that I could fill even this with faithful friends.

⁴ The leaves wherewith embowered is all the garden
Of the Eternal Gardener do I love,
As much as He has granted them of good.

—Longfellow's Translation.

And among garden mottoes I may mention the good motto, *laborare est orare*. The real author of the saying has not been exactly traced; it has been attributed to St. Augustine, St. Bernard and others; but I have been told that it is used as a motto on the garden entrance in some foreign monastery, though my informant was unable to tell me the exact place; but as a garden motto it is excellent, teaching the lesson that labour and prayer not only can but ought to go together, as different parts of the same duty.

I must add one more outside motto which would not well fall within any of the classes I have named. On the east side of a house at Sedgeforth, Norfolk, is,

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;

and on the west side:

Though the day be ne'er so long,
It runneth at length to evensong.

Inside the house mottoes are allowed to be longer. At Aston Manor, near Birmingham, there is an inscription over the fireplace in the great hall, which pleasantly shows the close connection that formerly existed between all members of the household. It is headed: To my servant and my handmaid:

If service be thy means to thrive,
Thou must therein remain
Both silent, faithful, just, and true,
Content to take some pain,
If love of virtue may allure,
Or hope of worldly gain,
If fear of God may thee procure,
To serve do not disdain.

At Knebworth the first Lord Lytton placed the following lines on the roof-tree of the great hall :

Read the rede of this Old Roof Tree—
 Here be trust fast—Opinion free—
 Knightly right Hand—Christian Knee—
 Worth in all—Wit in some—
 Laughter open—Slander dumb—
 Hearth where rooted friendships grow,
 Safe as altar even to foe.

For the library there is no motto better than Cicero's *Vita sine literis mors est*.¹ In the *Arundines Cami*, H. T. Drury gave some lines headed, "This introduceth to mie librarie," with a Latin translation. They are too long to quote, and I am not sure they were ever placed in his library, but they will be found on p. 180 of the volume.

Over the fireplace at Lower Loughton, Flintshire, is "When friends meet, hearts warm." And on another old fireplace :

When you sit by the fire yourselves to warm,
 Take care that your tongue do your neighbour no harm.

On the entrance to the Refectory at Vallombrosa is *Regnum Dei non est esca et potum* ;² and at the entrance to the cellar at Losely, already mentioned, is *siti non ebrietati*.³

Bedrooms have naturally called for inscriptions and mottoes, and there are many, but none better than T. Wharton's address to sleep :

*Somne veni ! et, quamquam certissima mortis imago es,
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse mei.
 Huc ades : haud abituro cito, nam sic sine vita
 Vivere quam suave est—sic sine morte mori.*

¹ Life without literature is death.

² The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink.

³ To quench thirst, not for drunkenness.

Or in Greek :

“Υπνε προσέρχου μοί, θανάτου τήν εικόνα μέντοι
 ὄντα σε σύγκοιτον βούλομαι εἶναι ἐμοῦ—
 ἦδε μένοι ἐλθών · τερπνῶς τήν νύκτα πάρειμι,
 ζωὸς ἄνευ ζωῆς, θνήτὸς ἄνευ θανάτου.¹

Chronograms are true house mottoes, but I have not space to describe them fully, and they have been exhaustively dealt with by Mr. Hilton in two large volumes. I will only give one short example from Winchester :

PII reges nUtr II regInae nVtrICes sIae sunt DoMVs hViVVs.

By adding together the capitals we get the date, 1635. It was the fashion for a time, and was even used to date books ; but it did not last long.²

There are many good mottoes for wayside drinking places ; one of the best is at Civita Castellana :

Siste, bibe, et felix carpe, viator, iter.³

At Ilam on a drinking-fountain erected by Mr. Watts Russell in memory of his wife are the lines :

¹ From the many translations of Wharton's lines I select the following as closest to the original :

Come, sleep ; for though death's closest counterfeit,
 I woo thee for the partner of my bed ;
 Come, nor soon go ; for night goes sweetly by,
 When thus I lifeless live, thus without death I die,
 [H. N. E.]

See p. 55. The Greek version was written by Canon Ellacombe as well as this English translation. It is interesting to compare the Canon's English rendering with that sent by Sir Herbert Maxwell.—A. W. H.

² Chronogram is thus well defined in N. E. D. : “ A phrase, sentence, or inscription, in which certain letters (usually distinguished by size or otherwise from the rest) express, by their numerical values, a date or epoch.”

³ Rest, traveller ; drink, and go on your way rejoicing.

Free as for all these crystal waters flow,
 Her gentle eyes would weep for other's woe.
 Dried is that fount, but long may this endure
 To be a well of comfort to the poor.

In *Marmion* Sir W. Scott gives an inscription on a wayside spring near Flodden ; but whether it had a real existence I do not know :

Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
 For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
 Who built this cross and well.

The story goes that a publican close by asked Sir Walter to give him some lines like those on the well for his house ; and that he gave him, " Rest, weary traveller, drink and pay."

This brings me to tavern and other trade inscriptions, on which I need say very little, for they have been abundantly chronicled.¹ But I may mention one curious one on a public-house at Wymondham :

*Non mihi glis servus, nec hospes hirudo.*²

I must mention a few mottoes on public buildings, more or less descriptive of the purposes for which they were built. On the Military Hospital at Berlin is *lasso sed invicto militi*, and on the Pump Room at Bath is Pindar's *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*, both very appro-

¹ The following motto by an unknown author which I found in an Inn at St. Davids is worthy of being put on record in this connection.—A. W. H.

"Water is the best of drinks that man to man may bring ;
 But who am I, that I should have the best of everything ?
 Princes may revel at the tap, Kings with the pump make free,
 But spirits, wine, or even beer are good enough for me !"

² *Hospes* must be taken in its second sense of host and not guest ; and then the notice is : " Here you will find no sleepy servant or blood-sucking host."

private.¹ On the pediment of the London Royal Exchange is the text, "The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," suggested by Prince Albert in conjunction with Dean Milman. At the Derby Porcelain Works is *currente rota cur urceus exit?*² And on the ceiling of a bank parlour in New York is *sapiens qui assiduus*; ³ in a public library somewhere, I believe in London, is the good advice:

*Tolle, aperi, recita, ne laedas, claude, repono.*⁴

And over the gate of the Cancellaria at Rome is a fine inscription, for which I must find room. It is said to have been composed by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1725:

*Fide Deo—dic sæpe preces—peccare caveto—
Sis humilis—pacem dilige—magna fuge—
Multa audi—dic pauca—tace obdita—scito minori
Parcere—majori cedere—ferre parem—
Propria fac—persolve fidem—sis æquus egeno—
Pacta tuere—pati disce—memento mori.*⁵

I said that I would pass by all mottoes in and on churches; but there are two which are so much out of the common that I must record them. At Sion, in

¹ A few years ago the baths were enlarged. On the inscription giving date, etc., the same motto was placed, but the architect being apparently ignorant of Greek, omitted the aspirate in ἰδωρ , and so rather spoiled it.

² How is it that from the revolving wheel a pitcher comes out?

³ The busy man is the wise man.

⁴ Take down the book; open it; read it; do it no harm; put it back.

⁵ Trust in God—continue instant in prayer—flee from sin—be humble—love peace—mind not high things—listen much—talk little—keep secrets—be kind to those beneath—be reverent to those above you—be patient with equals—cleave to that which is good—keep the faith—be kind to the poor—keep your promises—learn to suffer—remember death.

Valais, in the Valley of the Rhone, is the inscription, *dilexit Dominus portas Sion supra omnia tabernacula Israel.*¹ And at Alençon there is a good pulpit attached to one of the nave piers. The entrance is up a spiral staircase formed in the thickness of the pier ; and over the entrance to the staircase is this : *qui non intrat per ostium sed ascendit aliunde idem est fur et latro.*² As the staircase is very steep and narrow, any preacher, especially if more than usual tall or stout, might well be excused if he tried to climb up some other way.

In this paper I have rather aimed at giving a sort of classification of house mottoes, than a large collection of them. I have tried to find good specimens of each class, and I will finish with one which I can scarcely place under any class. On the weighing machine outside the railway station at Brigue on the Rhone, I copied this : *qui souvent se pèse bien se connaît, et qui bien se connaît bien se porte.*

H. N. E.

¹ The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.

² He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

CHURCH RESTORATION ¹

IN writing of Church restoration, I do not limit myself to the strict meaning of the word, but I use it in the sense in which it is generally used, and apply it to all new work done in ancient buildings.

There is a common phrase much in the mouths of people engaged in Church restoration, that "the work contemplated will be carried out in a strictly conservative manner, and in the spirit of the old builders." They are very pretty words, and when spoken by a smooth-tongued architect to prospective employers everything is supposed to be safe. The mischief in the words is that not many of such speakers, and very few indeed of their hearers, attach any intelligible meaning to them; but the words will be useful to me as pegs on which to hang a few practical remarks.

"Church Restoration should be conservative and carried out in the spirit of the old builders"—i.e., of builders before the end of the fifteenth century. Now, among the excellences of the old architects and builders conservatism had no place whatever. Their one ruling principle seems to have been to make the house of God as rich and beautiful as skill and money and labour could make it. In aiming at that object nothing stood in their way, and least of all no feeling

¹ This article was published in *The National Review*, 1907, vol. 1., p. 609.

of antiquarianism (as we now understand it) or any feeling of respect for the builders that went before them.

I may remark, by the way, that antiquarianism is entirely a modern science. To a certain extent it must be so from the very nature of the case ; but it is very curious that in England there were no students of the antiquities of England before the sixteenth century ; the utter absence of all notices of Stonehenge, and of the many Roman remains which existed in so many parts of England and Scotland, shows this. It was not till abbeys, castles, and churches were destroyed in the sixteenth century that their history began to be studied, and Camden commenced the study of antiquarianism—but this by the way.

The great principle of the mediæval builders was, without any scruple or hesitation, to destroy or alter everything that stood in the way of what they deemed the best and fittest styles for church architecture. Two or three instances will show what I mean. In the eleventh century there was no ecclesiastical building more highly prized than Westminster Abbey. It was built by Edward the Confessor, and held in special honour as containing his bones ; but higher honour still was wished for him, and the way in which it was shown was by pulling down all that he had built—the only building in England that was without any dispute his own special work. “ Reverence for the dead,” says Freeman, “ would of itself call for the destruction of his own building, if it could be replaced by one which the taste of that age deemed more worthy of sheltering the shrine which contained his bones. The Church of Westminster was therefore destroyed by his own worshippers in his own honour.”

That is one example. Another, almost more striking, may be seen at Winchester. Down to the time of William of Wykeham the cathedral of Winchester was a grand late Norman building, with large circular pillars, as at Durham, Rochester, and Gloucester. But William of Wykeham had no respect for Norman architecture or Norman builders, and in his desire to make his cathedral at Winchester as beautiful as he could he did not hesitate to convert the Norman pillars into others of his own design, not by pulling down the old and building new ones, but by carving the large old circular pillars into a central shaft with smaller pillars clustering round it. The result obtained is very beautiful, but the price paid for it was the practical destruction of the original Norman nave. Waltham Abbey is a very similar instance. Founded early in the eleventh century by Tofig the Proud, and built in the most beautiful style of the day by King Harold, it had the high honour of being his burial-place. Yet, in spite of these grand associations, an attempt was made in the fourteenth century to destroy all Harold's work, and to convert the building into a church of pointed arches. Two of the bays of Harold's work were removed, but, owing to structural difficulties, the work went no further. The same can be found in every cathedral and abbey in England, and they all tell the same story: that in their new buildings, whether of addition or merely repairs, the old builders had no respect for ancient work, and showed very little reverence for the builders that had done good work before their day; and they showed their want of respect and reverence by the utter destruction of old work. But in saying that I must add that there was a vast difference between the destruction of old

buildings before the sixteenth century and the destruction that took place in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Before the sixteenth century destruction was with a view to building something better ; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the destruction was for the entire removal and spoliation of the buildings ; and in carrying out their work the mediæval builders—i.e., those before the sixteenth century—always had an eye for future developments in architecture, and never thought it worth while, or part of their duty, to look back to the centuries that had passed for any guide in the work that was immediately beneath their hands. Restoration as we now understand it had no meaning for them.

There are few parish churches which cannot give examples of the same thing, and it scarcely seems too much to say that there was at least as much, if not more, destruction of ancient buildings before the sixteenth century as in the disastrous destruction of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have proofs of the utter destruction of many churches built before the fifteenth century in the number of Norman and Early English fonts which alone in many churches bear witness to the existence of earlier buildings. Every county in England can show such fonts, but perhaps Devonshire can show them in the greatest abundance. Throughout the monotonous church architecture of the county the old Norman font in many churches alone tells the tale that there was a time when there was as little monotony in the churches as there is in the scenery.

I cannot better show how from one century to another the work of destruction was carried on in our parish churches, but always with the view of substitu-



ST. MARY'S, BITTON, FROM THE VICARAGE LAWN.

ting something better and more beautiful, than by taking one church ; and I take one with which I am better acquainted than any other, the church of St. Mary's, Bitton, Gloucestershire.¹

In pre-Norman times the church was a long and very lofty church. The exact date of the foundation cannot be fixed, but Professor Freeman said that it might be placed any time after the fifth century. Then in the eleventh century the church was altered by the usual additions of a western front, north and south doors, and a chancel arch placed within the older Saxon arch. At the end of the thirteenth century came Bishop Button, who, to build a beautiful mortuary chapel in memory of his parents, pulled down a large portion of the north wall of the nave, and did not hesitate to chop up Norman windows and other Norman work, and even Norman monuments. Then came an unknown builder at the end of the fourteenth century, who obtained from Pope Gregory XI., in 1370, an indulgence of forty days to all who contributed to the building of a new tower and chancel. To do this the original chancel (of which there are no remains) was destroyed, as well as the west front ; the beautiful tower was then built, but ten feet of the nave were destroyed to receive it, and a very beautiful chancel took the place of the older one. In the fifteenth century a large portion of the south wall was pulled down and rebuilt in the style of the day, but, rather curiously, the builders, though they must have de-

¹ I select Bitton, because my father and I have had the charge of it for more than ninety years, and during that time have made a study of its history and architecture, and so can speak more confidently of it than of any other ; and this paper is an enlargement of an address to a meeting of neighbouring clergy who were well acquainted with the places named.

stroyed much Norman work, carefully replaced the old Norman corbel table above the new perpendicular windows. But that they destroyed much is clear from the fact that when, a few years ago, it was necessary to rebuild one of the southern buttresses of the fifteenth century, it was found to have been partly built of old stone coffin covers, the floriated cross, etc., being concealed by the face being turned inwards. At the same time, the carver who was employed to carve the drip finials of the new three-light windows also carved the finial of the drip of the fine Norman arch of the south door, not in the style of the Norman arch, but of the finials which he had been carving for the fifteenth-century windows.

The old builders, then, had little or no respect for antiquity as such, and they destroyed ruthlessly where ruthless destruction was (in their opinion) necessary for the greater beautifying of the house of God. And my point is that we in our day are following in their steps when we pull down or rebuild, though in doing so we may seem to be wanting in reverence for those who went before us. I yield to no one in my love of old church work, and in my deep admiration for the grand mediæval builders; but I say that the time often comes when we must not let this love and admiration stand in the way of good and necessary work which we may be called on to carry out. If we are so called on, what we do must be done in the spirit of the old builders; we may rebuild and destroy, not for the sake of destruction, and not because the older work is not altogether to modern taste or our own fancy, but simply and solely *in majorem Dei gloriam*. The extremest case would be the necessity to pull down an old church entirely and build a new one; it would

be to many, as it would be to myself, almost heart-breaking to be forced to such an extreme ; but if from any cause there comes a large increase of population, rendering the old church unfit for present needs, I think no one should hesitate to pull down the existing church and build a larger, or make a large addition, which would practically change the character of the church. In many parishes a time comes when a servile antiquarianism is almost sinful ; and, speaking for myself, I should consider that I was not walking in the steps of the vicars of mediæval times if I tied myself down to such an admiration of their work that I would limit the capabilities of the church to the requirements of their times when the requirements of my own called for something very different.

I claim, therefore, for myself and my brethren, a free hand in dealing with our old churches. I claim that no so-called antiquarian society shall put their fancied claims before the claims of the parishioners for whose benefit the church exists ; and I assert that the old law, or custom, is still the best, which made the parishioners of each parish, with the vicar, or rector and churchwardens at their head, and subject to the approval or disapproval of the Ordinary, the sole judges of the needs of the parish and the parish church.

There is another point in connection with Church Restoration that requires notice. There is an idea in some people's minds that the right form of restoration is to find out by such hints as may remain what the church was between the eleventh and the sixteenth centuries, and then to bring the whole church to what it was—or what the architect fancies it was—at that date. Not long ago there was a good account

in *The Guardian* of some Lincolnshire churches, in which this principle was advocated in its extremest form. Churches were described in which there were some beautiful lancet windows, many of which had been destroyed in the fifteenth, or early in the sixteenth, century to make way for the perpendicular windows of that date ; and it was stated as a matter which no one could dispute that the perpendicular windows must be destroyed and the older form of window be replaced. The result might, perhaps, be very beautiful, but it would be obtained at too great a cost. No doubt churches of one style only have their special beauty. Our own Salisbury Cathedral and the exquisite Cathedral of Laon are well-known examples. But they lack the history that variation gives—their histories in stone are confined to one period. I know nothing of the history of these Lincolnshire churches, and I do not stand up for the beauty of sixteenth-century work as compared with the work of the thirteenth century ; though I always think that our English perpendicular work is unduly vilified, especially by our architects, none of whom seem able to build a fifteenth-century church such as we have in Somerset and East Anglia. But I say that the charm of our English churches lies not only in their architecture, but quite as much in their history, which we learn from the alterations and accretions of century after century ; and in my own church at Bitton, much as I might have admired it had it remained in its original Norman grandeur, it has been made to me far more interesting and, as I think, far more beautiful by the many destructions and alterations it has undergone at the hands of successive generations. It is to me a delight to read in the stones of the church as it now

exists a record of the good men who have gone before, and of whom no other monument exists, but whose works show that they did what in them lay to make God's house beautiful.

And here let me plead for a little more charity for those to whom very little is shown ; I mean the church builders and restorers from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. I do not much admire their work, but we might learn some good lessons from it, especially in the mechanical excellence of the workmanship. We have only to look at some of the London churches, which give such horrors to many, to see excellence in masonry, carpentry, carving, and ironwork which seem to be now almost gone from us. Many examples of this may be seen in modern churches entirely built of Bath stone. The work is generally done with the stone not sufficiently hardened before use ; with bad joints, badly set, and lasting but a few years. There is a church at Kingswood, near Bristol, built in 1821, very ugly according to our tastes, but so well built, with the well-chosen stones laid in their proper beds, that every joint and every stone is as good as the day it was built. On the other hand, I have seen churches restored, within the last thirty years, where the new windows have had to be entirely renewed, and woodwork of less than twenty years standing has been condemned and removed. Not long ago I read an obituary notice of some good clergyman, whose name I forget, whose great hobby was church restoration. He had been vicar of the parish for many years, and during that time the church had been three times " completely restored." In that way we may learn something from the much-abused churchwardens and builders of the 150 years between 1700 and 1850,

and the reason why I claim charity for them is because they really built in the spirit of the old mediæval builders. I am glad to believe that that spirit has never died out of the hearts of the English laity—the spirit to give of their best and do of their best for God, the determination to make the house of God beautiful. With their ideas of beauty we may not agree, but it may help us to be humble if we will conceive the possibility that our taste, too, may not be so perfect as to have reached finality ; and it may be that in fifty years our children and grandchildren may look with horror and regret on the work we think so perfect. As I look back on the history of English architecture, I find no difficulty in tracing the same spirit of self-sacrifice, and in seeing how each generation has carried on the same work. From the very beginning there has been an expenditure of thought, skill, labour, and money, *Deo et ecclesiae*, in one generation, much of it, perhaps, to be destroyed in the next, but only destroyed to give place to better results (as they fondly hoped) from their thought, skill, labour, and money. Salisbury will again give us a notable instance. In the beginning of the last century there were two men who set to work to improve the cathedral ; the Dean of the day was one, Wyatt the Destructive was the other. Wyatt did there as he did in so many other cathedrals ; he cleared away everything that stood in the way of an uninterrupted view from east and west. To do that he made, as we should say, frightful havoc of the interior ; and, from the same desire for uniformity, he destroyed the elegant detached bell-tower that stood near the west end of the cathedral. That was Wyatt's work. The Dean's work consisted in destroying every tombstone in the churchyard to

make the lovely green sward from which the cathedral now rises. Most of us admire the Dean's work, but there is no doubt that he destroyed more local history than Wyatt did. But I say that both of them were working on the old lines ; they had their own ideas of what was beautiful and best for God's house, and they let nothing stand in the way of carrying it out. They did exactly what William of Wykeham did at Winchester—William of Wykeham's destruction of the interior of Winchester was as complete as Wyatt's at Salisbury. Whether the purists of his day admired his work I do not know, but the purists of Wyatt's day, and we too, may at least place them both in the same class of church restorers. It has been the same in most of our country churches. I descend, *longo intervallo*, from Salisbury to my own church at Bitton. In the last century, or at the end of the eighteenth, the churchwardens destroyed the rood screen, the old seats, and the old roof, and put up an elaborate Tuscan reredos, very ugly, as we should say, but costly and well worked. My father, in 1820, destroyed all their work as far as he could, and did some excellent work in the fashion of the day. Most of his work I destroyed, and received his thanks and approval for so doing. I have little doubt that my successors will undo much of my work ; and the time may come when they will restore the Tuscan reredos. To such an event I look forward with a very light heart ; if the work is done solely *in majorem Dei gloriam*, I wish them all success.

There is one point in connection with church restoration on which I would make some short concluding remarks. When I claim for myself and others a free hand to do our best in church building, I restrict it

to the material building. With the movable goods of the church I think no clergyman or churchwarden has a right to interfere—meaning, of course, a moral right. There are in many churches things given by the piety of our ancestors, with which vicars and churchwardens are often tempted to play strange pranks—I mean such things as books, stained glass, bells, plate, altar cloths, movable ornaments, and such like. In some few churches there are old books, and even small libraries. I think nothing can excuse the sale of them. What to do with stained glass is often a very difficult question; the difficulty largely lying in the material, which precludes any form of improvement without destruction. No one would think now of selling or destroying old windows; but the greater part of the glass put up during the last fifty years is, for the most part, so bad that there are very few which do credit to our generation. I do not advocate their destruction altogether, and I do not think a clergyman would be justified in destroying them and replacing them with plain glass, though plain glass would often be preferable; but I think he would be justified in destroying them and putting better in their place, even though they also might have to give place to better ones in a few years. Mediæval bells may be cracked and must be mended; but no clergyman is acting in the spirit of the old builders who sells one or more of his bells to do some necessary work in the church; or who, having a peal of six heavy bells, breaks it up to make eight lighter ones because he prefers a peal of eight. If he wants two more, he should provide them in some other way, without destroying the history of which very often the bells are the only record. And still more is this the case with church

plate. The church plate between 1700 and 1850 is not much to the taste of many, but it is always of good quality, and is a record of the piety of former generations, and sometimes of their munificent liberality, which ought to save them, and for which no record on the Registers, or other parish books, are a substitute. The old donors gave in the certainty that their gifts would be used in the highest offices of the Church, and for that special purpose they gave them; and not that their names should be inscribed in the Parish Registers. Here the right and easy remedy for any one who dislikes the pattern of his church vessels is to get others at his own expense. In all probability, in fifty years' time or less, the then vicar will go back to the more solid old plate, in preference to the flimsiness now in fashion. And so with altar cloths, vases, and other decorations. The decision in the Tetbury case has settled that they are not to be removed if they have been placed by a faculty, or recognized by long usage, at the whim of each succeeding vicar or churchwarden, though there can be no objection to their being carefully put away and replaced by better ones. So my conclusion is that, while the material structure must from its very nature be liable to alteration, and perhaps destruction, if it has to be improved, movable goods can also be improved as much as you like, but by addition and not by destruction.

H. N. E.

ROSES¹

IN a medical treatise of the fourteenth century the author begins his account of the rose in these words :

Of ye rose y^t springeth on spray,
Schewyth hys flowris in someris day,
It nedyth noȝt try to discric,
Eueri man knowyth at eye
Of his vertues and of his kende—

and I cannot do better than take his introduction as the introduction to this paper on roses. For I do not intend in it to give anything like a botanical description of the genus *Rosa*, or of its many species and varieties. I shall not attempt a scientific classification of the family ; I shall say little or nothing of the cultivation of the plant, or of the many ways by which from a few single types a multitude of hybrids has been produced which are the admiration of all rose growers ; and there are many other points which, perhaps, I cannot leave quite untouched, but I shall do little more than glance at them. The rose has been so long admired and studied that it may seem a useless labour to attempt to find anything new ; and I do not claim to have found anything new. But the field is so large that, though the main harvest has been gathered in, there are many nooks and corners and unsuspected bypaths in which there may be found some gleanings worth gathering. And for these reasons my paper will have in it little method or order ; it will be but a hotchpot or *farrago*.

¹ This paper was published in *The Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1905, p. 27.

Something must be said about the early notices of the flower and its geographical limits ; but on both these points a very little will be sufficient. It is a matter of surprise to many that there is scarcely any notice of the rose in the Bible. The word exists in our English translation, but it is quite certain that the translation is not correct, except in the translations from the Greek in the books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom ; but in the two passages from the Song of Songs and Isaiah—the “rose of Sharon” and “blossom as the rose”—the Hebrew clearly points to a bulbous plant, and the general opinion is that the plant meant is the *Narcissus Tazetta*. This is the more remarkable because there is no reason for supposing that the Jews were different from all other Eastern nations in their admiration of the rose. And there are many wild roses in Palestine, some of which grow in great abundance ; Sir Joseph Hooker found and described seven species ; and our common cabbage and damask roses are cultivated everywhere. In Egypt no representative of the rose has been found on any of the monuments before the time of the Ptolemies ; and Dr. Bonavia has no record of it in his *Flora of the Assyrian Monuments*, though we know from Herodotus that the Babylonians carried sceptres ornamented with an apple, or rose, or lily. When we come to the Greek writers we are astonished at the absence of allusions to the rose. In the Homeric writings we only meet with a notice of it as a colour adjective, “the rosy-fingered morn,” or as used in ointments. Theophrastus, of course, gives a short botanical account of it. And it is the common custom with all writers on the rose to say that it was celebrated by Anacreon and Sappho, especially Sappho.

Anacreon speaks of it with real admiration, but chiefly in connection with the worship of Aphrodite ; but there can scarcely be said to be any notice of the flower in the fragments of Sappho's poems that have come down to us, and it is one of the curiosities of literature how she has come to be reckoned as the chief poetess of the rose. There is good evidence that she was very fond of roses, but it does not appear from her writings. She uses rose-like as an epithet for a girl's arms, and just mentions Pierian roses—and that is all. How the mistake arose in English literature, and how it has been copied by one author after another, is told in a good article on " Ancient Roses " by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, of Shorwell, in the *Quarterly Review* for 1895. It is very much the same with Latin writers until the time of the Emperors. Then we have Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and more especially Martial, speaking in terms of admiration of the rose ; but it is nearly always connected in their minds with scenes of dissipation and revelry ; and in no case do we find anything in their writings that approaches to the loving admiration, or the almost passionate affection, that we find in all the mediæval and modern authors, not only of England, but of France, Italy, Germany, and, indeed of all parts of the civilized world.

To us it is a very interesting question what roses our forefathers had in mediæval times, say from the end of the thirteenth century. We have in England seven good species of native roses ; and the introduction of damask roses into England in the reign of Henry VII has been recorded by more than one writer. Writers on English gardens have too readily admitted that until the arrival of the damask rose no exotic rose could be found in cultivation, which, of course,

can only mean that before that time none but English roses were to be seen. But a very little experience in English literature would show that such could not have been the case. I think it impossible to give to any of our native roses, however beautiful and sweet, the passionate descriptions of the rose which we find in Gower, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. I cannot think that any of our native roses would be described as "brode roses"—i.e. broad or large; or that their colour could be said to be

With colour reed, as welle fyned
As nature couthe it make faire,

with "the freysshe bothum (i.e. bud) so bright of hewe"; and there are many such passages. And as to the scent, of none of our British roses could it be said:

The swote smelle spronge so wide
That it dide all the place aboute.

The question then comes, What were the roses that our forefathers grew and loved before the arrival of the damask rose? There are at least two well-known species which I am sure were in cultivation here at the end of the fifteenth century, and probably earlier. One is that universal favourite, the cabbage rose. It is the "Provençal rose" of Shakespeare, more properly written Provence, or Provins; and the "rose of Rhone" of Chaucer. Unlike the damask rose, there is no record of its introduction into England; and I think this by itself is a strong proof of its antiquity amongst us, and I suppose it to be the "English red rose" described by Parkinson as amongst "the most ancient," rather variable in colour, but often of "a red or deep crimson colour" and with a rich scent, so that when "well dried and well kept it will hold both colour and scent longer than the damaske." It is still a great

favourite ; but the true plant is very scarce, though it is found in most nurserymen's catalogues ; but though the plants generally offered are very good varieties, the true plant is known by always having only one flower, and not a bunch of flowers, on a branch, the flower also being always nodding. The other old rose that must have been known long before Shakespeare's time is the York and Lancaster (*R. versicolor* of Parkinson) ; not the rose usually now so named which is *R. mundi*, a fine rose and long established in English gardens, but with coarse colouring and a rampant habit. The earlier rose is a compact bush with bunches of roses of different colours, some red, some white, some red and white ; or, as described by Shakespeare :

The roses fearfully in thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair,
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both ;

and he speaks of " roses damasked red and white." I am quite sure that in the account of the brawl in the Temple Gardens the red and white roses were intended to be growing on the same bush ; the passage will quite bear that interpretation. The whole scene is entirely of Shakespeare's imagination ; there is no other record of it ; and in spite of his grand contempt for correct chronology, I do not think he would put into a scene of the time of Henry VI a rose of recent introduction ; and Chaucer speaks of " floures partie white and red," probably roses, and Spenser must surely have been thinking of this rose when he spoke of " the red rose medled with the white one."¹ Parkinson says that before the Wars of the Roses " there was

¹ For a further account of the York and Lancaster roses I may refer to my little book, *In a Vicarage Garden*, chap. xi., in which their history is more fully given.

scene at Longleete a white rose tree to beare on the one side faire white roses, and on the other side red." This must have been the same rose.

Very shortly after Shakespeare's death a grand rose came into English gardens, known as the yellow cabbage rose. It came from the East, and is still the finest of all double yellow roses ; but it is rather tender and is difficult to increase. Like the red cabbage rose, it does not hold its flowers upright ; they are always drooping, and never fully open, and so the scientific name for it is *R. hemisphaerica*. With these three fine exotic roses—and they had others, especially the musk rose—we may say that the gardens of our forefathers of three or four hundred years ago were by no means badly furnished with roses.

There are some points in the name and geography of the rose which are worth noting. The earliest European name for it is the Greek *rhodon* ; and almost all modern writers on it have followed Dr. Prior's lead, in his *English Plant Names*, in saying that the same name, more or less changed, is to be found in all the different names which the plant now bears in different countries, and that they all have for their initial meaning the one word red. But Max Müller showed that this will not bear close inquiry, and that the root is to be found in an Aryan word signifying a flower or spray, thus marking it as *the* flower of the vegetable world, taking rank above all others. This high rank has been confirmed to it by the way in which so many plants, which are not roses at all, have yet taken the name to themselves, as giving them a place among the most beautiful flowers ; such as the Christmas rose (*Helleborus*), the Alpine rose (*Rhododendron*), rose de Notre Dame (*Paeonia*), water rose (*Nymphaea*),

the holly rose or sage rose (*Cistus*), the Guelder rose, and others.

The geography of the rose is rather peculiar. As a wild plant it is found both in the Old and New Worlds, but with a limited range, being found chiefly between the twentieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude. Our little burnet rose is found as far north as Iceland ; Hooker and Ball found our common dog-rose and the Ayrshire rose fairly abundant in Morocco ; but the two most southern species are *R. Montezumae* found by Humboldt in Mexico, and *R. sancta*, found sparingly in Abyssinia ; both of these roses are found at high elevations, and neither of them is of much value from the gardening point of view. No wild roses have been found south of the Equator, but we should scarcely be surprised if one or more should be found in the high mountains of Central Africa.

I now come to some curiosities among roses, by which I mean peculiarities in certain species which are more or less abnormal. Among these curiosities I give the first place to one which, I think, deserves the first place, because it was noticed by so many of the old writers on roses. All rosarians know that the family of the roses has been arranged by botanists under several distinct groups, one of which, the group *Canineae*, contains not only our dog-roses, which give the name to the group, but also the monthly, China rose, and others. They also know that all roses have five sepals and five petals. In the group *Canineae* there is a peculiar arrangement of the sepals, which is found in a few roses of the other groups, but very sparingly and not quite constantly ; in the *Canineae* it is never absent. The arrangement is that of the five sepals two are always fringed by thin beards, two

have no such fringes, and one has the fringe on one side only. This was noticed very early, and was recorded in these lines :

Quinque sumus fratres et eodem tempore nati ;
Sunt duo barbati duo sunt barba absque creati ;
Unus et e quinque non est barbatus utrinque.

Of these lines there are many variants and many translations, from which I select this :¹

Five brothers we, all in one moment reared ;
Two of us bearded, two without a beard ;
Our fifth on one cheek only wears the beard.

I have not been able to trace this to its source ; and the oldest mention of it that I can find is in Fumarellus in 1557, in which he gives the lines, not as his own, but as a quotation. It is a pleasant puzzle to try and give a reason for this curious arrangement, and its origin ; but it is a puzzle that we cannot answer till we know more of the first surroundings and evolution of the rose, and these we probably never shall know. Sir Thomas Browne was attracted by it, and in his *Garden of Cyrus* he seems to have made an attempt at an explanation, which is worth quoting :

Nothing is more admired than the five brethren of the rose and the strange disposeure of the appendices, or beards, in the calycular leaves thereof. . . . For those two which are smooth and of no beard are contrived to lie undermost, as without prominent parts and fit to be smoothly covered ; the other two, which are beset with beards on either side, stand outside and uncovered ; but the fifth, or unbearded leaf, is covered on the bare side, but on the open side stands free and bearded like the other.

¹ The following translation by the late Prof. E. B. Cowell is perhaps the best, and Canon Ellacombe was very pleased with it when I brought it to his notice :

“ Five brothers of one house are we,
All in one little family ;
Two have beards, and two have none,
And only half a beard has one.” A. W. H.

As a second curiosity among roses I take the green rose. I am bound to say that this rose meets with very little admiration; the general verdict is, "More curious than beautiful." But I like the rose, and even admire it; and to botanists it is extremely valuable, because it is one of the best proofs we have that all parts of a plant above the root are modifications of the same thing, and in the green rose every part may be called a leaf. It is a variety of the common China rose, and came to England about 1835, and is quite constant. It also gives a strong support to the view, held by many great botanists, that all flowers were originally green, and that the colours in flowers are analogous to the autumn tints of leaves¹; and in the green rose the flowers generally put on a reddish tint when they begin to fade. In this view the green rose, as we now have it, is a reversion to an older state of the rose, or, it may be, a continuance of an undeveloped rose. The late Sir James Paget made use of this view in suggesting "an analogy between a green rose and a rickety child."² His meaning is very clear, that "both are examples of what are considered arrests of development. The roses do not attain the colour which we regard as characteristic of their most perfect condition; the animals do not attain the hardness of bone or the full size which we find in the best examples of their several races."

Another great curiosity among roses is found in the Himalayan *R. sericea*. It is an essential character of

¹ The older naturalists knew nothing of this. Bacon says: "The general colour of all plants is green, which is a colour no flower is of. There is a greenish primrose, but it is pale and scarce a green" (*Sylva Sylvarum*, 512).

² Address on Elementary Pathology at Cambridge, 1880. The quotation is from a letter to myself.

all roses that they should have five petals ; but this rose produces abundance of flowers, all with only four petals, with very few exceptions. It is impossible to account for this exception to the general rule ; for though we may say that one petal is abortive, that is only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*.

One more curiosity may be mentioned. A few years ago there came from America a rose belonging to the *Polyantha* section, of which the peculiarity was that it would come into full flower three months after sowing. This is quite true ; I have seen many flowers in June on plants of which the seed was sown in April. It is commonly called the annual rose, but it is a perennial, and has the quality of reproducing itself by self-sown seedlings, a very unusual thing in the rose family.

Many more curious or abnormal things among roses might be mentioned ; but I must leave them for other points of interest. Roses have entered rather largely into place names and family names. Among place names, I suppose the most ancient is the Island of Rhodes, of which there is good evidence that the name came from the flower. The Rhone (*Rhodanus*) claims the same origin, but it is doubtful. France and Germany have many such names, as Rosières, Rosenberg, Rosendaal, Rosel, Rosello, Rosenheim, etc. Such names are abundant also in Italy, Spain, and Portugal ; and from place names they have been adopted as family names.

If we can believe the records there seems to be no limit to the age or size of rose trees. The legend of the rose at Hildesheim, over which Louis le Débonnaire built the cathedral, is well known, and so is reputed to be 1,500 years old ; but there can be little doubt that it has been constantly renewed by suckers. Joret

gives an account of a gigantic rose at Worms, planted by a king's daughter on an island of the Rhine, which could shelter five hundred noble ladies at once! Of course it is impossible, but he gives his authority for the statement;¹ and another is recorded by Belmont, in the garden of Madame Reynen at Roosteren (Pays-Bas), under which she was in the habit of giving concerts, and in which forty musicians found shelter.

The scent of the rose has been from the earliest times one of its chief charms, but there is a great variety of rose scents. I should say that the typical scent is to be found in the cabbage rose; but there are a variety of scents, ranging from the fine scents of the cabbage and tea roses to the evil scents of the Austrian Briar, which therefore got the name of *R. foetida*, and of *R. Beggeriana*, both of which roses have the evil odour of bugs. But there are roses which descend to a lower depth still, having no scent at all; for such is the character of many of the fine new hybrid roses. As a general rule, every one likes the scent of the true roses; but there are many curious exceptions. I have known people to whom the first scent of a rose was the signal for coming hay fever; and there are many authentic records of people who were quite overpowered with the scent. Among these it is surprising to find Bacon; yet Belmont reports that "Bacon, le grand chancelier de l'Angleterre, entrait en fureur quand il apercevait une de ces fleurs," and this has been copied by many other writers.² But I cannot believe it. Bacon often speaks of the rose, and never in terms of dislike; and in the "Sylva Sylvarum" he gives a special account of the scent, which shows how closely he had observed it. He says:

¹ Thoret, *La Rose*, etc., p. 291. ² *Dictionnaire de la Rose*, p. 5.

“ The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not ; as violets, roses, wallflowers, etc.” (No. 389). And I think he is the first English writer that records that “ roses come twice in the year.” And one great charm in the scent of roses is that it is permanent, not only in faded flowers, but also after corruption. The old writers loved to dwell on this ; Shakespeare’s lines will suffice :

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

. . . Canker roses

Die to themselves, sweet roses do not so ;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.—*Sonnet* 54.

I am sure George Herbert was thinking of roses when he said :

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent ;
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.—*Poem on Life*.

Connected with the scent of the roses, there was a very common belief in the Middle Ages that the rose was improved both in scent and vigour by being planted amongst garlic ; the explanation being that the garlic, in order to increase its evil smell, drew from the ground all that was bad, leaving all that was good for the rose ; or, as described by Bacon, “ The ancients have set down that a rose set by garlick is sweeter ; which likewise may be, because the more fetid juice of the earth goeth into the garlick, and the more odorate into the rose ” (*Syl. Syl.* 481). The old emblem writers seized upon this to point the moral that a good man may not only keep his goodness in the midst of evil surroundings, but even profit by them. Camerarius, in his *Book of Emblems* (1605), has a pretty plate of a vigorous rose growing amongst garlic (No. 53), and quotes from Plutarch as to the truth of the statement.

I believe the rose gardeners of Grasse and Bulgaria are very particular in keeping the bushes free from everything near them ; and I am sure that the garlic is so liberal in imparting its evil scent to everything it touches that if a rose in flower touched any of the garlic or onion family the petals that were so touched would be tainted. This, however, was the firm belief in the Middle Ages ; and they had other curious practices, handed down from the Roman writers. Thus they followed Pliny's advice to burn their rose trees every year, much in the same way that gorse and heather are now sometimes burnt, and if carefully done, so that the roots are not burnt, the result might be the production of young, vigorous roots ; but even those rosarians who cut down their roses to the ground-level every year would now prefer the use of the knife. In the same way they tried to make roses flower early by the use of hot water poured round the roots. Palladius, among others, recommended it, and his work on Husbandry was translated into English verse in 1420, and was a sort of handbook of farming and gardening to the Englishmen of that date. And this was his advice :

With crafte eke roses erly riped are ;
 Tweyne handbrede of aboute her rootes doo
 A delvyng make, and every day thereto
 Doo water warme.—St. 77.

For colour in roses we have red of all shades, white, and yellow. But we have no blue roses, and I am not anxious to see them. But Guillemeau, in 1800, gives a description of blue roses growing wild near Turin, but adds, *n'est pas très-commun*, and *ne jamais vu*. There is nothing impossible in such roses, though it is a common belief that both blue and red flowers

are never found in the same family. But there are abundant examples to the contrary ; the pentstemons are a ready example, and our own British geraniums a still more ready one.

Considering the popularity of the rose, it is rather surprising that there is so very little folklore connected with the flower. The proverbial *sub rosa* connects it with secrecy, and so it is often seen carved on confessionals. In some parts of England and Scotland it is considered lucky to burn rose leaves ; Gubernatis tells the legend of Satan's vain attempt to climb to heaven by means of the dog-rose, and that Judas hanged himself on one, so that the seeds are called *Judas-beeren*, and the whole plant is *sinistre et diabolique* ; but I have found little beyond this.

And the rose has not very much of interest for the entomologist ;¹ it is visited by very few large butterflies or moths, and the fertilisation is effected by beetles ; so that it is rather curious that many of the old writers asserted that beetles had a great dislike to the rose ; yet most of us are acquainted with the beautiful green rose beetle, which in some years is very abundant, but I have very seldom seen it of late years. But there is one piece of insect work on the rose always worth looking at, and formerly regarded with great veneration. This is the bedeguar, called in some parts by the pretty name of " Robin redbreast's pincushions." It is like a ball of moss, and is a gall produced by the little insect *Cynips rosae*.

There is a large amount of literature connected

¹ Keats, however, speaks of

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves—

but I am not aware that he was an entomologist.

with the rose. Of course, every writer on flowers was bound to mention it, but, as far as I know, the first book solely devoted to the rose is by a Spanish physician named Monardes.¹ It was published at Antwerp in 1551, under the title of *De rosa et partibus ejus*, and though a small book, chiefly concerned with the medical qualities of the rose, it is well worth reading, for the writer was an enthusiastic admirer of the flower; so that he sums up its virtues in the words, "Inter medicinas benedictas benedictissima merito nuncupari potest."² Since that time there has been an increasing production of books on the rose, so that in the *Bibliografia de la Rosa*, by D. Mariano Vergara, published at Madrid in 1892, more than a thousand books are mentioned, and the number now is much larger. But in England the first book solely confined to the rose is Miss Lawrance's grand folio, *A Collection of Roses from Nature*, 1780-1810, a beautiful book, now become rare and expensive. In 1819 appeared Dr. Lindley's *Rosarum Monographia*, a perfect monograph of the family, which still holds the highest rank, but of which a new edition, brought up to date, is much to be desired.³ It would be tedious to attempt

¹ See footnote, p. 206, with reference to Monardes' book which Canon Ellacombe presented to Kew.—A. W. H.

² Monardes' name is preserved in gardens by the Oswego Tea or Bergamot plant, *Monarda didyma*.

³ It is an open secret that a book on the genus *Rosa* has been for some time in preparation, to be edited by Miss Willmott, F.L.S., with the assistance of Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S. When completed we have every reason to expect that it will be a complete and valuable history of the family. It will be published by Mr. Murray.

[Miss Ellen Willmott's book, *The Genus Rosa*, with drawings by Alfred Parsons, R.A., 2 vols., was completed in 1914. The first parts of vol. i. was published in September, 1910, and the final part of vol. ii. in March, 1914.—A. W. H.]

to select the best books on roses from the large number now in existence ; but no rosarian's library should be without *Ros Rosarum*, by the Honourable Mrs. Boyle, and M. Joret's two books, *La Rose dans l'Antiquité*, etc., and *La Légende de la Rose*. The *Ros Rosarum* is an excellent selection of the poetical notices of the rose from the earliest times and from all nations ; while M. Thoret's books are full of curious points connected with the flower, also from the earliest times and from all civilized countries.

Want of space forbids my describing at any length the enormous increase in the species, hybrids, and varieties of the family which has taken place in European gardens during the last three hundred years. It will be sufficient to say that whereas in Shakespeare's day there were probably not more than forty or fifty that could be distinguished one from another, there are now grown in Monsieur Gravereau's garden at L'Hay, near Paris, nearly seven thousand, each with its different name ; that was the number in 1902, and it increases every year. Yet the increase has not been uninterrupted ; there was a time when the rose was almost discarded in European gardens for the tulip. Thomas Fuller, in 1663, puts this complaint into the mouth of the rose :

There is a flower, a Toolip, which hath engrafted the love and affection of most people into it. And what is the Toolip ? A well-complexioned stink, an ill flavour wrapped up in pleasant colours. Yet this is that which filleth all gardens, hundreds of pounds being given for the root thereof, whilst I, the Rose, am neglected and contemned, and conceived beneath the honour of noble hands.

That has long been changed, and the increase in roses seems unlikely to receive another such check ; though we are still a long way from seeing the fulfilment

of Mr. Rivers's prophecy, made more than fifty years ago, that "the day will come when all our roses, even moss roses, will have evergreen foliage, brilliant and fragrant flowers, and the habit of blooming from June till November. This seems a distant view, but perseverance in gardening will yet achieve wonders."

If I were to mention more curiosities connected with the rose I should make my paper unduly long. But one thing has always interested me, which I do not like to pass by altogether, and that is the different feelings about the rose that different nations have shown, and so far have shown something of their different characters. I may, perhaps, conclude by quoting what I have already written on this point, because I cannot put it shorter :

By the Greeks and Romans the rose was always connected with scenes of revelry and licentiousness ; French and English writers are entirely different. By French writers the rose is often made to teach the decay of beauty, but it is specially connected with female beauty. The French proverb says, "Les dieux n'ont fait que deux choses parfaites ; la Femme et la Rose." By English writers the lessons have a tone of sadness, and often almost of sternness. It is the thorns of the rose that seem most to have caught their attention. They love to point to the rose and its thorns as showing the treacherous character of all earthly pleasures ; but they love also to point to the thorns as forming only a part, and a necessary part, to perfect and protect the rich flower ; and so, while on one side the lesson is that no pleasure is without pain, *rosa inter spinas*, so on the other side there is the brighter lesson, that troubles lead to joy—*per spinas rosa, per tribulos coelum* (*In a Gloucestershire Garden*, p. 198).

Appendix

CATALOGUE OF TREES AND SHRUBS CULTIVATED IN THE GARDEN OF BITTON VICARAGE, DECEMBER, 1830.¹

[Beyond the correction of some obvious errors in spelling we have made no alteration in the names.—ED.]

Acacia Julibrissin	Apios tuberosa
Acer campestre	Aralia spinosa
Pseudo-platanus	Arbutus Uva-ursi
saccharinum	Unedo
striatum	— rubra
tataricum	Aristotelia Macqui
Pseudo-plat. variegatum	Aristolochia tomentosa
laumatum	Artemisia Abrotanum
neapolitanum	Astragalus Tragacantha
Aesculus Hippocastanum	Atragene alpina
Hippo. variegata	americana
flava	Atriplex Halimus
Pavia	Aucuba japonica
Ailantus glandulosa	Azalea pontica
Alnus glutinosa	
laciniata	Baccharis halimifolia
Amelanchier Botryapium	Berberis vulgaris
Ampelopsis hederacea	nepalensis
Amygdalus communis	provincialis
— macrocarpa	emarginata
nana	Betula alba
pumila	— pendula
nectarina	Bignonia capreolata
Andromeda pulverulenta	grandiflora
Androsaemum officinale	radicans

¹ Published in *The Garden*, December, 24, 1881, p. 612.

- Buddleia globosa
 Bupleurum fruticosum
 Buxus balearica
 sempervirens
 semp. angustifolia
 semp. marginata

 Caragana arenaria
 Calluna vulgaris
 vulg. alba
 vulg. fl. pl.
 Calycanthus floridus
 praecox
 Carpinus Betulus
 Castanea vesca
 Catalpa syringaefolia
 Ceanothus americanus
 Celastrus scandens
 Cephalanthus occidentalis
 Cercis canadensis.
 Cercis Siliquastrum
 Chimonanthus fragrans
 Chionanthus virginica
 Cineraria maritima
 Cistus albidus
 candidus
 corbariensis
 cordatus
 creticus
 crispus
 cyprius
 hirsutus
 incanus
 ladaniferus
 — maculatus
 laurifolius
 laxus
 populifolius
 platysepalus
 purpureus
 rotundifolius
 salvifolius
 villosus

 Cistus symphitifolius
 undulatus
 oblongifolius
 Clematis Flammula
 crispa
 latifolia
 florida
 — fl. pl.
 Vitalba
 Viticella
 fl. pl. pulchella
 — rubra
 virginiana
 Viorna
 Cobaea scandens
 Colutea cruenta
 arborescens
 Comptonia asplenifolia
 Corchorus japonicus
 Cornus mascula
 Cornus sanguinea
 sibirica
 Coronilla Emerus
 Corylus Avellana
 Cotoneaster microphylla
 Uva-ursi
 Crataegus odoratissima
 Oxyacantha
 — rosea
 — praecox
 Pyracantha
 Cupressus sempervirens
 thyoides
 Cydonia vulgaris
 Cytisus argenteus
 leucanthus
 capitatus
 Laburnum
 — dwarf.
 multiflorus
 nigricans
 purpureus
 sessilifolius

- Cytisus supinus*
 standard
- Daphne Cneorum*
 collina
 Laureola
 Mezereum
 — album
 pontica
Diervilla humilis
- Edwardsia grandiflora*
Erica arborea
 carnea
 ciliaris
 cinerea
 fucata
 ramulosa
 mediterranea
 scoparia
 stricta
 tetralix
 — alba
 vagans alba
Eriobotrya japonica
Euonymus europaeus
 latifolius
- Fagus sylvatica*
 syl. *comptoniaefolia*
 syl. *purpurea*
Ficus Carica
Fraxinus excelsior
 ex. aurea
 ex. pendula
- Gaultheria procumbens*
 Shallon
Genista florida
 candicans
 sagittalis
 sibirica
 scorpius
- Genista tinctoria*
 triquetra
 radiata
 germanica
Gleditschia horrida
 triacanthos
 inermis
Glycine frutescens
 sinensis
- Halesia tetraptera*
Halimodendron argenteum
Hedera Helix
 canariensis
Helianthemum alpestre
 apenninum
 croceum
 cupreum
 hyssopifolium fl. pl.
 Milleri
 macranthum multiplex
 pulverulentum
 polifolium
 rhodanthum
 roseum multiplex
 mutabile multiplex
 diversifolium multiplex
 canescens
 racemosum variegatum
 sulphureum multiplex
 venustum
 versicolor
 virgatum
 vulgare
 — multiplex
Hibiscus syriacus
 fol. variegatus
 albus plenus
 ruber
 variegatus
 plenus
 purpureus
Hippophae rhamnoides

- Hydrangea quercifolia
 arborescens
 Hypericum calycinum
 Kalmianum
 Iberis correaefolia
 gibraltarica
 saxatilis
 Ilex Aquifolium
 — flava
 — albo-marginata
 — aureo-marginata
 — Scotch
 — myrtifolia
 — ferox aurea
 — variegata
 balearica
 Cassine
 heterophylla
 Perado
 Jasminum fruticans
 officinalis
 revolutum
 humile
 Juglans regia¹
 Juniperus communis
 alpina
 prostrata
 hibernica
 Sabina
 — fol. var.
 suecica
 virginiana
 phoenicea
 chinensis
 Lycia
 tamariscifolia
 Kalmia latifolia
 Koelreuteria paniculata
 Laurus nobilis
 Sassafras
 Lavandula spica
 Ledum palustre
 Ligustrum lucidum
 vulgare
 — leucocarpum
 — italicum
 — chrysocarpum
 nepalense
 Liquidambar styraciflua
 Liriodendron tulipifera
 Lonicera flava
 flexuosa
 grata
 implexa
 japonica
 Periclymenum
 — quercifolia
 pubescens
 sempervirens minor
 tatarica
 Xylosteum
 Lycium barbarum¹
 Magnolia grandiflora
 Melianthus major
 Menispermum canadense
 Menziesia globularis
 polifolia
 — fl. albo
 nana
 Mespilus Amelanchier
 germanica
 tomentosa
 Morus nigra
 alba
 papyrifera
 Myrtus communis
 mucronata
 Myrica Gale
 Ononis arvensis
 pendula
 fruticosa

- Ononis rotundifolia*
 spinosa alba
Ornus europaea
Ostrya virginica

Paeonia montana
 rosea
Paliurus vulgaris
Passiflora coerulea
 racemosa
 filamentosa
Periploca graeca
Philadelphus coronarius
 fol. var. $\frac{1}{4}$
Phillyrea latifolia
 angustifolia
 media
 — *nana*
 laevis
 laurifolia
 ilicifolia
 oleaefolia
Phlomis fruticosa
Photinia arbutifolia
 serrulata
Pinus Abies
 alba
 balsamea
 canadensis
 Cedrus
 Mughus
 taurica
 Fraseri
 Laricio
 — *macrocarpa*
 Cembra
 Larix
 Picea
 Pinaster
 Pinea
 Pumilio
 lanceolata
 maritima

Pinus serotina
 Strobus
 sylvestris
 Taeda
 nigra
 Clanbrasiliana
 halepensis
 inops
 rubra
Pistacia Terebinthus
 Lentiscus
Pittosporum Tobira
Platanus occidentalis
 orientalis
 undulata
Polygala Chamaebuxus
Populus alba
 balsamifera
 dilatata
Potentilla dahurica
 trifoliata
 fruticosa
Prunus Armeniaca
 lusitanica
 Laurocerasus
 serotina
 Cerasus plenus
 pendula
 Holbin's Plum
 angustifolia
 Chinese double Cherry
 Chinese laurel
 narrow-leaved Laurel
Punica Granatum
Pyrus Aucuparia
 domestica
 japonica
 — *alba*
 Malus
 prunifolia
 angustifolia
 intermedia angustifolia
 spectabilis

- Quercus Cerris*
 dentata exoniensis
 coccinea
 Robur
- Rhamnus Alaternus*
 — *aureo-marginatus*
 — *argenteus*
 latifolius
 catharticus
 Paliurus
- Rhododendron hirsutum*
 japonicum
 ponticum
- Rhus Cotinus*
 lucida
 radicans
 typhina
 Vernix
- Ribes alpinum*
 aureum
 Grossularia
 sanguineum
- Robinia microphylla*
 elegans
 hispida
 — *inermis*
 Pseudacacia
 monstrosa
 viscosa
- Rosa alba*
 — *fl. pl.*
 — *great blush*
 — *celestial*
 alpina
 — *pendula*
 — *speciosa*
 anemonaeflora
 arvensis
 — *variegata*
 — *Andersoniana*
 — *scandens*
 Banksiae
 — *lutea*
- Rosa Borreri blanda*
 Borreri
 bengalensis scandens
 — *alba*
 Biebersteini
 Boursaulti
 — *alba*
 bracteata
 — *fl. pl.*
 chinensis florida
 canina plena
 caucasica
 carolina
 caroliniana
 collina
 cuspidata
 corymbosa
 centifolia
 muscosa
 — *multiplex*
 — *alba*
 — *pomponia*
 — *cluster*
 — *de Meaux*
 — *mossy de Meaux*
 Provins single
 — *common*
 — *Childing's*
 — *blush*
 — *white*
 — *Shailer's*
 — *Spong's*
 — *St. Francis*
 cinnamomea
 fecundissima
 damascena
 — *Grand Monarque*
 — *blush Belgic*
 — *blush Monthly*
 — *Incomparable*
 — *Quatre Saisons*
 — *Paestana*
 — *red Monthly*

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Rosa damascena (<i>continued</i>). | Rosa gallica single velvet |
| — Belgic | — Tuscany |
| — Rouge Agathe | glaucophylla |
| — Swiss | grandiflora |
| — Watson's blush | involuta |
| — white Damask | laxa |
| — white Monthly | Lee's Perpetual |
| — York and Lancaster | Brunswick |
| — Zealand | indica |
| dahurica | — superba |
| Doniana | — coccinea |
| — ferox | — nigra |
| dumetorum | — major |
| ferox | minor |
| florida | — Barclay's |
| fraxinifolia | kamtschatica |
| Grevillei | Lewisi |
| hibernica | Lawranceana |
| gallica | — fl. pl. |
| — Atlas | lucida |
| — Bijou | lutea |
| — Bishop | lutescens |
| — Bouquet Royale | macrophylla |
| — Brussels | majalis |
| — Cardinal | microphylla |
| — Chancellor | Monsoniae |
| — Couleur de Feu | moschata |
| — double velvet | — fl. pl. |
| — Duchesse d'Orleans | multiflora |
| — Dutch 100 leaved | — alba |
| — Giant | nitida |
| — grand purple | Noisettiana |
| — Ornement de Parade | — rubra |
| — standard | odorata |
| — grand velvet | — superba |
| — Mundi | parvifolia |
| — Pluto | — double |
| — Pompadour | parviflora |
| — Portland | praecox |
| — Proserpine | pumila |
| — Queen | punicea |
| — Royal crimson | pimpinellifolia sibirica |
| — sanspareil | rapa |

- Rosa rubella*
 — striata
 — alba
reversa
Roxburghii
rubiginosa
 — fl. pl.
ruga
rubifolia
 — Cherokee
Sabini
semperflorens
 — alba
 — diversifolia
 — atrorubens
sempervirens
setigera
sinica
stricta
spinosissima
 — blush
 — marbled
 — Provins.
 — red
 — white
 — yellow
 — velvet
 — purple
 — purple Fairy
 — bright crimson
 — Townsend's
 — Lady Finch Hatton
 — Princess Elizabeth
 — Lord Byron
 — Sir James Mackintosh
 — Artemisia
 — aculeatissima
 — Glasgow
 — Juba
 — Hector
 — Lady Douglas
 — Aristides
 — Transparent
- Rosa spinosissima* Aurora
 — Smith's
 — two coloured
 — Ianthe
 — Proteus
 — Sabina
 — Mrs. Hooker
 — Mr. Aston
 — Lady Harriet Wynne
 — Duchess of Gloucester
 — Lady Agrippa Stewart
 — Sappho
 — Erebus
 — Sylvia
 — Scotia
 — Hecuba
 — Lady Compton
 — Lady Banks
 — Pomona
 — Lady Gwyder
 — Janus
 — Saxonia
 — dwf. bicolor
 — Ajax
 — Agrippa
 — Lady Jane Montgomery
 — Sybilla
 — Lady Clive
 — Lord Lyndoch
 — March. of Bute
stricta
Dandry
taurica
teneriffensis
Woodsi
sulphurea
systyla
 — Monsoniae
tomentosa
 — resinosa
 — oxoniensis
turbinata

- Rosa umbellata*
villosa
 — fl. pl.
 Roses from Sweet's Hort. Sub.
 1830
alba vars.
 — Rodway
acicularis
 Globe White hip
 Italian evergreen Brier
 — Hort. Varietates
 Abundant
 Dutch Cluster
 Bouquet panache
 double hip
 Tree Paony
 crimson Perpetual
 Brunswick
 Lee's Perpetual
 Grand Velvet
 Lubeck
 Watson's blush
 Wellington
Rubus coronarius
fruticosus
 — variegatus
Idaeus
Linkianus
laciniatus
arcticus
macracinus
nutkana
odoratus
saxatilis
Ruscus aculeatus
Hypoglossum
Hypophyllum
racemosus
Ruta graveolens

Salisburia adiantifolia
Salix argentea
- Salix babylonica*
 — *annularis*
Buonaparti
candida
Doniana
herbacea
lanata
pentandra
reticulata
vitellina
violacea
undulata
Smilax aspera
Spartium radiatum
Spiraea bella
chamaedrifolia
corymbosa
frutex
hypericifolia
salicifolia
sorbifolia
trilobata
ulmifolia
Shepherdia sericea
Symphoricarpos glomeratus
racemosus
Syringa chinensis
persica
vulgaris coerulea
 — *alba*
 — dwarf

Tamarix gallica
germanica
Taxus baccata
 — *hibernica*
Teucrium flavum
lucidum
Thea viridis
Thuja occidentalis
Lucas's
orientalis

- Thuja sibirica
 plicata
 Tilia europaea
 Ulex europaeus fl. pl.
 hibernicus
 Ulmus campestris
 montana
 — pendula
 — spiralis
 Cornish
 vegeta
 Viburnum Lantana
 Opulus
 Tinus
 — lucidum
 — rotundifolium
 — laevigatum
 — hirsutum
 Vinca major
 Vinca major variegata
 minor
 — coerulea fl. pleno
 — alba
 — atropurpurea multiplex
 — variegata alba
 media
 Vitis laciniata
 riparia
 vinifera
 Yucca acuminata
 aloifolia
 glaucescens
 recurva
 angustifolia
 stricta
 Zanthoxylum fraxineum
-

*A Complete Catalogue of books in
the "Country Life" Library will
be sent post free on application to the
Manager, "Country Life," Ltd.,
20 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden,
London, W.C. 2.*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

EX Hill -
5199 Henry Nicholson
E44H5 Ellacombe

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 832 860 1

EX
5199
E44H5

