

Cuthbert P. M. Mackenzie
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Grand Hotel, Bath, May 19, 1875.

BEING here for the sake of drinking the waters and bathing, and thinking that it may be interesting to my children and those who come after me to learn my life's history, I have jotted down these memoranda, knowing how interested I should myself have been in hearing of the early life of my Father and Mother.

I was born in Magdalen Street in the city of Exeter, in a large house now turned into several shops, the back of which looks out on Trinity Church, on February 8, 1829, and was christened Robert Newman, my godparents being Robert Neave, Judge of East India Service, and Sir Robert Newman, Baronet, of Mamhead, Devon. I was the fifth son of John and Eliza Milford. My grandfather was a banker

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and Russian merchant, and founded the Bank (City) in Exeter, of which my father, now alive and well at the age of eighty-three, was the senior partner. My mother was Eliza Neave, daughter of John Neave, Judge of East India Service, and brother of Sir Thomas Neave, Baronet, of Dagenham, Essex. My eldest brother, *John Colverley*, was a cadet in the Indian Army, entered Austrian service, then Cape Mounted Rifles, emigrated to Prince Edward Island, married there, and died, leaving two children, 1868.

Henry, educated at Haileybury College, died as a writer in East India Civil Service, 1841. It was in consequence of his death that my father recalled my brother John from India, and thereby unsettled him for life. I have always had an idea that my probable destination would also have been India, Sir R. Jenkins, a cousin of my mother, being one of the directors, who

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in those days nominated both to the army and civil service.

Sarah Elizabeth, now alive unmarried, living at Coaver.

Frederick, married to Frances Harriott Locke Lewis, by whom he has nine children alive at present; he is in the City Bank.

Richard, twenty months my senior, my companion and schoolfellow, entered 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1847, sold out in 1850, went to the Cape of Good Hope, then Prince Edward Island as an emigrant, then lastly to Sydney, New South Wales, where he was appointed Marshal to Judge Milford, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, my father's cousin. He returned home to die in 1867 at Coaver.

Alfred, married in 1856 Emma Bowles, daughter of Captain Foskett, and has two children, Constance and Kathleen. He lives at Coaver with his father and

sister; his wife and two daughters at Ashley House, Bickley, Kent.

James Edward, when about two years of age, nearly died of scarlet fever, and never recovered from its effects, being entirely deaf in one ear and otherwise afflicted; he died suddenly, 1866.

When under a year old I was removed with the rest of the family to Coaver, in the parish of Heavitree, where my father had lately built a substantial house from the plans of Salvin the architect. It stands on the Topsham Road, near a beautiful well called Parker's Well, now disused, but the spring rises in my father's grounds.

My first recollections are of the death of William IV in 1837. My brother Dick and I were sent to a dame's school in Exeter, kept by Mrs. Knox and her two daughters, at the left-hand corner house as you turn into the Barn Field at Exeter.

For half a year we were sent to the Exeter Grammar School, then kept by Dr. Mills, whose epithet of 'varlet' to every boy whom he had cause to blame still remains in my memory; he was very fond of caning on the palm of the hand.

From thence about the year 1837 Dick and I were sent to a school of some thirty to forty boys at Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, where my three elder brothers had been educated by the Rev. James Walker. He was to my mind a violent, coarse man, but a good scholar. He was a fly-fisherman, and whenever the hounds, then hunted by Lord Seagrave, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge, came near, we were always allowed to follow them on foot. Walker was a very suspicious man, and did not trust boys. 'Fwe, fwe, fwe boy, all flummery and palaver, boy,' was a favourite expression of his. He wore his hair cropped close to his head, and was

a profuse snuff-taker; he used to keep it loose in his waistcoat pocket, and his clothes, books, seat, and food were always plentifully besprinkled with it.

He had two punishments which he used to inflict upon the small boys. The first to condemn them, instead of going out to play with their schoolfellows, to walk round and round a large flower-bed which was in the drive at the entrance of the house. The other, for crimes of greater magnitude, was to send you off to bed, whatever might be the time of day, and there you had to lie without any book or anything to enable you to pass the time.

I was much bullied here by a boy of the name of Ford, who used to make me warm his bed for him in the cold winter nights until he was ready to get in, and then I had to turn out into my own bed. As a kind of set-off to his cruelty he used to make me learn for him passages from

the Sermon on the Mount, and keep me out of bed until I could say them.

Our journeys from Exeter to Cheltenham, 110 miles, were performed on the top of the Exquisite Coach, which made the 110 miles, with a quarter of an hour for dinner, in ten hours. At Christmas time, when the coach was loaded with boys' luggage and Christmas hampers, I have seen the coaches going down the hills full trot, swaying from side to side, and have often wondered that no accident ever happened to us. The red faces—weather-beaten, and also from the unfailling brandy and water taken at every stage—of the coachman and guard are still vividly before me, and the swiftness with which the four fresh horses were exchanged for the tired ones, only one and a half minutes being allowed. At all times of the night the horses were out in the road, with their harness on, as the coach drove

up. Oh, what a long dreary drive we used to have along the dead level from Taunton to Bridgwater, and how tired we used to be of the Bridgwater spire, which along the dreary flats of Sedgemoor never seemed to get any nearer to us. At Bristol we used to look with wonder at the great turtle in a reservoir in the inn yard, alive, and waiting for their change into the turtle soup for which Bristol was famous.

There were no railway wrappers in those days. We had woollen comforters round our throats and small cloaks down to our hips, but all that was allowed for the feet was a little straw, which if rained or snowed upon added to our discomfort and cold. I have often wondered that we did not fall off the coach, as I remember we had to sit on the uncomfortable, uncushioned wooden seat, with only one iron back-and-side rail, and our feet dangling some feet above the coach-wheel. I often think how

I used to nod, wake with a start, and find myself hanging on to the rail and all but off. And then the misery in the winter time of coming down from the coach! Often I have had to be lifted off, with feet so cold that I did not know when we were down on the ground.

I have spoken of these discomforts as a strong contrast to our present mode of travelling. On leaving the coach, or when the driver and guard were changed, as they used to do at Bristol, you were expected to give a tip to each one of them, besides the usual fare.

At Prestbury, near Cheltenham, the Rev. John Edwards, the vicar, had married my Aunt Eliza, and we were allowed about two weeks in the half-year to go and visit them. My father's mother was then living at Prestbury.

Mr. Walker's school did not succeed, so that about the year 1840-1 he emigrated

with his family to Paramatta, New South Wales, where he established a school, but met with no great success. We went to church to the parish church of Dowdeswell. I have no recollection of the service except of the singing, which was led by an old man from the gallery, who used to come into church with a flageolet sticking out of his pocket, from which he elicited a few notes to give the tune, and then stuck it into his outside coat pocket again.

The next school Dick and I went to was the Rev. William Dobson's, Vicar of Tuxford, Nottinghamshire, formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who took private pupils. We used to have terrible journeys there, partly by coach, partly by railroad; the railroad (Bristol and Exeter) was for some years stopped by the Blue Ball Tunnel near Taunton. We used to leave Exeter one morning, travel all day, part of the night (never

going to bed), then by coach from Nottingham to Newark and Tuxford. W. Y. Sellar, afterwards Scholar of Balliol, now Professor at Edinburgh; Aldersey, of Aldersey Park, Cheshire; Menzies, of Culdares, Scotland; Courage, brewer; and two Brandts and Harrison, Dobson's nephews,—were amongst my fellow pupils. Dobson was what was then considered a very High Churchman. We had a surpliced choir, in which I sung, and anthems every Sunday, but there was none of the absurd bowing, many-coloured cloths, &c., which now is found in so many churches.

The country is flat and uninteresting, and we could see Lincoln Cathedral quite plainly, although it was eighteen miles distant. In the summer I made long excursions into the neighbourhood, collecting birds' eggs, and gradually got a fair collection.

There were no Easter holidays in those days, so instead we were allowed to make

excursions, and once, if not twice, we drove with four posters, to Doncaster Races, rather a curious taste for a clergyman to encourage.

Another time we went round the Peak and Matlock, at another to Flamborough Head in Yorkshire, where I saw a man let down by a rope over the perpendicular cliff and bring up hundreds of sea-birds' eggs, which were readily sold at a halfpenny each; they were nearly as large as a turkey's egg. They also brought up one of the guillemots they had caught on its nest. When placed on the grass it had no power to rise, but on being thrown up into the air it sailed away at a great rate.

It must have been in the summer of 1844 that Mr. Dobson took me with him to his father-in-law, Mr. Harrison of Green Bank, Ambleside, where I passed my holidays. I remember very well being

taken to Rydal Mount and introduced to a weather-beaten, kind-looking old man, who was Wordsworth the poet; also I saw Hartley Coleridge, the son of the poet, a most disreputable-looking man, who had taken to drinking and lay about in barns and outhouses; it was very sad, as he was a man of decided talent.

At this time I made the ascent of the highest of the English mountains, Scawfell, but was thoroughly overdone by the extreme fatigue which I incurred. I went from Ambleside to Pendleton to stay with Mr. Brandt, a brother-in-law of Mr. Dobson, but was quite ill and weak whilst there. In the end of that year Mr. Dobson obtained the head-mastership of Cheltenham College and wished to take me there with him, but my father took advice from Mr. Bere, Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Exeter, whose son Charles was at Rugby, so that it was settled that I was to go there, and

on February 8, 1845, the day I was sixteen, I went to the Rev. John Penrose's house at Rugby, a small house on the Bilton Road. He in a few months succeeded to the mastership of Exmouth School, vacated by Mr. Wickham, and Mr. George Granville Bradley (now Master of University College, Oxford) took a new house which had lately been built by A. C. Tait, the Head Master, and now the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I was placed in the Fifth Form, the Third Form in the school; if I had not been forward enough to be placed so high, I could not have been taken into the school at all, on account of my age.

The Rev. G. E. L. Cotton (afterwards Head Master of Marlborough College and Bishop of Calcutta) was then Master of the Fifth Form, in which I remained for a long while. I do not think I was idle, but I had not been thoroughly grounded; my Latin and Greek composition was very

poor, and I had been reading Thucydides and hard books when I ought to have been kept back.

The next form was the Twenty, so called from the number of the form. The master was Bonamy Price, a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold's, but a most peculiar man. We used to do Demosthenes with him, and English History. He used to impress upon us the privileges and liberties we had gained by the 'Habeas Corpus' Act, which, I fear, at the time we hardly appreciated at its proper value.

I used to run hare and hounds at Rugby, but never the longest called 'the Crick' run.

G. J. Goschen, a member of the late ministry of Gladstone, was in the form with me, and, as a German, he used to give us a translation just before school of the piece of *Wallenstein* or *Wilhelm Tell* which we were going to do. I fear we did

not receive much benefit from so hasty a study.

I was for three-quarters of a year in the Sixth Form, and left, October 1848, for Balliol College, Oxford, in the notorious old slow coach (two horse) that then ran between Rugby and Oxford, known by the opprobrious name of the Pig.

Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Dean of Wells, was the Master, the Rev. E. C. Woollcombe (my tutor), Jowett, Lonsdale, and J. Riddell were the lecturers. W. C. Lake (now Dean of Durham), G. G. Walker, A. W. Peel; E. P. Alderson, J. Pattison, M. E. Grant Duff, F. Fremantle, were amongst my contemporaries at college.

I went in for my last examination in November 1851 for an ordinary degree, but had an Honorary Fourth Class in Classics given me. I ought properly to have gone in for Honours.

In April 1852 I started from Liverpool

in the S.S. *British Queen*, put back when twelve hours from Liverpool owing to the cargo having caught fire. If we had had a favourable wind we should have been in the midst of the open sea, and should, humanly speaking, have been burnt. I have always looked upon this as a great deliverance from death. We returned to Holyhead, where the ship, being in watertight compartments, was partially sunk. The bales of goods being charred to tinder, it was supposed that the fire was caused by spontaneous combustion. After waiting a fortnight at the Adelphi Inn at Liverpool I sailed in the same ship for Malta, Constantinople, Smyrna, Syra, Athens, Corfu, Malta, and Italy, reaching home in November and going to Oxford to attend Divinity Lectures. On returning home I had an attack of low fever, probably caught at Rome, where I was in August and September. I kept a diary whilst I was abroad.

In the beginning of 1853 I began to read for Holy Orders. I did not wish to be ordained by Henry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and so at my father's advice wrote to George Henry Sumner, youngest son of Charles Richard Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, whom I had known in the year 1846 or 1847, to ask him whether he could tell me of a curacy.

He recommended me to the Rev. Henry Clissold, incumbent of Stockwell Chapel, South Lambeth, with whom I had an interview, and afterwards with the Rev. Philip Jacob (the Bishop's examining chaplain), who advised me as to the course of my reading.

The last day of June 1853 I went to Farnham Castle as a candidate for ordination, little thinking that by God's great goodness I was to find there a dear father, a loving wife, and a happy home.

As a friend of your uncle George's I was

asked to stay in the house, with two or three other candidates. James Aitken, of Exeter College, and W. H. Hawker, late of Rugby, were ordained priests at the time that I was ordained deacon.

On July 3, 1853, I was ordained deacon in dear Farnham Castle Chapel, and the next week I began work at Stockwell. I found everything strange. I knew nothing of school work, for living on the edge of a town I had never entered a parish school, I had never visited a poor or sick person, I had never been present even at a missionary meeting. My only preparation for public service had been reading the lessons in church for the Rev. John Templar at Teigngrace Church, near Newton Abbott. I found my lodgings with the parish clerk named Holcombe, in Private Road, afterwards moving down with him to Clarence Place, the main road between Kennington and Clapham Com-

mon. During this first year of my ministry I taught much in the schools and visited the sick. Every Sunday I used to dine after morning service with Mr. Clissold, and have supper after evening service. I went occasionally to H. Montagu's at Thurlow Lodge, Clapham, a cousin of my dear mother, with whom was living his daughter Laura, and his cousin Miss Neave, an aunt of my dear mother, with whom she had been brought up whilst my grandfather Neave was in India. She was entirely given to good works, to visiting prisons, and ministering to all who were in distress. There I occasionally met Sir Charles Trevelyan (my mother's cousin).

Alfred Fawkes, my first cousin, was then living in Warwick Square, and was very kind in asking me to dinner. I used occasionally to dine with A. W. Peel at the United University Club in Sussex Street.

Also once I dined at Winchester House,

St. James's Square, with a number of the parochial clergy of Lambeth and Southwark.

In the latter part of June 1854 I again went to Farnham Castle to be examined for priest's orders, and on the Saturday my father and dear mother came to stay at Farnham to see me ordained. After the ordination we stayed on at the Castle for a day or two, W. L. Blackley and C. S. Burder staying on at the same time.

Towards the end of July I was engaged to be married to Emily Sarah Frances Sumner, youngest daughter of Charles Richard Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. I had written to the bishop, and he had appointed an interview with me at St. James's Square, where he was to stop on his way back from Lowestoft. Well do I remember my father, who was then lodging with my mother in Eccleston Street, walking up and down talking with me in

the Mall near Buckingham Palace, and my nervousness as I was ushered into the dismantled study at 19 St. James's Square. After some questions and talk, I was told that I might go upstairs, and there in the first drawing-room, with the pictures hung in their brown cases, I found your dear mother, and I left the house with the knowledge that God had given to me the heart of the best and truest of women, a treasure for which both you and I have ever cause to give thanks to God. Your dear mother had since the death of her mother in 1849 presided over her father's house and managed that great establishment. She was much sought after and admired, and might have often before married, but she chose the life of a clergyman's wife from preference to any other lot. I was often at Farnham Castle during the time of our engagement. My vicar Mr. Clissold's health was weak, and he

went to the German baths, leaving the whole of the parish and schools on me, kindly providing one sermon a Sunday by the help of Mr. Hardy, a master of Stockwell Grammar School.

The Asiatic cholera broke out in our district, and I had much anxiety in visiting these distressing cases. However, by the mercy of God I had no illness myself; doubtless I may attribute this under God's blessing to the pure air of Farnham which I used not unfrequently to run down and breathe.

On November 22, 1854, I was married in Farnham Church by John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, your dear mother's uncle. George Gustavus Walker, now Colonel of the Scotch Borderers (militia), was my best man. Well do I remember the last night of my bachelorhood, which I spent at the Bush Inn at Farnham.