

J. B.

Some few Drawings





**REEVES' SKETCH BOOK.**

**DRAWING CARTRIDGE PAPER.**

(70 lbs.)

**SERIES 348.      46 LEAVES.**

MADE IN ENGLAND

IN THE FOLLOWING SIZES:—

5 x 3½ (12.7 x 8.9 cm) | 10 x 7 (25.4 x 17.8 cm)  
7 x 5 (17.8 x 12.7 „) | 14½ x 10 (36.8 x 25.4 „)

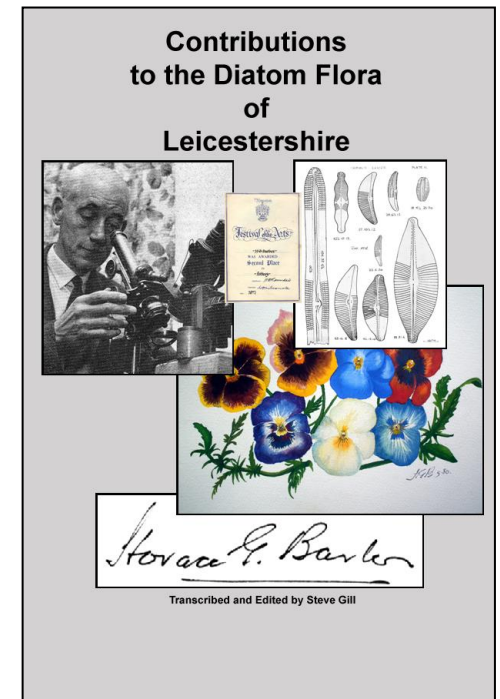
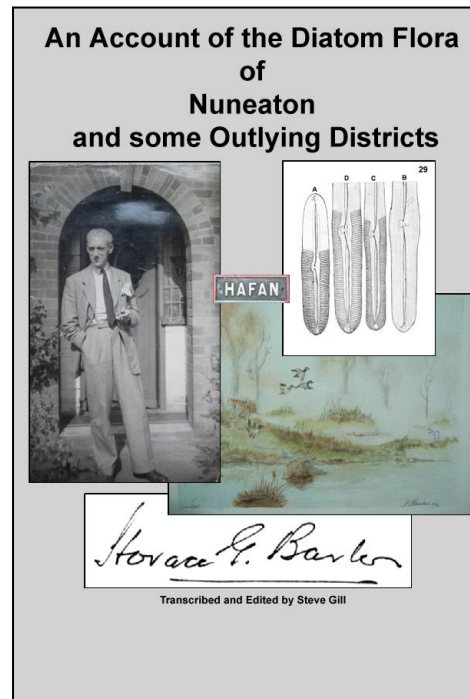
**REEVES & SONS, Ltd.      LONDON.**

## Introduction

Whilst preparing the two volumes of diatom related notes and plates (*The Diatom Flora of Nuneaton and some Outlying Districts* and *A Contribution to the Diatom Flora of Leicestershire*) I was privileged to view some of the other works by Horace George Barber. Amongst these was a small sketch book containing a large number of pencil, pen and ink drawings and a couple of watercolours. The majority of these drawings were executed when he was in his forties. There was no text with the sketches. The drawings are beautifully executed and deserve a wider audience. It is hoped that the addition of some rather eclectic text references and images will add to the viewer's enjoyment. I have included a considerable number of extracts from the novels and poetry of George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) who was born at Arbury, Nuneaton many of whose works were based on locations in the district. Horace spent the majority of his life walking and cycling in this area where he made a home for himself and his family.

I would also like to record my thanks to Horace's son, Alan, for permission to reproduce the sketchbook and to Steve Edgar for looking over the manuscript and providing valuable feedback.

Steve Gill (December 2013)



## By The Almshouse Window by Hans Christian Andersen

Near the grass-covered rampart which encircles Copenhagen lies a great red house. Balsams and other flowers greet us from the long rows of windows in the house, whose interior is sufficiently poverty-stricken; and poor and old are the people who inhabit it. The building is the Warton Almshouse.

Look! at the window there leans an old maid. She plucks the withered leaf from the balsam, and looks at the grass-covered rampart, on which many children are playing. What is the old maid thinking of? A whole life drama is unfolding itself before her inward gaze.

"The poor little children, how happy they are- how merrily they play and romp together! What red cheeks and what angels` eyes! but they have no shoes nor stockings. They dance on the green rampart, just on the place where, according to the old story, the ground always sank in, and where a sportive, frolicsome child had been lured by means of flowers, toys and sweetmeats into an open grave ready dug for it, and which was afterwards closed over the child; and from that moment, the old story says, the ground gave way no longer, the mound remained firm and fast, and was quickly covered with the green turf. The little people who now play on that spot know nothing of the old tale, else would they fancy they heard a child crying deep below the earth, and the dewdrops on each blade of grass would be to them tears of woe. Nor do they know anything of the Danish King who here, in the face of the coming foe, took an oath before all his trembling courtiers that he would hold out with the citizens of his capital, and die here in his nest; they know nothing of the men who have fought here, or of the women who from here have drenched with boiling water the enemy, clad in white, and `biding in the snow to surprise the city.

"No! the poor little ones are playing with light, childish spirits. Play on, play on, thou little maiden! Soon the years will come - yes, those glorious years. The priestly hands have been laid on the candidates for confirmation; hand in hand they walk on the green rampart. Thou hast a white frock on; it has cost thy mother much labour, and yet it is only cut down for thee out of an old larger dress! You will also wear a red shawl; and what if it hang too far down? People will only see how large, how very large it is. You are thinking of your dress, and of the Giver of all good- so glorious is it to wander on the green rampart!

"And the years roll by; they have no lack of dark days, but you have your cheerful young spirit, and you have gained a friend- you know not how. You met, oh, how often! You walk together on the rampart in the fresh spring, on the high days and holidays, when all the world come out to walk upon the ramparts, and all the bells of the church steeples seem to be singing a song of praise for the coming spring.

"Scarcely have the violets come forth, but there on the rampart, just opposite the beautiful Castle of Rosenberg, there is a tree bright with the first green buds. Every year this tree sends forth fresh green shoots. Alas! It is not so with the human heart! Dark mists, more in number than those that cover the northern skies, cloud the human heart. Poor child! thy friend`s bridal chamber is a black coffin, and thou becomest an old maid. From the almshouse window, behind the balsams, thou shalt look on the merry children at play, and shalt see thine own history renewed."

And that is the life drama that passes before the old maid while she looks out upon the rampart, the green, sunny rampart, where the children, with their red cheeks and bare shoeless feet, are rejoicing merrily, like the other free little birds.







The New houses  
Moncella  
1940

## St. Peter's Church, Mancetter

THE  
**HISTORY,**  
TOPOGRAPHY AND DIRECTORY  
OF  
**WARWICKSHIRE;**  
INCLUSIVE OF SOME PORTIONS OF  
THE ANCIENT HISTORIES OF ROUS, CAMDEN, SPEED,  
AND DUGDALE,  
WITH CURIOUS MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES  
OF THESE EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS;  
A DESCRIPTION OF  
THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTY WITH ITS MODERN DIVISIONS AND SUBDIVISIONS, AND  
THEIR POPULATION AND VALUATION;  
A  
DIRECTORY OF EVERY TOWN AND CONSIDERABLE VILLAGE  
IN THE COUNTY;  
A  
GAZETTEER OF ALL THE TOWNS, VILLAGES, PARISHES AND HAMLETS,  
WITH  
Their distances from the principal Market or Post Towns, and from London;  
AND AN  
ITINERARY OF THE DIRECT AND CROSS ROADS,  
With a list of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats,  
ILLUSTRATED WITH  
CHARACTERISTIC ETCHINGS AND A MAP OF THE COUNTY.

BY WM. WEST.

Royal Palaces—of state, or pain, or pleasure;  
Ancient rock-ha'd Castles, rising from cliffs on Avon's side,  
With cloudcapt turrets and embattled towers;  
Ascending spires, and glittering vanes;  
Monuments and Records of the illustrious dead;  
Tales of Champions, rich in legendary lore;  
The Birth-place of the first of Poets and Historians.  
*Old Chronicles.*

BIRMINGHAM:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY R. WRIGHTSON, ATHENÆUM,  
NEW-STREET; AND SOLD BY BALDWIN AND CRADOCK,  
AND HURST, CHANCE AND CO. LONDON.

1830.

MANCETTER,—usually pronounced Mancetter and sometimes written Maunceiter,—is an extensive parish in the hundred of Hemlingford, 1 mile from Atherstone (the township of which it comprehends) and 106½ miles from London; standing on an eminence by the river Anker, bordering Leicestershire, and situate on the Watling-street, which was the Manduessedum of the Romans; and here several Roman coins have been dug up. Vestiges of the Roman entrenchments are still to be seen. In 1803, the parochial rates of this parish were £252 1s 1½d. at 3s in the pound. In 1821, it contained 64 houses and 307 inhabitants. Its annual value, in 1826, independent of Atherstone, was £2808, and its proportion to the county rate £11 14s. The church, originally dedicated to St. Peter, is the mother church to Atherstone. It is a curacy value £10 13s 4d.







B

Manuel  
St. Peter's Church  
-10

**The Mill on the Floss**  
by George Eliot

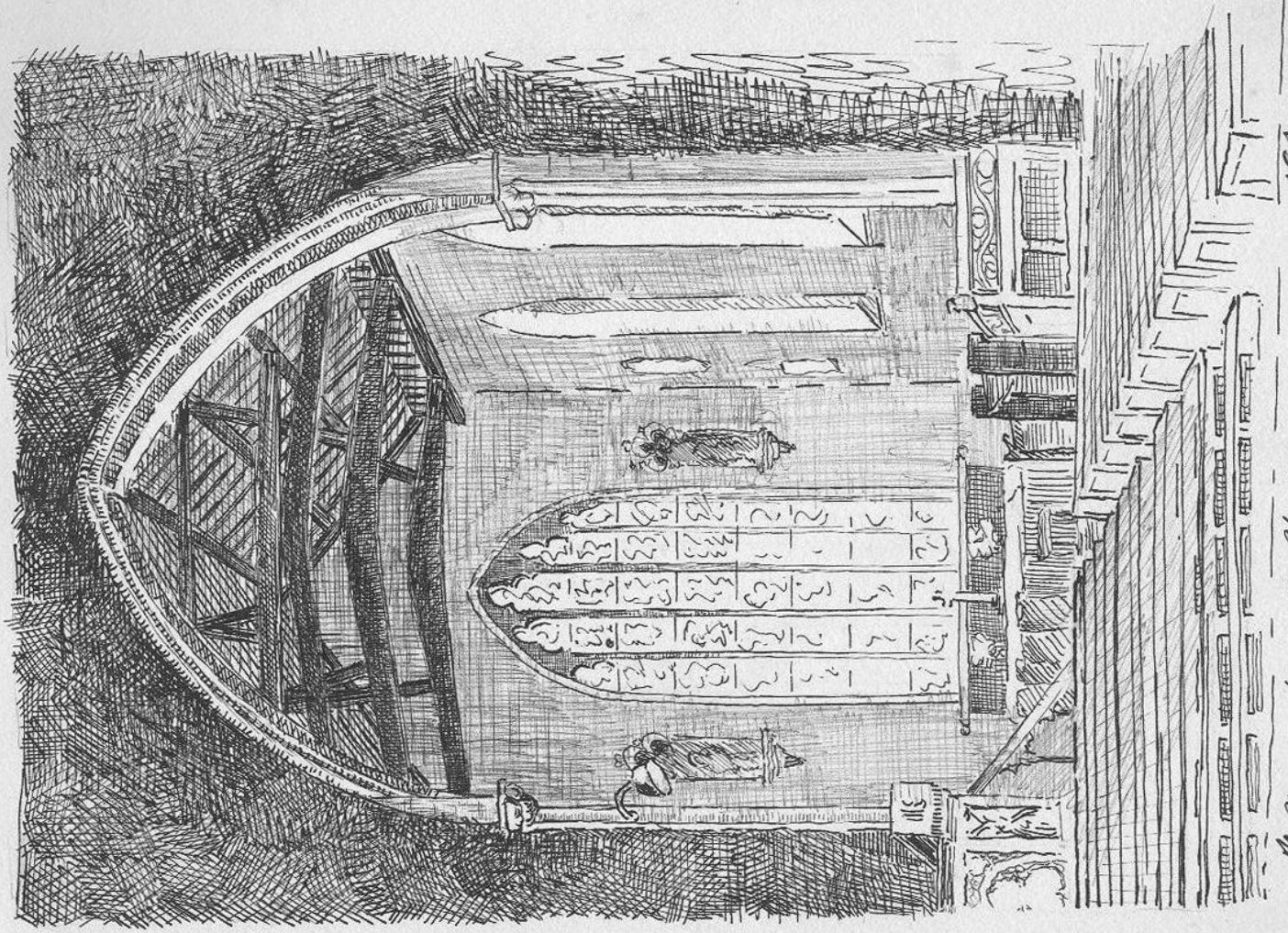
There was a rustling demonstration of surprise in the company, such as you may have observed in a country congregation when they hear an allusion to their week-day affairs from the pulpit. It was equally astonishing to the aunts and uncles to find a parson introduced into Mr. Tulliver's family arrangements. As for uncle Pullet, he could hardly have been more thoroughly obfuscated if Mr. Tulliver had said that he was going to send Tom to the Lord Chancellor; for uncle Pullet belonged to that extinct class of British yeoman who, dressed in good broadcloth, paid high rates and taxes, went to church, and ate a particularly good dinner on Sunday, without dreaming that the British constitution in Church and State had a traceable origin any more than the solar system and the fixed stars.

2

City of *Coventry* 43  
Parish of *St. Holy Trinity* Enumeration Schedule.

PLACE	HOUSES Uninhabited or Building	NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX		PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of	Where Born	
			M	F		in City	in England, Ireland, or Foreign
<i>St. Nicholas</i>		<i>John</i>		25			Y
<i>Road</i>		<i>Elizabeth</i>	40		<i>Libby</i>		Y
		<i>Henry</i>	4				Y
		<i>John</i>	1				Y
		<i>James</i>	30		<i>M.S.</i>		Y
		<i>Mary</i>	3		<i>F.S.</i>		Y
		<i>Henry</i>	25				Y
		<i>Mary</i>	15		<i>Land Agent</i>		Y
		<i>Robert</i>	65				Y
		<i>Mary</i>	21				Y
		<i>Mary</i>	25		<i>F.S.</i>		Y
TOTAL in Page 2	4		105				44 241





*The Chance Memorial Church*

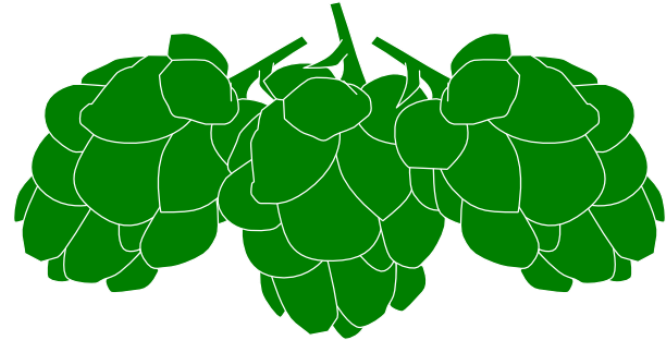
*H. Baskin 1940*

## **Of Human Bondage**

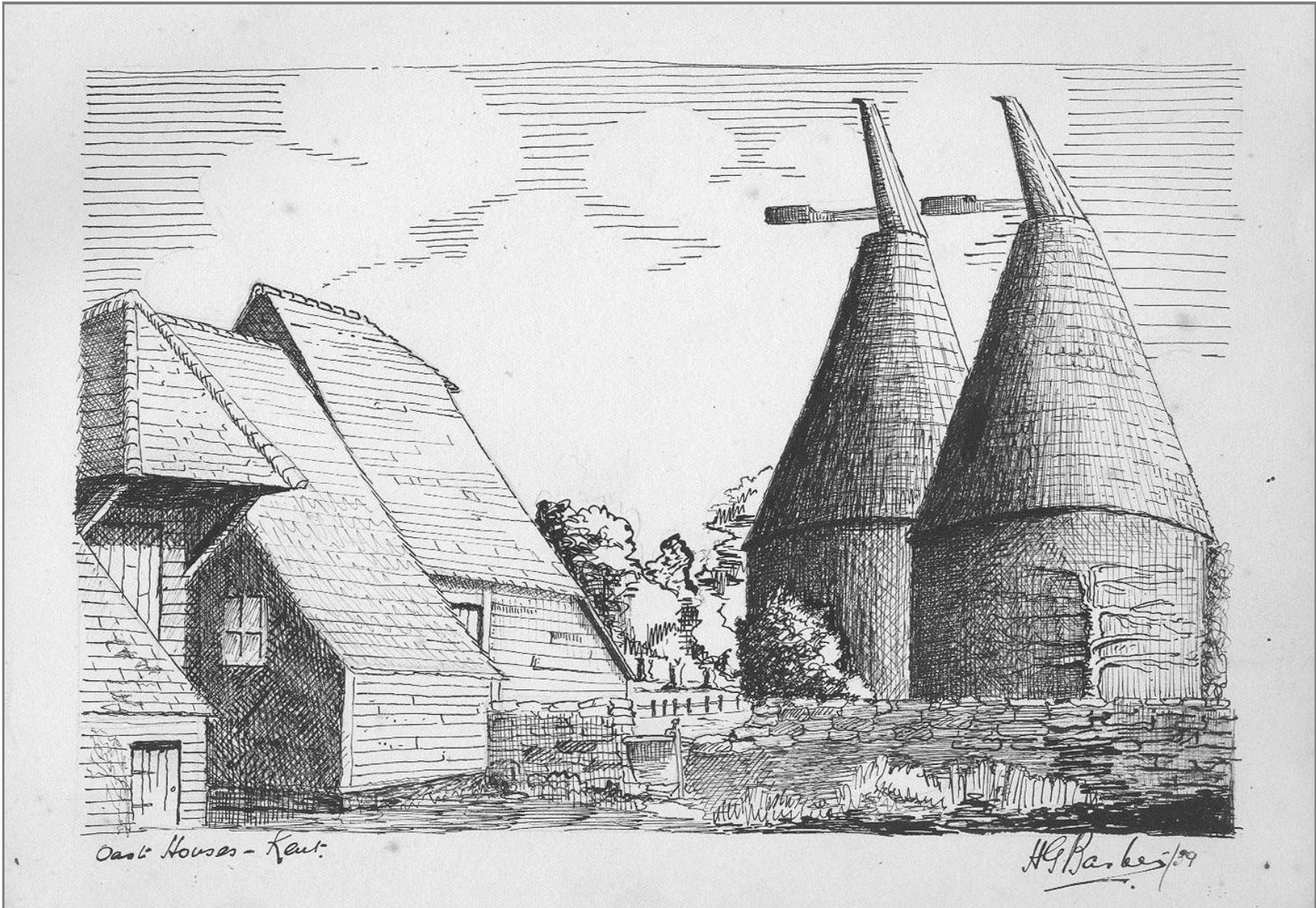
By W. Somerset Maugham

And in a few minutes, Harold and Jane with pieces of bread and butter in their hands, they sauntered through the meadow into the hop-field. They were the last to leave. A hop-garden was one of the sights connected with Philip's boyhood and the oast-houses to him the most typical feature of the Kentish scene. It was with no sense of strangeness, but as though he were at home, that Philip followed Sally through the long lines of the hops. The sun was bright now and cast a sharp shadow. Philip feasted his eyes on the richness of the green leaves. The hops were yellowing, and to him they had the beauty and the passion which poets in Sicily have found in the purple grape. As they walked along Philip felt himself overwhelmed by the rich luxuriance. A sweet scent arose from the fat Kentish soil, and the fitful September breeze was heavy with the goodly perfume of the hops. Athelstan felt the exhilaration instinctively, for he lifted up his voice and sang; it was the cracked voice of the boy of fifteen, and Sally turned round.

"You be quiet, Athelstan, or we shall have a thunderstorm."







Oast Houses - Kent.

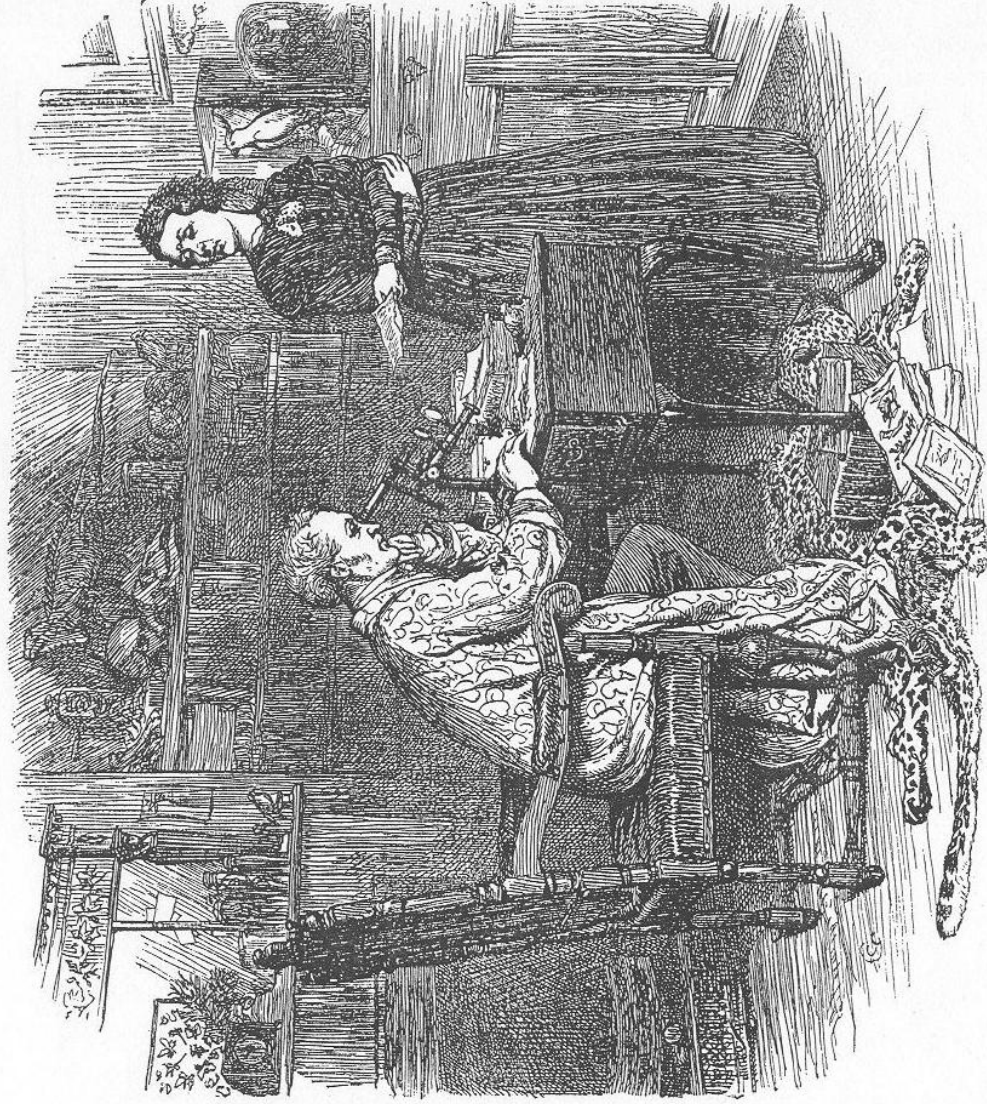
HG Barber/99

July 1, 1890.

# THE TREASURE HOUR.

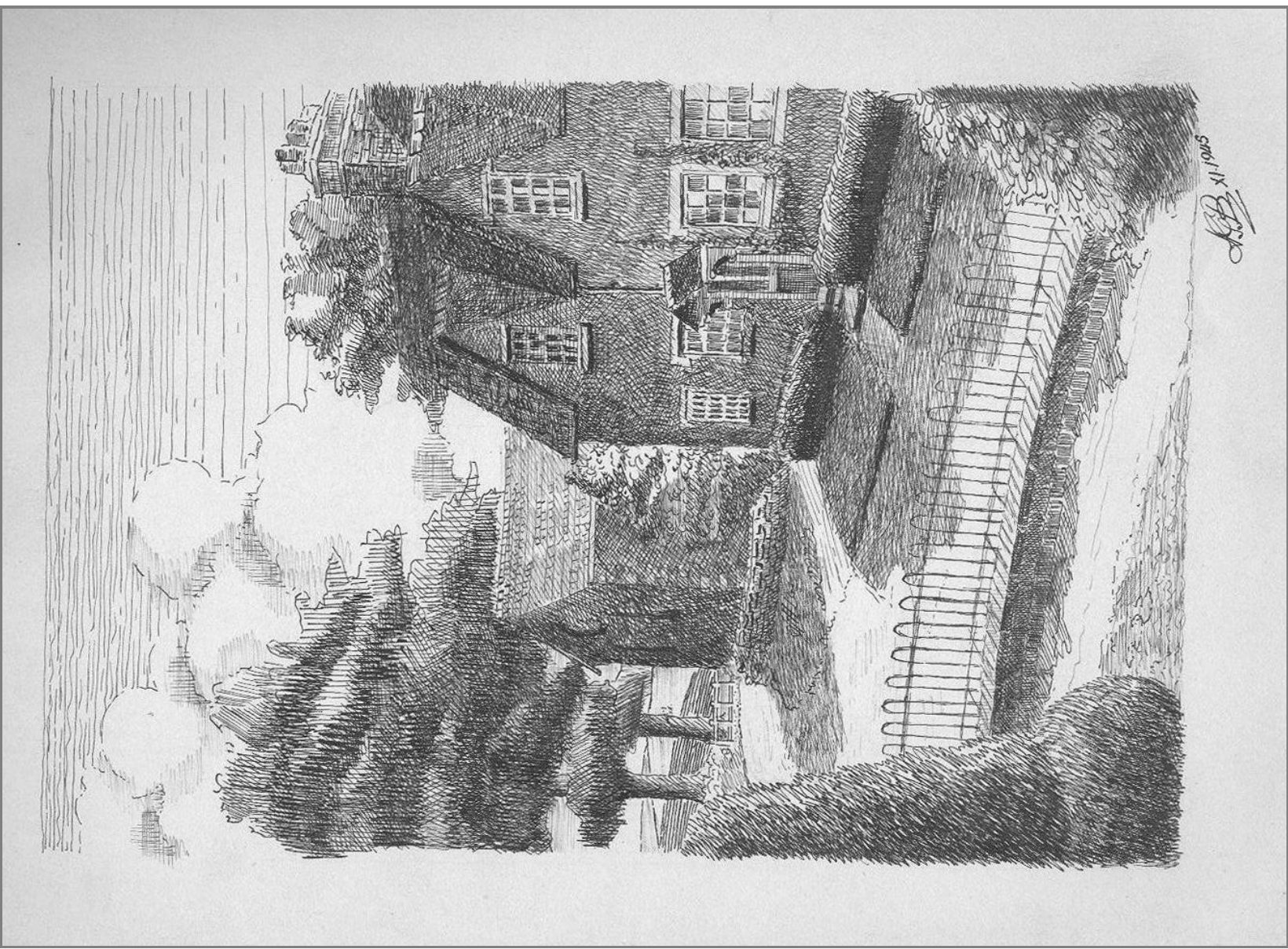
A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Compter.*



MR. BANASTER IN PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

Mr. Banaster was the master of a fine old house called Fothergill, and Miss Trigg was his sister-in-law, and lived with him. He was an ardent naturalist, and devoted his time to studies which afforded him continually increasing delight, and comforted him under all his tribulations.





## A Christmas Carol

by Charles Dickens

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs; slowly too: trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadly, with the splinter-bar towards the wall and the door towards the balustrades: and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half-a-dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

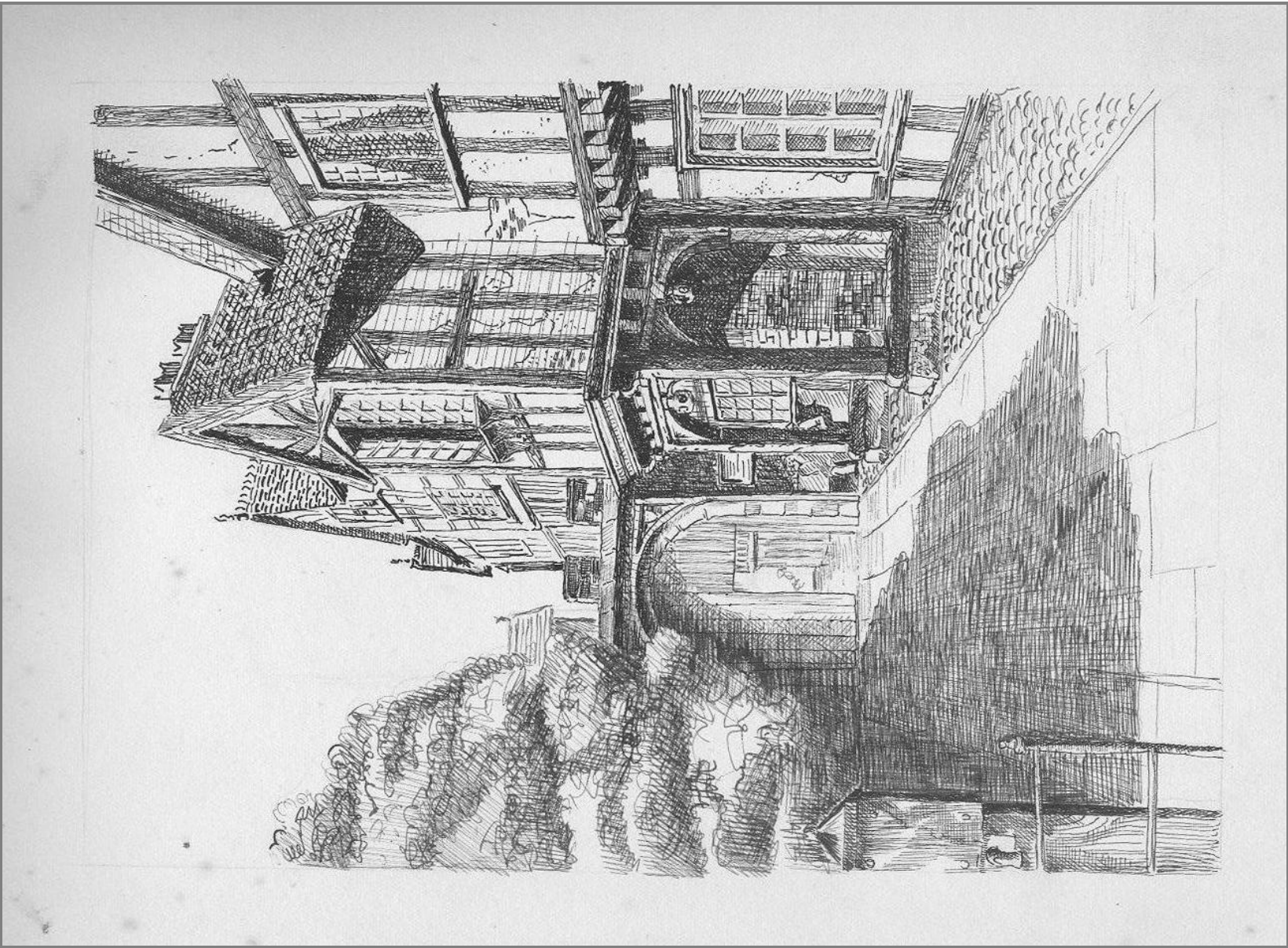
Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

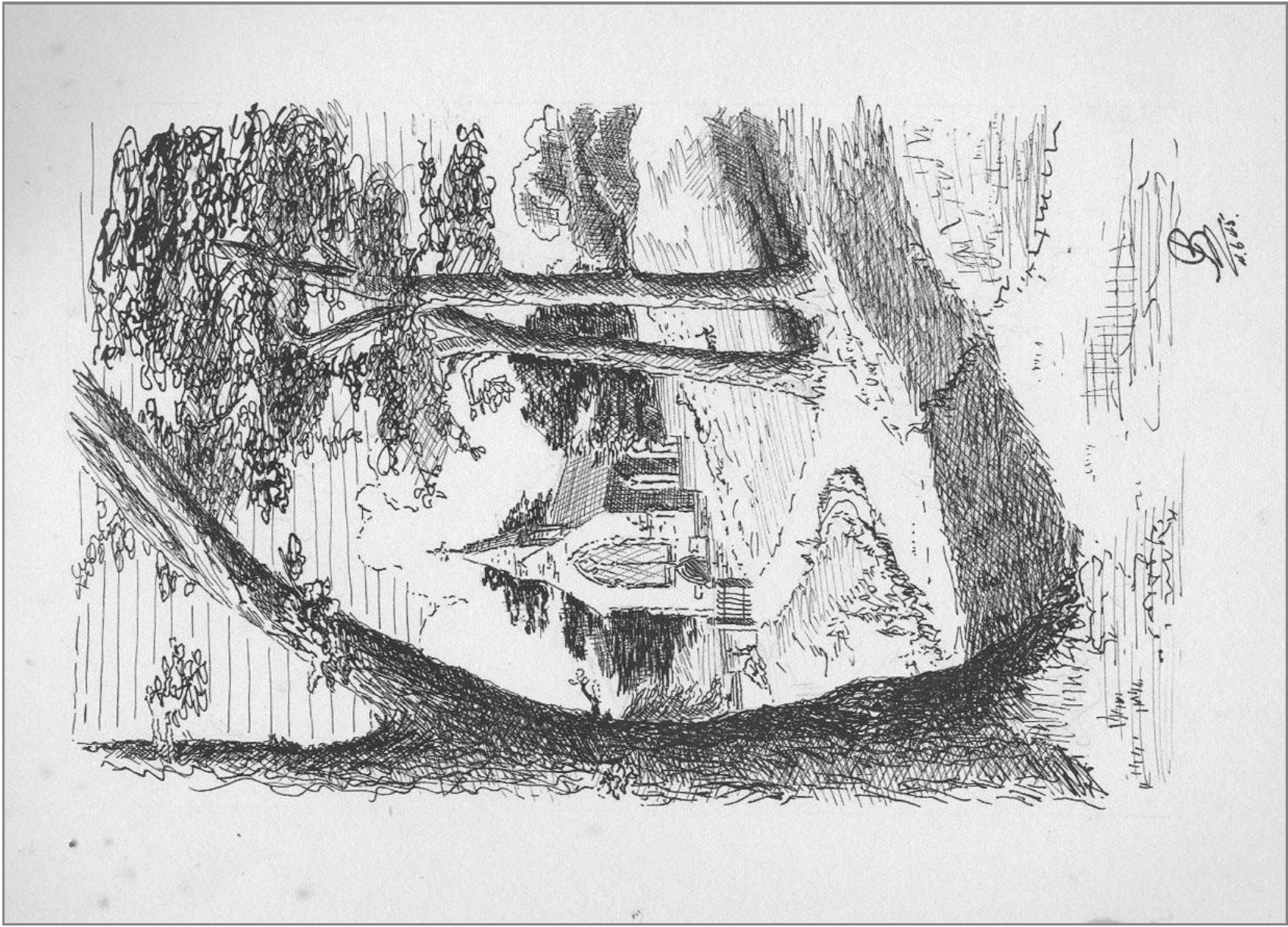
It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters; Queens of Sheba, Angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather-beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient Prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge; and walked across the room.









Little white  
church  
in  
the  
valley  
of  
the  
mountains  
1888  
B. B. W.

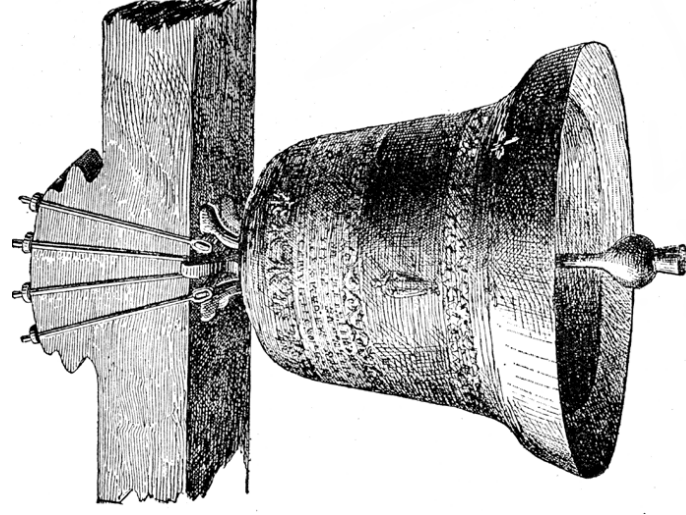
## Memorials of Mr. Thomas Lowe of Rusholme

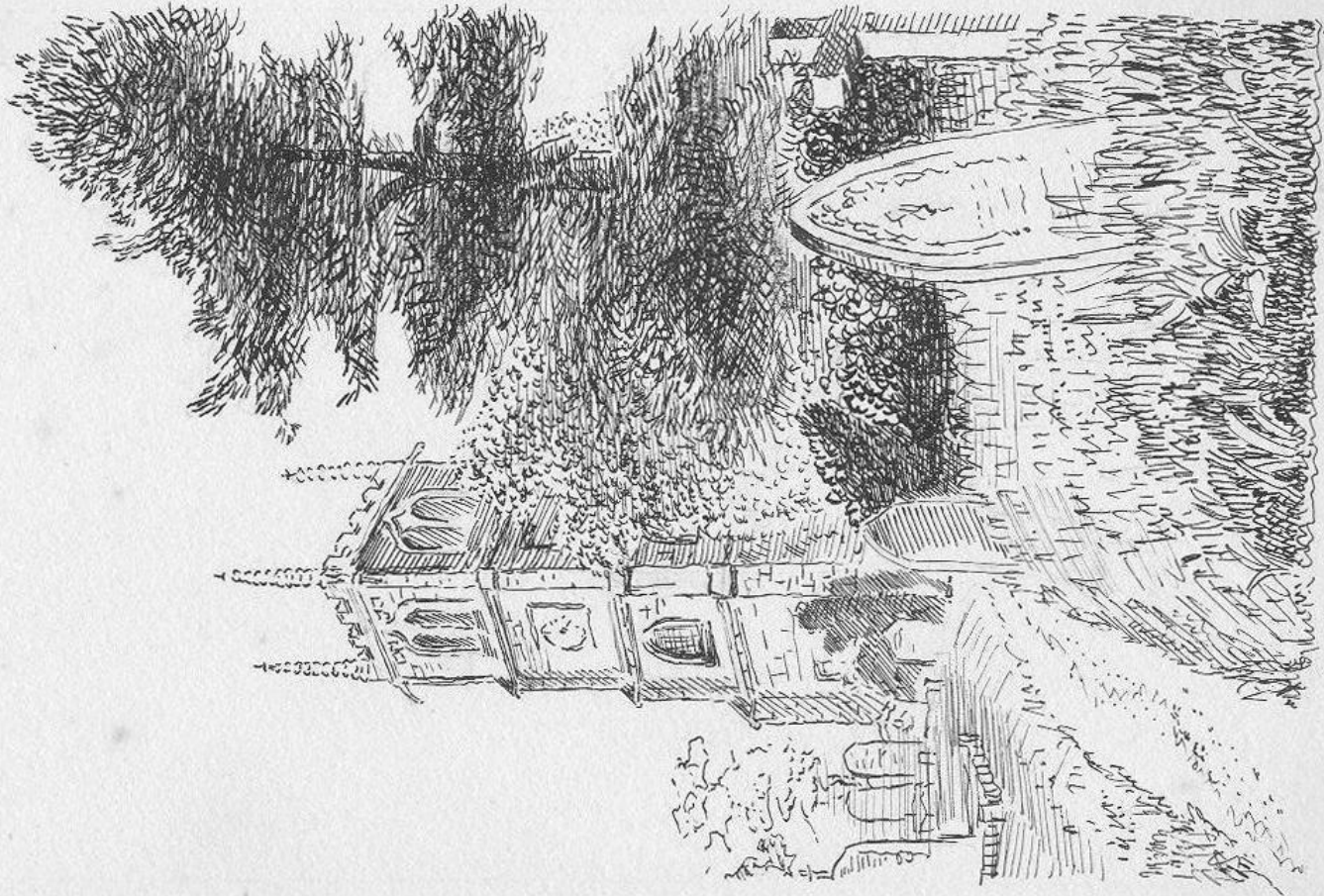
by Rev. Edward Strutt

"The first nine years of my life were spent in my native village, and I still retain a clear recollection of some events that occurred during these opening years of my life. I remember the church bells tolling at the death of George III. in 1820. I also remember being at a prayer-meeting in the little Wesleyan Chapel on a Good Friday evening; father, an old man named John Kelsall, Thomas Bayley, and several others were present. They were having what in after years I learned to understand, a very good time, and I remember that during the meeting I was very happy. I have no doubt but that it was the drawings of the Holy Spirit causing my young heart to feel a love to the Saviour.

Very early in life I had a happy, sympathetic appreciation of the beauties of nature. I remember when I was about seven years old, standing in the churchyard, late in the spring, admiring the beauties of the scene before me, and listening to the singing of the birds, when a pensive feeling came over me as I thought how soon all this beauty would pass away. But then I thought of the pleasure of harvesttime yet to come: I was always delighted with the scent of the newly mown grass, and the sound of the mowers whetting their scythes. Thus early did I begin to feel a love for the beautiful in nature, a love which has often since then been a source of great delight to me.

How permanent are early impressions ! To this day I would rather hear a peal on the bells at Wybunbury than on any other bells I have ever heard since. The last time I heard them I could not repress a falling tear : I was thankful I was alone, so that I could revel in the thought of my early days."





Wynbury Church

H. J. B. 1912

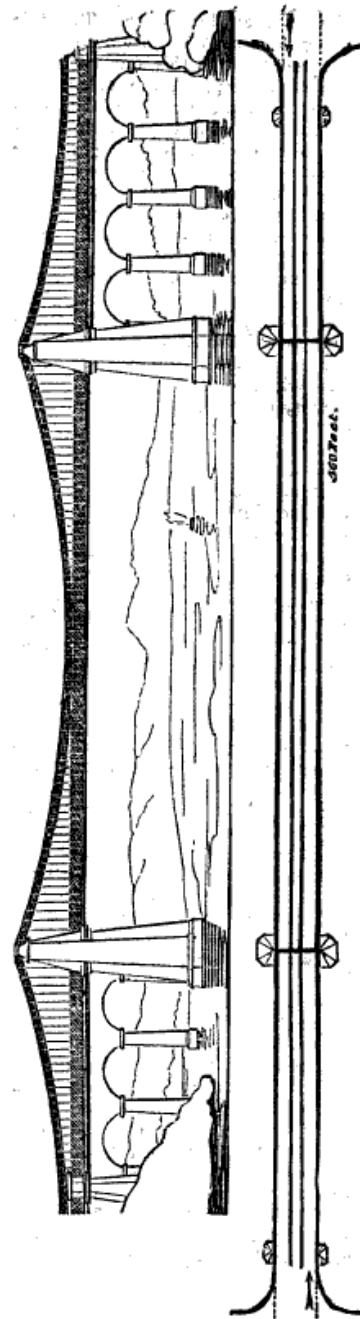


NARRATIVE OF THE BUILDING  
OF THE MENAI SUSPENSION  
BRIDGE.

Sir,—In the summer of 1826, I made a tour through a part of North Wales; and amongst the objects which most excited my curiosity, and which were most worthy of attention, there were none that I beheld with more admiration and astonishment than the suspension bridge over the Straits of Menai, (see annexed sketch) and the superb aqueduct over the Vale of the Dee, called Pont Cysylltir, both of which were designed and erected under the direction of Thomas Telford, Esq. and will remain long-enduring proofs of his eminent genius.

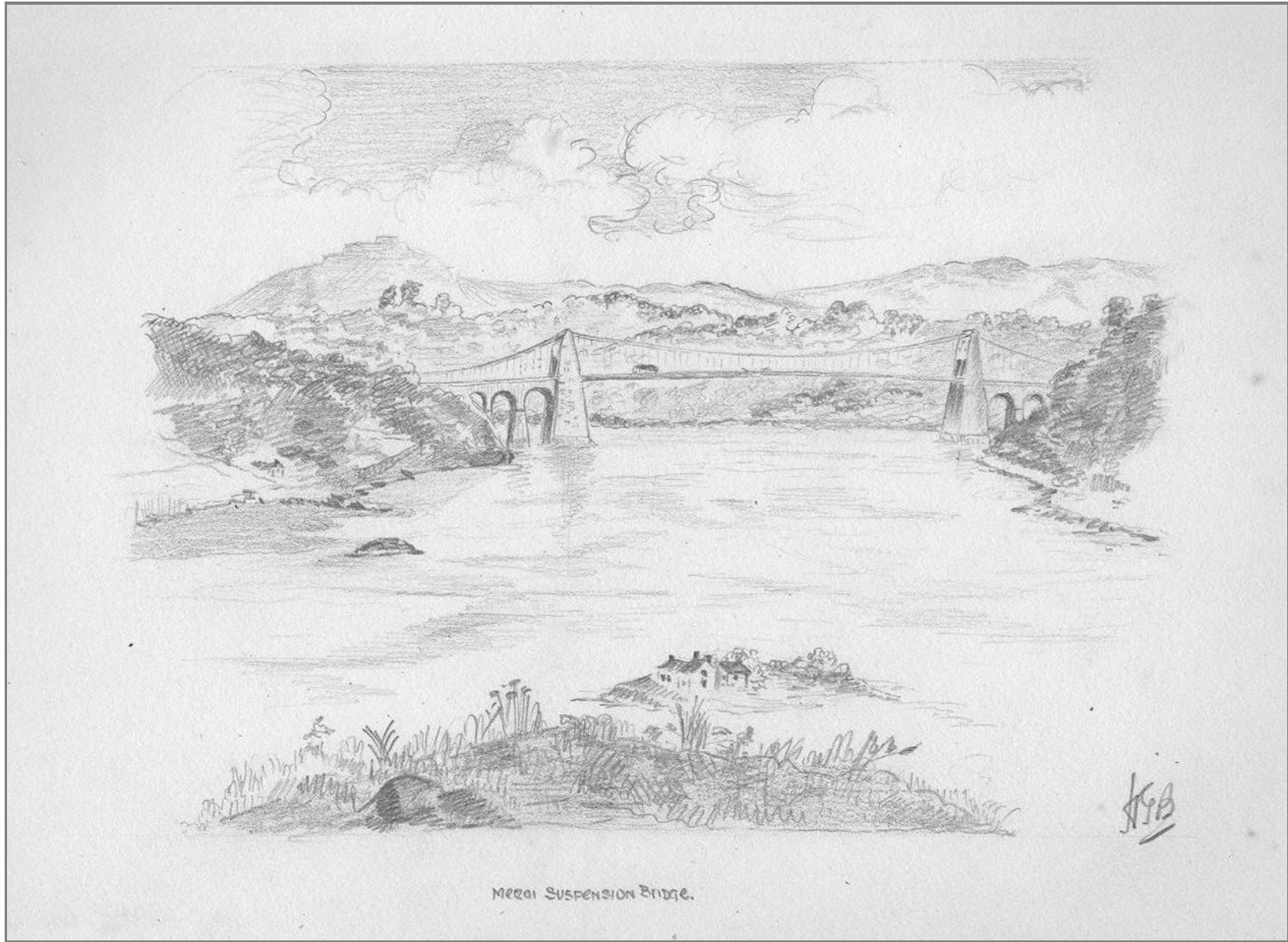
As the Mechanics' Magazine is a repertory of arts and sciences, and as I am not aware that any description of the Menai Bridge has appeared in your interesting publication, I will, with your permission, give some of the particulars of this stupendous work, which may perhaps both amuse and instruct your readers. The account which I shall furnish, will be from the narration of Dr. Pringe, who resided about a mile from the spot where the bridge is erected; and who was frequently led there by the novelty of the structure, and had observed its progress with considerable attention.

The first process towards the erection of this truly magnificent and unrivalled bridge took place in the month of May, 1819, by blasting, and removing the inequalities of the rock called Ynys-y-moch (which at that time was accessible only at low water) to an even surface, in order to form a solid foundation for the north main pier on the Anglesea side. For this purpose, in a few months afterwards, the intermediate space between the Anglesea shore and the rock was filled up with a temporary causeway of stone-work, wide enough to admit of a rail road for sledges drawn by horses, and which, being considerably elevated above high-water mark, afforded the workmen an opportunity of passing and repassing to their various occupations at all



The diatom *Bacillaria  
paradoxa*, collected and  
drawn by Horace G.  
Barber

Mechanics Magazine  
(Volume 8)  
1<sup>st</sup> September 1827



Mequi Suspension Bridge.

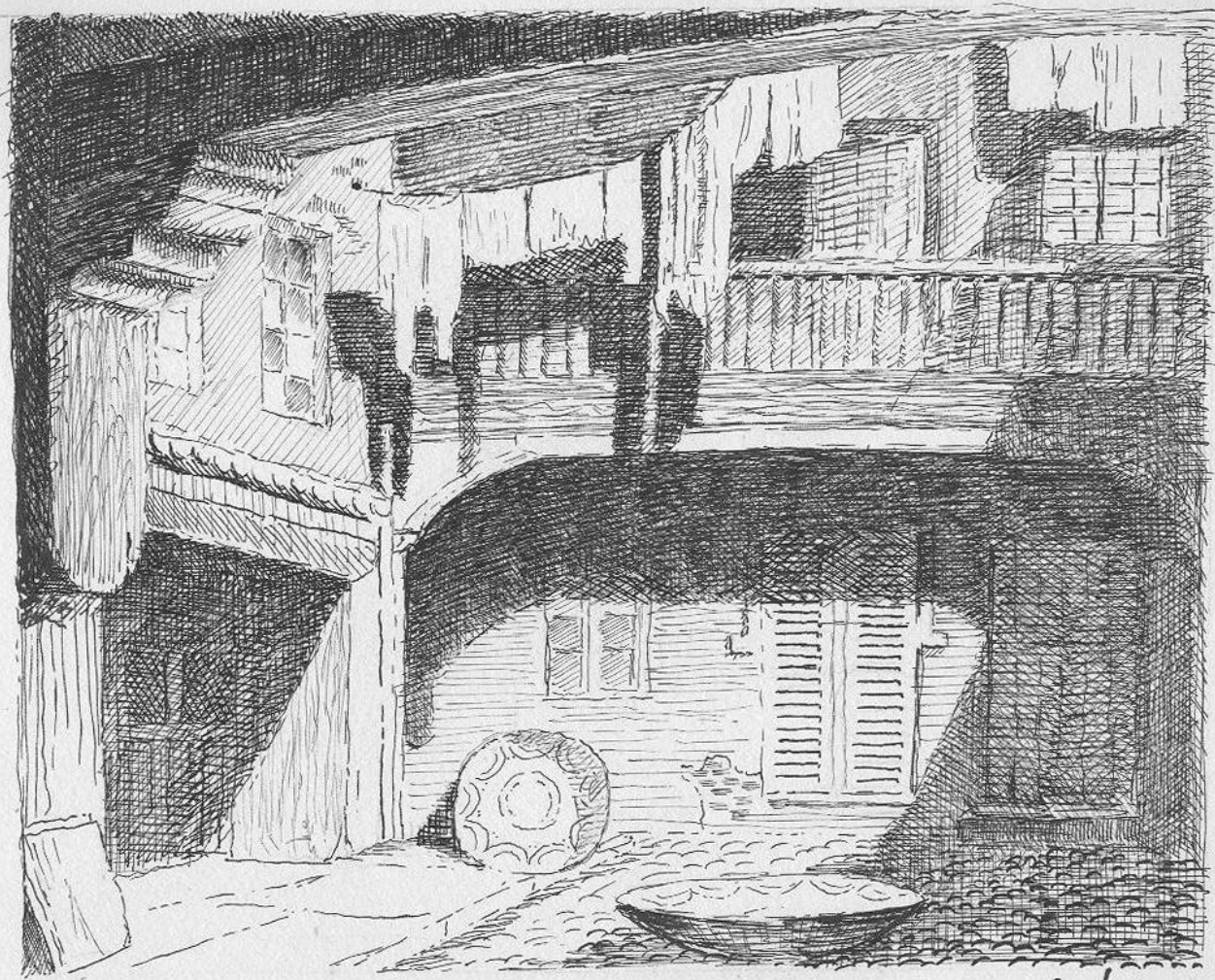
H. B.

**Romola**  
by George Eliot

The loggia at the top of Bardo's house rose above the buildings on each side of it, and formed a gallery round quadrangular walls. On the side towards the street the roof was supported by columns; but on the remaining sides, by a wall pierced with arched openings, so that at the back, looking over a crowd of irregular, poorly-built dwellings towards the hill of Bogoli, Romola could at all times have a walk sheltered from observation. Near one of those arched openings, close to the door by which he had entered the loggia, Tito awaited her, with a sickening sense of the sunlight that slanted before him and mingled itself with the ruin of his hopes. He had never for a moment relied on Romola's passion for him as likely to be too strong for the repulsion created by the discovery of his secret; he had not the presumptuous vanity which might have hindered him from feeling that her love had the same root with her belief in him. But as he imagined her coming towards him in her radiant beauty, made so loveably mortal by her soft hazel eyes, he fell into wishing that she had been something lower, if it were only that she might let him clasp her and kiss her before they parted. He had had no real caress from her—nothing but now and then a long glance, a kiss, a pressure of the hand; and he had so often longed that they should be alone together. They were going to be alone now; but he saw her standing inexorably aloof from him. His heart gave a great throb as he saw the door move: Romola was there. It was all like a flash of lightning: he felt, rather than saw, the glory about her head, the tearful appealing eyes; he felt, rather than heard, the cry of love with which she said, "Tito!"







H. P. Barber  
42

## The Wind in the Willows

by Kenneth Grahame

'But isn't it a bit dull at times?' the Mole ventured to ask. 'Just you and the river, and no one else to pass a word with?'

'No one else to—well, I mustn't be hard on you,' said the Rat with forbearance. 'You're new to it, and of course you don't know. The bank is so crowded nowadays that many people are moving away altogether: O no, it isn't what it used to be, at all. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moorhens, all of them about all day long and always wanting you to DO something—as if a fellow had no business of his own to attend to!'

'What lies over THERE' asked the Mole, waving a paw towards a background of woodland that darkly framed the water-meadows on one side of the river.

'That? O, that's just the Wild Wood,' said the Rat shortly. 'We don't go there very much, we river-bankers.'

'Aren't they—aren't they very NICE people in there?' said the Mole, a trifle nervously.

'W-e-ll,' replied the Rat, 'let me see. The squirrels are all right. AND the rabbits—some of 'em, but rabbits are a mixed lot. And then there's Badger, of course. He lives right in the heart of it; wouldn't live anywhere else, either, if you paid him to do it. Dear old Badger! Nobody interferes with HIM. They'd better not,' he added significantly.

'Why, who SHOULD interfere with him?' asked the Mole.

'Well, of course—there—are others,' explained the Rat in a hesitating sort of way.

'Weasels—and stoats—and foxes—and so on. They're all right in a way—I'm very good friends with them—pass the time of day when we meet, and all that—but they break out sometimes, there's no denying it, and then—well, you can't really trust them, and that's the fact.'

The Mole knew well that it is quite against animal-etiquette to dwell on possible trouble ahead, or even to allude to it; so he dropped the subject.

'And beyond the Wild Wood again?' he asked: 'Where it's all blue and dim, and one sees what may be hills or perhaps they mayn't, and something like the smoke of towns, or is it only cloud-drift?'

'Beyond the Wild Wood comes the Wide World,' said the Rat. 'And that's something that doesn't matter, either to you or me. I've never been there, and I'm never going, nor you either, if you've got any sense at all. Don't ever refer to it again, please. Now then! Here's our backwater at last, where we're going to lunch.'







## **Jack Frost in the Garden**

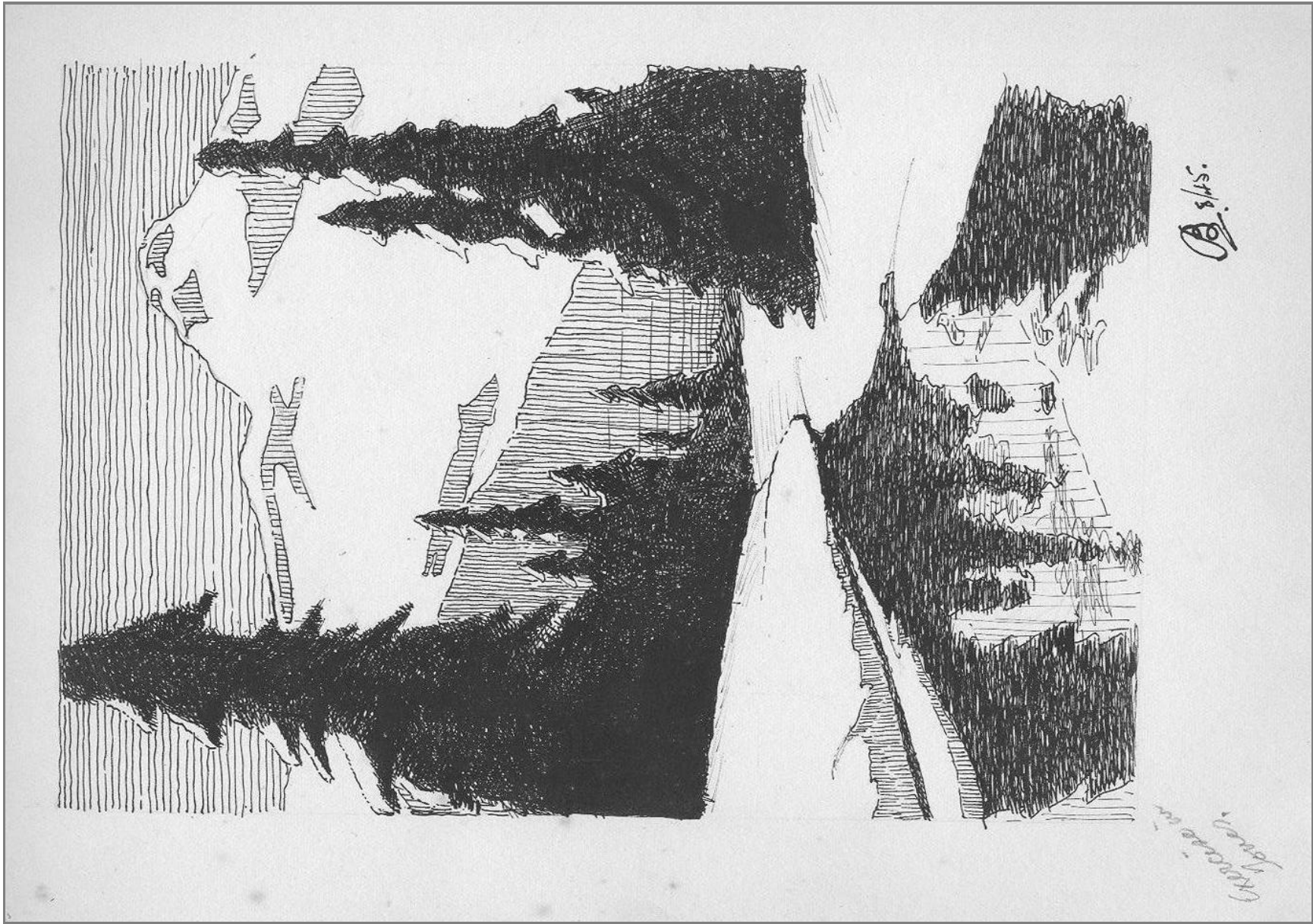
by John P. Smeeton

*Jack Frost was in the garden;  
I saw him there at dawn;  
He was dancing round the bushes  
And prancing on the lawn.  
He had a cloak of silver,  
A hat all shimm'ring white,  
A wand of glittering star-dust,  
And shoes of sunbeam light.*

*Jack Frost was in the garden,  
When I went out to play  
He nipped my toes and fingers  
And quickly ran away.  
I chased him 'round the wood-shed,  
But, oh! I'm sad to say  
That though I chased him everywhere  
He simply wouldn't stay.*

*Jack Frost was in the garden :  
But now I'd like to know  
Where I can find him hiding ;  
I've hunted high and low-  
I've lost his cloak of silver,  
His hat all shimm'ring white,  
His wand of glittering star-dust,  
His shoes of sunbeam light.*





B. S. H. S.

Grassland  
Landscape

## **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland**

by Lewis Carroll

'That WAS a narrow escape!' said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; 'and now for the garden!' and she ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, 'and things are worse than ever,' thought the poor child, 'for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!'

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, 'and in that case I can go back by railway,' she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion, that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

'I wish I hadn't cried so much!' said Alice, as she swam about, trying to find her way out. 'I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That WILL be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day.'

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was: at first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.





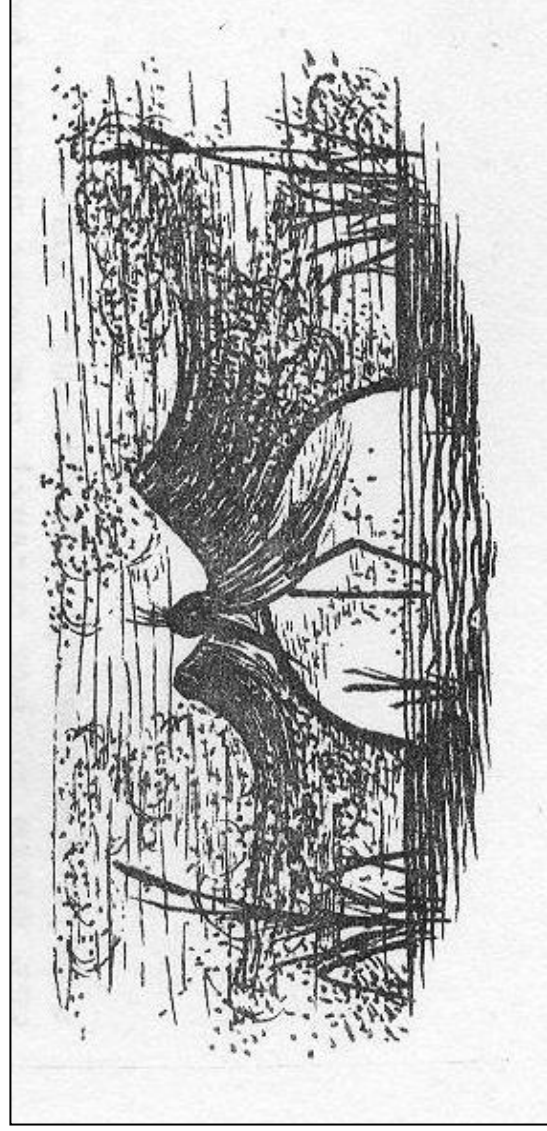


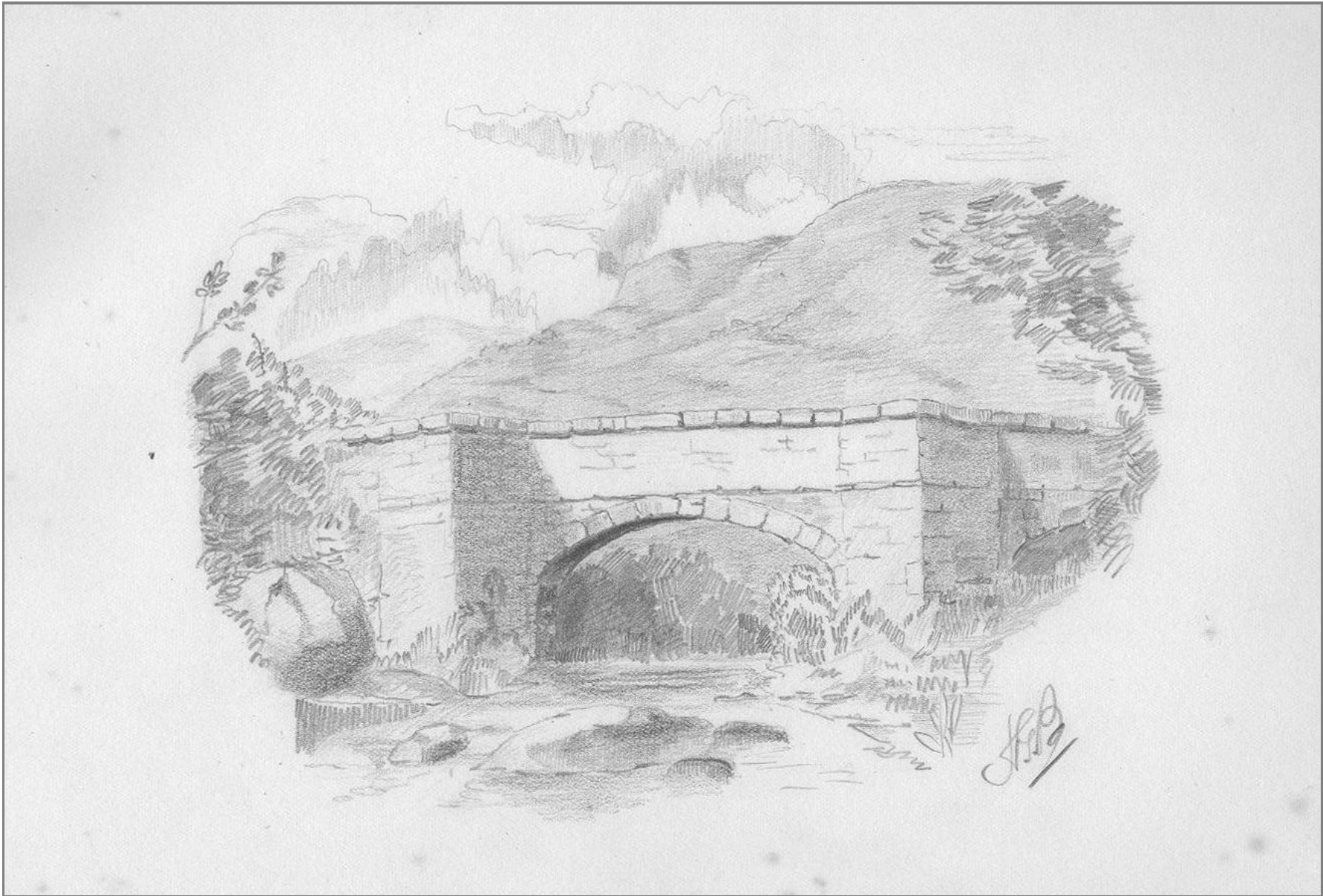
D/42

## The Cambrian Traveller's Guide, and Pocket Companion

by George Nicholson (1840)

The OLD ROAD from Merthyr Tydvil to BRECON may be pursued from *Morlais Castell*, near *Geli-Fallog*, over the mountains, *Tâff Fychan* river, or "Little Tâff," running on the l. The winding down the hill leads the traveller to *Pont-sticill*, a bridge of one arch, crossing Tâff Fychan, after which the mountain on the l. is to be climbed. The two summits of *Mount Denny* or *Cadair Arthur*, one of the Brecon beacons, enveloped in clouds, communicate much grandeur to the prospect. Mr. Malkin says that these peaks may almost be said to personify ubiquity, as they may be seen from the *Bloreng*, from *Breiddin* and the *Clees*. A green lane to the l. leads again to the river side, here crossed by a bridge of one long narrow trunk. *Capel Glyn collieng* is near this spot. Hence the path soon reaches the foot of *Mount Denny*, and presents a laborious ascent. A stone bridge is thrown across Tâff Fychan; the road then lies up the mountain to the r. close by the river, now a trickling rill, passing by its source.







## **The Old Man at the Cottage Door**

by T. S. Arthur

*Come, faint old man! and sit awhile*

*Beside our cottage door;*

*A cup of water from the spring,*

*A loaf to bless the poor,*

*We give with cheerful hearts, for God*

*Hath given us of his store.*

*Too feeble, thou, for daily toil,*

*Too weak to earn thy bread--*

*For th' weight of many, many years,*

*Lies heavy on thy head--*

*A wanderer, want, thy weary feet,*

*Hath to our cottage led.*

*Come rest awhile. 'Twill not be long,*

*Ere thy faint head shall know*

*A deeper, calmer, better rest,*

*Than cometh here below;*

*When He, who loveth every one,*

*Shall call thee hence to go.*

*God bless thee in thy wanderings!*

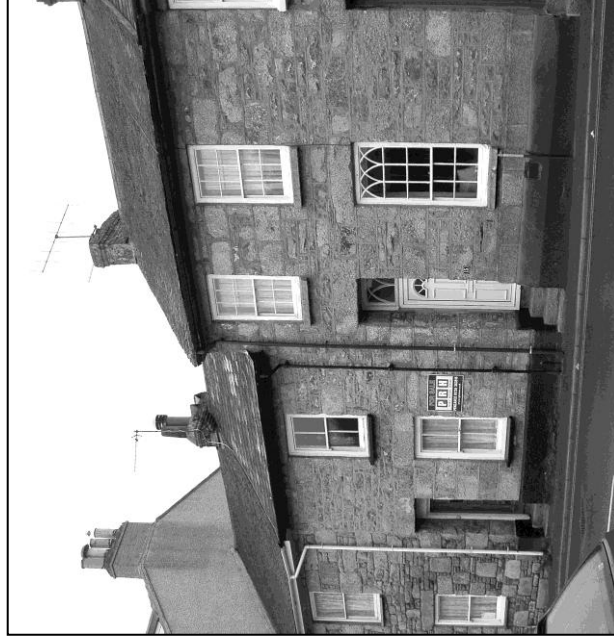
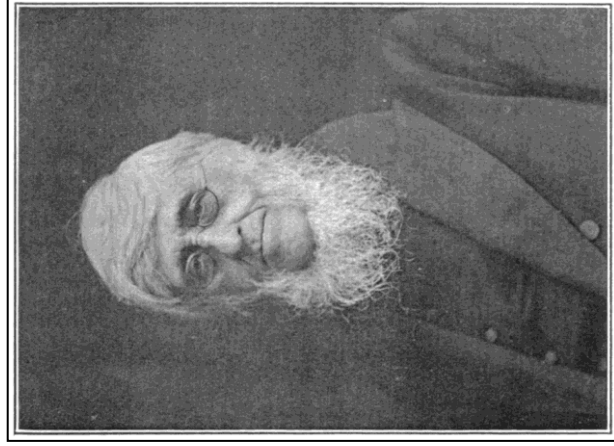
*Wherever they may be,*

*And make the ears of every one*

*Attentive to thy plea;*

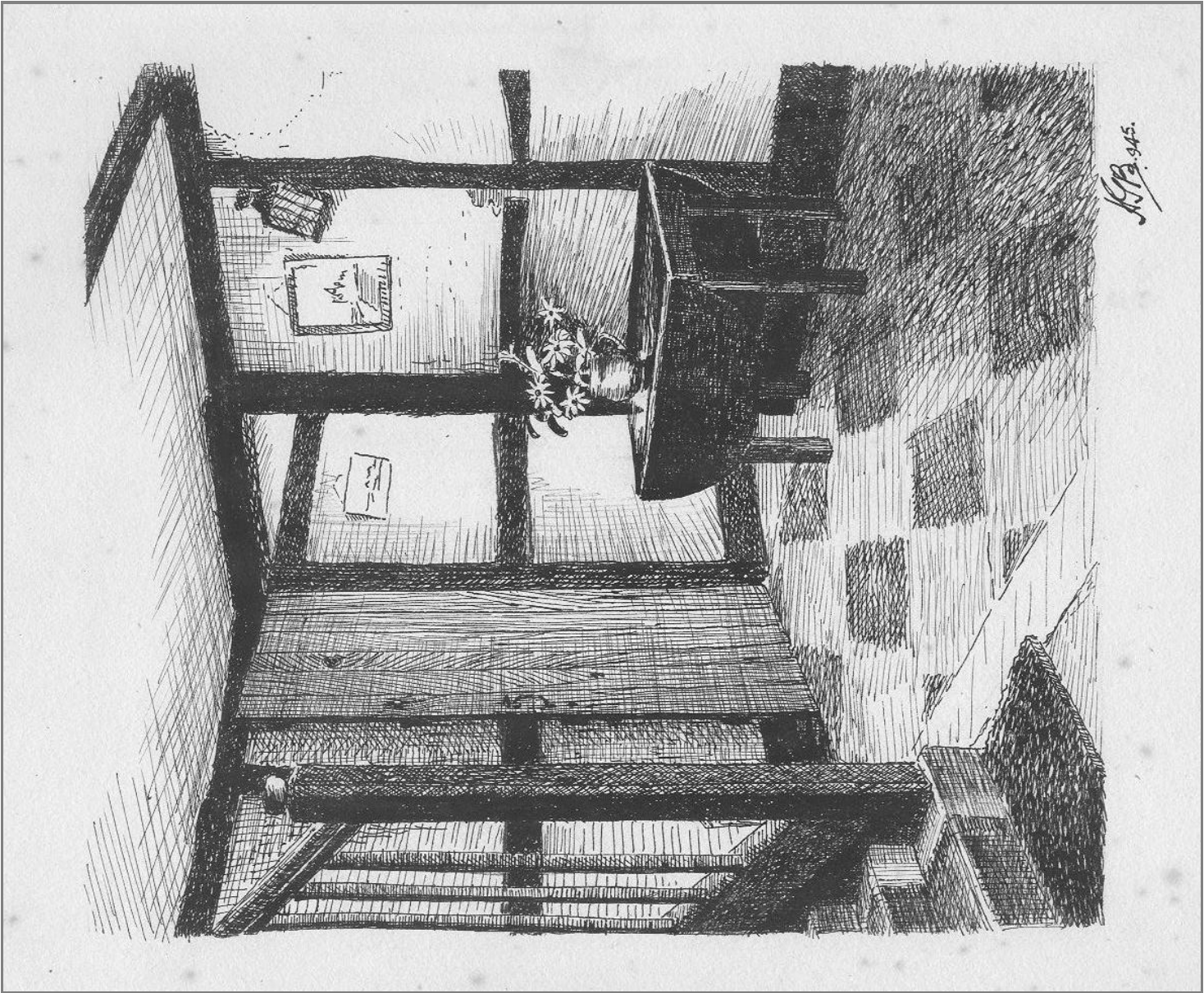
*A double blessing will be theirs,*

*Who kindly turn to thee.*



John Ralfs and No. 15 Clare street,

Penzance where he took up  
residence as a boarder following the  
loss of his money.



J.P. 945.

## Scenes of Clerical Life

by George Eliot

A pleasant room it was as any party need desire to muster in on a cold November evening. The fireplace alone was a picture: a wide and deep recess with a low brick altar in the middle, where great logs of dry wood sent myriad sparks up the dark chimney-throat; and over the front of this recess a large wooden entablature bearing this motto, finely carved in old English letters, 'Fear God and honour the King'.

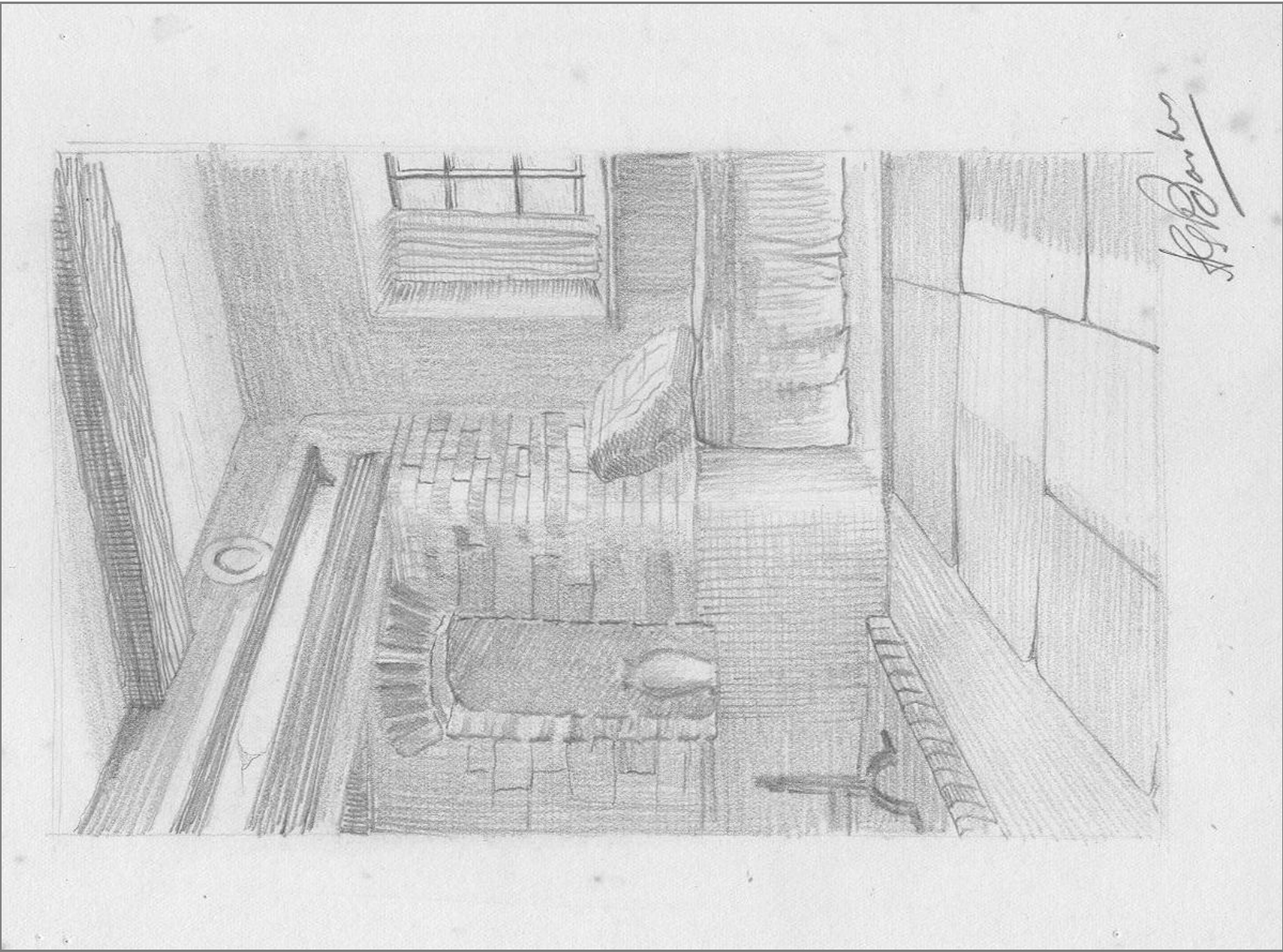
The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the

No. of Schedule	Parish (or Township) of	City or Municipal Borough of	Municipal Ward of	Parliamentary Borough of		Town of	Hamlet or Tithing, &c., of	Eclesiastical District of
				City or Town	Parish			
		Name of Person		Relation to Head of Family	Age of Person	Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born	Whether Blind or Deaf and Dumb
		Name and Surname of each Person						
224	14 Blanford Sq	Blanford	Blanford	Head	55	Independent	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Mrs High	Wife	38	Housewife	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Miss Fox	Daughter	35	Cook	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Edwin Bennett	Servant	22	Man servant	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
225	15 Blanford Sq	Blanford	Blanford	Head	50	Parish Clerk (Blanford)	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Another do	Wife	45	Parish Clerk	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Edward do	Son	14	Student	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	12	Housemaid	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Miss Jackson	Servant	43	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Miss Jackson	Servant	17	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
226	16 Blanford Sq	Blanford	Blanford	Head	43	Parish Clerk (Blanford)	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			William do	Son	16	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Charles do	Son	15	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			James do	Son	14	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Ann do	Daughter	13	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	12	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
227	17 Blanford Sq	Blanford	Blanford	Head	60	Parish Clerk (Blanford)	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Mrs William Parker	Wife	58	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Robert do	Son	40	Parish Clerk (Blanford)	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			William do	Son	38	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	35	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			James do	Son	30	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Ann do	Daughter	28	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	25	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			James do	Son	22	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Ann do	Daughter	20	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	18	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			James do	Son	16	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Ann do	Daughter	14	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
			Elizabeth do	Daughter	12	do	Blanford Blanford	Blanford
4	Total of Houses...			Total of Males and Females...	14			

### 1861 Census

By the times of this census Mary Ann Evans was living with George Lewes as his wife. The census return records her as 'wife; but in fact she had not married him.





from **Brother and Sister**

by George Eliot

(22 November 1819 – 22 December 1880)

*Our brown canal was endless to my thought;  
And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,  
Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,  
Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.*

*Slowly the barges floated into view  
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime  
With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew  
The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.*

*The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,  
The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,  
The echoes of the quarry, the still hours  
With white robe sweeping-on the shadeless noon,*

*Were but my growing self, are part of me,  
My present Past, my root of piety.*



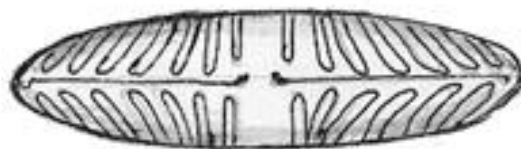


**Beaumaris bay: the shores of the Menai, and the interior of Snowdonia**

by Richard Llwyd

**LLANGOED\* AND DIN SYLWY.†**

**THESE** places will occupy the ramble of a day agreeably, particularly to the lovers of varied scenery and antiquity. We pass the Friary, and soon reach Llangoed, the improved residence of the late Robert Hughes, Esq. a younger son of the ancient family of Plás Cóch; and reaching the eminence above it, we turn round to admire the scenery through which we had passed. The connexion of the Bay with the English Channel is completely concealed, and the former, at high water, is another lake of Geneva, of from thirty to forty miles in circumference, having on the right the fertile vale of Llangoed—



The diatom *Pinnularia intermedia*,  
collected and drawn by Horace G. Barber

Vales! where of yore, Pomona lov'd to play,  
And bade her leafy folds exclude the day—  
Bright fair! again in showers of bloom descend,  
And teach the fruitful branches how to bend.

To this vale, *Hênllŷs*, the seat J. H. Lewis, Esq. is an ornament. On the left, the Alpine ridge of Arvon, and in the distance, southward, terminated by the towers of Penrhyn, the city of Bangor, the grand Bridge, and Snowdon with his lordly associates crowding about him.



Jr. Will Rhye Langford.

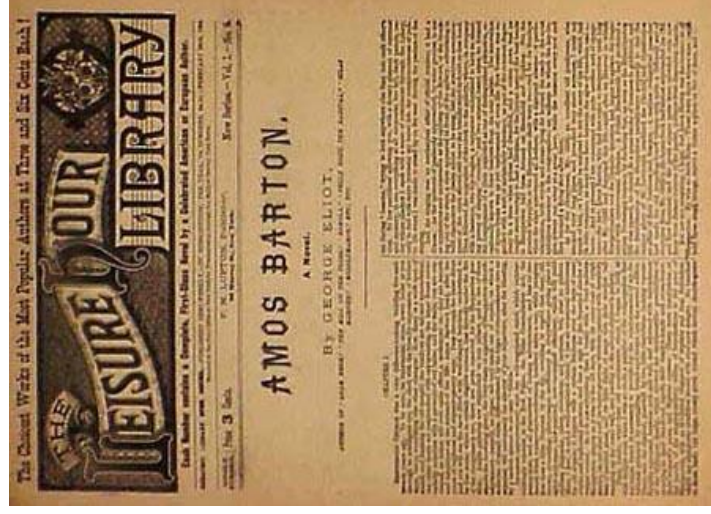
B. H. S.

## SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE

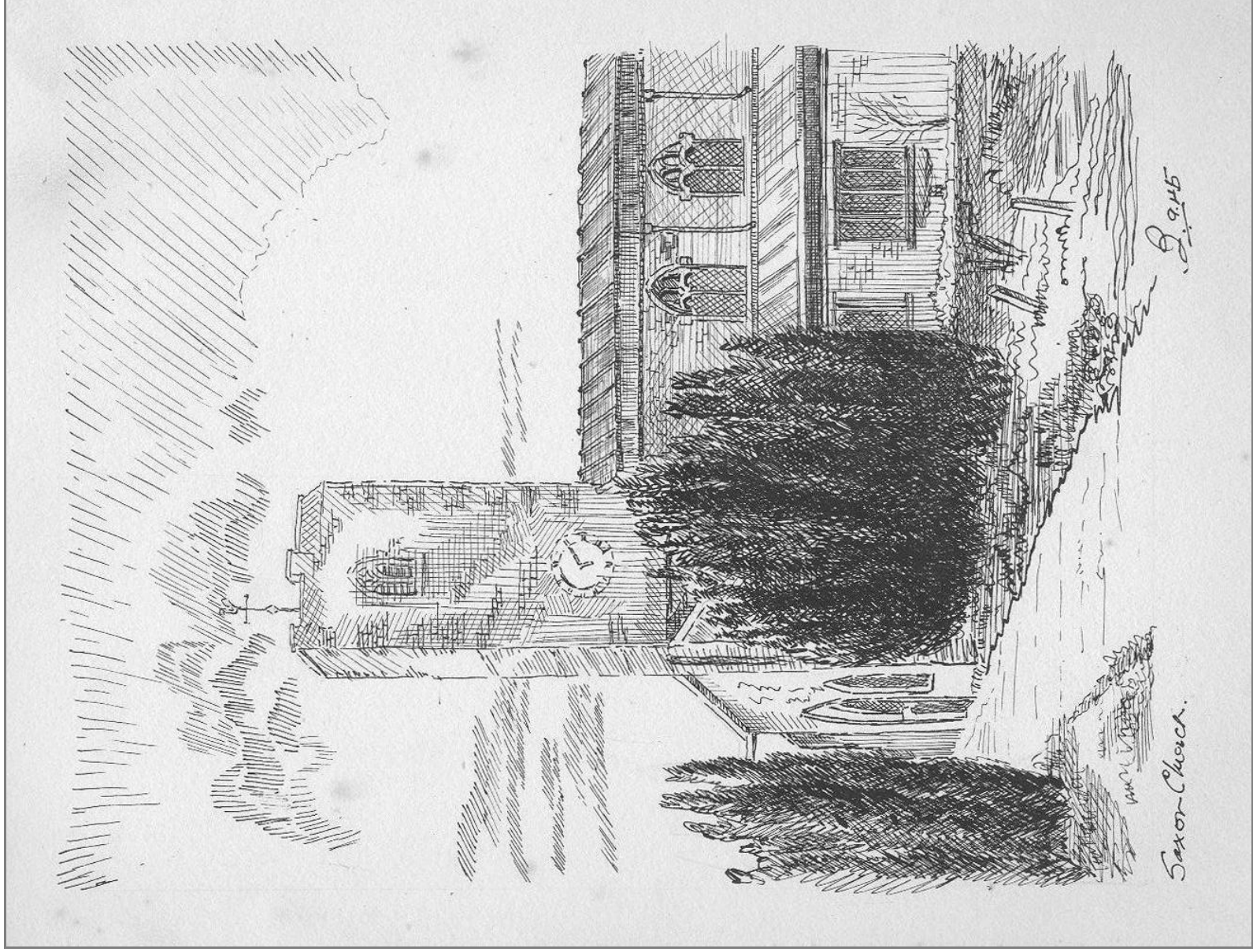
by George Eliot

### THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REV. AMOS BARTON, Chapter 1

Shepperton Church was a very different-looking building five-and-twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days; but in everything else what changes! Now there is a wide span of slated roof flanking the old steeple; the windows are tall and symmetrical; the outer doors are resplendent with oak-graining, the inner doors reverentially noiseless with a garment of red baize; and the walls, you are convinced, no lichen will ever again effect a settlement on—they are smooth and innutrient as the summit of the Rev. Amos Barton's head, after ten years of baldness and supererogatory soap. Pass through the baize doors and you will see the nave filled with well-shaped benches, understood to be free seats; while in certain eligible corners, less directly under the fire of the clergyman's eye, there are pews reserved for the Shepperton gentility. Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars, and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or aigrette of Shepperton church-adornment—namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing, by a sacred minuet or an easy 'Gloria'.







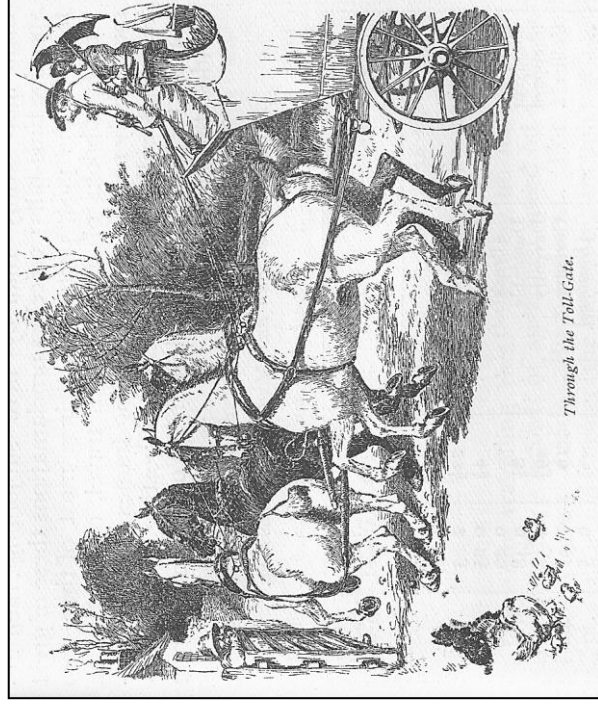
D. 9.15

Saxon Church.

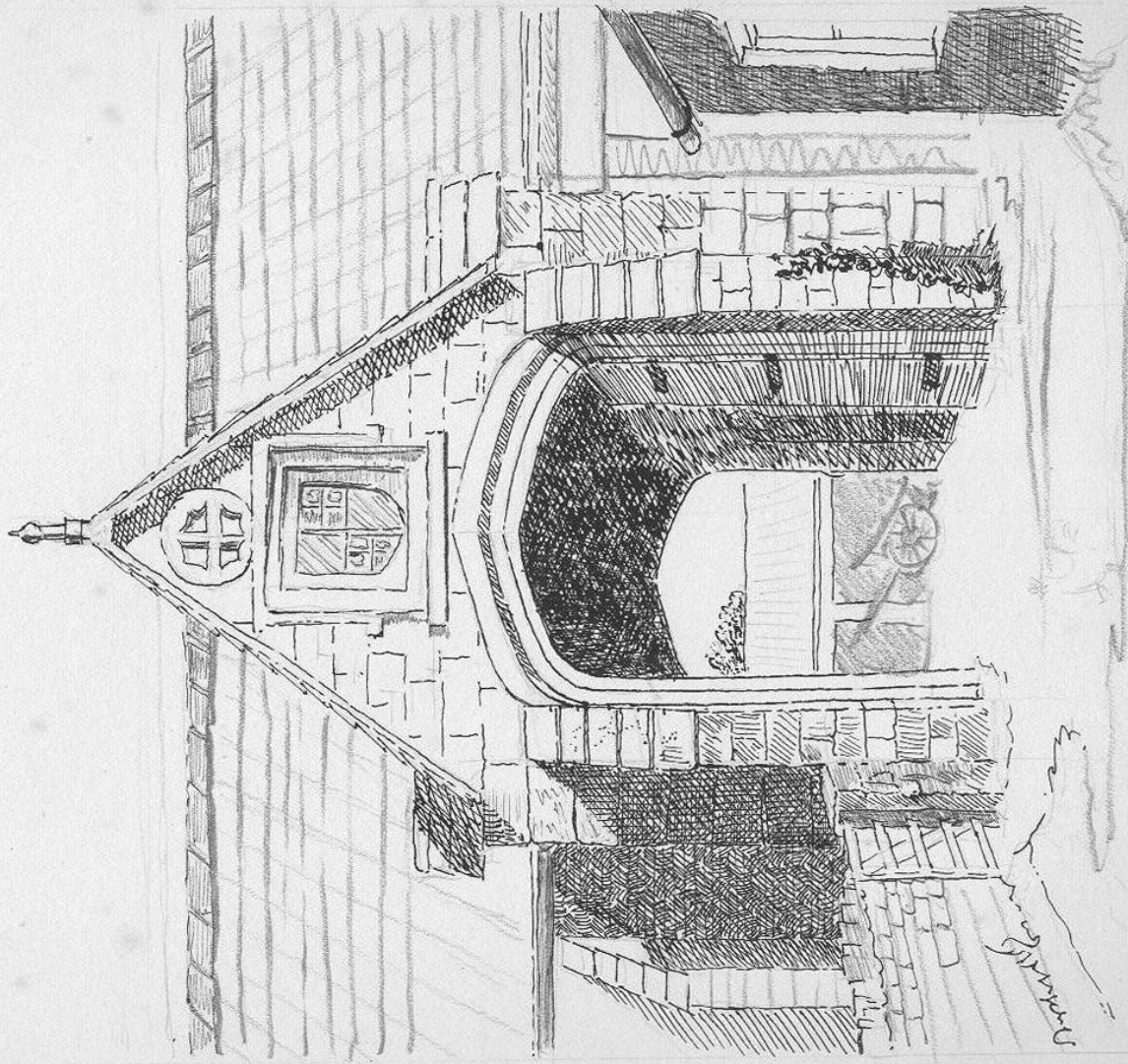
## The Lifted Veil

by George Eliot

My childhood perhaps seems happier to me than it really was, by contrast with all the after-years. For then the curtain of the future was as impenetrable to me as to other children: I had all their delight in the present hour, their sweet indefinite hopes for the morrow; and I had a tender mother: even now, after the dreary lapse of long years, a slight trace of sensation accompanies the remembrance of her caress as she held me on her knee—her arms round my little body, her cheek pressed on mine. I had a complaint of the eyes that made me blind for a little while, and she kept me on her knee from morning till night. That unequalled love soon vanished out of my life, and even to my childish consciousness it was as if that life had become more chill I rode my little white pony with the groom by my side as before, but there were no loving eyes looking at me as I mounted, no glad arms opened to me when I came back. Perhaps I missed my mother's love more than most children of seven or eight would have done, to whom the other pleasures of life remained as before; for I was certainly a very sensitive child. I remember still the mingled trepidation and delicious excitement with which I was affected by the tramping of the horses on the pavement in the echoing stables, by the loud resonance of the groom's voices, by the booming bark of the dogs as my father's carriage thundered under the archway of the courtyard, by the din of the gong as it gave notice of luncheon and dinner. The measured tramp of soldiery which I sometimes heard—for my father's house lay near a county town where there were large barracks—made me sob and tremble; and yet when they were gone past, I longed for them to come back again.



*Through the Toll-Gate.*



St. Peter's Church

The Stone Barn

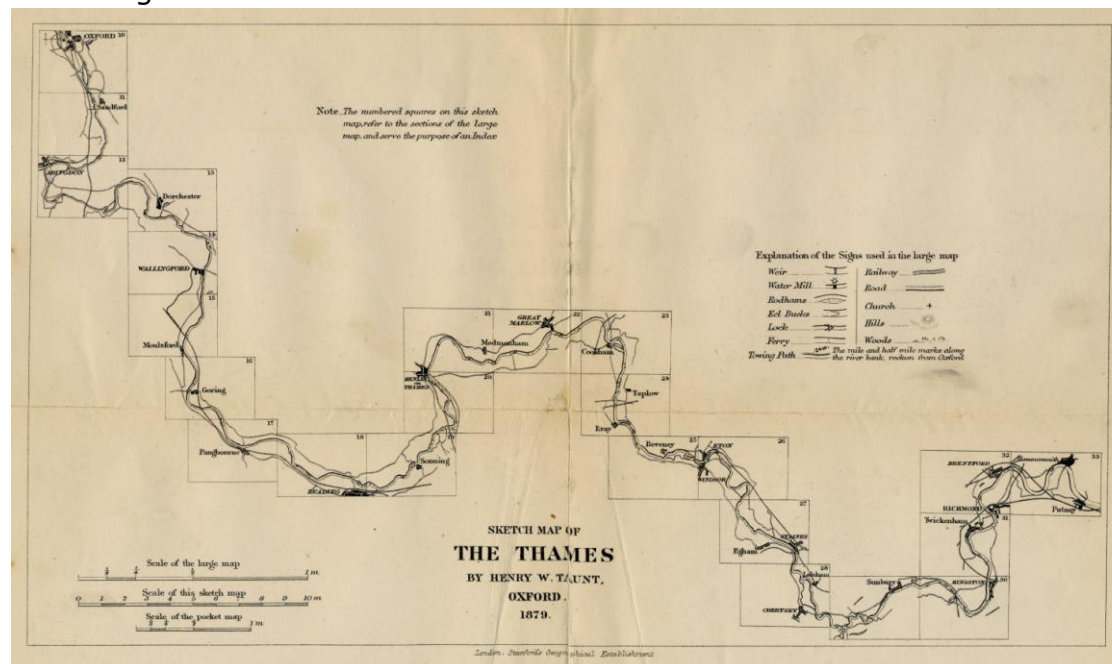


## Thames Valley Villages

by Charles G. Harper

Sonning Bridge par excellence is a severely unornamented structure of red brick, obviously built by the very least imaginative of architects, in the eighteenth century. If it were new it would be an offence, but there is now a mellowness of colour in that old red brick, embroidered richly as it is in green and gold by the lichens of nearly two centuries, that gives the old bridge a charm by no means inherent in its originator's design.

Trees, great, noble, upstanding woodland trees, lovingly enclasp Sonning village and form a background for its ancient cottages and fine old mansions, and against the dark green background of them you see on summer afternoons the blue smoke curling up lazily from rustic chimneys. In midst of this the embattled church-tower rises unobtrusively ; and indeed the church is so hidden, although it is a large church, that strangers are generally directed to find it by way of the Bull Inn : a rambling old hostelry occupying two sides of a square, and covered in summer with a mantle of roses and creepers. And it must, by the way, not be forgotten that Sonning in general displays a very wealth of flowers for the delight of the stranger.





Soumya Arts

J.P.B.  
iii 46



**Venus and Adonis**  
by William Shakespeare

*So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'*

*He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.*





## Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales

John Marius Wilson

BROMYARD, a small town, a parish, a subdistrict, and a district, in Hereford. The town stands on the river Frome, 9 miles E of Dinmore r. station, and 14 NE of Hereford. It has pleasant, well wooded, hilly environs; it consists of a few very irregularly formed streets, many of the houses old and wooden; it sent members to parliament in the time of Edward I., and is now a seat of petty sessions and a polling place; and it has a post office‡ under Worcester, a banking office, two chief inns, a church, three dissenting chapels, a free grammar school, and a suite of alms-houses. The church is partly Saxon and Norman; consists of nave, chancel, aisles, and porch, with a tower; was recently repaired; contains an ancient altar-tomb of a Baskerville, a monument of the Rev. P. Jackson, and a number of other monuments; and was anciently collegiate for three prebendaries. A weekly market is held on Monday; a monthly market, toll free, on the first Monday of every month; and fairs on the last Monday of Jan., the Thursday before 25 March, 3 May, WhitMonday, the Thursday before 25 July, and the Thursday before 29 Oct. Real property, £3,858. Pop. 1,385 Houses, 280. A railway, called the Worcester, Bromyard, and Leominster, 24½ miles long, to go from the West Midland at Bransford Bridge to the Shrewsbury and Hereford at Leominster, was authorized in 1861, and was near completion in June 1869.—The parish contains also the townships of Winslow, Linton, and Norton. Acres, including Brockhampton, 8,611. Real property, £16,689. Pop., 2,995. Houses, 616. The property is much subdivided. The living is a vicarage, united with the curacy of Brockhampton, in the diocese of Hereford. Value, £600. Patron, the Bishop of Worcester.





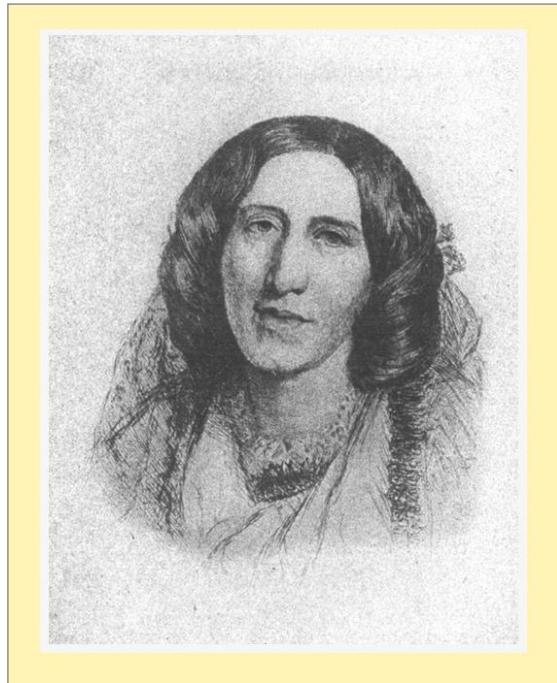
Branyard  
Herefordshire

J. B.  
11/26



**"It will never rain roses: when we want to have more roses we must plant more trees."**

— George Eliot.





**Don Quixote**  
by Miguel de Cervantes

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that there are on a plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, "Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest there," answered his master, "with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your worship," said Sancho; "what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go."

"It is easy to see," replied Don Quixote, "that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat."

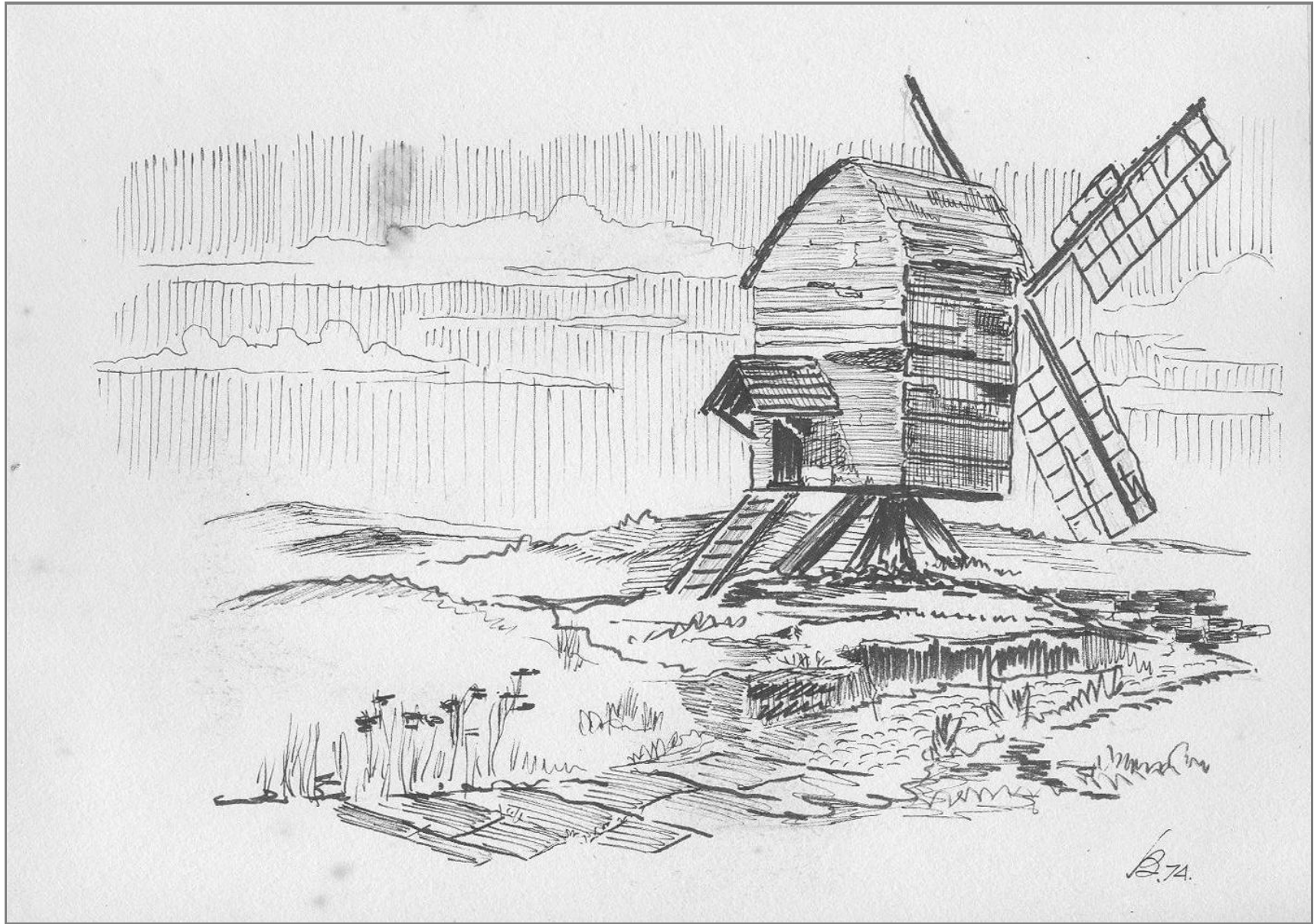
So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however, was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them shouting, "Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for a single knight attacks you."

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, "Though ye flourish more arms than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me."

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rocinante's fullest gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with such force that it shattered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition. Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante fallen with him.

"God bless me!" said Sancho, "did I not tell your worship to mind what you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in his head."





## **Becalmed**

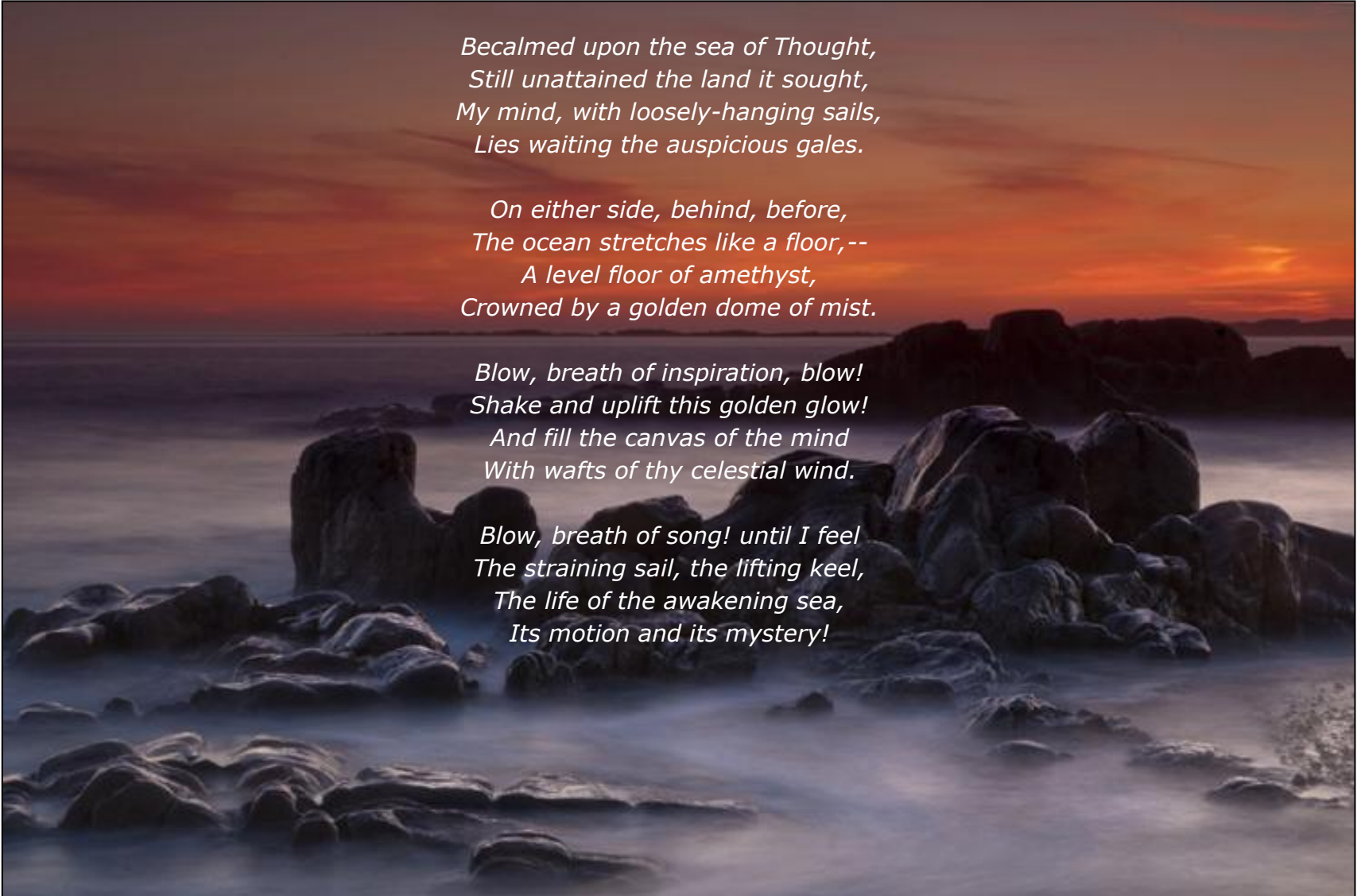
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(Photograph courtesy of Steve Edgar)

*Becalmed upon the sea of Thought,  
Still unattained the land it sought,  
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails,  
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.*

*On either side, behind, before,  
The ocean stretches like a floor,--  
A level floor of amethyst,  
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.*

*Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!  
Shake and uplift this golden glow!  
And fill the canvas of the mind  
With wafts of thy celestial wind.*

*Blow, breath of song! until I feel  
The straining sail, the lifting keel,  
The life of the awakening sea,  
Its motion and its mystery!*















# The Ipswich Journal,

AND SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, ESSEX, AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE ADVERTISER.

(ESTABLISHED 1720.)

No. 9,290.

[ Registered for Transmission  
Abroad. ]

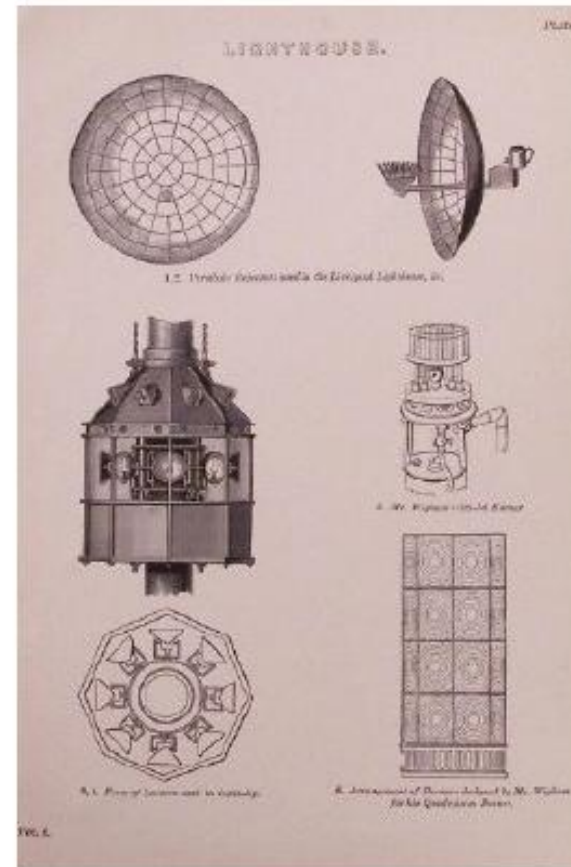
IPSWICH, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## SOUTHWOLD.

### THE MAYOR'S LUNCHEON.

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Town and Trade of Southwold," and was glad to be able to speak of both in congratulatory terms. The town had increased very much during the past five years, and within the last year a new lighthouse had been built, and new water-works had also been opened. (Hear, hear.)







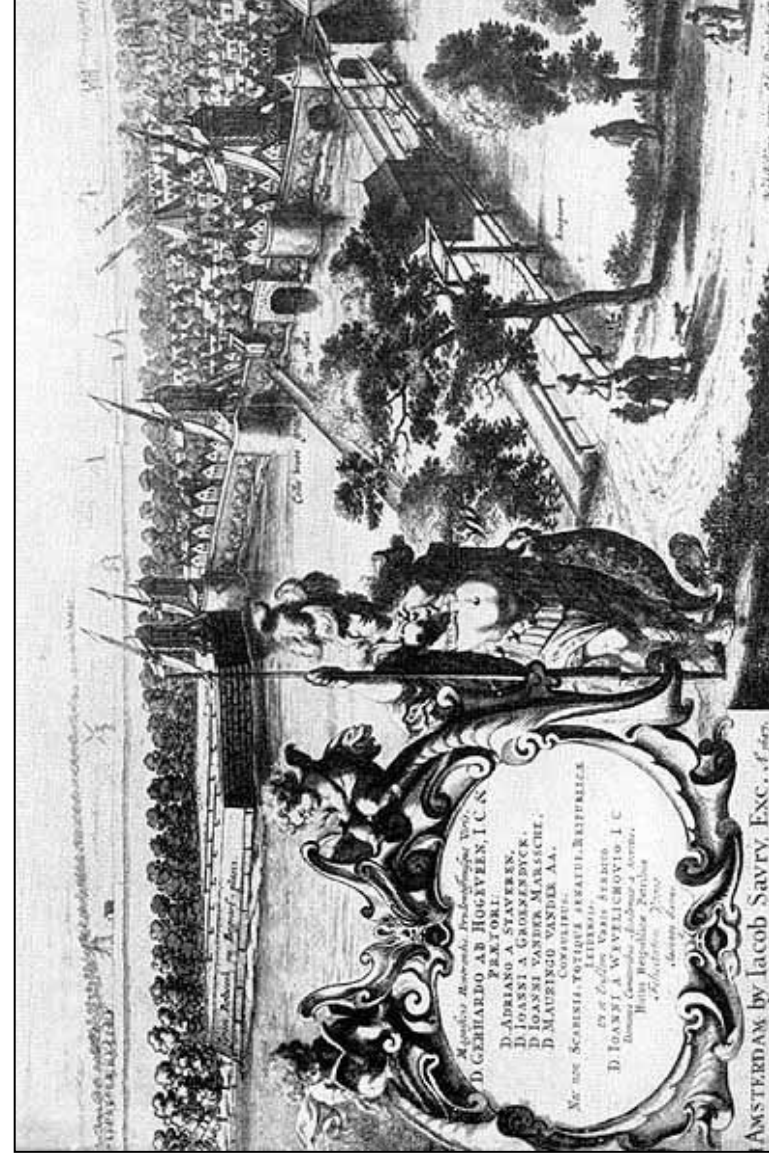
Southold

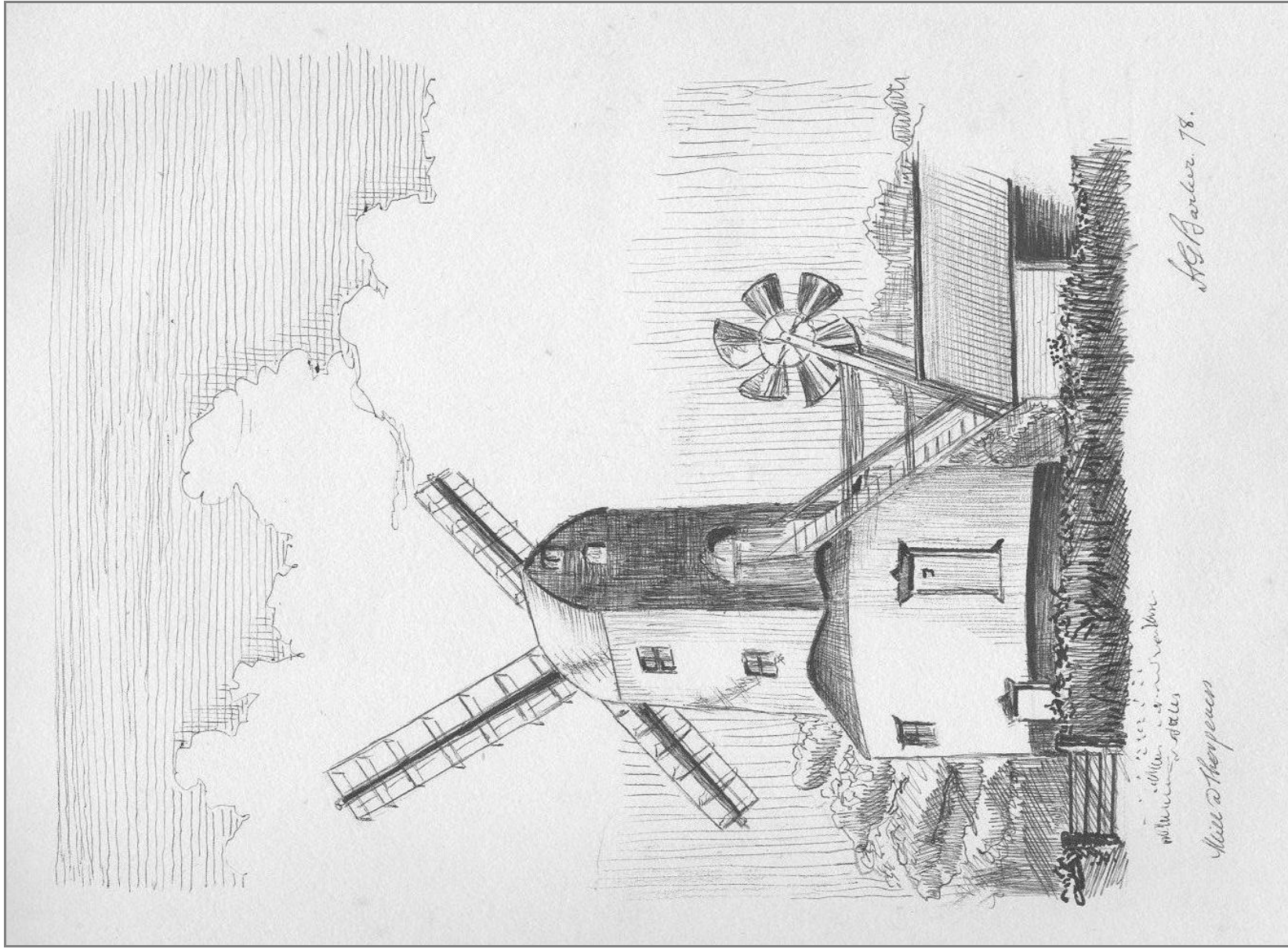
Feb 1978

In the winter of 1922, Aldringham Mill was dismantled by Messrs Whitmore's, millwrights of Wickham Market. Amos Clarke was millwright in charge. It was rebuilt at Thorpeness to supply water to the House in the Clouds, which is really a water tower disguised as a house.

The mill was used to supply the House in the Clouds until 1940, when an engine was installed to do the job. During the war, some children blocked the tramway that the winding wheels driven by the fantail run on, with the result that the steps lifted up and the mill tilted forward, leaving the steps in the air. Although a number of men sat on the steps of the mill, it would not return to its natural state. Millwright Ted Friend, of Whitmore's was called in and soon restored the mill to normal with deft use of a sledge hammer. In 1972, the fantail was blown off in a storm and in September 1973 the mill was damaged by a fire on the heath where it stands. One sail and stock were destroyed. In 1975, Suffolk Coastal District Council, Thorpeness Estate and the Countryside Commission granted money to enable the mill to be restored. The mill was restored in 1977 and subsequently purchased from the Thorpeness Estate by Suffolk County Council.

In 2010 the Council put the Windmill on the market for sale at an estimated price £150,000. The Council accepted an offer of £72,100 in November 2010 (figures from Land Registry).





A. B. Parker 78.

Miss Thompson

Miss Thompson

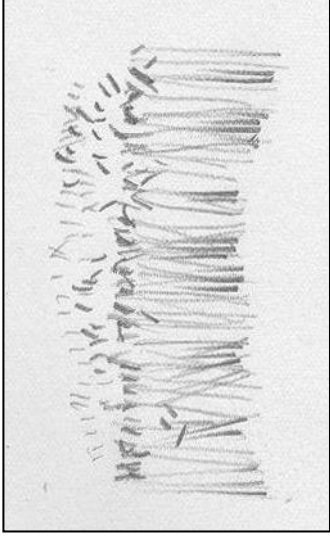


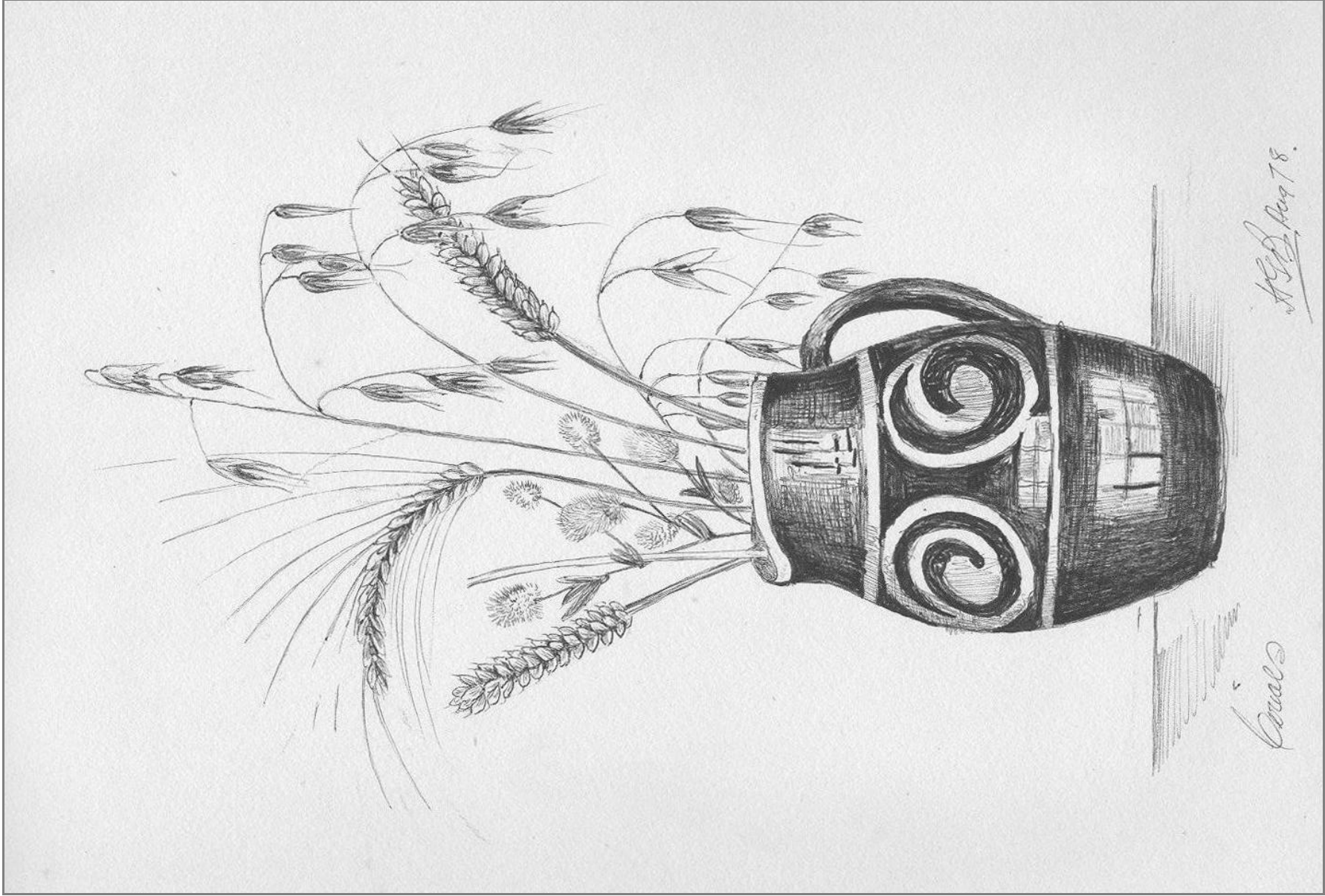
**Blue Wings**  
by George Eliot

*Warm whisp'ring through the slender olive leaves  
Came to me a gentle sound,  
Whis'pring of a secret found  
In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves:*

*Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,  
Called it gladness, called it joy,  
Drew me on 'Come hither, boy.'  
To where the blue wings rested on the corn.*

*I thought the gentle sound had whispered true  
Thought the little heaven mine,  
Leaned to clutch the thing divine,  
And saw the blue wings melt within the blue!*





A. G. D., Aug 78.

Carals



**CADBURY'S  
COCOA**

Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.  
"The standard of highest purity."

LANCET.  
THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED against the use of Cocoa containing  
ingredients that are not only unnecessary, but often harmful.  
CADBURY'S is entirely free from added alkali or any foreign  
substance.

# The Ipswich Journal,

(ESTABLISHED 1720.)



AND SUFFOLK, NORFOLK, ESSEX, AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE ADVERTISER.

No. 9,661.

[ Registered for Transmission  
Abroad. ]

IPSWICH, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1898.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## QUOITS.

YOXFORD SENIOR v. KNODISHALL.

Played at Knodishall on Saturday. Scores:—Yoxford: J. Clouting 15, J. Newson 10, J. Bryanton 15, G. Raeson 15, C. Redgrave 3, J. Baldry 16; total, 74. Knodishall: W. Chambers 14, W. Field 15, J. Kerrison 7, S. Kerrison 0, W. Jordan 16, J. Catchpole 11; total, 63.







The Farm across the way  
Kuedishall.

H.P. 8/78.

## **The Young Fisherman**

by Mrs. Hofland

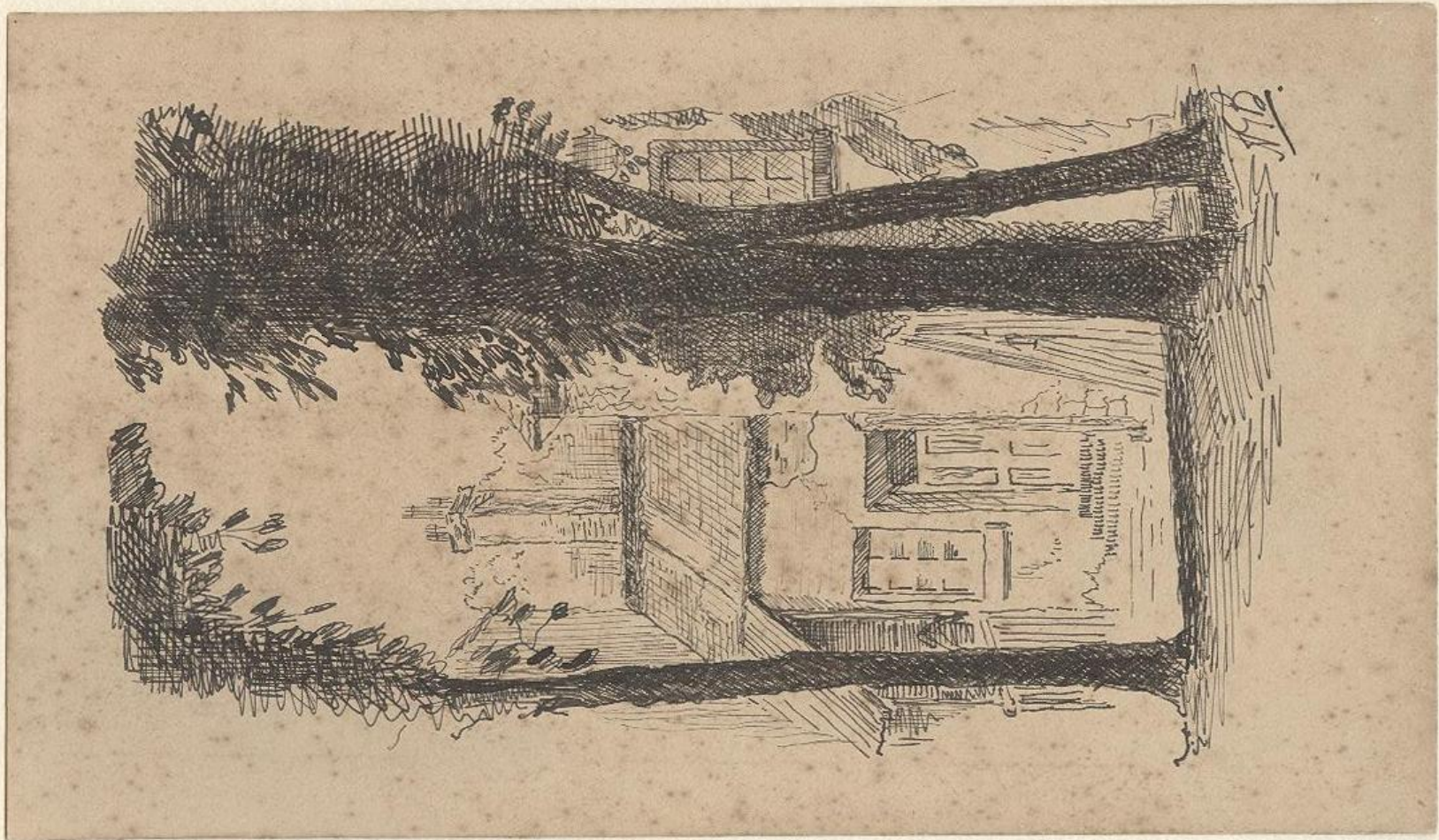
The youth looked at the half-crown in his hand as if it had not only a claim on his gratitude, but his future services; yet he had much labour to perform at home; and after some hesitation he said, "he wished to go, for he could point out some good spots for a few old trout ; but he must speak to his grandmother first; as his home lay in the way to the mill-dam, it would not hinder the gentlemen."

A short time sufficed to bring the party to the humble abode of dame Eastwood and our young fisherman. It was a cottage of small dimensions, but nearly surrounded by a garden full of various produce; and so neat, that Mr. Latham immediately said, "Who manages your garden, my man?"

" I dig and set, and do the rough myself, sir; grandmother weeds and gathers, and does all she can, being very handy." As he spoke, a respectable woman about sixty, with a neat cap and apron, came forward to await the commands of the strangers, or invite them to rest. The boy immediately put the money he had received into her hands, saying, "The gentlemen wish me to go with them to fish; but perhaps you cannot spare me?"










**Love's Nocturn**  
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

*Wheresoe'er my dreams befall,  
Both at night-watch, (let it say,)  
And where round the sundial  
The reluctant hours of day,  
Heartless, hopeless of their way,  
Rest and call;—  
There her glance doth fall and stay.*

*Suddenly her face is there:  
So do mounting vapours wreath  
Subtle-scented transports where  
The black firwood sets its teeth.  
Part the boughs and look beneath,—  
Lilies share  
Secret waters there, and breathe.*



AN ILLUSTRATED  
AND  
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF  
SURVEYING,  
PHILOSOPHICAL, MATHEMATICAL,  
OPTICAL, PHOTOGRAPHIC,  
STANDARD METEOROLOGICAL  
INSTRUMENTS,  
MANUFACTURED BY  
L. CASELLA,  
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKER  
Geometrical.

BOARD OF TRADE, BOARD OF ORDINANCE, THE GOVERNMENTS AND OBSERVATORIES OF INDIA,  
RUSSIA, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, THE UNITED STATES, AND THE BRAZILS;  
THE BRITISH METEOROLOGICAL AND THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES, THE ROYAL  
OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, AND THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, BRISTOL;  
THE UNIVERSITIES OF CAMBRIDGE, OXFORD, AND LONDON;  
THE LEADING HOSPITALS AND INFIRMARIES; AND THE OBSERVATORIES OF ALEXANDRIA, WASHINGTON,  
VICTORIA, TORONTO, CALCUTTA, THE MAURITIUS, ETC. ETC.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,  
1862.  
THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED  
FOR  
REGISTERING METEOROLOGICAL  
INSTRUMENTS.

147, HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E. C.,  
Removed From 23, HATTON GARDEN.

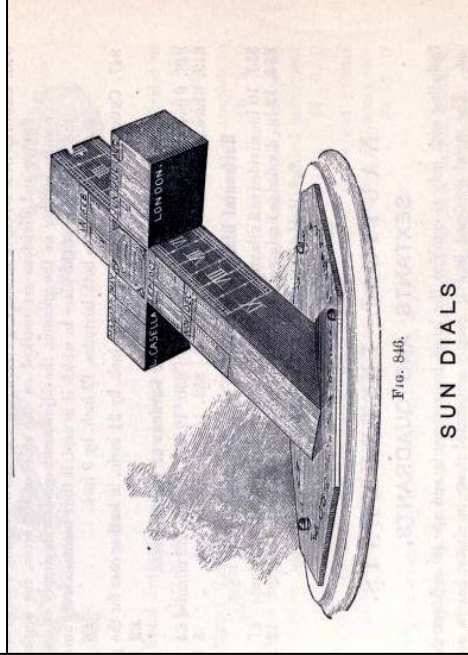


Fig. 840.

**SUN DIALS**

Vertical and horizontal, adapted to every position and latitude, of various forms.

836. **Magnetic Dials**, for the pocket, suitable for any latitude, in neat polished hardwood box, with cover and best agate cap (*fig.* 836), p. 89, 2-inch. £C 5 0

837. **MAGNETIC DIALS**, in polished mahogany case . . . . . 0 5 6

838. **MAGNETIC DIALS**, in bronzed round metal case . . . . . 0 6 6

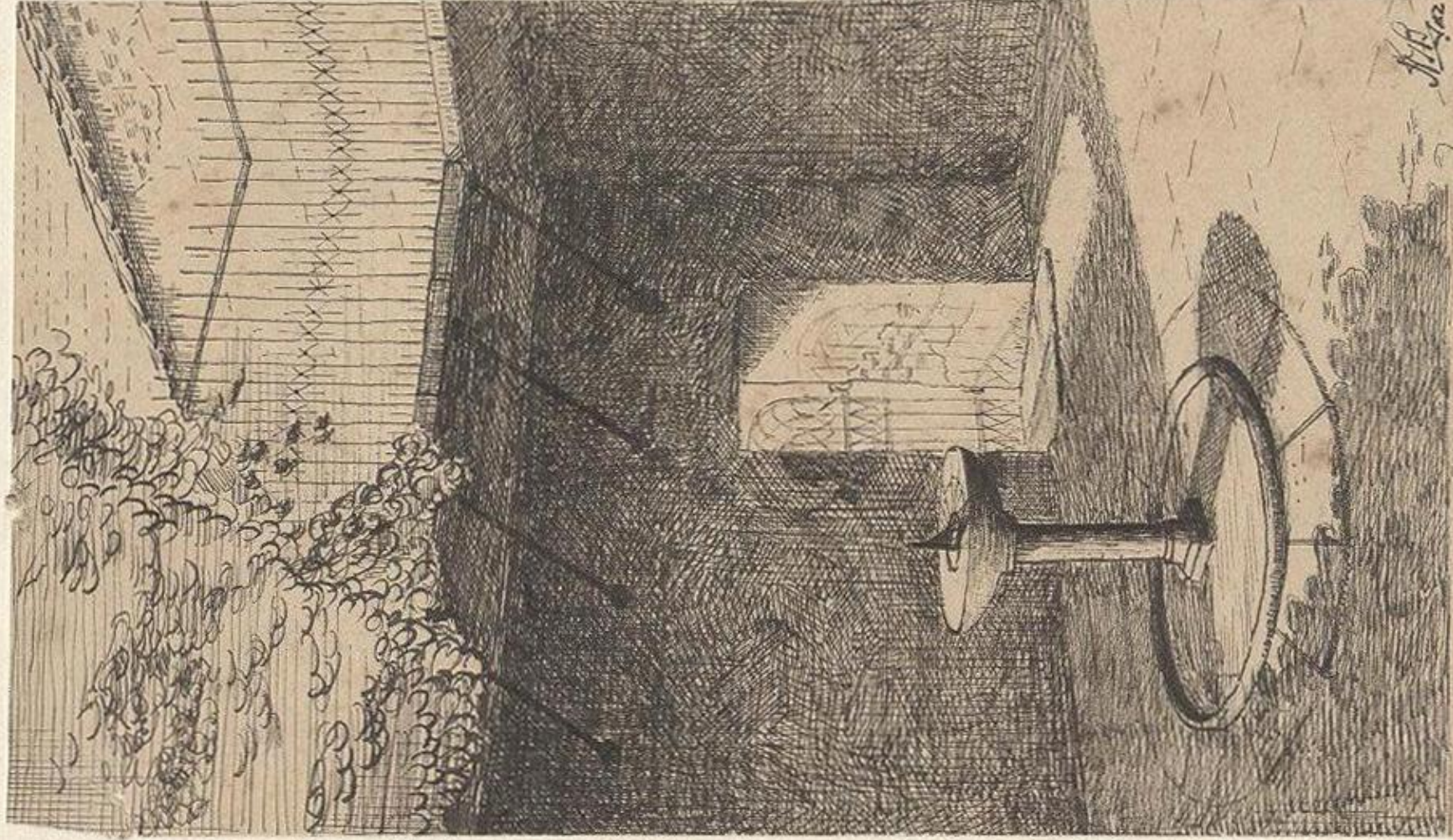
839. **MAGNETIC DIALS**, plated or gilt, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. extra.

The above are handy and strong, and well suited for travellers; a stop to either 1s. extra.

840. **Universal Sun Dial**, for any position north or south of the line, with folding arc and gnomon, by which it is set at pleasure to any latitude (*fig.* 840), p. 89, in morocco case, 2½-inch, divided circle, £1 4 0; 3-inch., £1 6 0; 3½-inch. £1 14 0

842. **UNIVERSAL SUN DIAL**, with two levels, adjusting screws, bar needle agate cap and stop, divided circle, 2½-inch., £2 10 0; 3-inch., £2 18 0; 3½-inch. £3 8 0





— A SOUTHERN COURTYARD. —

## David Copperfield

by Charles Dickens

I was so faint and tired, that the idea of holding out for six miles more, was too much for me. I took heart to tell him that I had had nothing all night, and that if he would allow me to buy something to eat, I should be very much obliged to him. He appeared surprised at this - I see him stop and look at me now - and after considering for a few moments, said he wanted to call on an old person who lived not far off, and that the best way would be for me to buy some bread, or whatever I liked best that was wholesome, and make my breakfast at her house, where we could get some milk.

Accordingly we looked in at a baker's window, and after I had made a series of proposals to buy everything that was bilious in the shop, and he had rejected them one by one, we decided in favour of a nice little loaf of brown bread, which cost me threepence. Then, at a grocer's shop, we bought an egg and a slice of streaky bacon; which still left what I thought a good deal of change, out of the second of the bright shillings, and made me consider London a very cheap place. These provisions laid in, we went on through a great noise and uproar that confused my weary head beyond description, and over a bridge which, no doubt, was London Bridge (indeed I think he told me so, but I was half asleep), until we came to the poor person's house, which was a part of some alms-houses, as I knew by their look, and by an inscription on a stone over the gate which said they were established for twenty-five poor women.

The Master at Salem House lifted the latch of one of a number of little black doors that were all alike, and had each a little diamond-paned window on one side, and another little diamond-paned window above; and we went into the little house of one of these poor old women, who was blowing a fire to make a little saucepan boil. On seeing the master enter, the old woman stopped with the bellows on her knee, and said something that I thought sounded like 'My Charley!' but on seeing me come in too, she got up, and rubbing her hands made a confused sort of half curtsey.

'Can you cook this young gentleman's breakfast for him, if you please?' said the Master at Salem House.

'Can I?' said the old woman. 'Yes can I, sure!'

---

**FITCH**  
and  
**SON'S**



**CELEBRATED  
BREAKFAST  
BACON,**

**AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.**

"The City is the emporium for all good things; and the emporium for rich and delicious Bacon is FITCH & SONS, 66, Bishopsgate-street."—*Vide United Service Gazette, March 31st.*

Fitch and Son will be glad to furnish a detailed Statement of their celebrated Bacon, free by Post, together with enouncements from customers (wholly unsolicited), and a general List of Prices. Household Provisions very cheap.

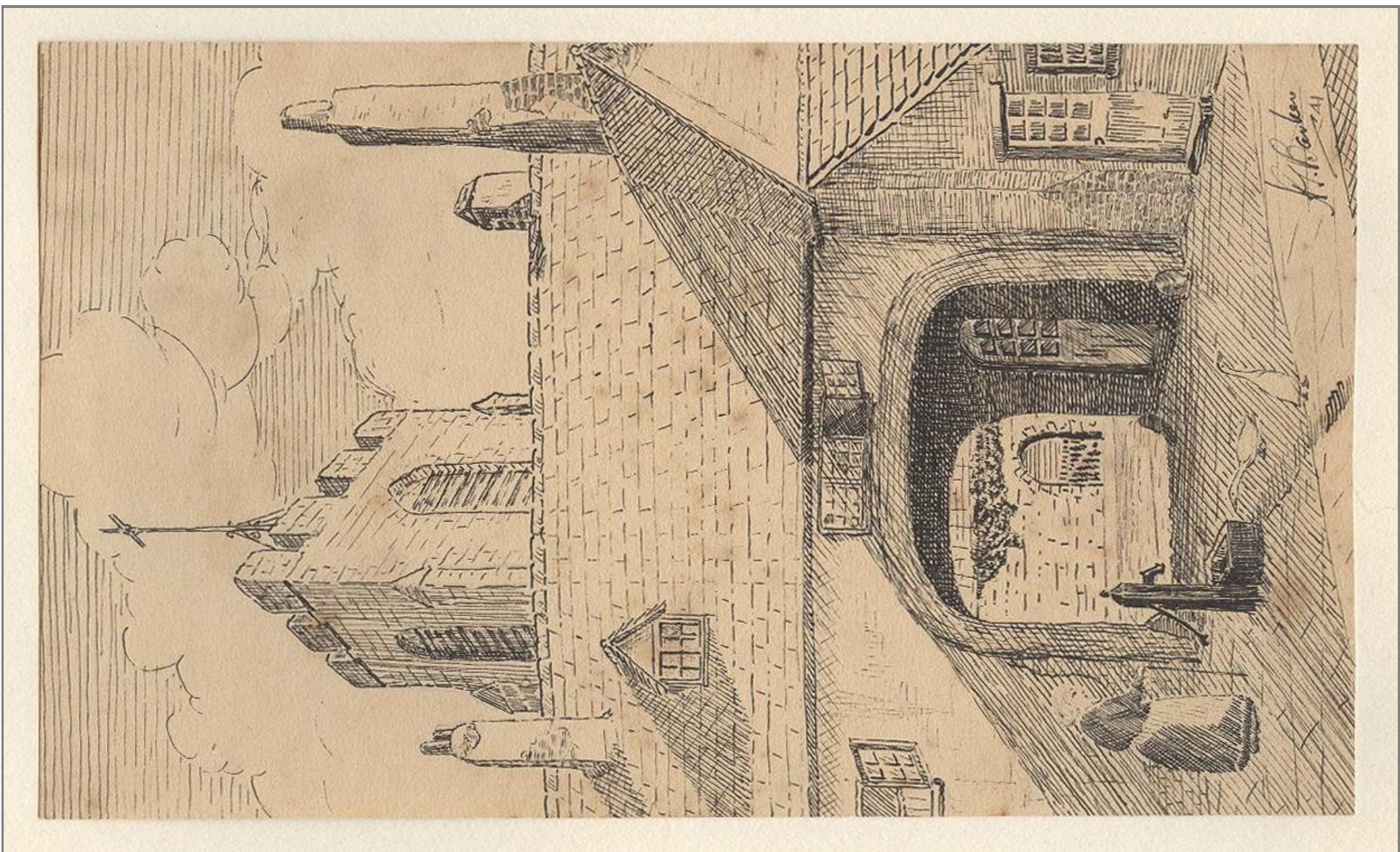
Bacon, Hams, Tongues, German Sausages, Cheese, Butter, &c., securely packed for travelling and delivered free of charge at all the London Terminals.

**FITCH & SON, 66, Bishopsgate-within, London.**

ESTABLISHED 1784.

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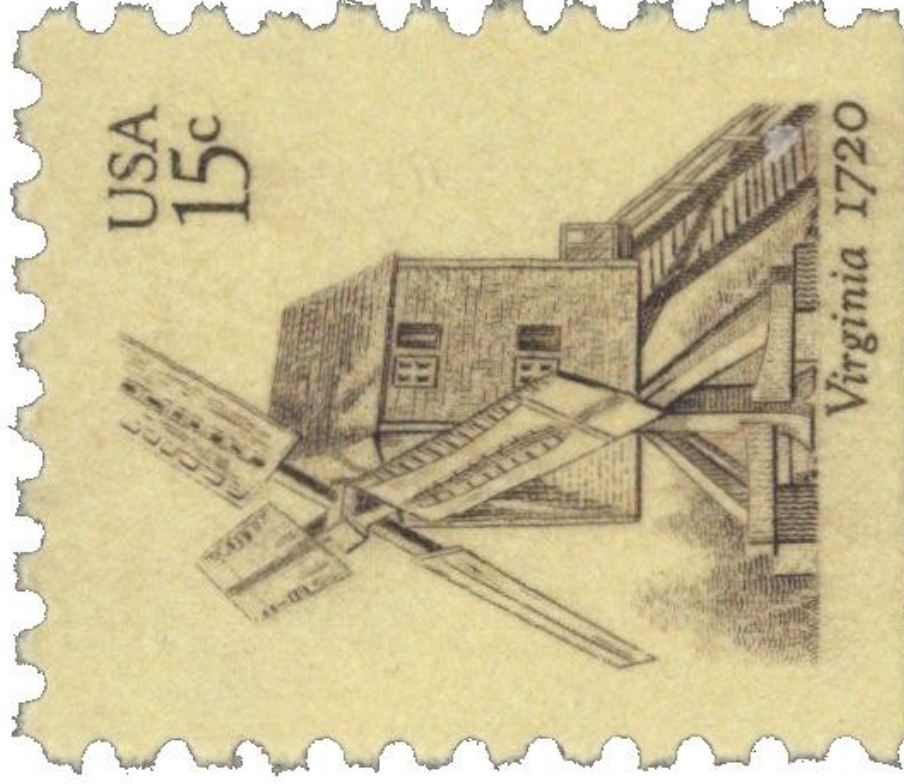
**Sons and Lovers**  
by D. H. Lawrence

She sighed and walked dizzily beside him. They went on in silence.

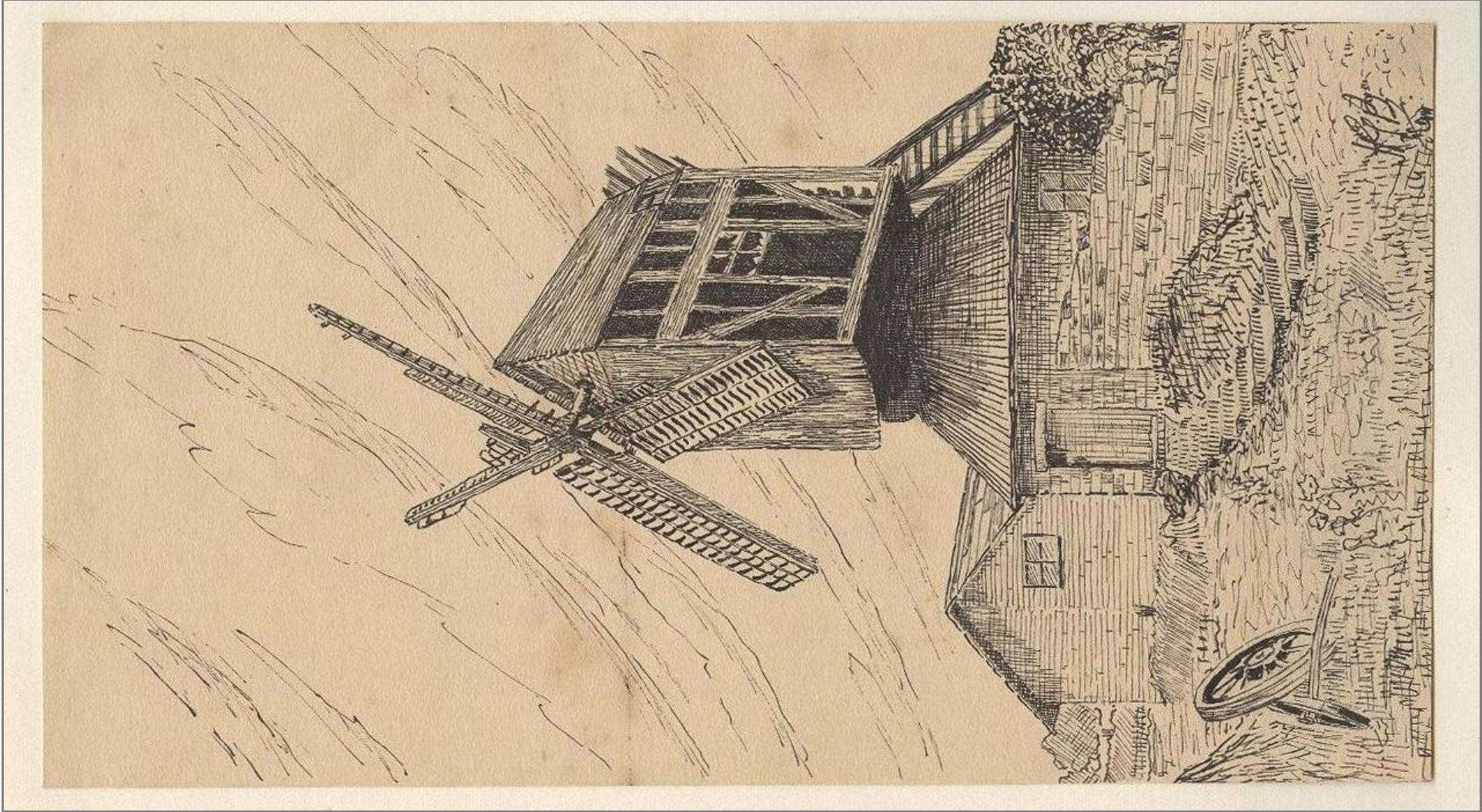
"We will go over the fields," he said; and then she woke up.

But she let herself be helped over the stile, and she walked in silence with him over the first dark field. It was the way to Nottingham and to the station, she knew. He seemed to be looking about. They came out on a bare hill-top where stood the dark figure of the ruined windmill. There he halted. They stood together high up in the darkness, looking at the lights scattered on the night before them, handfuls of glittering points, villages lying high and low on the dark, here and there.

"Like treading among the stars," he said, with a quaky laugh.









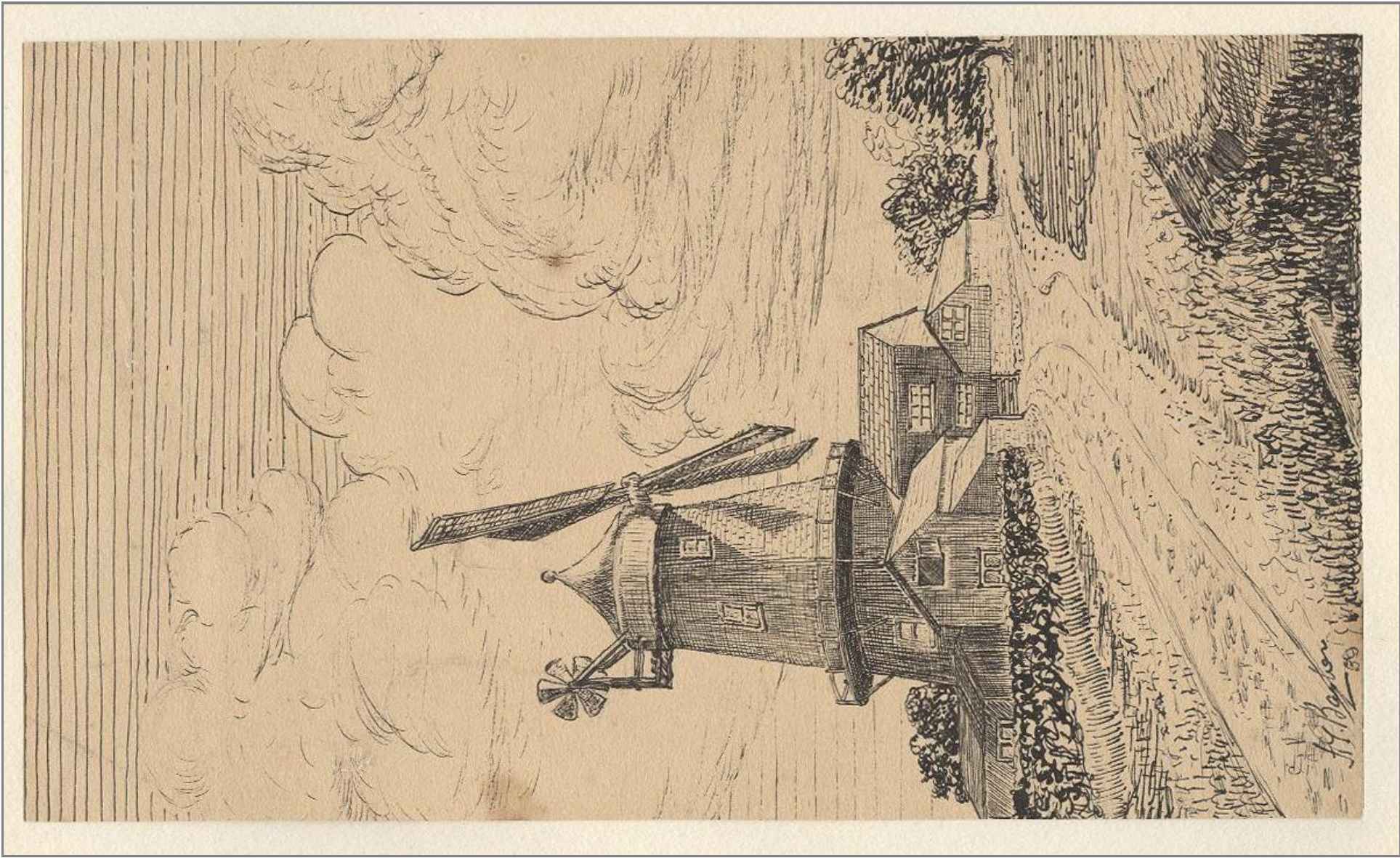
## **Impressions of Theophrastus Such**

by George Eliot

Certainly that elder England with its frankly saleable boroughs, so cheap compared with the seats obtained under the reformed method, and its boroughs kindly presented by noblemen desirous to encourage gratitude; its prisons with a miscellaneous company of felons and maniacs and without any supply of water; its bloated, idle charities; its non-resident, jovial clergy; its militia-balloting; and above all, its blank ignorance of what we, its posterity, should be thinking of it,—has great differences from the England of to-day. Yet we discern a strong family likeness. Is there any country which shows at once as much stability and as much susceptibility to change as ours? Our national life is like that scenery which I early learned to love, not subject to great convulsions, but easily showing more or less delicate (sometimes melancholy) effects from minor changes. Hence our midland plains have never lost their familiar expression and conservative spirit for me; yet at every other mile, since I first looked on them, some sign of world-wide change, some new direction of human labour has wrought itself into what one may call the speech of the landscape—in contrast with those grander and vaster regions of the earth which keep an indifferent aspect in the presence of men's toil and devices. What does it signify that a lilliputian train passes over a viaduct amidst the abysses of the Apennines, or that a caravan laden with a nation's offerings creeps across the unresting sameness of the desert, or that a petty cloud of steam sweeps for an instant over the face of an Egyptian colossus immovably submitting to its slow burial beneath the sand? But our woodlands and pastures, our hedge-parted corn-fields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach-roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our Motherland sympathetic with the laborious lives of her children. She does not take their ploughs and waggons contemptuously, but rather makes every hovel and every sheepfold, every railed bridge or fallen tree-trunk an agreeably noticeable incident; not a mere speck in the midst of unmeasured vastness, but a piece of our social history in pictorial writing.







Page 144

The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the

No. of Scheds.	ROAD STREET, &c. and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES No. of Units at last CEN.	NAME and Surnames of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CON- DORN MARRIAGE	AGE last BIRTHDAY	Rank, Profession, or OCCUPATION	WHERE BORN	Ecclesiastical Parish or District of	
										Urban Sanitary District of
			Elizabeth Barber	Wife	Mar.	24	<del>Domestic</del>	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Elizabeth Barber	Daughter	Mar.	1	Wagon & Cart	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Henry Thomas	Head	Mar.	44	Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
61	St. Andrew's Cottage	1	William Thomas	Head	Mar.	27	Game Keeper	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			George Do	Wife	Mar.	22	General Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			James Do	Wife	Mar.	16	General Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
62	St. Andrew's Cottage	1	Joseph Thomas	Head	Mar.	20	General Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Margaret Do	Wife	Mar.	16	General Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar.	11	Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
63		1	Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar.	57	Widow	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar.	42	Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea
			Elizabeth Do	Wife	Mar.	18	Labourer	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea	St. John's Church, Chelsea

### 1881 Census

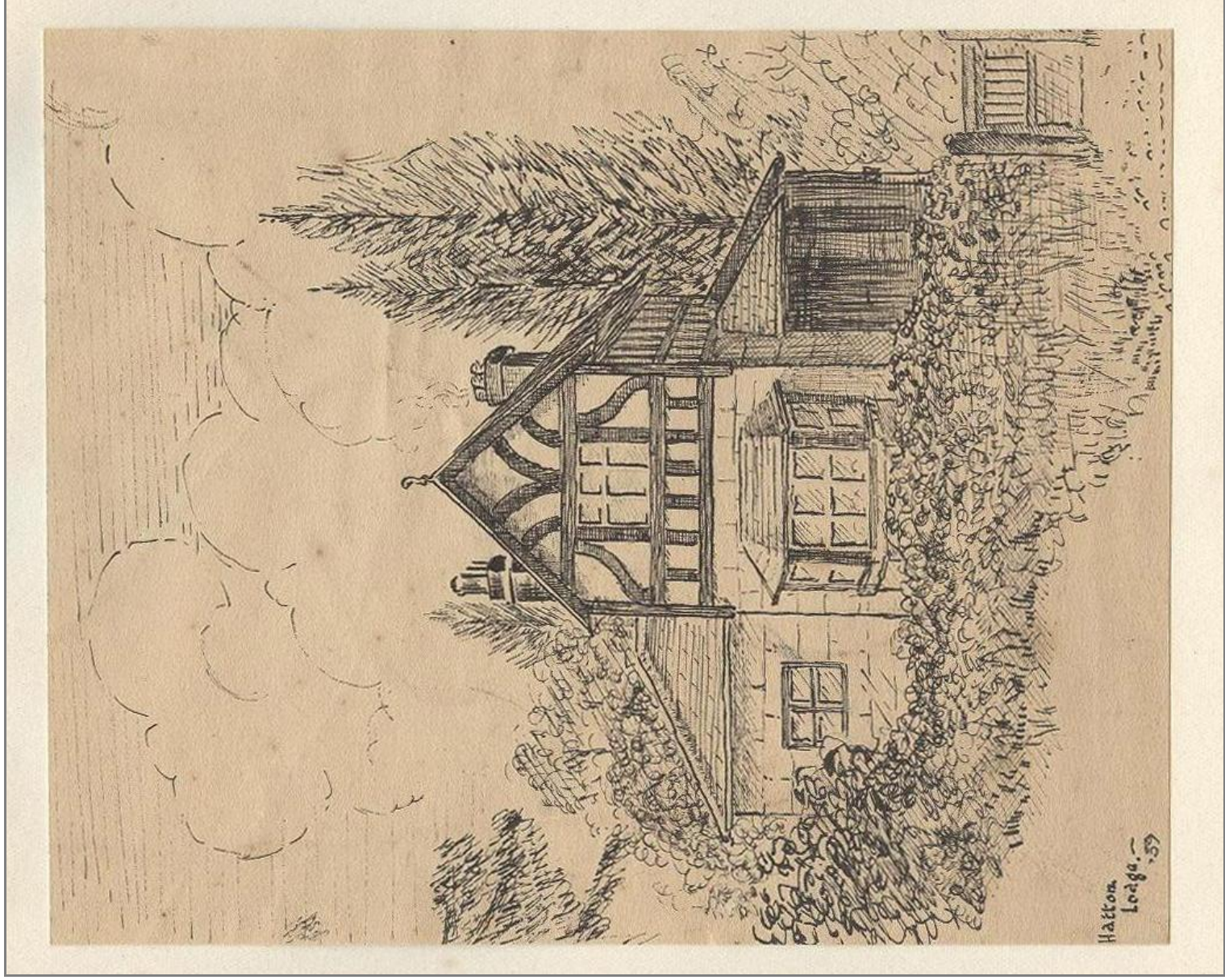
### The Gamekeeper at Home

by Richard Jefferies

The keeper's cottage stands in a sheltered "coombe," or narrow hollow of the woodlands, overshadowed by a mighty Spanish chestnut, bare now of leaves, but in summer a noble tree. The ash wood covers the slope at the rear; on one side is a garden, and on the other a long strip of meadow with elms. In front, and somewhat lower, a streamlet winds, fringing the sward, and across it the fir plantations begin, their dark sombre foliage hanging over the water. A dead willow trunk thrown from bank to bank forms a rude bridge; the tree, not even squared, gives little surface for the foot, and in frosty weather a slip is easy. From this primitive contrivance a path, out of which others fork, leads into the intricacies of the covers, and from the garden a wicket gate opens on the ash wood. The elms in the meadow are full of rooks' nests, and in the spring the coombe will resound with their cawing; these black bandits, who do not touch it at other times, will then ravage the garden to feed their hungry young, despite ingenious scarecrows. A row of kennels, tenanted by a dozen dogs, extends behind the cottage: lean retrievers yet unbroken, yelping spaniels, pointers, and perhaps a few greyhounds or fancy breeds, if "young master" has a taste that way.



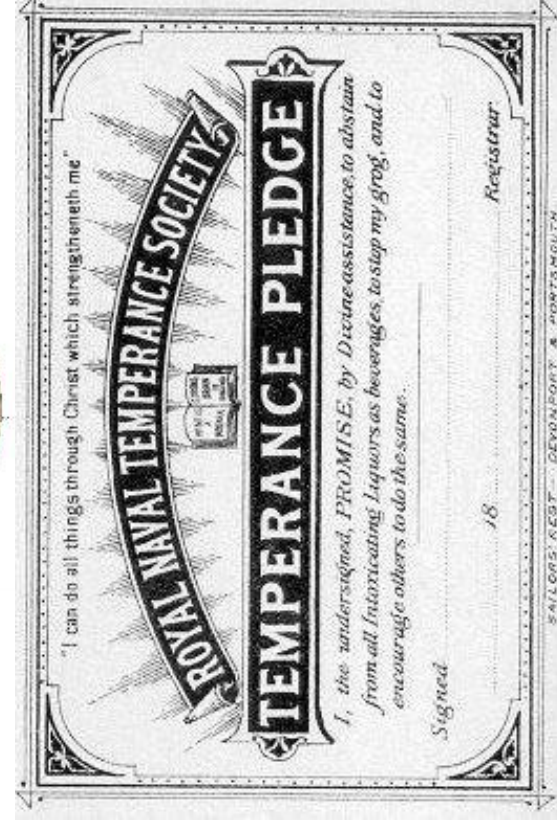




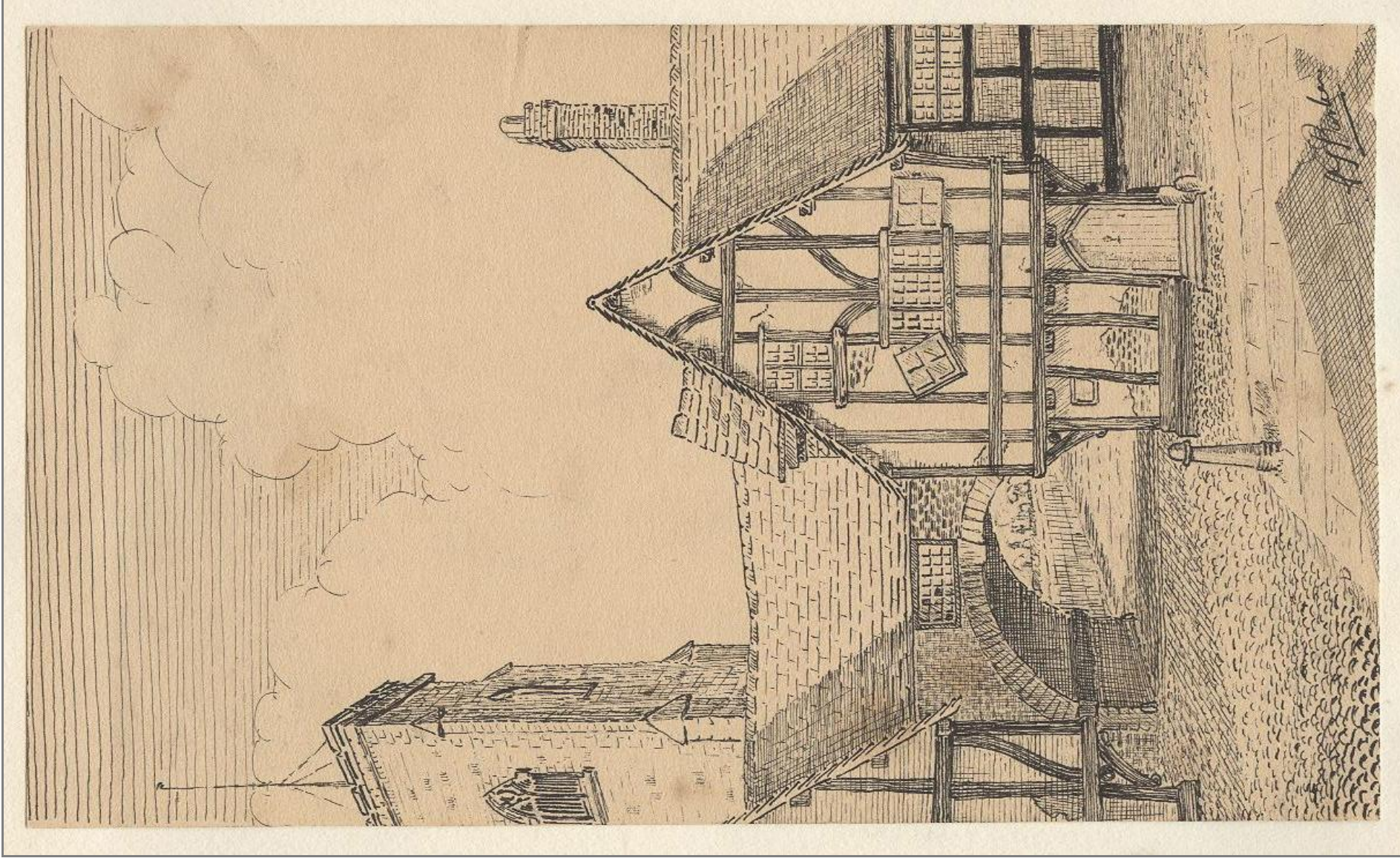
Hatton  
Lodge. '59

**Poem displayed above the door of The Merchant Venturers  
Almshouses in Bristol**

*Freed from all storms the tempest and the rage  
Of billows, here we spend our age.  
Our weather beaten vessels here repair  
And from the Merchants' kind and generous care  
Find harbour here; no more we put to sea  
Until we launch into Eternity.  
And lest our Widows whom we leave behind  
Should want relief, they too a shelter find.  
Thus all our anxious cares and sorrows cease  
Whilst our Kind Guardians turn our toils to ease.  
May they be with an endless Sabbath blest  
Who have afforded unto us this rest.*









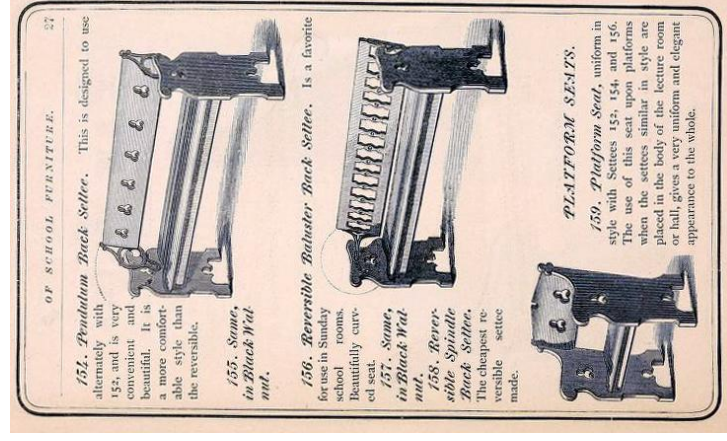
## Adam Bede

by George Eliot

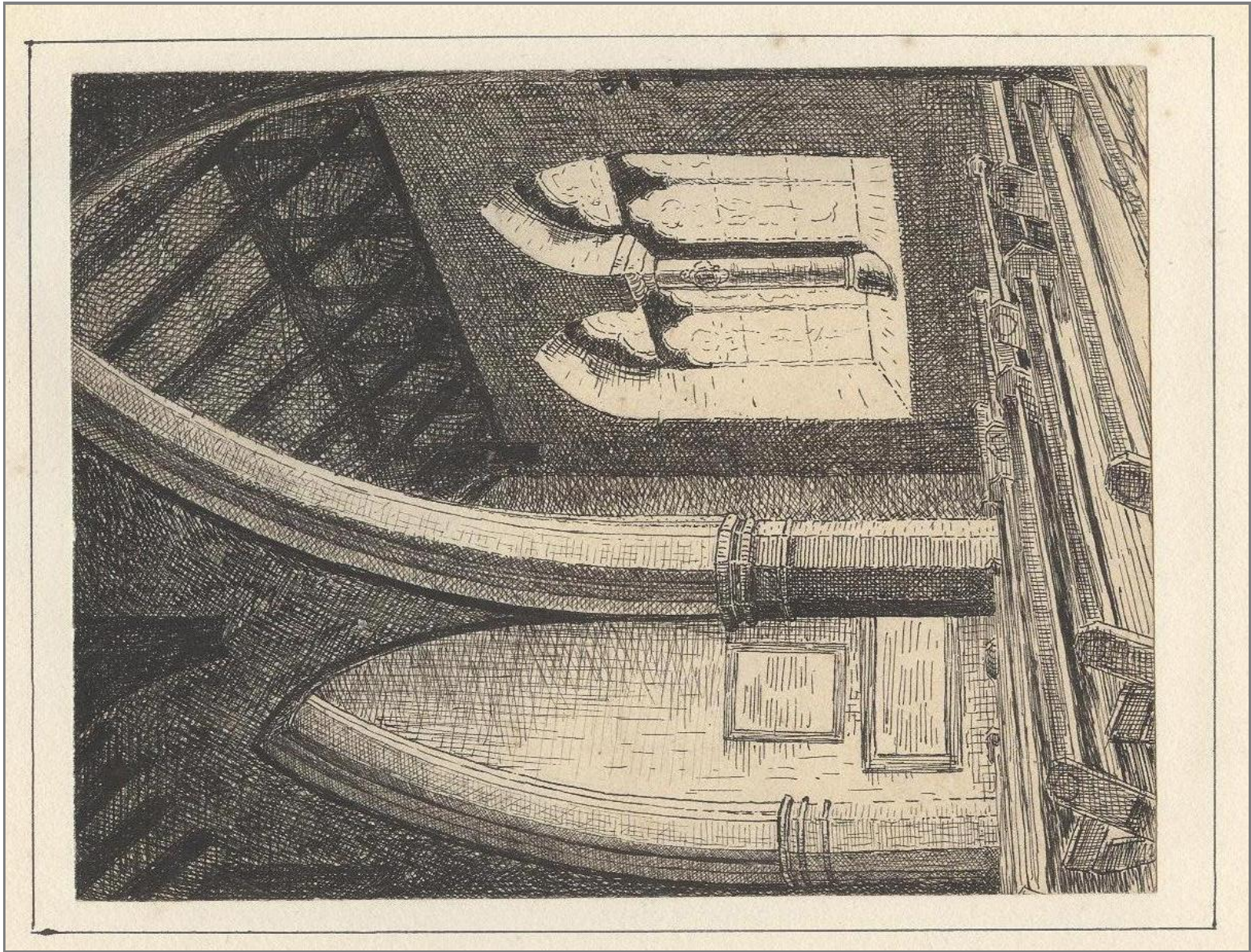
I cannot say that the interior of Hayslope Church was remarkable for anything except for the grey age of its oaken pews—great square pews mostly, ranged on each side of a narrow aisle. It was free, indeed, from the modern blemish of galleries. The choir had two narrow pews to themselves in the middle of the right-hand row, so that it was a short process for Joshua Rann to take his place among them as principal bass, and return to his desk after the singing was over. The pulpit and desk, grey and old as the pews, stood on one side of the arch leading into the chancel, which also had its grey square pews for Mr. Donnithorne's family and servants. Yet I assure you these grey pews, with the buff-washed walls, gave a very pleasing tone to this shabby interior, and agreed extremely well with the ruddy faces and bright waistcoats. And there were liberal touches of crimson toward the chancel, for the pulpit and Mr. Donnithorne's own pew had handsome crimson cloth cushions; and, to close the vista, there was a crimson altar-cloth, embroidered with golden rays by Miss Lydia's own hand.

But even without the crimson cloth, the effect must have been warm and cheering when Mr. Irwine was in the desk, looking benignly round on that simple congregation—on the hardy old men, with bent knees and shoulders, perhaps, but with vigour left for much hedge-clipping and thatching; on the tall stalwart frames and roughly cut bronzed faces of the stone-cutters and carpenters; on the half-dozen well-to-do farmers, with their apple-cheeked families; and on the clean old women, mostly farm-labourers' wives, with their bit of snow-white cap-border under their black bonnets, and with their withered arms, bare from the elbow, folded passively over their chests. For none of the old people held books—why should they? Not one of them could read. But they knew a few "good words" by heart, and their withered lips now and then moved silently, following the service without any very clear comprehension indeed, but with a simple faith in its efficacy to ward off harm and bring blessing. And now all faces were visible, for all were standing up—the

little children on the seats peeping over the edge of the grey pews, while good Bishop Ken's evening hymn was being sung to one of those lively psalm-tunes which died out with the last generation of rectors and choral parish clerks. Melodies die out, like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them. Adam was not in his usual place among the singers to-day, for he sat with his mother and Seth, and he noticed with surprise that Bartle Massey was absent too—all the more agreeable for Mr. Joshua Rann, who gave out his bass notes with unusual complacency and threw an extra ray of severity into the glances he sent over his spectacles at the recusant Will Maskery.







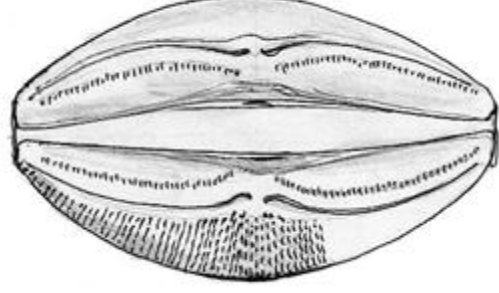


## The Mill on the Floss

by George Eliot

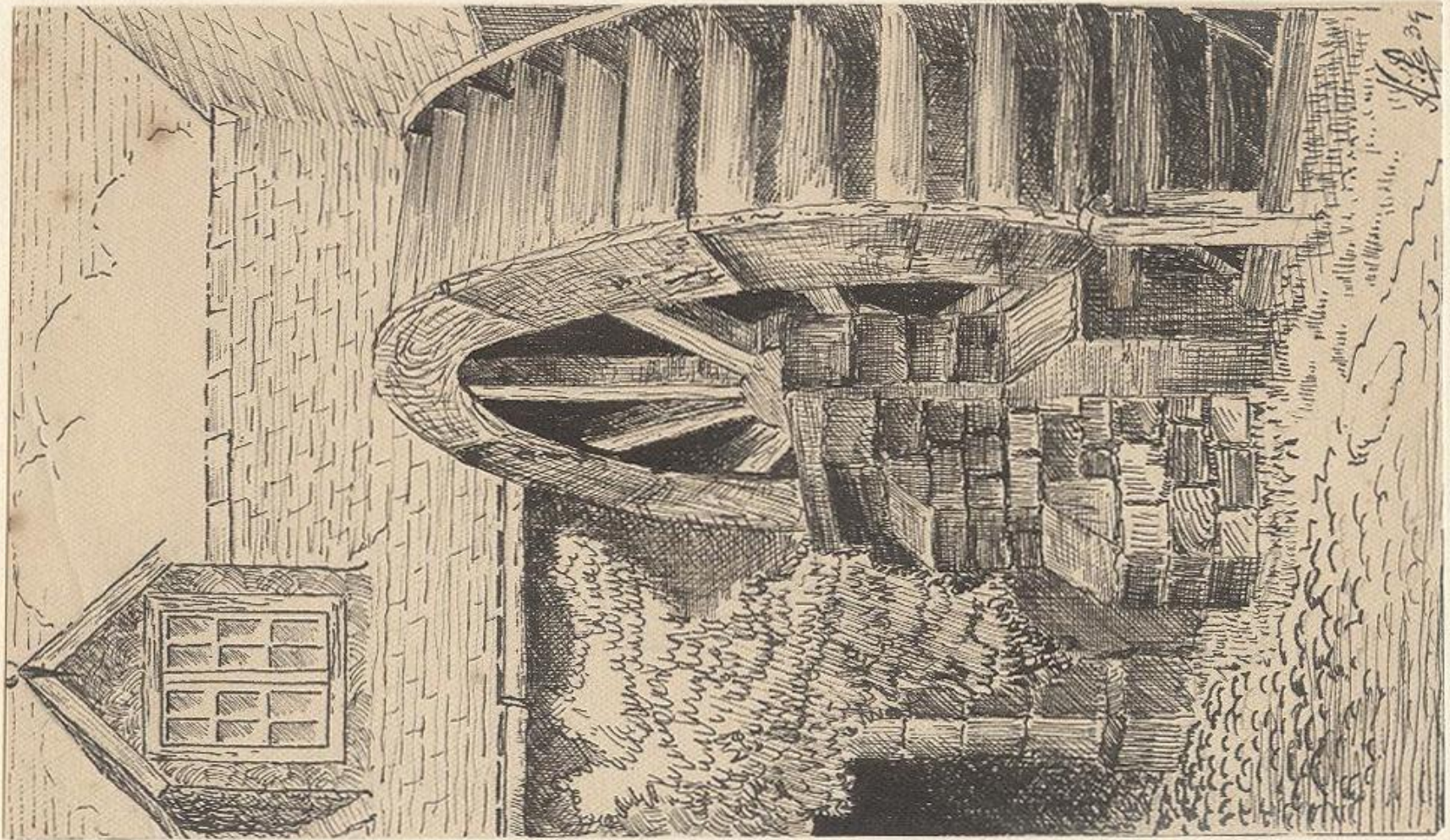
The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses, – the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner as if they needed that hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes toward the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too; she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge....



Diatom *Amphora ovalis* found and drawn  
by Horace G. Barber at Sheepy Mill





from **The Eve of St. Mark**

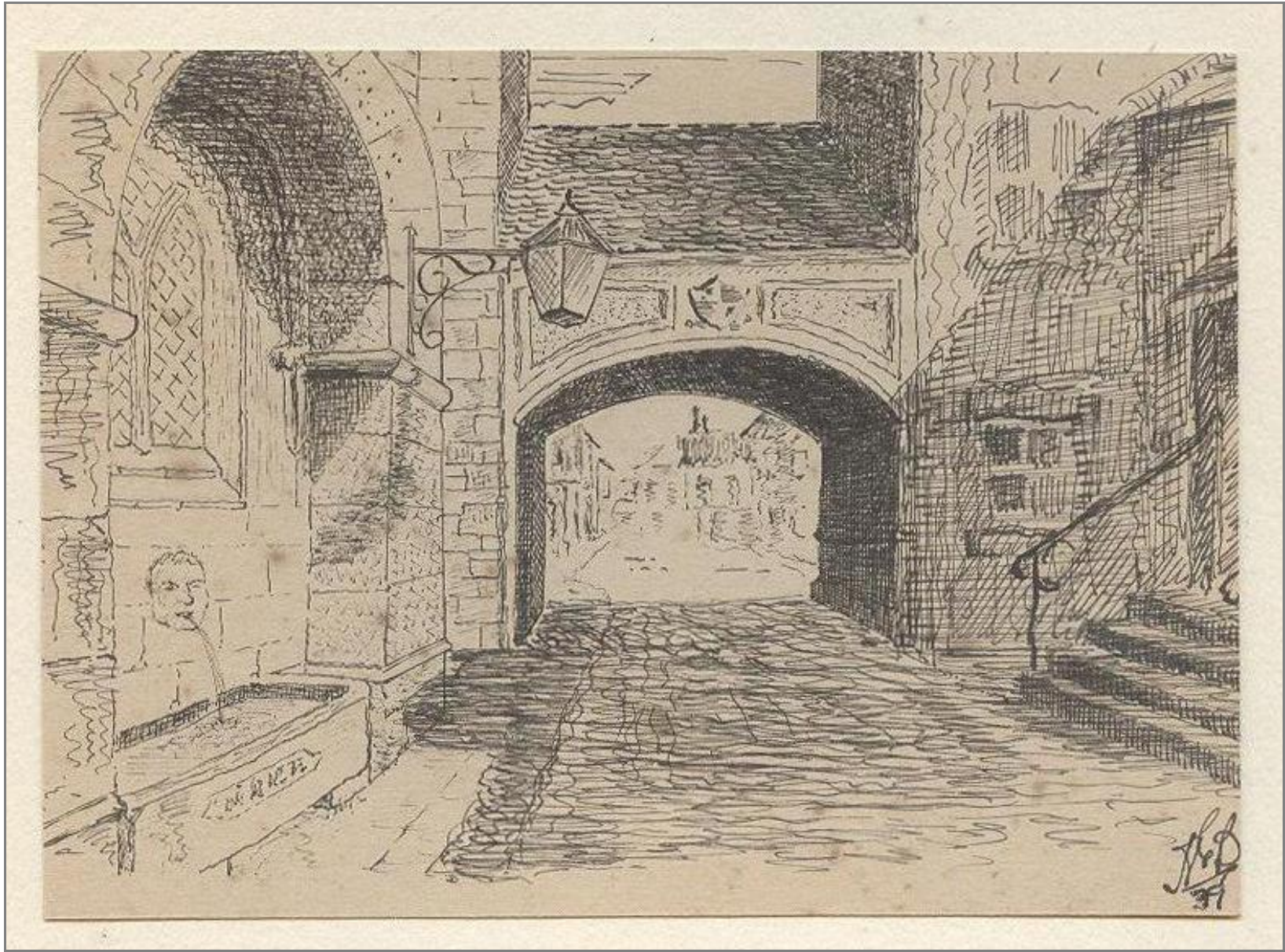
by John Keats

*All was gloom, and silent all,  
Save now and then the still foot-fall  
Of one returning homewards late,  
Past the echoing minster-gate.*

The Feast of Saint Mark commemorates Mark the Evangelist and takes place on April 25. Also known as the rosebud festival







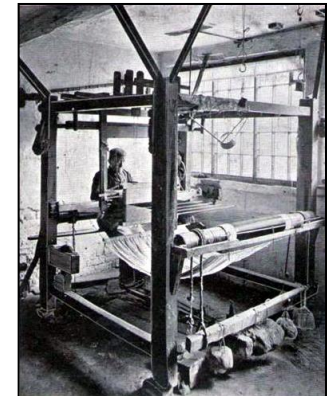


## Silas Marner

by George Eliot

In the early years of this century, such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing-machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom, by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of its alternating noises, along with the bent, tread-mill attitude of the weaver. But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large brown protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had, perhaps, heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folks' rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the grey-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm, is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment: their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old labouring man, who was in his last illness, and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered, "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization—inhabited by meagre sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds: on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes. But it was nestled in a snug well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with well-walled orchards and ornamental weathercocks, standing close upon the road, and lifting more imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard:—a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practised eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter tide.







## Doodle

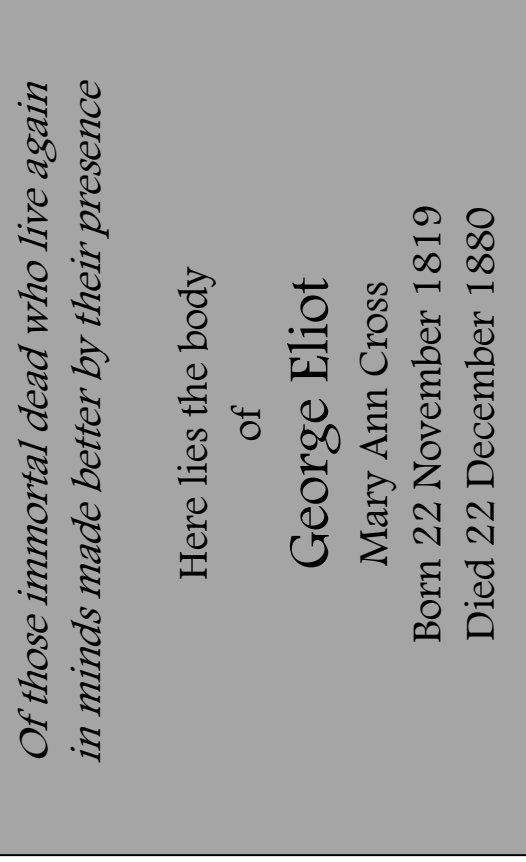
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

A doodle is an unfocused or unconscious drawing made while a person's attention is otherwise occupied. Doodles are simple drawings that can have concrete representational meaning or may just be abstract shapes.

Stereotypical examples of doodling are found in school notebooks, often in the margins, drawn by students daydreaming or losing interest during class. Other common examples of doodling are produced during long telephone conversations if a pen and paper are available.

Popular kinds of doodles include cartoon versions of teachers or companions in a school, famous TV or comic characters, invented fictional beings, landscapes, geometric shapes, patterns and textures.

Poet and physician John Keats doodled in the margins of his medical notes; other literary doodlers have included Samuel Beckett and Sylvia Plath. Mathematician Stanislaw Ulam developed the Ulam spiral for visualization of prime numbers while doodling during a boring presentation at a mathematics conference.



[The inscription on her memorial in Highgate Cemetery]



~~Handwritten scribbles and text, possibly a signature or name, crossed out with multiple lines.~~

Horace George Barber

H

Horace George Barber

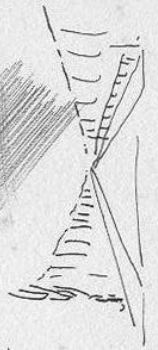
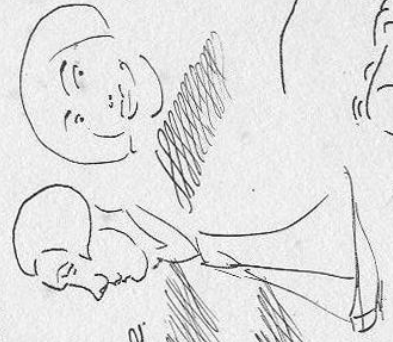
Horace George Barber



Horace George Barber



Horace George







Horace G. Barber

1908-1982

**CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.**

Number of Schedule 197  
(To be filled up by the Enumerator after collection.)

*Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in Ink.*

*The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, as in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.*

1.	2.	3.		4.					10.	11.			12.	13.	14.	15.	16.
		AGE (last Birthday) and SEX.	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family.	PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE.						PROFESSION or OCCUPATION of Persons aged ten years and upwards.							
		5.	6.	7.	8.	9.											
1.	Ernest George Barber	Head	28	Married	-	-	-	-	Railway Goods Checker	5 18			Worcestershire		Worcestershire (Stafford)	084	
2.	Florence Maud Barber	Wife	28	Married	5	1	1	0	Household duties				Boston or Great (Dorset)		Boston or Great (Dorset)	081	
3.	Horace George Barber	Son	2	Single	-	-	-	-					Boston (Devon)		Boston (Devon)		
4.																	

having been enumerated elsewhere. No one else must be included. (For order of entering names see Examples on back of Schedule.)

"Boarder," or "Servant."

Ages of Males. Ages of Females.

aged 15 years and upwards. has listed. If less than one year write "under one". Total Children Born Alive. Children still Living. Children who have Died.

made or Material worked or dealt in should be clearly indicated. (See Instructions 1 to 8 and Examples on back of Schedule.)

No entry needed for Domestic Servants in private employment. If employed by a public body (Government, Municipal, etc.) state what body. (See Instruction 9 and Examples on back of Schedule.)

(2) "Worker" (that is working for an employer), or (3) "Own Account" (that is neither employing others nor working for a trade employer).

carrying on Trade or Industry at home. (4) If born at sea, write "At Sea." NOTE.—In the case of persons born elsewhere than in England or Wales, state whether "Resident" or "Visitor" in this Country.

nationality, state whether "French," "German," "Russian," etc. state the infirmity opposite that person's name, and the age at which he or she became afflicted.

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.)

I certify that—

- All the ages on this Schedule are entered in the proper sex columns.
- I have counted the males and females in Columns 3 and 4 separately, and have compared their sum with the total number of persons.
- After making the necessary enquiries I have completed all entries on the Schedule which appeared to be defective, and have corrected such as appeared to be erroneous.

Initials of Enumerator: *AG*

Total.		
Males.	Females.	Persons.
2	1	3

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

Write below the Number of Rooms in this Dwelling (House, Tenement, or Apartment). Count the kitchen as a room but do not count scullery, landing, lobby, closet, bathroom; nor warehouse, office, shop.

5

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature: *Ernest George Barber*  
Postal Address: *19 Somerville St. Exeter*



