

## INTRODUCTION

Elizabeth Desborough Harris, the wife of Major General Webber Desborough Harris, was born in 1834 and baptised on 5<sup>th</sup> of August of that year at St Botolph without Aldgate. (Her baptism certificate can be found at the end of this document). She was the second child and daughter of James Matthews (1803 – 1891) and Mary Ann Bailey (1802 - 1870). She married Webber Desborough Harris on 22 February 1859 at St James, Westminster. Webber was the eldest child of John Webber & Louisa Ayton (Desborough) Harris, and was born on 27 December 1822 at Clapham, Surrey. He was baptized on 24 June 1823 at Holy Trinity, Clapham.

Webber was an officer in the Bengal Fusiliers, 104th Foot, with 32 years of service. His service record: Ensign, 25 January 1841; Lieutenant, 26 December 1842; Captain, 1 March 1852; Brevet Major, 19 January 1858; Major, 29 June 1866, and Lt. Col., 28 November 1868. He retired as a Major General. Webber's paternal grandmother, Mary Harris, in her will prepared in 1850 states that she bequeaths three hundred pounds to her son John Webber, Webber's father, which sum of money she had advanced and lent to John Webber to fit out his son Webber Desborough for India.

Webber died on 11 July 1903 at 3 Hans Crescent, Brompton, London, was cremated on 16 July at Golders Green Crematorium in London and his ashes interred at St Mark, Ampfield, Hampshire, on 23 July<sup>1</sup>. Elizabeth died in 1917 and her ashes interred alongside her husband's.

The handwritten recollection of Elizabeth Webber Harris which appears at the very end of this document is by her 'Man' niece Katherine Rosa Crosthwait, daughter of Edward Garnet and Catherine Jane (Matthews) Man, sister of Elizabeth.



The articles below are all from The London Times. Steve Man kindly typed the recollections.

### HOW I WON THE 'VICTORIA CROSS'

By

Elizabeth Webber Harris (nee Matthews)

In the year 1869, an awful wave of cholera swept India from Calcutta to Peshawar, the 104th Bengal Fusiliers (now called "The Munsters") commanded by Col. Webber D. Harris was stationed at Peshawar, and in August of that year it became so violent that one wing of the Regiment commanded by Col.

Campbell Clark was ordered out into camp in the district. I, (Mrs. Webber Harris) at Murree, but hearing this, hurried back to Peshawar at the end of August. For about 10 days the cholera seemed less virulent though in one week we lost 13 little children and a few women suddenly it burst out again, and on, I

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<sup>1</sup> . The Rev. Vere Awdry was the vicar of Ampfield. At the time of Webber's death the wife of the Rev. Vere Awdry was Mary Louisa Man, daughter of Edward Desborough Man. Vere Awdry's first wife had been Louisa's first cousin, Margaret Emily Man, Frederick Man's daughter. She died in 1889 while giving birth

think (for I cannot quite remember the exact date) the 10th September, the Headquarters were ordered into camp. We were to march at 3a.m. next morning. I was to await my husband with the regiment, outside the Artillery Hospital; my ayee was with me, and I had to wait nearly an hour. We were not allowed to march along the grand trunk road for fear of leaving a trail of infection.

The Quarter Master had marked out a camp about 7 miles off, but the sun was high when we got there. I dismounted and went into my tent, when I saw a soldier fall to the ground. I called my servants; we picked him up and sent for the Doctor. Unhappily we had only one with us, so he was sometime coming. The poor man was in a collapse from cholera, and quite unconscious. While waiting, I got some mustard, tore my handkerchief in half and put on 2 mustard plasters, and the Doctor arriving, he was sent off to hospital, and am thankful to say he eventually recovered.

That night we lost twenty-seven men, who had to be buried on this ground. Next morning, about 3 am we marched to another spot. The men were all very much dispirited and as the Colonel and I were walking in the lines at dusk, he suggested we might have a sing-song, offering prizes to the man who sang the best song. It was hurriedly arranged, and a committee of sergeants formed to adjudge the prizes. At 9 pm. we all assembled. The men formed a ring, into the centre of which the man stepped who was to sing. A chair was brought for me as I was to present the prizes. It all went merrily, but the night was so intensely hot that soon after eleven, we adjourned. When I came to the last prize, (they were all in money) the poor man who should have received it was not there; he died of cholera.

Next morning we marched again, and so went on till we got to the foot of a hill called Cherat, where the other wing, which happily had only had one fatal case since leaving Peshawar, joined us. There we remained till the Doctor considered we were not infectious, but alas, we had lost a third of the men who marched from Peshawar with us, and on the day we left for Cherat, our dear young Assistant Surgeon, "Mansell" by name, was seized and for some hours we feared we should lose him. Happily he recovered then, but to succumb to a relapse a week afterwards. We remained at Cherat till the 9th December, when we marched back to Peshawar, arriving there on the 12th.

Everybody made much of me, because, I think, I had not seen another woman's face for three months! and then I heard that the officers of the regiment had sent home for a gold Victoria Cross for me. When it arrived, it proved to be an exact replica of a V.C. in gold, with this inscription on the back –

"Presented to Mrs Webber Harris by the officers of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers, for her indomitable pluck, during the cholera epidemic of 1869."

It is a most beautiful ornament, and will always be my most cherished possession. General Sir Samuel Brown, himself a V.C. and who was commanding the Station, asked to be allowed to come to an informal meeting at our own house, when he presented it to me, at the request of the Officers, in a very pretty speech, in which he said his only regret was that they had not had "For Pluck" put on



the ribbon in diamonds. Since then Lord Roberts has most kindly congratulated me on winning such a distinction.

THIS IS AN ACCOUNT WRITTEN  
BY THE NIECE OF MRS WEBBER HARRIS

At the end of 1868, middle of September, the regiment was ordered from Dugshai to Peshawar, which latter place we entered on December 12th 1868. Early in following hot weather, grave rumours arose of the prevalence of cholera, which began in Calcutta, sweeping through the whole of India.

On the 24th July that year, my husband (then Col. Webber Harris) lost his uncle, General Philip Harris, commanding the division at Allahabad, of the same disease. We also got very attacks of Peshawar fever in the station; I, for the first time of my being in India, fell ill with it. My husband took me up Murree in July, and left me there with some cousins of his, a doctor and Mrs. Currie. Soon afterwards I heard rumours of cholera being bad in Peshawar. Finding that Captain Corbyn (Mrs Currie's brother) was going down the hill, I asked him to take me with him, and wired to my husband to meet me at Rawalpindi which he did, and was at first somewhat vexed with me, but I soon saw he was really relieved I was there. He told me there had been a good many cases in the regiment, but he thought if I went about among the women as usual and visited them in hospital, the regiment would gain confidence.

One wing of the regiment, having suffered severely had already been sent into the district. We got back to Peshawar, and for about ten days there were but few cases. Then suddenly it became very bad. We lost thirteen little children and several women in one week. The other English regiment (the 34th) suffered equally badly, but the difficulty was for the general (Sir Samuel Brown V.C.) to find transport for us all. The orders came for us to march at Sam. We were not allowed to march along the high road for fear of leaving any trail of infection, but we were to march across country and camp at any spot selected by the quartermaster. Our first march was, as usual, rather a muddle and several men fell out and were carried into camp. All died. Directly we reached camp my husband went down to see where the hospital tents were. While he was away a sergeant, whom I recognised, crossing in front of my tent, fell unconscious. I had him picked up, and laid upon one of the servant's string beds (charpoy), undid his collar and coat, and sent for the doctor, who, when he came, asked for two mustard plasters. Happily the kitmugar had mustard, and I tore my handkerchief in half and made them. He applied one to the nape of the neck, the other to the top of the stomach, and had him removed to hospital. He was Colonel (then Major) Bechor's colour-sergeant, who afterwards had him removed to his own tent, nursed him and he recovered. That night we lost twenty-seven men, who had to be buried on this ground.

We marched early next morning to another spot. The evening of the second day my husband came into the tent and asked me whether I should be frightened to come into the lines with him. I said "Certainly not", and we went out at once and walked up and down the lines talking to the men, and arranged to have a sort of concert or sing-song, which was to take place at 9pm. My husband said the man who sang the best song should receive a prize of fifty rupees, the next thirty and so on - ten prizes in all. He also told the sergeants the men might be in their undress uniform, as the weather was intensely hot. We sent up now to the mess for the o'clock. At that hour the men assembled and made a kind of ring into the middle of which the first man stepped to

sing a song. After four or five had sung the men began to flag a little, and not come forward, so my husband stepped into the middle of the ring and gave them "Oh, had you ever a cousin Tom". They all shouted with delight when he stopped, and he said he should carry off the best prize. After that, all went merrily till past eleven, when I gave the prizes. (When the prizes were being given, the men pressed round so that my husband took the bags out of my hand and began to distribute them himself), but the first man put his hands behind his back and said, "Please the lady give it me sir!" Alas, when it came to the tenth prize the poor man had been carried off to the hospital, another victim.

We went on till we came at the foot of the hills to a small hill station, called Cherat, where we had to halt three weeks till we were free of any more cases, and where we were joined by the left wing. We all then went up to the hills and lived under canvas, finding it difficult at times to keep ourselves warm.

On the way up, on the last march, my husband (Gen. Harris) being ill with gout, was carried on a charpoy. The men who carried him, not being proper dooly-bearers, stopped so often to change shoulders that I, mounted on my Arab, stopped behind keeping them just in sight. It was quite dark, and I had given the sais my lantern to walk in front of the charpoy. All of a sudden two men rode up, one lay hold of my horse's bridle, the other, on the other side, laid hold of the mane. Feeling frightened, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Sais, sais!" Luckily a mounted sowar riding at the side if the little Procession disappeared, and the sowar ventured to scold me for riding so far behind. This was an alarming incident as we were on the edge of an enemy's country, and the men had to be warned not to go beyond a certain limit, and we afterwards lost three camp followers, who were murdered by the hill men.

We made ourselves very comfortable at Cherat, and remained there till the morning of 10th December. We marched back to Peshawar, reaching there on the 12th December. We were all very warmly welcomed, and I was treated as a heroine, as I had not seen another woman's face all those 3 months. Soon afterwards we heard that the officers had sent home for a gold ornament for me, which proved to be a gold V.C., with an inscription on it to this effect:

"Presented to Mrs Webber Harris by the officers of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers for her indomitable pluck during the cholera epidemic of 1869"

General Sir Samuel Brown, himself a V.C., asked to be allowed to come to an informal meeting at our own house, when he presented it to me, in the presence of the officers, saying he had but one regret, that they had not ordered "For pluck" to put in diamonds on the ribbon.

Many years afterwards, in 1910, I was present with two other the Miss Cadells, half hidden in the shadow of the dining-room at the Hotel Cecil, on the occasion of the annual Delhi dinner, when Col. Kendal Coghill C.B. was presented with a silver bowl in recognition of his energetic services in year by year collecting the Delhi survivors. I was there introduced to Lord Roberts, who had fought at Delhi with my husband, and he turned to Col.Coghill and said, "you told me there were ten V.C.'s present, but I see there are eleven!"

## A HUNDRED YEARS OF HEROISM

### VICTORIA CROSS EXHIBITION

FROM OUR MILITARY REPORTER

Memories of many heroic deeds are recalled by the Victoria Cross centenary exhibition in Marlborough House, to be opened by the Prime Minister to-day and to remain open to the public until July 7.

The true note of this impressive display is struck before one enters the house, by the exhibits in the courtyard—the damaged gun which was served by wounded and dying men of L. Battery, R.H.A., in the action at Nery, France, on the retreat from Mons, for which three V.C.s were awarded; the light tank commanded by Lieutenant Sewell when he won his (posthumous) V.C. at Fremicourt, France, in 1918; the anti-tank gun served by Private Wakinsaw with one arm, the other having been blown off, until he was killed, in the Western Desert in 1942. Here also are two of the captured Russian guns from the Crimea, currently used for metal to make Victoria Crosses



The uniform worn by Queen Victoria at the first Victoria Cross presentation parade in Hyde Park on June 26, 1857.

(the process of the making is shown in an exhibit indoors by the London firm of jewellers who have made all the crosses from the beginning).

#### ORIGINAL WARRANT

Items of interest are the original royal warrant for the Victoria Cross, 1856, and the amending warrant of 1920 (signed by Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War) making the award open to women members of the forces, and the uniform, with semi-military scarlet jacket, worn by Queen Victoria when she presented the first crosses in Hyde Park on June 26, 1857. There are two original copies of *The Times*, one showing the leading article welcoming the new "Order of Merit," in 1856, the other the report on the first presentation in 1857. Two prototype crosses are shown, with letters written by Queen Victoria relating to them, one including her substitution of the words "For Valour" for the inscription "For the Brave," originally suggested.

Among the many relics of V.C. winners and their deeds are the first of all the crosses awarded, to Lieutenant Lucas, R.N., for bravery in action in the Baltic in June, 1854; the Indian native clothing used as a disguise by Mr. Kavanagh, one of the four civilian winners, who in Lucknow in the Mutiny of 1857 got through the besiegers' lines and reached the relieving force with information; and the standard taken by the young Lieutenant Roberts (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Roberts) single handed from a group of Indian mutineers in 1857.

#### LIDLAW'S PIPES

Here also are the original Sam Browne belt designed by General Sir Sam Browne, V.C.; the pipes played by Piper Laidlaw on the parapet of a trench at Loos in 1915; the uniform worn by the amazing Captain Bull, of the Royal Flying Corps of the First World War; the model of the Mohne Dam by which Wing Commander Gibson and his flying crew were briefed before they attacked it, in the last war.

There is also the gold replica of the Victoria Cross, without the inscription "For Valour," presented to Mrs. Webber-Harris by the officers of her husband's regiment in recognition of her brave and selfless devotion in nursing the sick during the regiment's isolation in a cholera camp on the North-West Frontier of India in 1869. Queen Victoria sanctioned this facsimile.

The Royal Army Medical Corps is accorded the tribute of a special section of relics and pictures because of the remarkable number of V.C.s won by the non-combatant medical services of the Army, including two of the only three double awards.

# Indian Army Heroes

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

When the Duke of Gloucester goes to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst today he will be, as he has been so often before, the centre of one of those quiet soldiers' gatherings which reach out and strike chords in strange places all over the world.

In the Indian Army Memorial Room he will receive, on behalf of the National Army Museum, a book bound in African goatskin leather, dyed to the colour of the ribbon of the Victoria Cross. Handwritten on pages of calfskin vellum are the citations of 164 officers and men who won the Victoria Cross serving with the Honourable East India Company and the Indian Army.

It will not be hard for those who know Sandhurst to imagine today's scene. The Duke will stand under the stained glass window which depicts the life and death of Gentleman Cadet George Ayscough Booth, who died at Sandhurst almost a hundred years ago. One wonders how many of the thousands of cadets who have walked through the Indian Army Room since then know who he was, or how the two dark-skinned figures in blue tunics and crimson pantaloons found their way into his memorial. Around the room are the saffron tunics of Skinner's Horse, the sky blue of the Light Cavalry, and the faded khaki which, surprisingly, belonged to Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, who, "considered too old by the Admiralty, joined the Commandos and served in the Western Desert, and was taken prisoner in 1941. He was then 71."

From the walls the oil paintings of Indian Army heroes, Probyn, Roberts, Gough, look down dark and stylized, on the Bianca Lowenstein bronze of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the last Commander-in-Chief in India.

## GIFT TO MUSEUM

The V.C.s' book will be handed to the Duke of Gloucester by Major C. W. d'A Steward, an officer of the 1st Punjabs who retired in 1927. The book was his idea and it is his gift to the Army Museum. The beautiful handwritten pages hold names and deeds which are part of the fabric of the Indian Army. There are the Gough brothers, who won their Victoria Crosses in the Mutiny; the son of one of them, who became the youngest commanding officer, the youngest general and the youngest army commander in the First World War. An earlier ancestor had led the 87th to an attack in the Peninsular War, calling out in Irish "Faugh-a-Ballagh" (clear the way)—a battle cry subsequently taken as their motto by The Royal Irish Fusiliers and the Gough family.

The brothers Sartorius and Blair are there and Generals Sir Dighton Probyn, Sir Sam Browne and Sir John Watson. Of one of these great cavalymen it was said: "No one seeing him would imagine that he had killed more men with his bare

hands than anyone else alive." Lieutenant Colonel Charles Appleby, the Director of the National Army Museum, tells this with macabre affection and adds the reflective afterthought—"He used a hog-spear, of course."

There is Surgeon Captain Arthur Martin-Leake, one of three officers to win a bar to his Victoria Cross; Hospital Apprentice Andrew Fitzgibbon, the youngest V.C. of all who was 15 years old when he won the decoration on August 21, 1860, attending the wounded at the Taku Fort, China; and the last of the British Indian Army to win the Cross—Rifleman Lachhiman Gurung, of the 4/8th Gurkha Rifles, who inspired his comrades when surrounded for three days by Japanese troops on the Irrawaddy in 1945. They threw grenades into his trench and Lachhiman Gurung picked them up and threw them back. When one exploded and blew off the fingers of his right hand, he loaded and fired his rifle with his left and threw back wave after wave of fanatical attacks. His citation covers more than two pages of the memorial book.

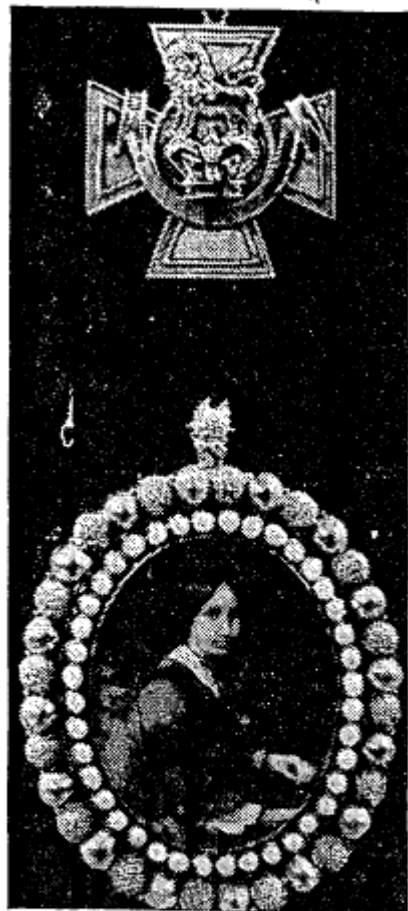
## VELVET-LINED CASE

In the quiet of the Indian Army Memorial Room today this record of gallantry will pass into the keeping of the Army. In the presence of the Secretary of State for War, Field Marshal Lord Slim, and the official representatives of India and Pakistan, the Duke of Gloucester will lay the book in a velvet-lined case. He will hand to the Military Advisers of the High Commissioners for India and Pakistan and to the Nepalese Military Attaché wood-engraved copies of the book; and Major Steward, late of the 1st Punjabs, will go back to his farm in Surrey leaving a monument more lasting than bronze.

Those who visit the Army Museum in the grounds of the Royal Military Academy will be able to read the citations and see the photographs of the men whose names they honour; and they will be able to see, too, the "Victoria Cross" of Mrs. Webber Harris, the wife of the Commanding Officer of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers, who in 1859 nursed the men of the regiment through a terrible epidemic. The cross, a gold model of the V.C., was presented to her on behalf of the officers of the regiment by General Sir Sam Browne, V.C.

It is refreshing in these days, when the tradition, the colour and the warmth of Army life are giving way all too quickly to cool professionalism, to remember for a while the fierce and dedicated men of the British Indian Army and those, like Mrs. Webber Harris, who never find their way into the official histories; and it is encouraging to know that there are still those to whom it all means so much that they give years of their life, after their soldiering is over, to ensure that what these men and women did is not forgotten. It is, as Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck has said, surely right and proper that these stories of heroism, self-sacrifice and devotion to duty should have been collected and put on record for all time.





A gold replica of the Victoria Cross presented in 1869 to Mrs. Webber Harris by the officers of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers (later the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Munster Fusiliers) for her courage during a cholera epidemic in India. Lent by Lady Matthews, of Sea Combe, Thurlestone, Devon, a niece of Mrs. Webber Harris, it is on display in the National Army Museum at Sandhurst. A miniature of Mrs. Webber Harris accompanied the replica.

## A V.C. REPLICA

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—As the Victoria Cross and its holders are much in the public eye at the moment, I wonder if many of your readers know of the gold replica of the medal which was given in 1869 to Mrs. Webber Harris, wife of the Commanding Officer of the Royal Munster Fusiliers then stationed in India. This replica was presented to her by the officers of the regiment in recognition of her heroic work during a cholera epidemic. It is said that it was suggested to Queen Victoria that Mrs. Webber Harris might be given the Victoria Cross, but this was, of course, not possible, so the gold replica was made and presented to her instead. Until recently the medal was on view at the United Services Museum in Whitehall.

Yours faithfully,

E. CARDEN.

Carhayes, Chesham Bois, Buckinghamshire.

### MRS. WEBBER HARRIS.

On Saturday, July 28, the ashes of Mrs. Webber Harris, widow of the late Major-General Webber Desborough Harris, formerly colonel of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers, now Royal Munster Fusiliers, were interred by the side of her husband in the churchyard of Ampfield, Romsey, Hampshire. In 1869 she endeared herself to the men of the regiment by her gallant endeavours to stem the cholera epidemic which attacked them on their march to Peshawar. In one night 27 men were attacked, and all died. Mrs. Webber Harris worked strenuously till she was the sole surviving woman nurse, and the epidemic was stayed. The officers of the regiment presented her with a gold Victoria Cross, "for her indomitable pluck during the cholera epidemic of 1869." Mrs. Harris resided at 3, Mans-crescent, S.W., till her death at the age of 83.





# ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

WHITEHALL, S.W.1.

Telegraphic Address: "RUSSATUS, PARL, LONDON."

Telephone Number: "WHITEHALL 5854."

20th July, 1955.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of 14th July, 1955.

We have the gold replica of the Victoria Cross in the  
Museum. The description against this exhibit reads:-

"Replica of the Victoria Cross, in gold, presented to Mrs. Webber Harris by the Officers of the 104th Bengal Fusiliers, for her indomitable pluck during the cholera epidemic of 1869.

It was necessary to have Queen Victoria's special permission for this Replica to be made".

Deposited by Miss E.M. Matthews, in March 1932.

There would, of course, be no citation with the presentation as it was not an official award.

Yours very truly,



Captain for Secretary.

Wing Commander  
T.R. Cave-Browne-Cave, CBE.,  
Bassett Mount, Bassett,  
Southampton.

By Mrs Leland Crothwell  
(nee Kitty Man)

## My Memories of Auntie

"Auntie" was my mother's elder sister. She had white hair with a bang in front like the Princess of Wales (I am speaking of the late eighties). Her dress always rustled, she seemed to me as a small child very tall & ageless. She wore pince-nez hanging on a thin black cord round her neck when not in use, & one of my earliest & most awful recollection was sitting on <sup>her</sup> ~~my~~ rather sticky lap playing with her glasses & a lens came out; without a word I slipped off her lap & fled, nothing was ever said about it or I imagine we are proud out I was the culprit. Auntie was married to Uncle Webster General Webster Harris & lived with my grandfather Matthews in 21 Manchester Sq. That was in the days of gracious living with Butler postman & a staff of servants. On the death of my grandfather Auntie moved to 3 Hans Crescent a real hucny flat of those days with a wonderful parlour maid Sammans in cap & streamer <sup>who</sup> ran everything on oiled wheels, it was there I very often stayed as a

favorite niece & revelled in the stories she would tell me of her past. It was <sup>while</sup> staying with her married sister in Shanghai that she first met Uncle Webber a penniless Captain in the 10<sup>th</sup> Bengal Fusiliers. He fell deeply in love & his method of forwarding his suit was ~~deeply~~ <sup>very</sup> comic. At a dinner-party given by her sister he whispered to her "look in the vase on the mantelpiece there is something for you." When the men rejoined the ladies he asked her anxiously did you find it she said "What! that nasty little bit of paintbrush tied up with silk." I think it must have been with anguish he replied "That was a lock of my hair." They married on a Captain's pay & were very hard up. When the regimental ball was taking place Auntie had nothing to wear but her old ball gown & no money to spend on a new one. The Adjutant of the Regiment Capt. Beecher with a flair for the ladies & beauty & a great friend of the Webber family provided a solution. He went to the bazaar & brought yds & yds of tulle at 1/4 annas a yd. Auntie had some artificial pink roses in her wardrobe. So

standing on the verandah with Capt Beecher  
on his knees & his mouth full of pins, he  
draped on her the tarlatan ~~is~~ caught up with  
roses. The Dherzi did the necessary stitching  
& Auntie & at the Ball Auntie's dress was  
one of the prettiest there - The years elapsed  
& Uncle Webb commanded the regiment. One  
hot weather in Cantonment cholera attacked  
the regiment. They were sent out into cholera  
camps under canvas miles from everywhere.  
All the wives were sent away only the Colonel's  
wife went into cholera camp with the regiment  
but that is another story & Auntie wrote her  
own account of it which I possess.

In the 1900's any Sunday afternoon at  
3 Hans Crescent W 6 flat <sup>the</sup> officers of the  
104, Bengal Lushers afterwards known as the  
'Munsters', would regather. Auntie's  
luscious drawing-room with ~~very~~ Victorian  
comfort deep pile carpets & rugs the velvet  
curtains the glassed in silver table the paintings  
& by the sofa the tea table with gleaming  
silver kettle & tea-pot hot buttered toast.

a cake pun Buzzards & delicious sandwiches  
Then the old friends would drop in, unmanually  
turned out, in their morning coats. Thus  
manoeuvres I thought them, Col. Beecher  
Col. Coghill, Paddy they called him, &  
General Sir Sam Browne of belt fame  
& many others all paying their court to  
Auntie. I suppose they had wives but  
oddly enough I have no recollection of any  
women on these Sunday afternoons. —

XXX Auntie was certainly plain but elegant &  
<sup>the</sup> Auntie never minded telling a story against herself  
Walking home from church one Sunday, ~~under~~  
in front of Uncle Webber & her future mother-in-  
law he murmured rapturously to his mother  
"Are not her ankles beautiful" — A pity they  
aren't on the top" was the tart reply.



BAPTISMS solemnized in the Parish of *St. Botolph Aldgate*  
in the County of *Middlesex & City of London* in the Year 1834

When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parent's Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
1834 August 3 Born 24 March No. 1840	James & Joseph Susan	William & Eve Susan		Minor's Acker		J. Martin
August 6 Born Nov. 30 1833 No. 1841	George & Mary Hallie	George & Eleanor Hallie	Wright	Aldgate High St.	Line Dresser	J. Martin
August 6 Born 15 July No. 1842	Ann & Maria Maria	John & Patience Maria		Burr St.	In the Army Pay Office	J. Martin
August 6 Born 13 July No. 1843	James & Elizabeth Mary Ann	James & Matthew Mary Ann		Minor's Gent.		J. Martin
Aug 10 Born July 20 <sup>th</sup> No. 1844	James & Harriet Ann Caroline	James & Ann Caroline	Sheed	Church Row	Dyer	J. B. Hollingsworth
Aug 10 Born April 5 1835	Richard & Sarah Sophia	Richard & Chamberlain Sophia		Broom Beardley	Sailor	J. B. Hollingsworth
Aug 10 Born July 12 <sup>th</sup> No. 1845	John & Elizabeth Phillis	John & Levy Phillis		Cattwright Square	Sailor	J. B. Hollingsworth
Aug 10 Born July 21 <sup>st</sup>	John & Timber Elizabeth	William & Miller Elizabeth		St Mary Whitechapel	Watchman	J. B. Hollingsworth