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THE
SANDARS FAMILY

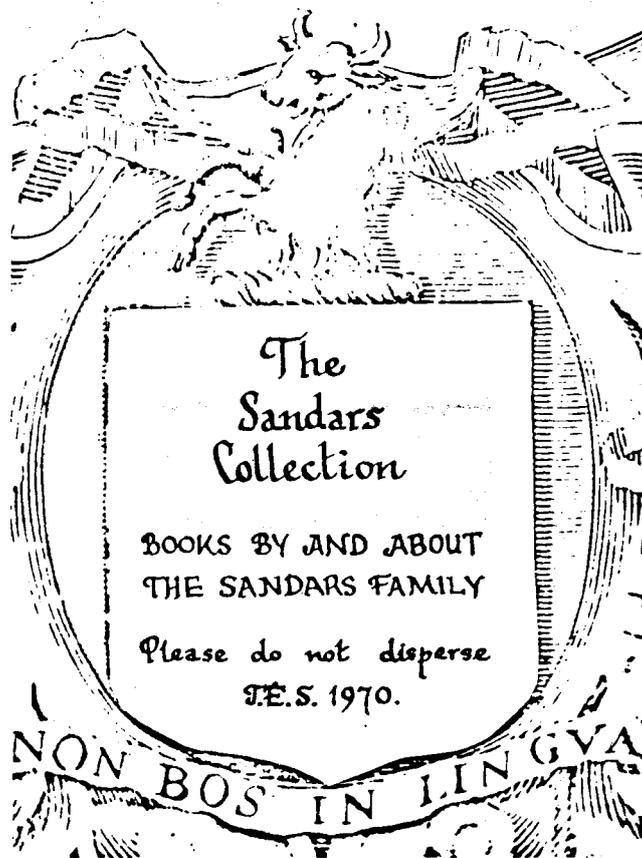
by

NORAH LAWES
(née Sandars)

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George Sandars
1805-1879

I seem to know very little about my grandfather. He was the 4th son of Samuel Sandars (born 1763 died 1836). Samuel married Jane, daughter of John Marshall of East Stockwith in 1793: she died in 1849, and her wedding ring, with two interlaced hearts engraved inside, is in my possession - my Mother always used to wear it.

Samuel moved from Derbyshire to Morton Hall near Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, and entered the malting trade. He died in 1836, thirteen years before his wife Jane. They had a big family, as was the custom in those days, four sons and five daughters - of George's three elder brothers, two died young, the 3rd, Edward, married Anne Gray of Calceby. He was the father of John Edward who married a widow, Eliza Drysdale, who was already the mother of two little girls. Georgie married Mr. Hugh Rose, and Minnie became Mrs. Dunn. John Edward and Eliza in due course had two sons, Jack of North Sandsfield, Gainsborough, who married a daughter of Lord Graves; and Ned who also married and had children.

In addition to the four sons Samuel and Jane had five daughters, Jane, Mary and Charlotte, all died of decline, that scourge of the time; Eliza, born 1797, married the Rev. William King of Gainsboro', and Ann, born 1810, married the Rev. Robert S. Buddicom rector of Southcote, Salop. In 1840, writing to her dearly loved brother George from Morton she says: "I am yet blessed with health but I am not happy for I feel solitary and unprotected and cannot enjoy half the comforts I have for want of a congenial companion and those are difficult to meet with" - so Ann married the rector of Southcote in 1860 becoming third wife of this rather selfish gentleman. I remember him staying with us in London long ago and complaining to us children of his sleeplessness and warning us of the days when we should, like him, have to be content with a four hours' night. He led my Great Aunt Ann rather a life, waking her to hear his grumbles when he could not sleep. He was unmindful that she was ill and should have been left undisturbed. Ann's married life, so wistfully desired, proved not to be a bed of roses!

Her elder sister Eliza King had several children; one of them, the Rev. Edward King, became father of Alec King, Goda Cope (wife of Sir Arthur Cope, the artist) and Ivy Lethbridge, wife of Edward Lethbridge of Tregear, Cornwall - and another, Colonel William King, married one of the Gordons of Aberdeen and spent the latter part of his life at Tortourie in that county. He had one son, James, in the Scots Guards who died young, unmarried.

Samuel Sandars, George's father, was one of the largest corn-factors in the kingdom. He undertook large contracts for the Government during the Peninsular War and we gain an idea of the size of his operations when we learn that at one time he had fifty vessels confined by stress of weather at Hull.

His education finished, George was apparently sent away to Manchester, and there followed his father in the malting trade. Like him, and more than did his elder brother Edward, he made a success of his trade. His eldest sister, Jane, who died young, unmarried, seems to have gone with him to make him a home until such time as he should marry. He left behind him at Morton Hall his favourite sister Ann, the youngest of the family - five years younger than himself. After eight children in quick succession there is a big gap between George and Ann, but this did not prevent a warm friendship between the two. We get a glimpse of him in a letter written to him by Ann who was at school at Blackheath. He, a young man of 22, was working at Manchester in 1827 lodging at 35 Piccadilly, and Ann alludes to him as a man of business. "I now sit down to have a little chit-chat with you". She had been prevented sooner as she had a sore throat that was through the house and the Apothecary kept her in bed. Now she is by the fire in the breakfast room surrounded by six other invalids who have all sore throats like her. She is afraid he is working too hard sitting up late to study. She continues - "I am glad to hear you have got a French master again, we shall have fine fun spouting French together in the holidays, I suppose you are preparing yourself ready to take your intended lady

a trip to Paris". She complains of being weak since "living on tea and broth, consequently my hand trembles - besides that I have sent my penknife to Greenwich to be sharpened because I had no brother George here to offer to do it for me - so you see I do miss you sometimes - particularly when I open my writing desk, where your portrait is the first thing I see." "I hope you will honour Blackheath with your presence this spring. I shall feel quite proud in conducting you over Greenwich Park, the Hospital, etc.... there are all the lions in London which I am sure it is high time you saw, so do continue to come up and bring Jane with you or anybody that will come. Tell me when you write if you think there is any probability of my Father coming up about the new Act of Parliament. I am always anxious to see someone as I daresay you were when at school. I am going to spend Easter at Islington with an old schoolfellow, a Miss Wilkinson." "Do you think there is any probability of your taking up your abode at Manchester I suppose not until you have got a wife to keep house for you. But Jane you know could not be spared and I should, I fear, do more mischief than anything else". Then she turns in thought to another brother - "If you write to Edward soon will you tell him with best love I am glad to hear his lady (Anne Gray of Calceby) is convalescent and his little boy quite well and that when he is quite at liberty little Ann would like a few lines. ... Do tell me the name of the young lady you are so fond of and who would suit me to a hairs breadth. I should like to see her amazingly you do not seem inclined to disturb yourself about her perhaps you think it better to take things quietly" ---- "I went in a hackney coach with Mrs. Otter, and my Uncle and Jane in another - The former was very talkative and free indeed." And so the much attached sister brings her long, crossed letter to a close.* I wish one knew what George said about his young lady and whether she was the one he married and to whom we find him engaged in the next letter written by her, Mary Neden, to her future sister-in-law, Ann Sandars.

Mary Neden writes from Manchester Feb. 17th, 1829 to Ann Sandars at Morton Hall after a visit to her there. After polite salutations she goes on: "I am very glad you have found a companion for chess ... you only want practice to make quite as good a player as your brother George. He and I have not had a game since you left indeed we have not had more than one or two opportunities of playing since then. -- you and he together have so disheartened me by check-mating me every time, twice only excepted that I think "I shall never engage in the game again with any sort of spirit." She goes on to speak of a delightful evg. at Mr. Turner's and a dance at Mr. Williams' at Broughton Priory when about 100 persons danced to the harp. She also speaks of lectures on Free Trade which she attended with her married sister and her husband (Mr. and Mrs. Ogden) and her unmarried sister, and "your brother George". The Christian name and the slight formality evidently denotes that they were engaged. She finishes as follows: "We are going to have a dinner party on Thursday, which I do not much enjoy the thought of, especially as my Mother says she does not know whether Elizabeth and I will not have to sit at a side table. I am not at all pleased at the thoughts of sitting at the side-table thinking she and I will look rather ludicrous there, if needs must however we must humble ourselves to our situation, but I am sure you will agree with me and say my Mother is putting our pride to too severe a trial. She'll spoil the dispositions of the two little dears if she continues long to deal thus harshly with us " -- and so the letter ends with a postscript, about Ann being rejoiced at the establishment of the lending library at Gainsboro.

Among the papers I found a yellowing sheet with an invitation written in sloping, pinny writing; an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Bibby to Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Neden to dinner at 3 o'clock on Wednesday next. It owes its preservation to the careful Mrs. Neden having used its spare sides for a plan of her next dinner. One's inside reels at the size of the dinner one was expected to face and the hostess was expected to provide on a hot August afternoon.

* Crossed letter refers to the practice of writing horizontally and then vertically on the same sheet of paper presumably to save expense in postage.

<u>2nd Remove</u>			<u>1st Remove</u>		
	Lobster			Fish	Calveshead
	Snow			Chicken	hash
h Cream	Jelly	Cheese	Patties	Vermicelli	Soup
	Swiss Cream				
	Trifle		HIGH	 	Roast
part	French Cream	Pudding	Stewed Beef	Hare Soup	Turkey.
	Jelly			Mutton	
ancmange				Fish	Sweetbread
	Pig	Orange Sponge			

The menu on the right is the first remove and when the diners had done justice to those viands they were taken away and replaced by the lighter ones on the left. But what a meal it was !

The next letter written from Bangor June 6th 1829 was written by George Sandars while on his honeymoon. He tells his favourite sister Ann: "We arrived here yesterday via Cheshire by short stages in fact we came most of the way in carriages (?) that we might better see the country ---- at present there is not much company being too early in the season. Mary and I have been wandering about all day, and I have almost tired her out". ---- He intended to get to Dublin on Tuesday "but as I cannot get there conveniently by that time I think it a pity to hurry ourselves on an excursion of this nature as it seldom happens more than once in our lives, and I think we ought to enjoy ourselves a little ---- I am sitting alone writing as Mary has gone to bed but I must follow soon ---- I send Jane a letter by this post as I am sure she will be very anxious to hear from me. I am afraid she will be lonely at Manchr. now I have left. Tell Mother I think the married life is very comfortable and happy at least it is so far and I see no reason to expect but what it will continue so. I suppose I shall be figuring in your newspaper this week" and so he ends off his letter.

Then comes a letter from Elizabeth Neden, my Grandmother's sister, afterwards Mrs. Faulkner. She writes from Manchester Oct. 28th 1830, to announce to the proud father travelling in Ireland, the birth prematurely of his eldest child, Jane. Though a seven months child and very small, her Aunt reports she is "likely for life" and "although pretty the very image of you".

A nurse has to be got in a hurry through the good offices of a neighbour "upon the whole considering the awkward circumstances in which we wer placed I think we managed very well." "Mary is doing very well, she has particularly desired me to tell you that the child has hair (dark hair) and nails and that Mr. Partridge says if it had waited two months longer, it would have been a very fine child" --- The sister-in-law remarks feelingly: "I can tell you I wished myself fifty miles off and thought how well you had managed to escape all bustle and anxiety".

It was not till six and a half years later that my father, Samuel, was born, on April 25th 1837. He was christened after his Grandfather. On August 24th Mary Sandars (his mother) writes of her husband from Southport. She says: "Jane did not very easily recover her spirits after your departure; she is looking forward with no little pleasure to the time of your return. She enjoys her donkey expeditions uncommonly. Sammy also is as well as when you left: he was four months old yesterday" --- she goes on with little items of news "Miss Barlows drank tea with us yesterday afternoon they say they give three shillings a Sunday for the pew we saw them in at Church. Many, I believe, go to Church in town owing to the difficulty that there is of obtaining seats here --- Southport has more respectable families in it than when you were here and much less of the country people. I suppose the Faulkners are at home now" (Elizabeth Neden of the last letter is now Mrs. Faulkner) "it will give me great pleasure to exhibit little sammy to them;

so different to what they last saw him. Jane sends her love; she says according to his nurse, Sammy is at one time a dumpling and at another an angel, but she does not think he is very much like either", and so she ends adding she cannot write her own hand with a "steel pen".

There is one more letter from Ann Sandars to her brother George, written from Morton in Dec. 1840. She writes anxiously as he has been seeing surgeons and they have had a consultation about him. "I do hope now that you will be quite restored but I cannot help fearing you will not take sufficient care of yourself and may be having a relapse. Do consider how very important your life is to your children (to say nothing of the loss you would be to us) and for their sakes attend more to your health and less to business --- we each want something else we do not possess. I am yet blessed with health but I am not happy for I feel solitary and unprotected and cannot enjoy half the comforts I have for want of a congenial companion and those are difficult to meet with ----- My Mother ----- her health is good and she is too hearty. I often offend her by cautioning her and it is very unpleasant to have to do it --- I must get my Mother to agree to Dido being in the house --- we must all hope that brighter times will come and prepare us for a better and happier world for this is full of cares and trouble" and in this minor key the letter ends.

In 1834 when George was 29, Samuel sen. drew up a deed of partnership between his 3 surviving sons. He arranged for each son to have a third of the residue of his estate, and young as he was George had already got a very "comfortable" bit of capital to add to his third. The two elder brothers, Samuel jn. and Edward were not so well off. Samuel sen. died in 1836 to be followed in a very short time by his eldest son Samuel jun., who apparently had not married, and whose share, presumably, was divided by the two remaining brothers, Edward and George.

George and Mary Ann at first lived in Manchester, where George was working hard at the business of malting and was showing such aptitude that about six or eight years after my Father's birth in 1837, he was able to leave Manchester and live at Alverthorpe Hall, near Wakefield, which town he represented in Parliament from 1847 to 1857. His wife died in 1847, when her little daughter, Mary Annabella was born. She was considered clever and keen on Mathematics and Algebra, an unusual taste for a woman in those days. She was delicate and would often stay all day in her room, only coming down for the evening meal. Not perhaps a very satisfactory wife for a busy man, and not much help to an ambitious man eager to make the most of his life.

They had four children - Jane, who married William Dods, a captain of the 14th Regiment and had three children - Elizabeth, married Charles W. Harrison, and had five children - Mary Arabella, who married Hans White and had no children, and Samuel, my Father, who married Elizabeth Maria Russell and had seven children. When Mary Ann Sandars died, she left my Grandfather with four children on his hands, the eldest, Jane, about seventeen years old. Probably grief at the loss of her Mother was gradually lessened to Jane as she discovered her importance as mistress of a nice house. And she told her daughter, Edith Rose, many years later after, of the shock it was to her to find a photograph of Miss Arabella Walker under her Father's collars in his chest of drawers; the first intimation of the future stepmother. George had become, as years went by not only an important corn-merchant, a rich man, and M.P. for Wakefield, but he was also for 10 years Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, Director of the Trent Valley Rly (now the L.N.W. Rly) and of the Manchester and Birmingham Rly (now a small part of the L.M.S. Rly.). It was only natural that he should be interested in railways as Joseph Sandars, the supporter of George Stephenson, and sometimes called the father of English Railways, was his first cousin. This importance made him an attractive parti for Miss Walker, who laid herself out to be very charming to him. So much so, that two years after his first wife's death, he married her. Though a lady of great social attractions, she proved as difficult and disagreeable after marriage, as she had been charming before. Life for the step-children was not happy, my Father, a delicate boy, was punished by his nurse by being shut up in a dark cupboard, and on one occasion when the children had prepared a little present for their step-mother's birthday she brushed it aside without a word of thanks. The

youngest child, little Mary, was the only one she took to and she spoilt her hopelessly.

And now I am on the subject of this disagreeable woman, let me finish with her altogether. As years went on, my Grandfather, who was a kindly busy man of good attainments, was more and more hen-pecked by a bad-tempered wife and his daughters were glad to escape from home by marriage. Her sharp tongue and violent temper made visits to Little Chesterford Park, and later on to Beechwood, Tunbridge Wells, events not to be looked forward to by my Father and Mother.

Jane, the eldest girl, had a proposal from a tall young man in the 14th Regiment and refused him; he went out and fought in the Crimea, and when he returned, a War hero, she accepted him. I remember him, elderly and very stout, adjutant of the Norfolk Regiment and living at Gorleston near Yarmouth. His complexion made one realise that he was a convivial nature, and his loud banter rather alarmed me.

My step-grandmother lived a few years longer than her husband and I remember being taken one day to see her by my Father in Cleveland Square. The room was very hot, but in spite of it she wore over her widow's cap of white crape with two long tails of crape hanging down her back, a white woollen shawl that she held together below her chin, and yet another shawl over her shoulders. It was a strange fate that this old woman, after living for many years in dread of fresh air, was taken to Mentone by her brother's widow when quite old; serious earthquakes drove everyone to live in tents for a while until they could escape, and she, for several days had to live practically out of doors. It did her no harm and being childish she probably never realised the enormity of what she was suffering.

In 1852 George Sandars bought Little Chesterford Park in Essex about 12 miles from Cambridge. A large, rather ugly house with good shooting. From then on he divided his time between Chesterford and his house 27 Sussex Square, entertaining in both places. In 1858 he added to the property the adjoining Little Walden Park. There was a beautiful old farm-house, easily adaptable to modern requirements and my grandfather wanted his son, when married, to live there. But my Mother was so completely a Londoner, that she would not hear of life in the country and the idea was regretfully abandoned. Later on my step-grandmother considered that the air of Essex was bad for her and she gave her husband no peace until in 1868 he sold all the property and bought a house instead at Tunbridge Wells - an overgrown villa type rather disappointing after Little Chesterford Park. The ornate house had only a few acres surrounding it and to the delight of my brothers, a 20 acre wood! My step-grandmother saw to it that the house was very comfortable not to say luxurious, and provided she was satisfied all was well, and my Grandfather was spared from nagging complaints.

George Sandars entered Parliament as a Free-trader. In March 1850, on Budget night, he made a speech in the House that created a sensation among traders and especially those dealing in corn. Though an advocate of Free Trade he agreed to the wisdom of a small fixed tax on foreign imported corn and pointed out in his speech that prices are always reduced when the market is greatly extended. The Times held up his arguments to ridicule, arguing apparently without fully understanding the matter in discussion, which was clearly put by George Sandars "who could by the statement of plain facts taken from his own practical experience, set the House right upon important points of this deeply interesting question." The "Circular to Bankers" of March 29th 1850 comments: "Mr. Sandars is become a person of political as well as commercial importance; out of 656 members of the House of Commons, he is the only one at once able and willing to expound the truth on the great question of the Corn-trade."

In the speech, after demonstrating the truth of his argument he said "upon the debate which ensued on the Budget last year, I expressed an opinion which has since been confirmed and strengthened by the opinions of

others at home and abroad, connected with the corn trade, that a moderate fixed duty on the import of corn, though it would bring a large sum into the Exchequer, would not in usual seasons enhance the price to the consumer --- and (would) enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to repeal taxes which press on the poorer classes, viz. those on soap, tea, sugar and beer". --- "I shall give as I before said the great experiment of Free Trade a full and fair trial, but should the fitting time come to impose that duty, should the Chancellor of the Exchequer ever impose that duty it will have, if I have the honour of a seat in this House, my most cordial support".

We read further on, that Mr. Sandars' argument that prices are always reduced when the market is greatly extended caused astonishment to his hearers. The Morning Herald was dramatic "Mr. Sandars' speech still sticks like a harpoon in the side of Free Trade and the plunges and flounderings of the Times sufficiently prove that a vital part has been touched."

George Sandars was an affectionate Father and was very devoted to his only son Samuel. At eleven years old the little boy was at school at Hemel Hempstead. From there he went to Cheam and then in 1852 to Harrow. Owing to extreme delicacy he remained all the time in a small house for six boys kept by Dr. Westcott, afterwards Bishop of Durham. Samuel entertained for him always, the greatest admiration and respect and by a strange chance Dr. Westcott was preaching the University sermon at Great St. Mary's Church - the church Samuel had loved so well, and had beautified in many ways - only two days after his death, so the former master was able to pay a fine tribute to his pupil.

"Witnesses have never failed us, witnesses and benefactors by lives of open labour and silent munificence. Within the last hour I have heard that one has passed from along us to whose loving care and unobtrusive generosity this church will bear testimony to future generations. As to his services to the Library I am told that we must go back three hundred years - or nearly - to find a parallel! There is a strange pathos in the fact that it falls to me to notice this our latest loss. It is more than 40 years since I first knew Mr. Sandars as a pupil at Harrow. Gentle and affectionate, he won my heart then, and his life, too quickly completed, as we think, has fulfilled the promise which he gave of simple devotion to duty. His benefactions were graced by thoughtful interest in the object which he aided. His studies were made to serve the larger cause to which they were directed. In time of restless excitement and ambitious piety we may be thankful that there are still those who find strength in quietness, and the exercise of Christian faith in the unostentatious charities of the passing days. We are stronger and calmer for their example. They know, as we trust, what we strive to learn. Via Rominos visio Deo.

There is a little black-edged letter on very small notepaper written by Samuel at the age of 10 to his Aunt Ann up at Morton Hall in Lincolnshire; the little boy had stayed at Hemel Hempstead with his Father for the week-end and since then had been in his lodgings with him in St. James' Street for four days and was then returning to his school at Cheam for the few remaining days of the term. George Sandars, whose first wife had died very recently, was no doubt glad of the company of his little boy, but it must have been a queer visit for the child, who had probably to be left alone a good deal in the lodgings by his busy parent, newly elected to Parliament. He is looking forward much to his visit to Morton before long. "Dear Aunt Ann, I was so sorry to hear of the death of my dear Mama who was always so good and kind to me. I am sure I shall feel her loss when I get back to Alverthorpe again --- Papa tells me that I have got a little sister and that she is very like me. Dear little thing how glad I shall be to give it a kiss I like school very well but I like being with Papa better."

There is another letter written by Samuel this time to his Father in 1852 from Harrow. After reporting his place in class which sounds quite good and what books he wants he goes on "I received letters from Lizzie Anne and Mary. Lizzie says in her letter 'Papa and Mama had a long tete a tete about School to our great discomfiture. Tell Mama that I was the first who arrived in our house by about an hour.' The step-mother evidently had hurried the boy off unduly early. There is another letter from Harrow

in 1855 when he was eighteen to his Father. He has been doing some complicated sliding on a pond with success and would like to skate but has no skates. He finds there are advantages in being two in a room "as if you want any rather expensive ornament you can go halves in the expense. Jones and I got a very pretty little clock for our mantell piece which cost 24s. I should not have liked to have paid it all myself but I don't care so much when we have each paid 12s. I enclose the list of what I have spent and how I have spent it in ornaments for my room which comes to nearly £2. When I came back to Harrow I only had £3 when I generally have had £5 or £6 and I had less money than anyone in the house. All my money is now gone and if you could send me a little money I should be much obliged as we have got no good large pictures ---- Tell Jane (Mrs. Dods) that I shall be much obliged to her if she could make me a penwiper soon or of course I should be still more obliged for a pair of screens only I am afraid they would take a long time making. The Housekeeper and servants very new they do not know what to do and one can never get any shirts or anything at the right time generally they bring the shirts when we have gone to school so we have to change when we come home instead of putting them on in the morning and the things are not well cleaned nor is anything done so well as by the old servants." I hope and expect Samuel got the money he wanted for my Grandfather was an affectionate father and very devoted to his only son. But all the same, he would not allow him to take up the profession of architect as the boy wished and for which his tastes and gifts eminently suited him, but insisted on the more "gentlemanly" career of the Bar, for which he was really not at all well suited. But first he went to Trinity College, Cambridge on leaving Harrow in 1857. He had rooms there in the Market Place near Great St. Mary's Church and to this no doubt was due the interest he always felt in the Church and which he was able in later years to put to practical effect.

While he was at Cambridge it was no doubt very convenient to have his Father living only twelve miles away at Little Chesterford Park, and so to be able to go home from time to time, and we see his bent towards architecture, not only in drawings of University and Church buildings at Cambridge, but also designs for alterations and embellishments at Little Chesterford Park.

He spent two long vacations in the Isle of Wight with the Rev. Canon Venables and in conjunction with him published in 1869 "Historical and Architectural Notes on Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge", which forms No.10 of the publications of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. He told us that one day, while Canon Venables was out, Mrs. Venables rushed into the room where he was sitting, crying out that she had just taken poison by mistake. Happily my Father knew the right antidote and scraped some whitewash off the ceiling, gave it to her in water, and averted what might have been very serious consequences.

Samuel took his B.A. degree in 1860 and his M.A. degree in 1863 in which year he was called to the Inner Temple; but beyond going twice on the Eastern Circuit, he never practised as a barrister. His one solitary brief was prosecuting a little boy for setting fire to a hay-stack.

My Grandfathers were both Members of Parliament and used to walk home together across the Parks - the Russells lived in Westbourne Street and the back of their house was only separated from the back of the Sandars' house in Sussex Square by a mews. Grandpapa Russell, Member for Limerick, a typical Irishman, was devoted to horses and used to bring over beautiful young Irish horses for his daughters to ride in the Row, and it gave him great pleasure to walk down the Row and see his pretty daughters on Gypsy or Coquette better mounted than most riders there. One can imagine how often the Irishman visited his stables in the mews, and though George Sandars was not a horsey man, yet no doubt he too went to see his driving horses, and so the two men became intimate and finally arranged for their respective wives to exchange calls, which ended in my Father falling in love with the eldest Miss Russell. Referring to my Mother's diaries it is amusing to notice that, at first calling him Mr. Samuel Sandars she gradually changed to Mr. Sam Sandars, and finally, to Sam, as her feeling towards him increased in warmth.

Mr. Sandars did not at first at all approve of the marriage of his only son to Mr. Russell's eldest daughter, especially as down in Cambridgeshire various important neighbours had marked him down as a suitable match for their daughters. But my Father himself had fallen deeply in love with pretty little Lillie, as Mr. Russell's eldest daughter Elizabeth was called in her family and would hear of no one else. He even enjoyed a Christmas tree party at the Russells, playing with the children, and was rewarded by a few words with his innamorata as they snipped the strings that tied the toys to the tree. When the opposition persisted, Sam became depressed and his affectionate Father was made anxious by want of interest in things and his declining health.

Eventually it all ended happily in a big wedding at St. James' Church, Paddington, with a fine array of bridesmaids, presents, speeches and fine frocks.

These diaries of my Mother's, to which I alluded, were kept since she was about 16 I think and went on till the year of her death, but latterly they were more often written by her daughter Alys than by herself. They are very brief, a mere record of what was done each day, but now and again they afford a glimpse of the "vie intime" of proper little Miss Elizabeth Maria Russell. She was the eldest of the family, she was shy, and used to go about with her gentle little Mother and so was rather cut off from her sisters. The two next in age, Eleanor and Georgina, devoted friends, were rather inclined to leave her out of their concerns. When planning the first dance they gave, Eleanor and Georgina were writing out the invitation cards that were to be printed, and my Mother, for some reason rather haughty and reserved about it all, only unbent at the last moment to observe crushingly that Mrs. Russell only invited people to a dance, never Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

The Misses Russell were all petite and pretty, some of them, notably my Mother, Georgina and Rachael, very pretty, and they had many admirers. My Aunt Eleanor who was clever and animated, but not strictly pretty, has told me how she and my Mother went once with friends to a box at the theatre and she was charged to keep guard, and not let an admirer of my Mother's, a Mr. Brabazon, who was to be one of the party, have a chance of proposing to her. They had a pleasant life - dances, dinners, rides in the Row, drives in the Park in the afternoon to shop at Waterloo House, or possibly to fetch my Grandfather from the House of Commons. His carriage and pair were very smart and the men well turned out, so much so that one day my Grandfather for a wager ordered his coachman to drive under the arch on Constitution Hill - Royalty only having the right to do this - and he won his wager. Those were days before social work was started, and when my Mother, influenced no doubt by my Grandmother, wanted to do something teaching in the Sunday School seemed the only opening, and I gather that that was not continued very long.

During the 2nd year that he was up at Cambridge a visit to Chesterford was arranged, and my Grandfather Russell, and his wife, my Mother aged about 22, and Sarah (whom I suspect of being the housemaid transmogrified for the time being into a lady's maid) "left" my Mother's dairy says: "by 2 o'clock train for Chesterford Park. Mr. Sandars reached there at 5, and found his omnibus waiting for us. Walked in garden with Mr. and Mrs. Sandars, Lizzie and Mary. All very pretty ----- very nice house." Then one day, "we drove to Cambridge - first went into Fitzwilliam Museum --- did not go into many Colleges. Lunched at Mr. S. Sandars' rooms. Papa was missing in search of his purse containing between £8 and 9 which he left in a shop - a policeman there but to no purpose - consequently late for dinner". A very annoying happening for the irascible Irish gentleman who could not afford to lose £8 and no doubt made a regular scene at the shop in question. In 1861 Mr. Sml. Sandars seems to have been about a good deal with Mrs. Russell and her daughters. "Mr. S. Sandars in early this morning". "Dined with Packes met Sml. Sandars there --- S.S. drove back with us -- Eleanor and I walked and sat in Gardens and were talked to by Mr. Sandars and Sam."

Early in the next year 1862 my Mother was asked to be one of Lizzie's bridesmaids and a few days later "Mama and I called on the Sandars, saw and congratulated Lizzie, saw colour of bridesmaid's dress and likeness of the gentleman" (Charles Harrison) and on March 20th we read: "dressed in my bridesmaid's attire and off at half past ten to the Sandars - 10 bridesmaids

Mary Sandars, 2 Miss Harrisons, Misses King, Harvey, Herbert, Ashmore, Jesse, Cheshire and self -- the bride looked very pretty in white satin covered with Honiton lace - went in with Sam who felt in tribulation about his speech -- Great omission Mr. and Mrs. Sandars nearly forgotten to be proposed -- beautiful presents given by Mr. Sandars to the bridesmaids, chosen by lot. Bracelets brooches and locket. I drew No. 10 and was left a very pretty gold and coral locket one of the prettiest things I thought. Lizzie looked lovely in her travelling dress." My Mother told me that the giver was much annoyed at her drawing No. 10 and so having to take what was left, as he intended and wished one of the earliest choices to come to his future daughter-in-law. The next year, 1863 in June my parents were married. It was a very gay affair and the young couple, after spending a few days in Oxford went into Scotland for the greater part of the honeymoon. The beginning of their married life was not very comfortable as they lived in Sussex Square with my Grandfather, whose wife was not a person to make this an easy arrangement. It was settled that my Mother should have the back drawing room where she could entertain her friends, but she soon found this was impossible. Her mother-in-law was so jealous of people coming to the house whom she did not see and made things so uncomfortable that she had to give up the privilege.

In the winter when Mr. and Mrs. Sandars were comfortably settled in the London house, my Father and Mother spent some time at Little Chesterford Park and there my Mother was able to have her sisters to stay with her. One night going up to bed, my Mother turned the key in the lock in the room in which they had been sitting, a usual custom, quite forgetting that my Father was in the room, and went to bed. My Father presently waking from a doze found himself a prisoner, and it was ages before he could make anyone hear, and it was a wrathful and ruffled husband who was finally rescued.

However, the young couple soon started on their own. The first baby was expected and before it arrived they were established in a house of their own, 39, Sussex Gardens, quite in state with a man-servant.

Not practising as a barrister, my Father had time on his hands and he became a constant reader at the British Museum Reading Room and his taste for books became more developed. In the first published volume of the University Reporter, 1871, his donations of books occupy 2½ columns. In 1878, he published an "Annotated list of Books printed on vellum in the University and College Libraries at Cambridge" a work that supplied a real omission in the Records. In the same year owing to the death of his Mother's sister, Mrs. Faulkener, he inherited the greater part of the beautiful collection of pictures made by her husband, George Faulkener. The couple had had a son, but to their grief he died when about four years old, and so my Father became their heir. George has a large framed photograph of this great Uncle of his. It must be almost three feet high and represents a tall thin old man, standing in frock coat and holding a stupendous chimney pot hat in his hand. This bequest gave my Father a new interest.

George Sandars was always generous, and lent money to his less fortunate relations (who were not always grateful); towards the end of his life he was not wise over his investments and one Company with unlimited liability which threatened bankruptcy gave him much anxiety; indeed his fears became so acute that he sent for my Father to come to Beechwood, Tunbridge Wells, in a hurry, and made over to him most of the rest of his Estate so that in case of the worst happening a substantial amount of his capital would be safe. I remember my Grandfather at 17 Queensborough Terrace delighting us children with "yellow boys" as he called the transparent lozenges resembling golden sovereigns that seemed to be always in his pockets. And after his death my Mother, unpacking and folding away his Court suit (he had been deputy Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire) found two or three of them in the embroidered waistcoat pockets.

I only once stayed at Beechwood as I was one of the younger ones of the family, but my three brothers went there constantly and at tea three large plates of very thin bread and butter, one plate for each boy, provided a very different meal to what they got at home.

On her last visit to Beechwood the eldest daughter May was so ill-advised as to develop scarlet fever and as she was a delicate girl, every care had to be taken. She was isolated at one end of the house and kept there with a nurse until she was well enough to go to the seaside. A long, dreary time, no doubt, shut up with a nurse whose great ideas were her personal appearance and her conquests.

But meanwhile my Mother was having a bad time. Her indignant Mother-in-law, terrified of infection, visited on her all her ill-temper and spleen, and treated her as though she had planned the whole thing and grumbled loudly over every requirement of the sickroom. My poor Mother was torn with anxiety over the illness of her daughter, who, of course, she might not see, and obliged to remain there an unhappy guest with an intensely disagreeable hostess rubbing in all the time what an unwelcome visitor she was.

The following year (1879) my Grandfather died. Beechwood was sold and the widow came to live in London, ultimately settling in Cleveland Square. During his father's last illness Samuel was constantly down at Tunbridge Wells and the old man seems to have counted on his son's visits and to have leant on him.

There were exciting changes for us after my Grandfather's death. We left the house in Queensborough Terrace and moved across the Park into Kensington. 7 De Vere Gardens was a large house, just built near Kensington Gardens, in a new street, very tall with lots of stairs and so closed in at the back by the backs of houses in the next street that some of the rooms were so dark and stuffy as to be almost useless. However the two principal rooms were fine and spacious and the drawing room was well-fitted for the beautiful pictures and objets d'art that my Father inherited from his Father, his Aunt Mrs. Faulkener, and others that he bought himself. Mrs. Faulkener, his Mother's sister, and her husband were very artistic people, they showed discrimination and great taste in the beautiful things they bought.

His eldest son George has a very attractive life-sized portrait of his great Aunt Faulkener and her little boy, painted by a cousin also named Faulkener and very reminiscent of Thomas Lawrence. The young woman dressed in a simple white gown and a frilled mob-cap with pale blue ribands a tiny pink rose-bud nestled in the bosom of her folded over bodice, has one arm half embracing a blue-eyed fair-haired little boy in a white frock. One can imagine what a grief the loss of this chubby smiling baby boy must have been to his parents.

Another picture by the same artist shows my Father with his elder sister, afterwards Mrs. Dods, and his next younger sister Mrs. Harrison. It is round painting - Jane about 11, a pretty bright-eyed girl is holding a rose above her head, little Lizzie a beautiful plump brown-eyed baby has pulled off one shoe which she holds mischievously in one hand, and my Father a delicate fair-haired boy of about seven stands besides them in a dark velvet frock.

George also has a picture of his Grandfather as a young man tall, with dark curly hair. He wears a black riding coat and stock tie, and has a riding whip under his arm, and as he stands there smiling, alert, confident, one can understand how such a man made his way in the world, and became a rich man, and a Member of Parliament.

A large water-colour represents my Father and his next sister Lizzie, sitting in a garden with an archery target in the distance. My Father slight and delicate-looking sits close to Lizzie, a girl of about 15 in a white frock, whose black curls and soft dark eyes give her an almost foreign appearance. After this the only portraits of my Father are photographs, including a cabinet sized tinted photograph on china, of the nature of a miniature taken probably when he was at Cambridge; and the

next one was when he was engaged to my Mother. In it he stands beside her in a tight frock coat with slightly curling fair hair and side whiskers, while my Mother in a large crinoline sits with an open album on her knee looking very demure. After his death a life-sized portrait of him was painted for my Mother by Laurence Boyle but was not a success. My Mother gave Mr. Boyle the commission as he had painted a portrait of Thackeray for my Father, that he wished to present to his College, and had been very successful with it, but in the interval Mr. Boyle had been ill and the picture which my brother George now has is not good. When my Mother was invited by the College authorities to present a portrait of my Father to them, she gave the commission to another artist, by whom it was very well carried out.

My Mother's sisters were all like herself, small - only one attained the height of over five foot; some of them were strikingly pretty and all were attractive. Her next sister, Eleanor, never married. Georgina, the third, married the elder son of Mr. Justice Byles (Byles on Bills' fame) and had five children; Fanny the 4th married Harry, the third son of Mr. John Robert Thomson, a South African merchant and had one daughter; and Rachel, taller than the others, delicate and extremely pretty remained unmarried. There was one son Norreys, who went to Harrow and Cambridge and finally refused to enter his Father's business. His father was a corn-merchant with ships trading to the other side of the world and headquarters at Limerick. Norreys read for the Bar at which he did practically nothing, and I think regretted his choice of a career when it was too late. He and his Father did not hit it off and I feel a keen sympathy for the poor little boy who was sent off to his preparatory school on cold mornings draped in a large plaid shawl, instead of being decently dressed in a greatcoat like his school fellows. The father who could so treat his son had long forgotten his own youthful feelings. Norreys married the younger daughter of Sir James Deane, last Vicar General, I believe, before that office was abolished. Sir James Deane's only son became Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, and he had one son, while my Aunt Margie (Mrs. Norreys Russell) had three sons and one daughter.

SAMUEL SANDARS
1837-1894.

And now what can I tell you about my Father? Not very much I am afraid; he was essentially a shy book-loving man preferring them much to his fellow-creatures. He did not have much to do with his daughters' upbringing, leaving that entirely to his wife, except when sometimes he thought summer holidays were extending too far into October and prompted my Mother to write to the governess, and ask her to come, or when he made a very unexpected visit to our London schoolroom and found two of us playing games while the governess was teaching the 3rd downstairs how to play the piano. When he ascertained that she spent the whole morning every day downstairs teaching one or other of us the piano, while the others were left to their own devices, the fiat went forth, and that governess departed. He was, naturally, far more interested in the education of his sons, but of that I can tell you nothing. Once when they were attending a preparatory school as daily pupils, the Doctor was called in for some ailment, and gave his opinion as to how much meat was good for little boys. To my Mother's consternation my Father declared that the doctor had said a cutlet was sufficient, while my Mother knew he had meant a good, big chop! You may be sure that as soon as she could manage it, my Mother's growing boys were fed more plentifully.

I like to think of Edward, who started school life at the age of 5, because he was so unhappy when his elder brother Frank went to the daily school and he was left behind spending a good part of one morning in his Father's dressing room hidden behind a dressing gown which was hanging on a hook on the door so as to avoid the hated governess. One would have thought the dullest lessons pleasanter than standing behind a door wrapped in the folds of an old dressing gown.

My Father was a good-looking man with fair complexion, light brown hair inclined to curl particularly when he had not lately been to the barber and it had got a little long. He had good dark blue eyes, deep-set and kind, a good nose and firm square chin. He was inclined to embonpoint

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but quite lost his tendency to start a bow window the last year of his life when he was suffering so terribly from his heart and the doctors seemed able to do nothing to help him. When in London he spent most of the time when indoors in his comfortable, though uncheerful, study lined with bookcases, and furnished with a big writing table and armchairs. The outlook on to the backs of other houses probably he never noticed and never worried about.

His greatest trouble would be when my Mother planned a dinner or broke to him that we were going to have a dance, and then he knew that for two days the house would be uninhabitable and that he must bestir himself and order in some champagne. My Mother generally arranged dinners of 20 people because my Father hated them, so that he tried to compromise by having as few as possible, and usually two in the week Tuesday and Thursday with the idea of breaking him in to dinner giving I suppose. I can see him in the drawing room when guests were arriving, a little card partially hidden in his hand, conning over his lesson who was to take in which lady to dinner and then hastily effecting an introduction. After dinner when he returned with the other men to the drawing room he left all the introductions and care of the guests to my Mother and merely talked to the person who came handiest!

His walks out in London were chiefly Eastwards to his Club (the Oxford and Cambridge) to a picture gallery, or a sale at Christie or Sotheby, or a visit to Quaritch to have a book-gossip and make a bargain, if that were possible with the wily old man.

In 1881 he bought Chalfont Grove in the parish of Chalfont St. Giles in the County of Bucks. It was a big rambling house with no architectural features, but large enough for a large family and household. It is set in a small park and with 2 or 3 small farms attached. The garden had the makings of a very pretty one and my Mother was very interested in it. The trees and shrubs were what attracted my Father and he became the butt of friendly laughter from our neighbour, Colonel Phipps, whose daughter Gertrude later married Edward and who made great fun of the way our trees were given change of air and scene. We had Baron, the big man for moving trees, down once to the Grove and had a thrilling time watching him with his horse-pulled tractors heaving up a large Douglas pine and depositing it somewhere else.

Trees had always been a great delight to my Father and from his boyhood, almost, he had visited and measured every big tree he heard of in any part of England where he happened to be - I believe a huge collection of measurements and notes on giants he had seen went to Cambridge with the beautiful collection, the Sandars' Bequest, that he left to his beloved University when he died.

From time to time he would show us some exquisitely illuminated manuscript that he had just acquired, and we were allowed to look at the gems of painting it contained, but he had a nervous fear of anything happening to his prize, and though we were too well brought up to think of treating it with anything but the greatest care, his re-iterated "take care" took away much of the pleasure we should otherwise have felt. He was always very interested in my painting and lent me some of his previous books, one a chained one, and all with fine old bindings, to make a picture to illustrate "Old Friends". I promised the sketch to him, but first it was to join other representations of "Old Friends" in a portfolio Club, and by the time it had finished its round he was, alas, no longer there to receive it. He was never a strong man, as a youth he had been very fussy about his health, but after marriage he had other things to think of, and though he always remained delicate, did not suffer from real bad health till a couple of years before his death.

In 1891 he was picked as High Sheriff of Bucks, and from that date it loomed ominously before him. A shy man, at the best of times, the thought of undertaking any public duty was dreadful to him, and his discomfort became real fear when he began to get ill and have bad attacks of pain. His own doctor, whose name it is kinder not to mention, was more than stupid over his diagnosis, and told his family that there was much imagination in the illness. He complained of increasing and awful pain, he grew thin, and the sickly smell of anil accompanied, and let us hope alleviated, the attacks. At last he went to Dr. Sharkie who promised him a Certificate of Exemption

and it was finally given him the day before he died. I dined alone with him his last evening. So little was his death expected that my Mother and May had gone out to dinner and all the others chanced to be away except Dorothy, who was kept to the drawing room with a cold. I am glad I started playing dance music to him that evening as he usually enjoyed it, but that night he asked me to stop as he did not feel well enough; and the last remembrance of him alive that I have he was kneeling at the safe on the landing, getting out or putting away some papers. Early next morning we were called to his bedroom, artificial respiration was being tried, but he passed away about 8 a.m. on June 15th, 1894, after a night of great pain when injections of morphia failed to relieve him. He was buried in the little churchyard at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where in 1923 we buried beside him my Mother, Elizabeth Maria, to whom he had always been devotedly attached. A couple of years later an oak South Porch from the designs of Mr. John Oldrid Scott was put up at St. Giles Church where Samuel had frequently said there should be one, and had been one, from traces on the south wall.

My Father was J.P. for the County of Bucks and a Ruling Councillor of the local branch of the Primrose League. The local paper said: "he was thoroughly liberal-minded and benevolent, and the aged and poor of Chalfont St. Giles have lost a true friend. He was highly esteemed by his employees and last winter provided work on his estate for a number of the unemployed."

I should like to enumerate some of the gifts through which his name will always be remembered at Cambridge. "It was his constant complaint that in England buildings were begun and never properly completed, that niches for instance were made and the figures that they were meant to contain never put into position, and so he set himself to work to remedy some of these defects in the University towns." The statues in front of the Divinity Schools were given by him, he had the Clerestory windows of Great St. Mary filled with painted glass and inserted a series of coats of arms in the lower windows to commemorate the names of subscribers of the time of Henry VII. His last gift consisted of a pair of windows in the Clerestory in memory of his Father and Mother. The University Library, Trinity College, Christ's College, the Divinity Schools and the Senate House all bear evidence to his desire to complete what others had left unfinished.

I will finish by quoting from the short Memoir of him written by his friend Mr. Jenkinson, the University Librarian, and published in the Cambridge Review, Nov. 8th 1894.

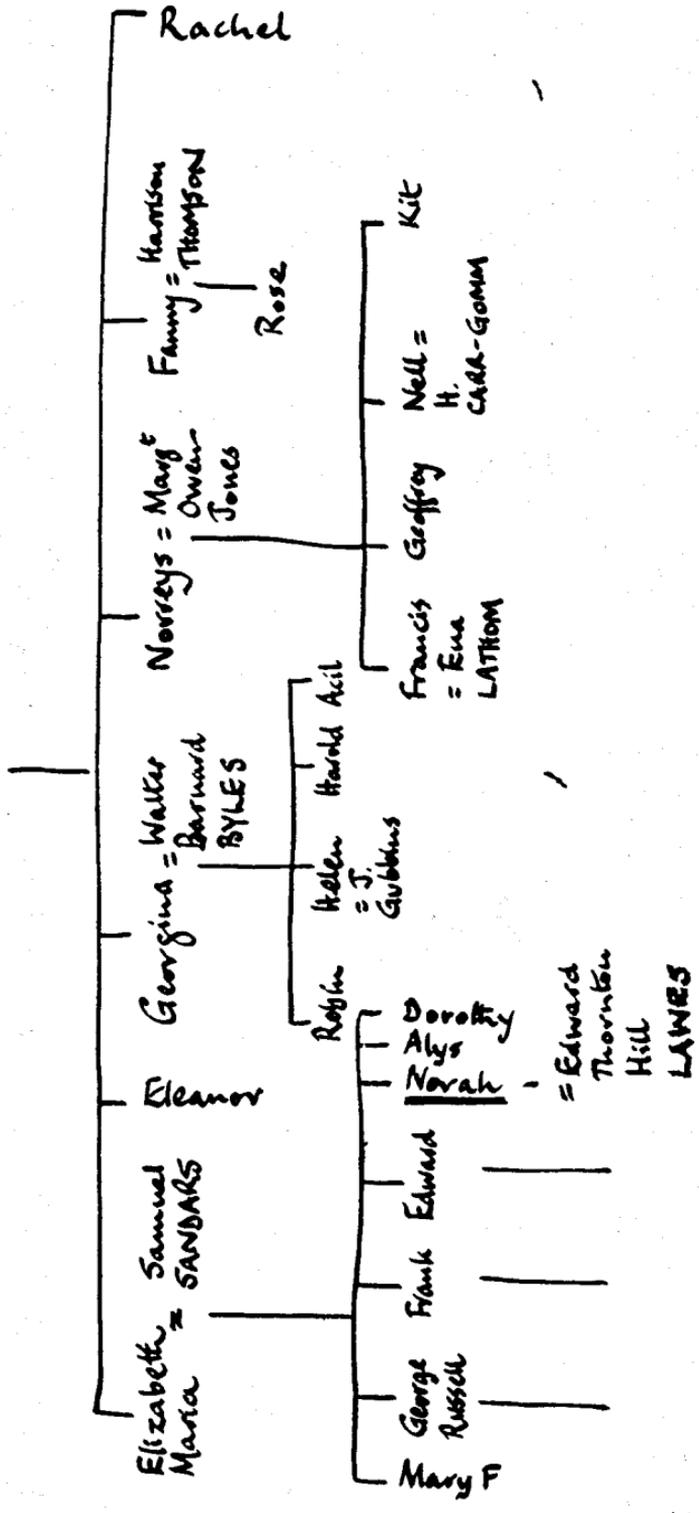
"That choice library that comes to us from De Vere Gardens and Chalfont Grove numbers some 1500 volumes; but it represents a small share of all that he gave to us since he went down in 1863. It is not perhaps generally known that when the great catalogue was being prepared of the English Printed Books down to 1601, in the Library of Trinity College, he gave his old college a very considerable sum of money with which to fill up gaps in the series. With the same clear instinct he unostentatiously put at the disposal of the University Librarian a definite sum every year in order that they might acquire treasures which were otherwise beyond their reach. On notable occasions too he came forward with no faltering hand and prizes --- were secured to us only through him. But the most signal instance of his generosity was perhaps shown in the case of "the Red Book of Thorney" Thorney Cartulary of the early 14th century, which was used by Dugdale and is still unedited. This had been acquired by Mr. Quaritch from Lord Westmoreland's Library in July 1887, and its new possessor demanded a high price for it. Mr. Sandars saw that no more fitting home for such a treasure could be found than in Senate House Square. All his sympathies for the Eastern Counties, all his love for Cambridge, were evoked. At his instance and by his help it reached its final resting place about three years ago. The Catalogue of the Fifteenth Century printed books in Trinity shows Mr. Sandars again as no mean benefactor. He ranks there with Elwis and Sir Henry Puckering and Van Sittart.

His affection for vellum books is somewhat peculiar. The taste he may have gathered from Hartshorne; but as early as 1862 Bradshaw had contributed a paper to the Bibliophile Illustre on the same subject: and enthusiasm through such a channel was perhaps contagious. Vellum books, and of these (and indeed in any shape, paper or vellum, printed or M.S.) service books, particularly those that were of the English uses: for these he was

insatiable, and yet with a certain seemliness of restraint. One of his letters shows him passing with a firm step a bookshop in which he knew an unique Horae of the Sarum use, printed at Rouen, to be reposing. There was none of the bookworm farouche about him. He loved his trees and his vistas too much for that.

Of all the mass of his bequests this is not the place to speak in detail; but two or three more characteristic facts in connection with his books we may not forbear to mention. The only Grolier binding which we possess - it is true that it is only the covers - came from him. The only two Caxtons which have been added since the death of Bishop Moore in 1715 "The life of Our Lady" (1484), and the second edition of the "Chronicles of England" (1482), are his gift. His Lysons' Cambridgeshire crammed full of manuscript notes and additional matter, and strapped together, is the size of a small portmanteau --- By his Will Mr. Sandars bequeathed to the University, in addition to all his own early books, £500 for the purchase exclusively of early English books, and a similar sum to Trinity, for the purchase of books. He left a sum of £2,000 to found a Readership in Bibliography, palaeography, typography, book-binding, book-illustrating, the science of books and manuscripts, and the arts relating thereto, and several pictures, including one by Rubens of Faith, Hope and Charity, are given to the FitzWilliams Museum. We have heard much of late of the 'Pious Founder' appeal; but the pious benefactor was here, English in all his instincts, Cambridge to the core; and, in mediaeval fashion, though with a modern sentiment, he has devised his own monument."

Descendants of George Russell, MP.



~~_____~~,
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