

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Glimpses of the Past from Albert Pell's Book.

STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE

Reformer of English Poor Law One of Last of Type—Nineteenth Century Rural Life in England.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Among the most interesting books published in London this year must be counted "The Autobiography of Albert Pell." This "fine old English gentleman," as he is well called in the introduction of his own story of his life, was one of the last of a fine type of men...

Great Range of Reminiscence. It would be impossible to read Albert Pell's story of his life without being interested in and instructed by his accounts of his work in connection with the poor law. But for the general reader perhaps, his reminiscences of a day now long gone, of famous men and women, and his pictures of English country life will prove of greatest interest.

"My grandfather," he writes, "was living in the reign of George I. George III was alive in the year of my birth. I was at my mother's breast when Thistlewood, the Cato street conspirator, was hanged, and more than a year old when the great Napoleon died at St. Helena.

"We lived at the edge of a great wood on the northern border of Middlesex, with no neighbors within a mile save some of doubtful character, so the family blunder-buss was fired at night about once a fortnight, to announce that the household was armed. . . . My mother when a girl used to come to London for the season from Bedfordshire on horseback with her sister. On these occasions they slept at Woburn abbey in order to cross Finchley common before dusk, traveling with two well armed, mounted servants, one in front and one behind, as an escort. The plaids, the linen and the toilettes were conveyed to town in one of the estate wagons."

He-Knew Wilberforce.

One of the first well known men that Pell met as a small boy was Wilberforce, who used to stop with his father in the Yentry. He remembers coming in to dessert, or possibly earlier in the meal, as the tablecloth was still on the table. Wilberforce was not sitting square to the table, but had one elbow on it, and the other hand was crumpling some overdone toast and making a fearful mess. . . . Among Pell's older friends was a Yorkshire doctor of whom and Wilberforce he tells the following story:

"When he was an infant in arms his nurse was swept by an election mob to the very foot of the York hustings at a famous contest for the county in which Wilberforce was one of the principal actors. With all the earnestness and vigor which distinguished him has was pressing his beneficent views on the abolition of slavery. Carried away by the depth of his convictions and enthusiastic inspiration he reached over the balcony and snatching

the baby from the arms of its astonished nurse held it up over his head in the face of the people, exclaiming:

"See this and hear my prophecy. Before this child dies there will not be a white man in the world owning a slave."

"My friend survived the civil war in the United States and virtually Wilberforce's prophecy was fulfilled."

English Village Life. Here is a picture of English village life about 1824. The village was Pinner, near which was the Pells country home, from the lawn of which in October, 1824, young Albert Pell saw the houses of Parliament in flames.

"At the bottom of the village was a slow, muddy stream, on the other side of which was the workhouse. Thither I was taken on many a Sunday morning by my indignant father, who immediately hastened through the hall to a door opening on to a walk that bordered the whole length of the building.

"Along this walk stretched for some yards an iron yard, fastened to the wall at either end. On this rod ran an iron ring, with a short chain and shackle. To this shackle the village idiot was fastened by his ankle, and so, passing from left to right and right to left in the blazing sun or the bitter wind, took his exercise and wore away his life. Finding me for a minute or so in front of this exhibition, my father in a very solemn tone said:

"There was a time when this must be altered. If it is not done in my lifetime, mind you, help to do it in yours." And Pell, in later days, in seventeen years' work on the Metropolitan Asylum board, did not forget.

School Days and Rugby. Pell went to Rugby school, of which the famous Dr. Arnold was then head master, at the age of 12. Very interesting are his accounts of his early school days, but too discursive for treatment here. Notably good is a description of a drive to London in the royal mail cart when the Rugby fied home from cholera which had reached the neighborhood.

One of his school fellows was Hughes, the author of the immortal "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Pell says that Hughes' picture of life at Rugby was so complete that he had little or nothing to add to it. But here he does himself an injustice. His pages dealing with Rugby will be of deepest interest to any reader of "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

This is how "Pickwick" came to the boys of Rugby. "Box was coming into repute. In a short time the fame of a story by Boz reached Rugby, and I heard people talking of 'Pickwick,' which was then coming out in monthly numbers. There was a boy in 'our house,' to whom his father sent the current numbers of the 'Pickwick Papers' fresh from the press. This was treasured in a box in which was resolved that all should be partners.

"There was a two-horse coach, the Pig and Whistle, the day on which the new number of 'Pickwick' would be on the road was ascertained, its arrival was watched, and on the precious print being handed to its owner he was accompanied by an eager escort up the town and along the road to 'our house' and so into the hall. There 'Pickwick' was torn up into as many sheets as the number consisted of. 'The first page, together with the illustrations, was handed, with just consideration, to its owner. As soon as the first page had been read it was passed on to a senior boy, who commenced his study of it, while the second page was passed to the original proprietor; and so in the course of twenty minutes quite a group of boys were all devouring 'Pickwick' peacefully in deep silence, broken every now and then by bursts of laughter. I was small and thus had my patience sorely tried in waiting my turn, which sometimes did not come till a night had passed away."

Foot Ball at Cambridge. At the age of 18 Pell entered Trinity college, Cambridge. Foot ball was then unknown at Cambridge. Pell introduced it.

"Rugby," he writes, "was famous for the game, and when I left it was considered that the school field had lost a rather distinguished player. I loved the rough game as much as or more than cricket, and missed its excitement and conflict sadly. It seemed that there were other outcasts like myself. Some too heavy to hunt or row, some too poor, some who, not having been at public schools, were fretting life away in constitutional. An inspiration reached me that there was here an opportunity for getting up foot ball."

It was said that such a proposal could not be entertained among men; boys might back each other's shins and cling like leopards to the necks of their opponents without offense, but not so university men.

At this time or Pell became an enthusiastic and scientific farmer. He took to hand the family estate at Wilburton in Cambridgeshire, and his accounts of the primitive state of things in the Pens not long after he left Cambridge university are deeply interesting. In reading these pages, and indeed throughout the volume, one gets pictures of old-time English country life which make one wonder how in the comparatively short space of less than seventy years nearly every trace of that life can have disappeared. The English country of Pell's young days seems little removed from the days of "Merric England."

Here is a picture of haymaking on his farm in the Harrow Vale, twelve miles from London, which shows Pell, who makes no pretense to fine writing, at his best, except perhaps in the passages where he describes the mail coach drives of his boyhood:

"The hay was made in a more careful and studied fashion than nowadays. No machines ratted in the meadows, nor was mechanical assistance called in at the building of the rick. At first not even a hand drag was in use.

"Early, very early in the morning, while the dew wetted the grass, the strong, enduring mower entered the field. He took a sup of ale from his wooden bottle and then charmed the still, misty air with the music of the whetstone on his scythe. The patient team rested meekly and gathered flesh and strength undisturbed against the day of the hay cart. No such rest now; out of the mottosome cutter they are yoked into the horse rake, out of the horse rake into the cart shafts.

Procession of the Mowers. "Then, with their throats moistened and their scythes whetted, the leading men of the gang swept down with a sweep the first swath. The next followed, and so on in diagonal procession, two, three, four, on their white shirts, sleeves turned up and straps buckled round their middles to hold their rustian breeches in position. Their simple axes swelled the home made stockings, and the whole was supported in patriarchal hobnail faced boots.

"This powerful and somewhat solemn

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Advertisement for Burgess - Granden Co. featuring a large illustration of a lamp and text describing the company's products and services.

Farming a Primitive Process.

After Cambridge Pell took a farm in the Harrow Vale, twelve miles from London. This seems a strange picture of farming, only twelve miles from London upon ground now well built over, to be written by a man who held last year.

"The staple product was hay for the London market, but there were about twelve acres of impervious clay under the plough, producing a modest yield of the finest wheat in the kingdom for flour. The ploughing was done by a wooden plough, with wooden beam, drawn by three horses at length. The seed was sown broadcast.

"The threshing was done by the flail. The dressing of the grain was much as it had been in Saxon times. . . .

"The whole operation was a tedious and expensive one. I think the threshing alone cost 5 shillings a quarter of eight bushels, and probably the dressing up 3 pence more. The machinery or implements employed might have been bought for 40 or 50 shillings.

"The thrasher made his own flail. This was kept and mended in a primitive way. A crack in the barn doors when these were set back admitted a beam of sunlight on the jamb; across this beam were cut with a knife at different distances. When the flail ray reached one mark it was luncheon time; another illuminated on a lower mark indicated dinner time."

Memories of Merric England.

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Item Welcomed By Many Men

This recipe can be filled at home, so that no one need know of another's troubles, as the ingredients can be obtained separately at any well stocked drug store. They are in regular use and many different preparations are constantly being tried with them.

This will prove a welcome list of information for all those who are overworked, gloomy, depressed, nervous and have trembling limbs, heart palpitations, dizziness, excitement, insomnia, fear without cause, timidity in venturing, and general inability to act naturally and rationally as others do, because the treatment can be prepared at home and taken without any one's knowledge.

Overworked office men and the lady victims of society's late hours and because of dormant circulation, the restorative they are in need of.

If the reader decides to try it, get the best natural and artificial sassa-parilla compound and one ounce compound fluid balsam; mix and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce compound essence, cardui and one ounce tincture cadomene; mix and add one ounce compound essence, cardui and one ounce tincture cadomene; mix and let stand two hours.

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Discovery in a Drawer.

An interesting passage gives a good idea of how intricate treasures of almost priceless value have been laid and found in old English mansions. Sir Charles Isham, an old school fellow of Pell, determined to have his library catalogued.

"It contained," says Pell, "the usual collection of British and other classics in folio and quartos of very respectable dates — no modern books from Sir Walter Scott downwards, and I never saw a single volume from those shelves in the hands of any reader."

The representative of a London firm was engaged off and on for some years at the work.

"At last it was completed, and Mr. Edmunds took his seat at the luncheon table before leaving for London. As there were some minutes to spare afterward Lady Isham said to him:

"Oh, Mr. Edmunds, there are upstairs

Caught in the Act

and arrested by Dr. King's New Life Pills, bilious headache quits and liver and bowels act right. 25c. Beaton Drug Co.

"The Venus and Adonis" was the edition of 1599, perfect in every respect, and so far unique. In the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, I have seen another copy of the same date, but imperfect. Sir Charles at last was persuaded to sell some of the 'attic' treasures, and this little volume made £2000.

"Among other little volumes bound up in the same way were Decker's poems and others of a 'free' character. There were playbills of Shakespearean time, and several copies of his spurious plays. Several volumes were unique. The history of their scarceness is that on account of their licentious tone all these publications had been condemned under an episcopal order to be brought in and burned."

"The Isham of the day, however, who had seen a good deal of the world, retained his copies, putting them out of sight for safety, and there they slept in the attic of Lamport Hall, not wholly undisturbed, for there was a Kettering bookseller who yearly brought up waste paper for grocers' packages, and, in his spring rounds, he was sent upstairs to bring down and pay for what he wanted. It was the small size of the sheets of 'Venus and Adonis' and other rarities that saved them, for they were not large enough to 'go up' a pound of butter, soap or sugar."

Mr. Pell was known to favor legislation obliging children to perform duties toward their parents, which but for the encouragement given them by the poor law of that time they would never have thought of neglecting. On one occasion Pell was asked on the hustings by a heckler whether he was the man who in his place in parliament had made the law obliging poor men to maintain their parents.

"No!" rapped out Mr. Pell in reply; "that is an older law. It was written by God Almighty on two tables of stone and brought down by Moses from Mount Sinai, and as far as I can make out, Thomas, it's the stone and not the law that has got into

GIRL SCORNS GREAT FORTUNE

No Conditions Attached, Yet She Doesn't Want It—Just Now. Cynics who consider women mercenary Countess will change their views when they learn that Miss Grace E. McWilliams of Whitestone rejected a legacy of \$300,000 when it was offered to her. The offer was not a joke, for the money was left to her in the will of John C. McWilliams of New Haven, who died in the Connecticut city a month ago. Nor was there any mistake. The \$300,000 was offered to her in gift-edged securities by her own father, Albert McWilliams, who is a Manhattan attorney, and as familiar with testamentary documents of all kinds as is the ordinary citizen with rent and tax bills. McWilliams assured his daughter the bequest was intended for her and that it was in negotiable form. Nevertheless Miss McWilliams turned up her nose at it and point-blank refused to accept it.

News of the legacy gave Whitestone society, in which Miss McWilliams is extremely popular, an agreeable thrill. That sensation was followed by one of amazement when it was learned she had declined to receive it. Friends urged her to change her mind, but they failed to move her. Mrs. McWilliams, the girl's mother, who was Miss Mabel F. Macdonald, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George A. Macdonald of Manhattan and Riverhead, was equally unsuccessful in efforts to influence her.

Miss McWilliams gave no explanation of her refusal. She simply would not take the money. There is no provision in the will for other disposition of the bequest. It is assumed by Whitestone society the only thing to be done is for McWilliams, who is made trustee, to keep the \$300,000 for his daughter until she learns to appreciate it. That may mean a long time, for just now Miss McWilliams is only 3 months old—New York Press.

Advertisement for 'BABY MINE' and 'MOTHER'S FRIEND' featuring a large illustration of a baby and text describing the products' benefits for infants and mothers.