

our trouble and anxiety; and no punishment can be too severe for one who has not hesitated to gratify his own greed, and to avert evil from himself, to cast suspicion upon the innocent."

At this point, Mr. Aston was interrupted by a tap at the parlour-door, and presently—evidently greatly to the delight and satisfaction of Jemmy Tapley, but to the surprise of every one else, and to the increased trepidation of Thomas Dickson—Mr. Ferret made his appearance.

A few words sufficed to explain who he was, and what was the object of his visit. Holding forth a soiled and worn slip of paper, he said, addressing himself to Mr. Aston—

"You will, no doubt, sir, recognise this document. It is a certificate of the birth and baptism of Henry Morton, youngest son of Edward Morton, Esq., of Morton Hall."

"I do indeed recognise it," replied Mr. Aston, "though I cannot conceive how it has come into *your* possession. I lost it some months since, together with other and more valuable property. The document is, in fact, valueless to any one save myself; and I hardly know why I removed it from the Bible which was given to me by my mother when I was a child. Still, I am more pleased to recover it than if it were something of more intrinsic value."

Mr. Ferret then briefly explained all that the reader has already been made acquainted with respecting his advice to Mr. Foley, with this difference—viz., that he made it appear that Mr. Foley had been induced, by a sense of justice and equity, to relinquish his possession of the Morton estates as soon as he discovered, through the receipt of an anonymous letter, that the direct heir to the property was living and in England, and, moreover, that he had purchased the document (now presented) of the writer of the letter, who believed it to be of great value, only that he might aid in exposing the villainy of a trusted servant.

Mr. Aston was scarcely less astonished at the lawyer's explanation than he had been when he was informed by Jemmy Tapley that Thomas Dickson was the man who had robbed him of his pocket-book and its contents. He was surprised to learn that Mr. Foley, of whom he had conceived an evil opinion, was a man of such honourable feelings, and much gratified at the promptitude with which he had recognised his, the *soi-disant* Mr. Aston's claims, and, shaking hands heartily with Mr. Ferret, he begged the lawyer to assure his *cousin* Foley (placing an emphasis on the word *cousin*) that he would not find him (Mr. Aston) deficient in generosity. He added that he had had no doubt at any time of his ability to prove his claim to his father's estates, and that he had only delayed to prefer the claims because he had not yet decided as to the course he would pursue.

Mr. Ferret bowed, and was satisfied with the result of his advice. He had gained his object on behalf of his employer, and he now retired to a distant part of the room, and watched the proceedings with a lawyer's interest.

A long explanation took place, to which Henry Talbot listened with surprise and indignation, which he found it hard to control. As, however, the reader is aware of all that had occurred during the young man's absence from England, it is unnecessary to repeat the details.

Jemmy Tapley was warmly thanked for the trouble he had taken to discover the stealer of the pocket-book and its contents, though the old man honestly confessed that he had been actuated, in the first instance at least,

chiefly by a desire to vindicate the characters of the fishermen.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "a fisherman arn't ersackly a blue-jacket; still, he be summut akin to a sailor arter all, and aw could not abeer as anybody as had ought to do wi' salt water should be sus-pi-cion-ed o' sich a crime."

The crime had, in fact, been fully brought home to Thomas Dickson previous to the arrival of the Mohawk. There was but one piece of evidence wanting to exculpate Henry Talbot from any complicity with the misdeed. This evidence Mary Talbot had despaired of being able to obtain, until the appearance of Sir Arthur Lockyer made everything clear.

Finding himself thus brought to bay, Thomas Dickson acknowledged his guilt, and told how he had seen his master place the money in the pocket-book the day before he was seized with illness, and how, when Mr. Aston was brought home by the fishermen, he had taken the book from his master's coat-pocket in the belief that he would never recover, and that the theft would never be discovered. In that belief he had parted with the locket, and, to prevent a chance of discovery, had requested that it should be broken up, or melted down as old gold.

Mr. Aston was doubtful whether justice did not demand that he should prosecute his dishonest and treacherous servant; but, after a consultation with his friends, he decided to lean to mercy's side. The miserable culprit was only too glad to restore the money he had stolen, and that he was to have paid for the lease of the public-house on the following day; and, having done this, he was released from custody, and with his last quarter's wages in his pocket, which were paid that he might not be turned adrift penniless, to commit fresh crimes, he was ordered to leave the house forthwith, and never to dare to set foot again in St. David.

After some further conversation with Mr. Aston, Mr. Ferret departed for Morton Hall to acquaint Squire Foley with the result of his diplomacy; and Caleb Jakes returned to Falmouth, with a liberal reward for the part he had taken in exposing Thomas Dickson's guilt. Jemmy Tapley, after shaking hands with Mr. Aston and his children and friends, set forth to spread the news of the discovery of the thief who had stolen the pocket-book through the village; and the party at Cliff Cottage spent the rest of the day in quiet, conversing over the various events which had occurred since the day when Henry Talbot had embarked for America.

## CURIOSITIES OF BATTERSEA.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

BATTERSEA, the village of Surrey which lies on the Thames, opposite Chelsea, claims a sort of historical relationship to the latter place, by reason of its having been a seat of our porcelain manufactures, and being of Saxon origin. Its name was anciently written *Bat-trics-ey*, and in Domesday-book *Patrics-ey*, probably a mistake for *Petrice-ey*, and signifying St. Peter's Isle, the termination *ey*, from the Saxon *eze* or *ize*, often occurring in the names of places adjacent to great rivers; as Putney, Molesey, Chertsey, etc., upon the banks of the Thames. The manor was held by Earl Harold at the Conqueror's Survey, and was given by him to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster, in exchange for Windsor. After the suppression of monasteries, the manor remained vested in the Crown; it was assigned towards the maintenance of Henry, Prince of Wales,



in 1610, and after his decease to his brother, Prince Charles. In 1627 it was granted to the St. John family, in whose possession it remained till the year 1763.

Notwithstanding the growth of Battersea, the older portion has a deserted aspect; it has, however, many memorials and things of note, though its historic interest culminates in its association with the St. Johns. One is stated to have been "eminent for his piety and moral virtues;" his son pleaded guilty of murder in a sudden quarrel arising at a supper party, but was relieved on paying £16,000. Here, in a spacious mansion at the east end of the church, was born, in October, 1678, Henry St. John, who became Secretary of State to Queen Anne, by whom, in 1713, he was created Baron St. John of Lidiard Tregose, and Viscount Bolingbroke, who, on the decease of his father, became possessed of the Battersea property, and held it until his death, in 1751, in his seventy-ninth year. Here Pope spent most of his time with Bolingbroke, after the return of the latter from his seven years' exile. His recall had been assented to by Sir Robert Walpole, on whom Bolingbroke waited to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; "but," says Horace Walpole, "whether tortured at witnessing Sir Robert's serene frankness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more."

Bolingbroke House became also the resort of Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and other contemporary men of genius. And here took place the memorable destruction of one of Bolingbroke's most celebrated works, his "Essay on a Patriot King," of which the noble author had printed only six copies, which he gave to Lord Chesterfield, Sir William Wyndham, Lyttelton, Pope, Lord Marchmont, and Lord Cornbury, at whose instance Bolingbroke wrote the Essay. Pope lent his copy to Mr. Allen, of Bath, who was so delighted with it that he had five hundred copies printed, but locked them up in a warehouse, not to see the light until Lord Bolingbroke's permission could be obtained. On the discovery, Lord Marchmont (then living in Lord Bolingbroke's house at Battersea) sent Mr. Gravenkop for the whole cargo; and he had the books carried out in a waggon, and burnt on the lawn in the presence of Lord Bolingbroke. He resided nine years at Battersea, and sank under the dreadful malady beneath which he had long lingered—a cancer in the face—which he bore with exemplary fortitude; "a fortitude," says Lord Brougham, "drawn from the natural resources of his mind, and, unhappily, not aided by the consolation of any religion; for, having cast off the belief in revelation, he had substituted in its stead a dark and gloomy naturalism, which even rejected those glimmerings of hope as to futurity not untasted by the wiser of the heathens."

The greater part of Bolingbroke House, a mansion with forty rooms on a floor, was taken down in 1778. In the wing left standing, a parlour of round form and lined with cedar was long pointed out as the apartment in which Pope wrote his "Essay on Man." It is said to have been called "Pope's Parlour."

About half a century ago there was living in Battersea a Mrs. Gilliard, a pleasant and intelligent gentlewoman, who well remembered Lord Bolingbroke; that he used to ride out every day in his chariot, and had a black patch on his cheek, with a large wart over one of his eyebrows. She was then only a girl, but was taught to look upon him as a celebrated man. As, however, he

spent little in the place, and gave little away, he was not much regarded by the people of Battersea. Of his contemporaries, the old lady recollected none excepting Mallet, whom, she said, she had often seen walking about the village while he was visiting at Bolingbroke House.

Bolingbroke, with his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon, rest in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, Battersea, where is an elegant monument by Roubilliac, with bas-reliefs of the great lord and his lady. The epitaphs on himself and his wife were both written by Bolingbroke; that upon himself is still extant, in his own handwriting in the British Museum, and is as follows: "Here lies Henry St. John, in the reign of Queen Anne Secretary of War, Secretary of State and Viscount Bolingbroke, in the days of King George I and King George II, something more and better. His attachment to Queen Anne exposed him to a long and severe persecution; he bore it with firmness of mind. He passed the latter part of his life at home, the enemy of no national party, the friend of no faction, distinguished, under the cloud of proscription, which had not entirely been taken off, by zeal to maintain the liberty and to restore the ancient prosperity of Great Britain." The monument is of grey and white marble; the upper part has an urn with drapery, surmounted by the Viscount's arms; and the lower portion bears the epitaph, flanked by medallions in profile in bas-relief.

Another monument commemorates the descent and preferences of Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, who was the first of his family that settled at Battersea. When studying law at one of the Inns of Court, he killed in a duel the captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and champion of England.

At the east end of the church is a central window, in three divisions, filled with old stained glass that was preserved from the former church, and was executed at the expense of the St. Johns. It includes the half-length portraits of Henry VII, his grandmother the Lady Margaret Beauchamp, and Queen Elizabeth; together with many enrichments and numerous shields of arms, showing the alliance of the family. The portrait of Elizabeth was placed here, because her grandfather, Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire (father of Queen Anne Boleyn), was great-grandfather of Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Leighton, and wife of Sir John St. John, the first baronet of the family. In the south gallery is the monument of Sir Edward Wynter, which has been much noticed on account of the exploits recorded by the inscription and sculpture. He appears to have been a friendless but adventurous youth, who, by his courage, diligence, and good conduct, became eminent as an East India merchant; and as the epitaph states—

"Nor less in martial honour was his name,  
Witness his actions of immortal fame!  
Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,  
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast.  
Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew  
Singly on foot; some wounded, some he slew,  
Dispers'd the rest—what more could Sampson do?"

At the top is a large bust of Sir Edward, in a flowing peruke and lace cravat, and underneath the inscription are sculptures in low relief, of his struggling with the tiger, and his combat with the Moors. He died March 2nd, 1685-6, aged 64.

Near at hand is a monument—a small statue of a mourning female leaning upon an urn—erected by the benevolent James Neild, in memory of his wife Elizabeth and of her father, John Camden, Esq., whose son, John Camden Neild, lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and be-



queathed to Queen Victoria the whole of his property, £500,000. At the east end of the south aisle is a tablet to Thomas Astley, Esq., F.S.A., keeper of the records in the Tower, and who wrote "On the Origin and Progress of Writing." And in the churchyard lies Arthur Collins, compiler of the excellent "Peerage" which bears his name, and which he published "at the Black Boy, in Fleet Street." Here, too, is the grave-stone of William Curtis, the botanist, author of the "Flora Londinensis."

In the church register occur these instances of longevity:—Goody Harleton, aged 108 years, buried 1703; William Abbot, 101, 1733; — Wiat, 100, 1790; and William Douse, 100, 1803.

In the Lower Wandsworth Road, in this parish, at a Baptist Chapel, there took root a great work, about seventy years since, when the Rev. Joseph Hughes became pastor. By his energy, learning, and eloquence, and his connexion with different local societies for the promotion of religious worship, he was brought acquainted with Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Perceval, by whose aid he established "the Surrey Mission Society." At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society he afterwards promulgated the idea of an institution for supplying not only the inhabitants of the British Isles, but *the whole world*, with copies of the Holy Scriptures; and hence arose *the Bible Society*, of which Mr. Hughes was secretary until his death.

Upon part of the site of Bolingbroke House was erected a horizontal mill, by Captain Hooper, who built a similar one at Margate. It consisted of a circular wheel, with large boards, or vanes, fixed parallel to its axis; and upon the vanes the wind acted so as to blow the wheel round, one side of it being sheltered from the action of the wind by its being enclosed in framework, with doors or shutters to open and admit the wind, or to shut and stop it. If all the shutters on one side were open, whilst all those on the opposite side were closed, the wind, acting with undiminished force on the vanes at one side, whilst the opposite vanes were under shelter, turned the mill round. But whenever the wind changed, the disposition of the blinds had to be altered, to admit the wind to strike upon the vanes of the wheel in the direction of a tangent to the circle in which they moved.—(Dr. Paris's "Philosophy in Sport.") This mill resembled a gigantic packing-case, which gave rise to an odd story, that when the Emperor of Russia was in England, in 1814, he took a fancy to Battersea Church, and determined to carry it off to Russia, and had this large packing-case made for it; but as the inhabitants refused to let the church be carried away, the case remained on the spot where it was deposited. This mill served as a landmark for many miles round, and thus Bolingbroke House became converted into a malting-house and a mill; but the proprietor preserved portions of the mansion as well as he could, and loved to smoke his pipe in Mr. Pope's parlour, and think of him with due respect as he walked the part of the terrace opposite his room. The grate and ornaments were of the age of George I; and before the window remained a portion of the terrace, with the Thames flowing majestically under its walls. The upper part of the horizontal mill has been taken down; the lower part is still used for grinding corn. The walls of "Pope's Parlour" may still be seen; but they support a new roof, and can only be distinguished from the rest of the building by their circular form. The situation of the old mansion is indicated by the names of Bolingbroke Gardens and Bolingbroke Terrace given to the buildings adjoining.

Battersea had formerly another historic mansion, Brygge Court, which Lawrence Booth, Bishop of Dur-

ham, built, and by the king's licence enclosed with walls and towers, and imparked "his land there, with the right of free warren and free chase therein." Bishop Booth was translated to the archiepiscopal See of York in 1476, and bequeathed this property to the Dean and Chapter of York, as an occasional residence when the Archbishop visited London. The name was then changed to York House. Archbishop Holgate was one of the few prelates who resided here; he was imprisoned and deprived by Queen Mary, for being a married man, and lost much property by illegal seizure. Strype, in his "Life of Cranmer," relates that the officers who were sent to apprehend the Archbishop rifled his house at Battersea, and took away from thence £300 worth of gold coin; 1600 ounces of plate; a mitre of fine gold, set with very fine diamonds, sapphires, and balists; other good stones and pearls; some very valuable rings, and the Archbishop's seal in silver; and his signet, an antique in gold. Scarcely any part of the ancient mansion remains; much of it was taken down about forty years ago. It is said to have been often confounded with York House, Whitehall, where Cardinal Wolsey entertained Queen Anne Boleyn. There was long a tradition that some ancient walls remained at Battersea, of the residence of the Boleyns, who were related to the St. Johns. Now it is contended that Wolsey resided at York House, Battersea, where he first saw Anne Boleyn. The interview is more commonly believed to have taken place at York House, Whitehall; but Shakespeare, in his plays, makes the king come by water; and York House, Battersea, was a residence of Wolsey, and provided with a creek from the Thames, for approach to the house. This may be a question for future editors of Shakespeare to settle. Some sixty years ago, the owner of this York House removed a superbly painted room, with a dome, which is the background of an ancient print representing the first interview of Henry VIII with Anne Boleyn.

Battersea Bridge, which communicates with the upper part of Chelsea, was built in 1771-2, at the expense of fifteen proprietors, each of whom subscribed £1500. Its present yearly income is estimated at £5,000; but it is unworthy of its position across a river spanned by some of the finest bridges in the world. It is put to shame by the iron suspension bridge, completed in 1858, from the site of Ranelagh, to Battersea Park; and is still further eclipsed by the noble railway bridge across the Thames, at Pimlico. The park, which has been formed out of small Lammas lands at Battersea, had its surface raised by a million cubic yards of earth brought from various sources: it contains one of the richest collections of shrubs and trees in or near London; its soil is specially suited to the rose.

On the river bank, nearly opposite the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, was the noted Red House, famed for aquatic sports and pigeon-shooting feats. At about fifty yards westward is the place at which Cæsar is reputed by some antiquaries to have crossed the Thames by a ford, by which the British retreated before the Romans, and were followed by Cæsar and his legions. One who has surveyed the ford describes it, at ordinary low water, as a shoal of gravel not three feet deep, and broad enough for ten men to walk abreast, extending across the river, except on the Surrey side, where it has been deepened by raising ballast; and the causeway from the south bank may yet be traced at low water. The place of crossing is, however, more generally believed to have been at Chertsey, or Kingston. The latter was anciently called Moreford, or the Great Ford. Battersea was long famous for growing, in



its rich alluvial soil, the finest asparagus, of such extraordinary size that one hundred and ten heads, in a state fit for the kitchen, have been known to weigh more than thirty-two pounds. But the market-gardeners and florists complain grievously of the injury they sustain from the noxious vapours of chemical works, smelting furnaces, etc., in this hitherto rural district.

This brings us back to the connection of Battersea with a branch of our porcelain works, namely, *transfer printing*, or printing from copper-plates, by which the artistic character of the porcelain was much raised. The priority of the invention had been claimed for Liverpool; but Mr. Binns, F.S.A., in his very interesting "History of Worcester Ware," traces the claim of transfer-printing to the Battersea Enamel Works at York House (the Archbishop's old palace), where Ravenet and other artists drew for Alderman Jansen. These artists wrought in engraving plates, from which impressions were taken on enamel plaques, etc., for snuff-boxes and like articles. The Liverpool claim to the invention dates from 1756; whereas Horace Walpole writes from Strawberry Hill, six or seven miles from Battersea, to R. Bentley, September 18th, 1755, "I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, *which is done with copper-plates.*" A snuff-box, with a transfer engraving, which is in the possession of Mr. Morgan, bears the masonic date 5754, *i.e.* 1754. Another example is dated the preceding year. The Battersea Works failed. Alderman Jansen's stock, furniture, etc., were sold by public auction, March 4th, 1756; and a writer in the "Athenæum" thinks it probable that the plates sold in London, and some of the Battersea workmen, found their way to both Worcester and Liverpool. In the former place, porcelain works had existed since 1751. We possess a specimen of a mug, painted with a portrait of the King of Prussia, a group of military trophies, etc., with the Worcester mark, date 1757, which usually passes for the earliest example of this branch of ceramic art. There is also a specimen in the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyn Street.

We have still to add a curiosity of our own day. This is a stupendous railway-bridge across the Thames at Battersea, and stated to be the *widest railway-bridge in the world.* It consists of four arches, each one hundred and seventy-five feet span in the clear, with a rise of seventeen feet six inches. The immense ribs which support the superstructure are formed throughout of wrought iron, and are firmly attached to massive cast-iron standards, which are placed over the piers. The whole of the framework is thus made continuous throughout. On each side of the river is a land-arch of seventy feet span, making the entire length of the bridge one hundred and forty feet. The abutments were put in by means of cofferdams, and the foundations are carried down thirty feet below Trinity high-water-mark. The piers are built upon the same principle as that which was first applied by Sir Charles Fox to the building of the bridge at Rochester across the Medway, and which has been employed on the Thames in the construction of the Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Cannon Street railway-bridges.

## TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

V.—MALAGA.

I LEFT Seville on the 4th of December, for Xeres. I had an introduction to one of the largest wine exporters in the city, and, but for that, I might have passed it *en route* to Cadiz, which would have been a subject of regret, as it is a place of great commercial importance

both to England and Spain. The gentleman to whom I had an introduction is a countryman, and received me with a Scottish welcome. I went over his extensive cellars, or bodegas, as they are called, and tasted some of his fine old sherries, worth £130 per butt. The wine called "Amontillado," so much patronised in England, is not, as some suppose, the production of Montilla, near Cordova, but of this district. My friend was good enough to explain to me the mode of mixing and keeping up the stock of "old wines." I am afraid to mention the value of the stock in the various cellars that I visited, but it was something very considerable. The exports last year from this neighbourhood were 60,000 butts; and, taking them at the minimum value of £30 and £70, this would be three millions sterling. The wine casks that are in the bodega are never removed, but filled up with new wines; and the wine is drawn off in portions from different casks, as it ripens, into fresh casks for shipment, so that the quality is kept in equilibrium. A very rich sweet wine is made from grapes which have been put two or three days in the sun. This wine is kept to mix, and correct the taste of the other wines when they are wanted less dry and fruity. The vintage runs through September and October, and the process is very simple. The wine-presses which I saw were about ten feet square and eighteen inches deep, and each of these was supposed to contain grapes sufficient to yield a butt of wine. The men get into the presses with their bare feet; and, when the juice is thus exhausted, a little water is added, and the residue pressed out by a screw. This wine is kept in casks till it ferments and clears, and in January and February is transferred to the stationary casks of old wine. The exhausted grape is carried to a distillery, where a spirit is produced, and used only to give body to the wines:

We drove a few miles into the country, and saw some of the large vineyards. This is the great wine-producing district of Spain, and the attention and labour required seemed a mere pastime. It is impossible to conceive how rich and spontaneous are the productions of this country, and the small amount of labour required. I have seen orange trees, planted by the Moors 700 years ago, with scarcely a particle of the trunk remaining but a thin shell and bark, with a healthy green foliage, and bending with a burden of fruit; and the same with olives. I have never seen such an abundance of fruit and vegetables anywhere. The large public markets of Seville, and even of this small city, are unequalled. Their table vegetables—cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, and other garden stuffs—would carry off the prizes at any of our Horticultural Shows, with fruits of every clime, and of the finest quality.

"Oh what a goodly sight it is to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land,  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand;  
But man would mar them with an impious hand!"

So wrote fifty years ago the author of "Childe Harold." Fifty years have made no change in the bounty of nature; but the people, ungrateful or unconscious of the blessings they enjoy, seem rather to retrograde than advance in everything political, social, and religious. This year there was a partial failure of the crops of wheat, and the people were getting restless about the price of bread. Hence the anomaly of importing wheat from the East and the Baltic, while there are millions of acres untilled, and left in weeds for donkeys to feed on, that would yield any amount of good crops, and made Spain, in fact, in the time of the Romans and Moors, one of the granaries of the world.