

Kind Mrs. Brome held a theory (all have their crotchets) that donkeys were as manageable as horses, if properly treated, and was at much pains to prove her theory. She undertook the training of several, and set up a little donkey carriage, but the donkey did not always act up to expectation; however he went fast, and the driver of the mail coach used to humour the old lady by letting her think, that in the mile's run between here and Great Heywood, her donkey had the best of it. Then the good old lady, happy in the belief, boasted that in short distances, the donkey beat the mail coach. She once upset a friend when driving fast down hill for this purpose, and the friend (but friends even are sometimes tenacious), declared Mrs. Brome never enquired if she were hurt, until she had examined her donkey's knees. Dear old lady! who would wonder at it? We all mourned when Mr. Brome's summons came, and when Mrs. Brome went to live elsewhere. Mr. Pitchford was unable to perform the last mournful duties over his valued friend, and a neighbouring clergyman was solicited to read the funeral service.

After leaving Mount Pleasant, my grandfather let it for a time, and came to reside at the house in the village—now the Post Office. It was June the 19th, 1791, when he parted with it to Mr. Brome. At Mr. Brome's death it was let for a few years, and then sold to Lord Tamworth, and at his decease it was purchased by a community of Benedictine Nuns.

And now troubles crept in, as they will do, some time or other, into all families.

My grandfather's first wife was Margaret Lander, whose father resided at Shugborough, and afterwards at Great Heywood in the house now occupied by Dr. Tylecote. Mr. Lander was a man of some property; his daughter died at the age of 24, and he had had the good sense to settle her fortune upon her child. This caused her son, my uncle Thomas, to be in a better position for