

piety, her anxiety to be useful in household matters, and the love and kindness she bestowed upon her grandchildren deserve never to be forgotten, and as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so through his mercy her declining years were blessed with comforts. In person she was remarkably tall—five feet ten, thin, very upright, and adhered to the old style of dress—stiff stays and long waists, with sleeves to the elbow,—her hair rolled back under a close border of clear muslin edged with narrow lace. This style of dress suited her tall figure and caused her to be almost as much admired in her old age as she had been in her youth, when in high-heeled shoes, stiff French silks, and powdered hair, she had been the belle of her father's neighbourhood.

We have preserved several of her dresses: amongst the number her wedding dress of pale cream-coloured silk, and also her wedding shoes: the latter were the gift of the family shoemaker; they are of rich brocaded silk, with very high heels, pointed toes and silver buckles.

She had very dark hair, which remained almost unchanged to the last, serious and intelligent brown eyes, a formed nose, with a delicate and feminine cast of countenance. She was honoured and beloved by all for the constant solicitude she showed to repay my father's and mother's kindness. My mother always thought that sending away my sister and myself to Newcastle-under-Lyme to finish our education, hastened her end. We had never until my thirteenth birthday been separated for more than a few days, and giving up her customary avocations, and taking to her room immediately on our departure, an attack of pleurisy supervened, which caused her death before we were summoned home. This was our first great grief!

It was a year or two after my father came to settle at Heywood that I was born. And now I am on the subject of the old house, I will name an incident connected with it. At the time the Duke