



FIFTEEN GENERATIONS OF THE ROWLAND FAMILY

BY
RICHARD ROWLAND

*This book is dedicated,
with my love, to the young ones*

The Young Ones

*Back; Ben and Cassie, Tessa and Richard, Eva and Philip,
Front; Johnnie, Kristina, Vicky and Arthur.
Vaila, Christmas 2011.*



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INTRODUCTION

Fifteen Generations of the Rowland family at a glance

For family historians, the devil is in the detail; but the challenge is in the broad sweep. My father's cousin Anthony Gibbs was a master of this. His skeleton family tree had us related, via the Domvilles to King Henry II on the wrong side of the bedstead, mentioned the scandals of the 4th Lord Santry in the 18th century, the invention of Rowland's Macassar Oil in the 19th century and the public spirited bacteriologist, Sydney Rowland who died in the First World war administering his vaccines; (of course he left out his mother's aunt, Dame Henrietta Barnett, probably because she was a do-gooding social reformer), he queried whether my grand-parents were married bigamously and finished with a Second World war romance which sadly really did end in a bigamous marriage. Here was a true novelist milking his art; but as the detail emerges, often the facts surpass the fiction, as I will try to show.

From my simplified male line, we have journeyed through a solid background in trade; Robert Rowland was a skilled chandelier maker, Alexander Rowland was the most expensive barber in St James' and his son Alexander was one of the best known tradesmen in Britain through his brand marketing of Rowland's Macassar Oil; by the mid 19th century the business was spending £10,000 per annum (equivalent to £750,000 now) on advertising their brand, light years ahead of Richard Branson. Then followed two generations devoted to dissipating the inheritance, the first in the church but involving an expensive divorce, and the second via my grandfather Willie, who "would stick at no job".

My father always considered himself a low brow, pointing to his low forehead and luxuriant dark Celtic hair, and viewed his career in publishing as being in trade, although by then the distinction between trade and the professions was becoming blurred. For myself I was lucky to be in commercial law in the City of London at a time of exponential growth; my firm growing from 20 partners in 1967 to currently some 500 with over 20 offices world-wide. The global marketing of English commercial law has been a trading phenomenon of this period. And my children play to their strengths; Ben with natural hand/eye co-ordination as a TV cameraman/director, Philip with his facility for numbers as a financial consultant, and Tessa as a solicitor (not my genes surely?)

As to names over these generations, William, Alexander and John are the most numerous. William was passed down the chain (excluding the two Alexanders) in each generation to my father, although he never used it. Cherry and I chose Ben's second name Alexander from Cherry's father's Kenneth's second name rather than as a Rowland family name, and Ben and Cassie chose Johnnie Alexander for their first born identical twin, certainly with no thought of their Rowland forbears.

The occurrence of twins in two consecutive generations is complete chance, and indeed the only twins in the whole tree. Mine were fraternal (two egg) coming from Cherry's genes, whilst Ben and Cassie's were identical (one egg), a chance event without genetic antecedence of one in 260 births.

We average about 3.5 children per generation, with a preponderance of 20 boys to 15 girls, and an average life span of 72 years. Notwithstanding this we enter the 21st century with at present just Johnnie and Arthur to carry on the London Rowland male line; we also have fifth cousins from the Sussex Rowland male line. This is the total I have been able to uncover of this particular Rowland line. I will leave the job of uncovering previous generations and their progeny to computers, which will I am sure entrap us all.

So really the super-size families of the 19th century have left little to show for it. (I shall of course be delighted if this book encourages any closet member of the family to clamber out of the woodwork) We average thirty years as the age of first marriage, and have had three second marriages, two as widowers (Alexander I and myself) and one after the only divorce in the tree, following the dramatic elopement of the wife of the Rev William John, with a dashing cavalry officer. The expense of this, and his resulting lack of preferment in the Church of England, where these things mattered then, turned him against his family. The story goes that at every breakfast, he would go round the table, bashing each of his six children on the head with his bible and admonishing them to "have nothing to do with your relations".

Our family has its roots in London and apart from Rev William John and his son Willie, my side of the family has continued the London connection. I have spent my working life in Cheapside, just a stone's throw from Gracechurch Street where Robert made his chandeliers, Snow Hill where Alexander trained as a barber and the premises of Rowland's Macassar Oil in Hatton Garden. In the 19th century Alexander William's brother John Henry started a Sussex connection which continues.

In researching and writing this, I think I have had rather more to do with my relations than anyone else for some time. Certainly they would be amazed at the information publicly available, and that many of the nooks and crannies of privacy are no more. These will, I hope, keep your interest from flagging as we journey through fifteen generations of Rowlands.

SIMPLIFIED ROWLAND MALE LINE

Thomas ROWLAND
b: c1590
d: c1650

Thomas ROWLAND
b: c1619
d: c1680

Robert ROWLAND
b: c1632
d: c1707

Robert ROWLAND
b: c1665
d: c1725

William ROWLAND
b: 1681
d: c1750

William ROWLAND
b: 1710
d: c1770

Alexander ROWLAND
b:1747
d: 1823

Alexander ROWLAND
b:1785 d: 1861

LONDON MALE LINE



Alexander William ROWLAND
b: 1808 d: 1869

Rev William John ROWLAND
b: 1844 d: 1921

William Domville ROWLAND
b: 1873 d: 1944

William Barry ROWLAND
b: 1920 d: 1998

Richard Arthur Philip ROWLAND
b:1944

Ben Alexander ROWLAND
b: 1972

John Alexander ROWLAND
b: 2007

Arthur Jacob ROWLAND
b: 2007

Philip Barry ROWLAND
b: 1972

SUSSEX MALE LINE



John Henry ROWLAND
b: 1810 d: 1871

Frank Oakley ROWLAND
b: 1849 d: 1907

Wilfred Frank ROWLAND
b: 1883 d: 1958

Paul Frank ROWLAND
b:1909 d: 1993

Derek Michael ROWLAND
b: 1936

Anthony John ROWLAND
b: 1939

Paul Michael Albert ROWLAND
b: 1969

Toby Albert Fraser ROWLAND
b: 2006

John ROWLAND b:1969
Edward ROWLAND b:1972

CHAPTER ONE - FIFTEEN GENERATIONS OF ROWLANDS

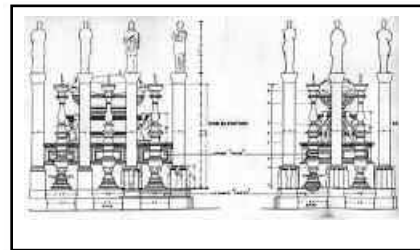
Thomas Rowland c 1590 - c 1650

I found my earliest forbear (for the purposes of this book) in the Mormon family search records. The only record of him appears on the baptism record of his son Thomas at St Mary Magdalene, Monkton, Kent on 7th February 1619.

I have also unearthed a Richard Rowlands or Rowlande from the 16th century who is recorded in the National Exchequer Archives as preparing plans and a model of a tomb for Henry VIII at a cost of £13-6s-8d in 1565 and also being paid in 1573/4 for carving figures, presumably for pedestals for the tomb.

There is another, or possibly the same, Richard Rowlands alias Verstegen (c 1550-1640) of Dutch extraction who went to Christ Church, Oxford in 1565 to study Anglo-Saxon. His father was a cooper in East London and his grandfather Theodore Roland Verstegen came to England in about 1500.

He was a polymath, also training as a goldsmith, becoming a Freeman of the Company of Goldsmiths in 1574. He later became a printer and engraver. But he is best known as an antiquarian writer. He had a colourful life; becoming a zealous Roman Catholic, he printed a secret account of the death of Edmund Campion in 1581 and was arrested but escaped to Paris where he was also captured at the insistence of the English Ambassador. In Rome he received a pension from the Pope. In Paris and Rome he published accounts of the suffering of priests in England. In about 1585 he moved to Antwerp and set up business there as a publisher, engraver, an intelligencer and a smuggler of books and people. He died in Antwerp in about 1640. But unfortunately I cannot trace a direct link for these Richard Rowlands to our family!



19th century conjectural sketch of Henry VIII's tomb, possibly of that designed by Richard Rowlands

St Mary Magdalene, Monkton, Kent

Thomas Rowland c 1610 - c 1680

As mentioned Thomas Rowland's baptism is dated 7th February 1619 which would put him at only 11 when he married Elizabeth Cresswell on 12th December 1630 at All Saints, Maidstone; it may be that he was baptised when he was about ten; it is more likely that he was born about 1610.

He was recorded as a freeman in Maidstone in 1631. He had three children, a son Robert and two daughters Deborah and Martha. He had a brother Richard who had a daughter, with children and grandchildren, so the male line stayed with Thomas' son Robert.



All Saints, Maidstone

Robert Rowland 1632 - 1707

I came across Robert by the simple expedient of Googling him. He would be amazed. He features in *Rulers of London 1660-1689* by Bailey-Rynes. He was born near the bridge in Maidstone and was baptised on 10th February 1632 at Lynsted, Kent. His father is named on the baptism record as Thomas. He is also recorded as a freeman in Maidstone in 1691. Like Dick Whittington, he came to the City of London to make his fortune.

Robert married Elizabeth Elliot in March 1661 at St Nicholas Colne Abbey in Victoria Street before it was destroyed in the Great Fire of London in 1666. He was an armourer working in metal, operating between 1689 and 1700 from premises known as the Warming Pan in Gracechurch Street. A number of chandeliers made by him survive, one made in about 1700 was originally in St Peters' Thetford, and is now at St John the Baptist, Winchester. Another made in 1699 and considered to be the oldest 36 branch chandelier in the country is in St James, Egerton, Kent. It was originally in All Saints, Maidstone, and was possibly donated by Robert. When gas lighting was installed in 1856, the chandelier was sold for £12 to John Holmes who donated it to St James, Egerton. A third is at Walpole St Peter, Norfolk (1702) which has a number of similarities to those now at Winchester and Egerton. There are possibly others at Uffington, Lincs (1685) and Totnes, Devon (1701)

He was elected as Common Councilman for Bishopsgate Within for 1680-3. He owned property in the City, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Kent. He was described as "rather good" and "a good churchman". He certainly tried to get into the good books of the Lord by complicated arrangements in his will to leave £120 (about £10,000 now) to be loaned to young tradesmen in Maidstone, at 3.33% interest amounting to £4 p.a.. This was to be used to pay the Minister of All Saints £1 to give a sermon on the evening of 1st February each year, with 2/6 to the reader of the lesson, 2/6 to the officiating clerk, 3/- for candles and £2 to the poor living in the West Borough on the bridge and under the cliffs in Maidstone, yearly for ever! The balance went to the churchwardens "for their pain and trouble". He also left the Armourers Company a legacy of £3 if the Master, Warden and Assistants came to his funeral!



Chandelier at St James, Egerton, Kent

He appears on the list of benefactors of All Saints; he is still mentioned in the Candlemass service commemorating benefactors. He gave legacies to his sisters Deborah Cooke and Martha Everden and an annuity to his daughter Elizabeth Dunwell, with the residue going to his son Robert.

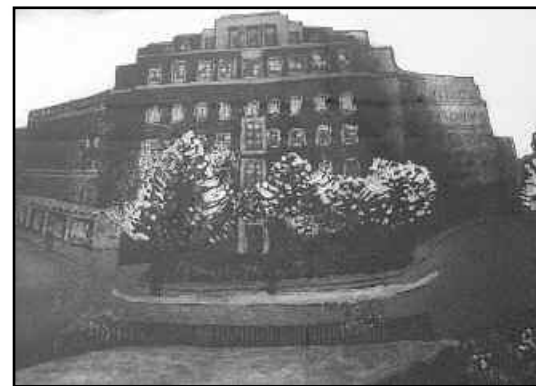
He had four children, John and Susanna who died young, Elizabeth who married Michael Dunwell and Robert. He was buried at St Peter, Cornhill on 24th June 1707.

Robert Rowland 1665-c 1735

Robert was christened at St Peter, Cornhill on 14th May 1665. Possibly he rather jumped the gun with the birth of his son William in 1681—he is recorded as marrying Elizabeth Chapman two years later on 13th October 1683 at St Benet, Pauls Wharf. It is likely that he continued in his father's business.



Chandelier at Walpole St Peter, Norfolk



Etching of offices of Allen & Overy in Cheapside by Richard Rowland, 2006.



St Peter, Cornhill

William Rowland 1681- c 1750

I came across William surfing through the Mormon online parish records.

His baptism is recorded on 18th December 1681 at St Peter, Cornhill, just down the road from my offices in Cheapside; his parents are stated as Robert and Elizabeth Rowland.

William Rowland 1710- c 1770

The baptism of this William appears in the register of St Andrew's, Holborn on 4th April 1710; his parents are stated as William and Elizabeth Rowland.

I have little to go on; he was a member of the Cordwainer's Company, so would have been engaged in leatherwork, making boots, shoes and saddlery. The house which we acquired in 1980 in the Forest of Dean was built in the late 17th century by a successful tanner, so perhaps he was a supplier of cured hides to William. As stated above he was christened in Holborn in 1710 and was living there with his wife Elizabeth née Jones at the time of the birth of his second son Alexander.

St Andrew's, Holborn

**Alexander Rowland I 1747-1823**

Alexander I was baptised at St Andrew's, the second son of William in 1747. He was apprenticed on 4th August 1763 to Mary Withybed, barber, of George Yard, Snow Hill for 7 years. He joined the Barber's Company as a Freeman when his apprenticeship ended on 7 August 1770. He then operated as a barber from Grays Inn Lane. The mythical barber, Sweeney Todd, would have been carrying on his grisly trade nearby in Covent Garden.

Alexander I then moved his premises to next to the Thatched House Tavern in St James' Street, and became a celebrated hairdresser; he charged the then exorbitant sum of 5 shillings per haircut (about £13 now) In contrast, at this time Richard Arkwright was trying to attract customers in the Midlands at 2d per haircut. Alexander's clientele would have been the denizens of London's club-land namely the litterati and glitterati of London Society. The Thatched House Tavern itself hosted

dinners for the Dilettanti Society in a room lined with portraits of its members by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) This Society was a meeting place for litterateurs for two centuries. The Thatched House Tavern stood on the site of the Conservative Club built in 1843 and it was replaced by the Civil Service Club in 1865; the original building was demolished in 1814. According to John Timbs "Beneath its front was a range of low built shops including that of Rowland, the fashionable coiffeur of "Macassar" fame".

He married Mary in the late 1770's, and they had two sons and two daughters. Of these I only have details of two; Sarah was born in 1779 and married James Weston, a cement manufacturer; and Alexander II was born in 1783. I have a record of Alexander visiting his brother in Maidstone in 1824.

I will let the Dictionary of National Biography take up the story; *"It was then not uncommon for a well connected barber to start making his own hair preparations, and about 1783 Alexander I offered for sale Rowland's Macassar Oil, an "elegant, fragrant and pellucid oil" of vegetable composition.* His son (Alexander II) later stated that a relative living in the island of Celebes in the Dutch East Indies had helped by procuring the basic ingredient, which was extracted from the seeds of various species of trees (probably the ylang-ylang flower) near Macassar. The unguent was basically palm oil with some additions, but may never have been anywhere near Macassar.

Within two decades the oil had become hugely popular.

In the first canto of Don Juan (1812) George Gordon, Sixth Baron Byron, worked in a topical gag, (stating when denigrating his wife - *"In Virtues nothing earthly could surpass her, save thine "incomparable oil" Macassar!"*) . Two years later the Tsar of Russia was reputed to have asked for 10 guineas' worth to be sent without delay via the Foreign Office".

This probably started the claim that the hair oil had anointed all the crowned heads of Europe! Even more remarkably the Zulu Chief Shaka traded his kingdom to early British pioneers in return for a supply of Rowland's Macassar Oil. A bottle of this had appeared in a visitor's medicine chest; since it had restored his hair colour, Shaka thought that it possessed rejuvenatory powers; he was never able to test this since he was murdered shortly afterwards in 1828.

Macassar Oil is also mentioned in the zany wanderings of the White Knight in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass".

Alexander I also diversified, for example with the skin preparation Kalydor, made with oriental "exotics", Odonto, a white, fragrant tooth powder, and Alsana extract to relieve toothache, flatulence, and spasms.

Rowland's Macassar Oil is credited as being, together with Warren's Shoe Blacking, one of the first nationally advertised products. It was certainly promoted in extravagant terms as in the Edinburgh Examiner of June 1812- *"Mrs Raeburn, North Bridge, has just received a fresh supply of that beautiful production, Macassar Oil, for the hair, a preparation that surpasses all others for eradicating all impurities of the Hair, and increasing its growth where it has been bald for years; strengthening the curl, and*



Snow Hill

imparting a beautiful gloss and scent; in fine, rendering the hair of ladies, gentlemen, and children inexpressibly attracting. View Rowland's Essay on the Hair. This inestimable Oil has also received the august patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Suffolk, and a great number of the nobility".

Part of the success of Macassar Oil resulted from its avoiding the imposition of a tax on hair powder, presumably to finance the Napoleonic wars. A small bottle cost three shillings and six pence (about £10 now)

Alexander I was also a prudent business man—he appears in the National Archives insurance records as insuring his business on 29th May 1816, recorded as Alexander Rowland, 1 Kirby Street, preparer of Macassar Oil. In 1820 he married Sarah Slade, a widow with no children. He died at home in Lewisham in 1823 at the age of 76. His estate was valued at £6,000 (about £500,000 now) By then his son Alexander II was 40 and would have been running the family business.



Macassar Oil bottle.



Engraving of Thatched House Tavern, St James'.

Alexander Rowland II 1783-1861

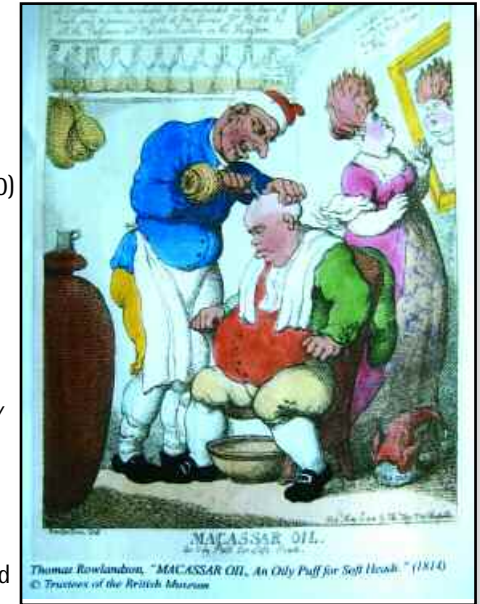
Alexander II was baptised on 18th June 1783 at St Andrew's Holborn, and joined the family firm at a young age. He married Elizabeth (1778-1850) in 1807 and had five children.

On 1st March 1808 the Barber's Company Court Minute states "Alexander Rowland of Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, Barber, was admitted to the Freedom of this Company by virtue of his Father's Copy and on the testimony of Jacob Bonwick, Citizen and Barber and was sworn".

Thus unlike Alexander I who served seven year's apprenticeship, albeit without payment, he joined through patrimony, namely being introduced by his father.

The Dictionary of National Biography states "In 1809 Alexander II published an *Essay on the Cultivation and Improvement of the Hair*, its puffing intention being made clear from the sub-title about the virtues of the Macassar Oil. He followed this with a number of works on similar themes."

His essay contains the quotation "Faith, his hair is of a good colour—an excellent colour", from *As You Like It*, Act III. It describes the Island of Macassar and the luxuriant hair of the natives who extract the oil from the local vegetable trees "and continue the use of this oil from infancy to mature old age.....The proprietors (A. Rowland and Son) with the assistance of a relation in the island and by permission of the Governor got possession of a great quantity of these ingredients, prepared the oil and found it to have such extraordinary virtues, that it excited general astonishment. Nothing but a full conviction of its incomparable excellence, would have induced them to have submitted the Macassar Oil to the public...."



Print by Thomas Rowlandson entitled "Macassar Oil, An Oily Puff for Soft Heads." 1814.

"In 1816 Alexander II was admitted to the Livery of the Barber's Company. More publicity conscious than his father, he recognized that in the age of the dandy, his firm had to strive to bring perfection to gentleman's faces and hair. However, for all its pellucidity, the oil stained the backs of padded chairs, thus leading to the widespread introduction of antimacassars to protect the upholstery". Out of solidarity with my Macassar Oil forbears, I have included an exhortation "Death to all Anti-Macassars" on our notepaper! Alexander II was quite a showman, and appeared in church with half his moustache dyed black to promote his hair colourants.

"By the 1840s he was widely claiming that the oil was being used by the Royal Family and nobility of England, as well as by several sovereigns and courts in Europe. The Queen's patronage was boldly proclaimed on the double-fronted Macassar Oil and Kalydor Warehouse at 20 Hatton Garden. In contrast with his father, Alexander II actively participated in the affairs of the Barber's Company, joining the Court of Assessors in 1845 and becoming Master in 1851".

I have two letters written by Alexander II to his wife Betsey from June and July 1824, when he was travelling to Maidstone, possibly to visit his brother. One letter is addressed to "Mrs Rowland, Lee" and states *"Accept my love and that of my brother to you, and Sophia (his daughter) and Alex & John (his sons)".* In September the following year John, then aged about 15 wrote to his parents from Brighton where he was staying with Alex and "Aunt" (maybe his father's sister Sarah, or a sister of his mother) Anyway she had a short illness. The letter finished in typical florid style *"I remain, my dear and honoured parents, your dutiful and affectionate son, John Henry Rowland".*

In August 1826 Alex writes to his mother from Margate stating *"Tell John to keep my pistols loaded".*

In September 1828 Alexander II took an autumnal tour with his two sons to Cheltenham. They passed through

Witney visiting Uncle Collier (possibly Betsey's brother) They decided Blenheim was not so beautiful a place as Stow Park.



St Margaret's, Lewisham

In the 1851 Census he is described as a 66 year old perfumier, employer of 7, living at Rosenthal, Bushey Green, Lewisham, with Sarah Weston, his widowed sister, his three unmarried daughters and four servants. Alison Creedon's biography of Dame Henrietta Barnett, Alexander II's granddaughter describes the development of Lewisham in the 19th century as follows- *"By the end of the 18th century, Lewisham had become a desirable retreat for affluent urban dwellers, As Lewisham's agricultural industry declined, farm houses were eagerly snapped up and modernised by*

entrepreneurs weary of the clamour of central London. Meanwhile, villas appeared on former arable land alongside the shops and small businesses starting to flourish on Lewisham's High Street. So, by the mid-19th century, Lewisham had made the transition from village to town, but it retained much of its pastoral charm. The work of Henry Wood, the earliest known photographer of Lewisham, reveals an idyllic landscape; sun-speckled woodland, sparkling rivers, creeper-covered houses and ancient thatched cottages. And the names of the two Taverns - The Two Brewers and the Plough and Harrow bear witness to Lewisham's former industries, even if they did refresh the spirits of careworn business-men, rather than those of agricultural workers. Meanwhile the feudal grandeur of Lewisham was preserved by the renovation of its 18th century mansions. As an 1838 writer enthused:

"A little to the south of the church...a fine panoramic view presents itself. On the north, the church tower, through a break in the luxuriant wood, forms the chief feature of the beautiful landscape. To the westward is seen the Priory, the elegant castellated seat of John Thackeray Esq., with its gothic windows of stained glass, and rich surrounding scenery...Further southward is the mansion of Henry Stainton Esq., and beyond it is Rosenthal, the residence of Alexander Rowland Esq."

Rosenthal House was set back from the main road and surrounded by acres of woodland and landscaped gardens overlooking open fields and farmland. As well as the main house, there were numerous outbuildings, including stables, coach houses and greenhouses. On one of the lawns was a magnificent fountain, around which peacocks would strut". It was demolished in the 1890s.

Alexander II was a keen gardener, winning prizes for his roses. He also delighted in showing his grandchildren how to grow flowers, fruit and vegetables. In the autumn of his life, his son Alexander William lived nearby and his grandchildren would come to visit him; his grand-daughter Henrietta's diary records how she and her brother Fritz would torment him, by tickling his nose

with a straw whilst he slept; he jumped up with a start whilst the children hid, convulsed with laughter behind his big leather chair.

In his Will dated 9th May 1860 he directed that his funeral be very plain and gave his sons Alexander William and John Henry, £50 and £40 respectively for "mourning". He left £100 to his nurse Sarah Micheson and a life interest in £400 Consols to his widowed sister, Sarah Weston. His daughter Sophia received four leasehold houses in Exchequer Place, Lewisham, and one other cottage and two acres of rose garden nearby. His other daughters were not mentioned- Rebecca died in 1855; I have not traced Elizabeth's death records.

The Will records that Alexander II, his sons Alexander William and John Henry had been co-partners in the family business, and that under the terms of the

partnership, Alexander II's interest would pass to them, including "goodwill...stock in trade...steam engine, plant, implements, utensils....some of which are at Hatton garden...and others...at Rosenthal"

The residue of the estate went as to Alexander William, subject to a life interest in half to Sophia. In fact she outlived Alexander William by a number of years.

Alexander II died on 13th July 1861 at Rosenthal; his estate was valued at £8,000. But a settlement document dated 1st November 1862 records payments of £11,250 to Alexander William, £10,000 to John Henry and £5,000 to Sophia; maybe these payments represented interests in the business.

It is noticeable that other than sharing in the business, John Henry, as a second son did not share

in the residue. He was living nearby in Croydon with his family of five children and four servants at the time.

Strangely my great grand-father, the Rev William John, never mentioned John Henry's side of the family; his son-in-law Sir Philip Gibbs, who married his daughter Agnes, and who went on continental tours with him, did not hear of them until Dudley Layton, husband of Stella Rowland wrote to him, having read about Sir Philip's link to the Rowland Macassar Oil business in one of his autobiographies. Dudley claimed that Stella's side of the family had the business. Originally Sir Philip thought he was an imposter, but of course all was revealed, and my parents became good friends with Dudley and Stella, and I with my fourth cousins. Perhaps it all stemmed from the Rev. William John having nothing to do with his relations!



Alexander II's medal for roses

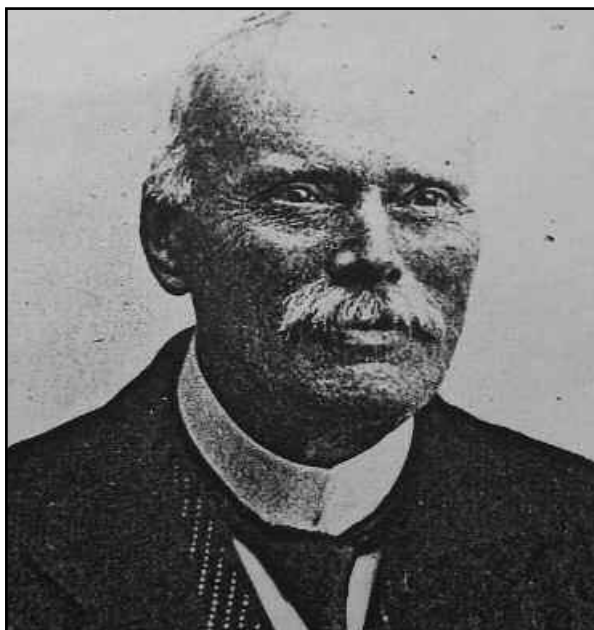


20 Hatton Garden



Caryatid with mirror

Alexander William Rowland 1808/9 to 1869



Alexander William
or his brother John Henry

Alexander William was the eldest surviving son of the second generation of Macassar Rowland; his elder brother Alexander died at the age of nine. His brother John Henry was two years younger, and he had three younger sisters who did not marry.

It is likely that his early life was in Lewisham; a letter from him from the continent where he was travelling with his Aunt and sister Sophy to his mother in 1834 is addressed to her in a cottage in Lewisham. By 1838 they would have moved to Alexander II's mansion, Rosenthal. In any event he would have been brought up in a very well to do environment.

He travelled to Carlsruhe in Baden in July 1830 stating in a letter to his mother *"I would forfeit half my life if you and your father could be here (during the fine weather) because there is sufficient to see to make you prefer Lewisham to any spot in the world, but believe me it is true-these Germans are filthy creatures and the country corresponds"*. I imagine he was playing to his mother's

and her father's prejudices; anyway his views tempered and he married a German, Henriette von Ditges about ten years later.

At the age of about 26 he was doing his "Grand Tour" of Europe; I have a copy of the journal he wrote about this. It was hardly a dollar a day backpacking trip. He describes himself as "lionising" the places he visited, probably a discreet word for living it up. Certainly he did not stint on hotels, the Danielli in Venice, and regular visits to the opera. He became quite a connoisseur of the Barber of Seville, having seen it so many times! My overall impression of him from the journal is of a well read and articulate and confident young man, with an enthusiastic interest in the arts, particularly the visual arts; he tramped through all the best galleries in Europe. In a letter to his mother in September 1835 from Venice, he describes it as *"the most singular, grand, filthy, miserable, decayed, stinking, beautiful city extant"*.

Even by the age of 26, he had travelled on the Rhine nine times. He also mentions four months travel in 1833, including a visit to St Petersburg. In July 1834 he wrote to his mother from Coblenz stating *"Last night I supped with Mr Ditges who had prepared a grand supper- there was presenthis daughter, a nice little girl of about 12 years of age who is going to London next year"*. In fact she was about 15, and he married her about 5 years later.

His journal entry for 25th August 1835 when in Baden reads- *"Rained in torrents. Wrote letters. The fashionable hour for dinner in Germany is one o'clock, which occupies two hours, supper nine o'clock, again two hours: the other part of the day is employed in smoking."*

Tom Moore somewhere says *"Oh that our life like the Germans might be Du lit a la table-de la table au lit"* *The cooking is a bad imitation of the French, at dinner they play with your appetite by giving you messes until you lose it, and then provoke you by putting a good joint on the table, everything is either very rare or very greasy and the wine is exceedingly bad."*

However he seemed to have begun to like the Germans, commenting on their congeniality and *"their free and liberal manners in comparison with our dull countrymen, for I think a German might travel in an English stage coach for ever, and never be invited by an Englishman"*

His views of Italians were less favourable- *"The women in this part of Italy (Venice) do not possess any personal beauty, they are generally ugly with skin resembling the outside part of roast pork- bad figures and much worse dressers; and like the men flee everybody which approaches near them."*

By comparison-

"The idea I have formed of Germans during the twelve months I have spent among them, is that the women are accomplished, industrious and virtuous and make good housewives; in large cities and in the country towns they are generally pretty but not fine featured, neither are they fair, but have clear jaune complexions with an agreeable mixture of the rose. In figure they are not as perfect as the French, but they are finer and much larger women."

The men are not as handsome as the Italians, have more expression in their countenances than the English, but as their features are more varied so some are extremely ugly as well as others the contrary; they are bad dressers and cannot by any means be called a polite people, they are generous, free and good natured".

In October 1839 Alex and his parents visited the Ditges family at their schloss in Honnef am Rhine. Alex writes to Jack (his brother John) stating *"Yetta looks very pale, but pretty and interesting"* There is also a note in the same letter from Henriette to Alex's sister Elizabeth, stating how she was *"agreeably surprised to see your dear father and mother in Honnef"*. Perhaps they were just checking out the Ditges's and their real estate. It must have been satisfactory since Alex married her the following year when he was thirty and she was twenty.

Thereafter followed a dozen years of constant procreation culminating in a classic Victorian family of eight children in all the traditional occupations, except the army, as follows-

Alexander-died young

Henry Edward-in the family Macassar Oil business

William John-Vicar in the Church of England

Theresa (Tessie)-married to Barham Snelling, editor of the Egyptian Gazette (Alexander William used to spent the winter months in Alexandria so perhaps this was the link)

Frances (Fanny)-the barmy one, injured during her mother's pregnancy by a "carriage accident". She had a mental age of seven, and was looked after all her life by her younger sister Henrietta

Alice-a doctor, when women could only practice after 1865. She married Dr Ernest Hart, a heart surgeon and editor of the British Medical Journal. She also ran silk mills in Dublin.

Frederick (Fritz)-solicitor (Tree 5)

Henrietta-celebrated social reformer, working in the east end of London. She married Canon Barnett, and latterly founded Hampstead Garden Suburb.

The 1851 Census records the family then living at 96 Queens Road, Clapham with Tessie, Fanny, Alice and Fritz, and five servants; Henry Edward and William John were then at the family's holiday home at 18 Brunswick Terrace, Brighton. In the 1840s Alexander William had also leased the Grange, Honor Park Road, Sydenham. It was the largest mansion in the road with 12 bedrooms and grounds of 15 acres. Like Rosenthal, there were lawns, gravelled paths, shrubberies, herbaceous borders, rockeries and ornamental water features.

Henriette died following the birth of her eighth child (Henrietta) in 1851. Alexander William brought in his sister Aunt Sophia to look after the young family, together with nurse Mary Moore. He did not remarry.

Much has been written about the life of Dame Henrietta Barnett, including her early life, based on her diaries and journals of her companion, Marion Paterson. One expression from Henrietta's diary stated that her father *"and his worldly art loving friends took their pleasures with a careless generosity"*. Certainly he does not appear as a strict Victorian pater familias; Sunday evenings in the Rowland household were not spent reading the Bible or other improving tracts. Rather, Alexander William would gather his children around him and foster their appreciation of art by looking at paintings and encouraging them to engage with their diversity of style, theme and techniques.

In the winter, the family moved from London to escape the fog and smog, to Brighton, to a tall white-stuccoed house overlooking the sea. Although Brighton had the healthy sea air, it also had a raffish reputation, and this may have attracted Alexander William and his worldly pleasure-seeking friends. As mentioned he also travelled to Alexandria to winter there. He thought it was "unwholesome" to be in England if one had a weak chest, and on one occasion ordered his daughter Henrietta to join him there.

In 1860 increasing prosperity allowed Alexander William to move his family from the Grange to the even more opulent surroundings of Champion Hall, Sydenham Road. This was a newly built mansion in a speculative development. It later became the Sydenham Children's Hospital and was demolished in 1991.

After the death of Alexander II in 1861, Alexander William carried on the business in partnership with his brother, John Henry who was living nearby at 55 Beaulah Wood, Belmont, Croydon with his wife, five children and four servants.

In 1866 they took their sons, respectively, and confusingly, Henry Edward and John Alexander as partners in the family business. The Articles of Agreement of 5th June 1866 was a pretty one-sided document. Alexander William and John Henry only had to attend to the business "at their convenience", whilst their sons had to attend from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day, except Sundays, with 30 days holiday per annum, unless prevented by illness or a "good excuse". Liquidated damages of two Guineas (£25 now) were payable for each day of non-attendance in breach of this covenant! So even the proprietors had their noses to the grindstone in those days.

I have Alexander William's cashbook for 1868, the year before he died. It probably records transactions from one bank account. He liked to maintain a balance in cash of between £500 and £1,000 (now £30,000-£60,000), and his annual expenditure was about £3,000 (now £180,000)

Here are some miscellaneous items from the cash book. The fire insurance cover for his properties totalled about £1 million in current value.

4 cottages in the Grove, Lewisham	£400	4 houses at Bole Green	
1 house in Barbican	£600	Rosenthal	
10 houses in Greenwich	£1,500	1 house in Lee Road	£800
1 house in Southfield	£1,000	2 houses at George Place	£300
19 Brunswick Terrace, Brighton	£1,130	Champion Hall	(Building £3,500-Furniture £3,000)
Bride Court	£3,000	The rent of Champion Hall was	£146-5 shillings per quarter
			(now £30,000 p.a.)

The insurance premium was £26-12s-5d per quarter (now £6,500 p.a.) Life insurance cover of £8,150 (now £500,000) Dog licence-10 shillings Parish rate at St Andrew's Holborn £14-12s-5d (maybe for office premises at 20 Hatton Garden and Bride Court) Payments to his son Rev. William John of £130 plus a loan of £100 Rev. William John takes his first service in September 1868. Also on 7th September, 1868 expenditure of £50 (now £3000) on his daughter Tessie's wedding breakfast. (My daughter Tessa's wedding was in June 2010; her wedding reception cost a bit more!)

Purchase of 20 copper cans of 25 litres of rose water (two years old) at 1 franc-40 centimes per kilo (maybe to perfume Rowland's Macassar Oil) His weight recorded on 16th August 1867 as 11 stones 7 lbs There is a payment of income tax of £3-11s-4d, but it is not clear what, or which period this relates to.

Pastel portrait of Henriette von Ditges

Alexander William's Will was quite a comprehensive document. There are legacies and annuities to Aunt Sarah Weston (who was then about 90) and his sister Sophia, and legacies and residue to all the children except Henry Edward, the eldest son who was well provided for through his share of the business. The Will attempts to provide that daughters marrying retained control of their inheritance, although this was not legally possible then. It certainly shows an enlightened approach to his daughters. The Will refers to a buy-out mechanism in the

Partnership documents for Alexander William's share, payable to his estate over 5 years. The value of the estate was originally sworn at £35,000 on his death in 1869, but was re-sworn in 1873 at £45,000, possibly to include the buy-out payment or maybe Aunt Sophia's life interest in half Alexander II's residue fell in. The estate would have a current value of about £3 million, so each of the children would have received the equivalent of £500,000 now. It is likely that this did not include the market value of the business. At the time £10,000 per annum was being spent on advertising. If that was 10 per cent. of turnover, the business could have had a value of the equivalent of £10-20 million now.

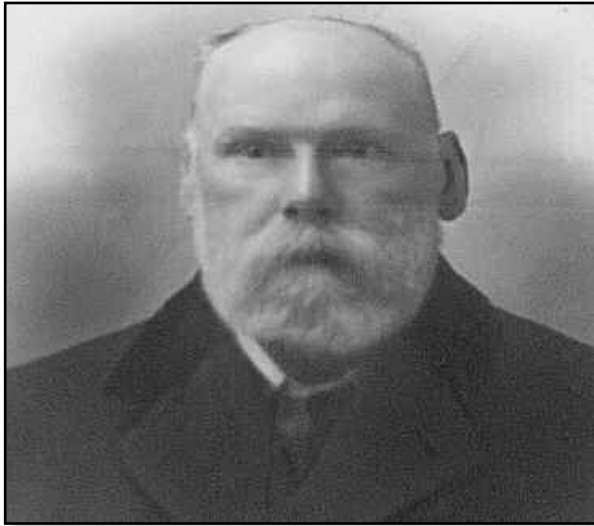
Alexander William died on 28th June 1869 at Champion Hall. After his death the family moved to a smaller house in Westbourne Terrace, Paddington.

In 1870 Rev. William John had already commenced a claim in the Chancery Court against his sisters, in relation to the Will, relating to purchases of furniture from the estate; but this was settled quite quickly.



From top left:

*Engraving of Champion Hall**17-19 Brunswick Terrace, Brighton.**Queens Road, Clapham*

Rev. William John Rowland (1844 – 1921)*Rev William John Rowland*

I have a photograph of my great-grandfather; middle-aged, bearded, balding and rather thickset with staring hollow eyes. By then he would have been in his living as Vicar of Stoke-sub-Hamdon, Somerset. The 1891 census shows him there aged 45 with his second wife Maggie Hobden (42) her sister or mother Catharine (62) and his sons, Sydney (19) studying medicine at Downing College, Cambridge, and William (19) described as a bank clerk in the army, and their daughter Beryl aged four. It is likely that his third son Cecil, and daughter Agnes were away at school. The family was supported by a cook and two domestic servants, and so for a country vicar lived in some style. He then had a private income of £600 p.a., about £50,000 now. Ten years later in the 1901 census, the family is still there, but just with the younger children, Beryl (14) and Winifred (7) and one domestic servant.

He was born on 25th January 1844 at Forest Hill, Sydenham and would have grown up in the extensive household of Alexander William Rowland. His elder brother died at the age of eight and his next elder brother Henry Edward, as the "eldest" son was destined

to inherit the family business. So from the usual activities for second sons, William John went into the Church. After school at Aldenham, he took his BA at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1868 and his MA in 1870. At this stage he would have received his inheritance from his father of about £500,000 now, so would have had a comfortable standard of living.

Following Jane Austen's maxim about young men with private incomes, he soon took a wife, Anne Ellen Domville. (Tree 4) The 1871 census shows them living at Fox Cottage, Mylor, Cornwall, where he was the Curate of St Peters', Flushing, with one servant. Anne was just eighteen.

She was the daughter of Colonel Edmund Charles Domville, from a rather more upperclass family than the Rowland's with their trade background. Col. Domville's brother was Dr. Henry Jones Domville (1818-1888) General Inspector of Hospitals and the Fleet and Honorary Physician to Queen Victoria. They also had some skeletons in the cupboard. The 3rd Lord Santry married Bridget, the daughter of Sir Thomas Domville. Their son, Henry Barry, the 4th Lord Santry murdered a passer-by in a drunken brawl at the Palmerstown Fair in 1738; apparently too drunk to draw his sword, Santry swore he would kill the next man who spoke to him, which he did! He was convicted, and commissioned an expert swordsman from France to carry out his execution, swiftly and painlessly. However he was pardoned, losing his title but not his estates, because his uncle threatened to cut off Dublin's water supply if he was executed. This uncle, Sir Compton Domville inherited the estates. He carried on the barmy tradition by banning his nephew, Henry Domville from Santry Court for marrying a Margaret Bell in Lisburn Cathedral; her family were in trade. The story goes that he gave Henry £100 and his choice of a horse from the stables before he was banished.

From this Henry's branch of the Domville family, which moved to Devonshire, came the forbears of Anne Domville. Sir Compton died without male heir and left

the Santry estate to another nephew, Charles Pocklington, under a name and arms clause. The estate comprised Santry Court, called a miniature Versailles and some 5,000 acres of farm land providing an income of £17,500 p.a. (now £2 million) It stayed with the Pocklington Domvilles until 1935 when it became a residential home for people with learning disabilities, rather like Alexander William Rowland's Champion Hall becoming a childrens' hospital. In the war Canadian soldiers were billeted there, and it was damaged by fire.

An even more exotic Domville family story has Bridget Domville, King Henry II's childrens' nurse, starting the clan on the wrong side of the blanket and giving us royal blood. I have not been able to find any evidence of this.

From this glamorous background, a living in Cornwall with a Curate, albeit a wealthy one, may have been a come down to his young wife. But she promptly bore him a clutch of children, Sydney (1872) at Mylore and William Domville (1873) at Lanlivery, where William John became Curate. In 1872 William John left Flushing; I have a silver salver presented to him by his parishioners "as a token of affection and esteem".

In 1873 the family moved to livings in India, where Agnes (1874) and Cecil (1877) were born. William John was chaplain at Eccles Estate, Jubbalpore, (1873), Cale Cathedral (1874), Roorkee (1875/6), Meerut (1877/9), Fort William, Cale (1879) and Darjeeling (1880/1)

Perhaps Anne was feeling trapped by religion and children, or maybe that Domville gene erupted. Anyway she eloped with a dashing cavalry officer, Captain McKenna. This is described in Sir Philip Gibbs' autobiography quoted below.

After Anne's departure William John went on furlough (1882/3) and returned to England to become vicar of St Mary's, Stoke-sub-Hamdon. There was an expensive divorce from Anne; and this also put paid to his preferment in the Church. Hence the rather pained expression of someone down on his luck with his

inheritance reduced, and church activities limited to "parish poking" as he put it. Maybe he also resented the comparative successes of his siblings, Henry Edward who sold his share in the family business to his cousin George William. This enabled him to devote himself to the study of the Doomsday Book on which he was a great expert. Alice, a doctor married to Dr Ernest Hart, Editor of the British Medical Journal, Tessie, married to Barham Snelling, editor of the Egyptian Gazette, Fritz, as a solicitor and Henrietta, latterly Dame Henrietta Barnett, as a celebrated social reformer. Certainly he had no time for her socialist leanings; he also objected to her snaffling her sister Fanny's inheritance. Anyway he had little to do with his Rowland relations and advised his children accordingly. He remarried, Maggie Hobden and had two children Beryl (1887) and Winifred (1894) (Tree 6)

His daughter Agnes was educated at a convent school in Belgium. As an Anglican, William John was incensed when, not altogether surprisingly she became a Roman Catholic. She met Philip Gibbs through his sister who was also at the convent and they married in 1898. (Trees 7 and 8) Philip and William John became good friends and took a number of continental trips together.

In his later years he rather resembled King Edward VII and on one of these trips he once had the Louvre cleared for him on the mistaken impression that he was the King. On another occasion he reacted with an angry "Belch yourself" to an attendant clutching his arm with an impatient "Roi des Belges". In a similar vein, I rather like Sir Philip's story that when taking a horse-drawn cab in Paris, Sir Philip tried to attract the driver's attention shouting "Cocher, cocher". But the driver misheard and responded grumpily "Cochon vous même".

William John became Rector of Middle Chinnock from 1904-9. He died in 1921. There is a monumental inscription at St Mary's, Stoke-sub-Hamdon on the North wall of the nave stating "William John Rowland MA, died and interred at West Clandon, Surrey, Vicar of this parish 1894-1904". His estate was £654-5s-1d.

When it comes to writing, I cannot improve on Sir Philip's description of his courtship of Agnes Rowland, so I will quote his chapter entitled Marriage of Babes from his autobiography, The Pageant of the Years, published in 1946. It was dedicated "with the author's love to Philip Martin Gibbs and Frances Gibbs (his grandchildren and my second cousins) of the younger generation and to a very small boy named Richard Rowland who looks out on life with laughing eyes and to many small people who are the author's friends". My copy contains the inscription "To Richard who may one day read this book by his old friend and playmate "Gung-Gung" Oct 26 1946". Gung-Gung, my attempt as a two year old at uncle, later became refined to Gungy.

"I fell in love and three years later. at the age of twenty one, married my love. Her name was Agnes. She was the daughter of a country parson, the Revd. W.J.Rowland, who had the living of Stoke-under-Ham, and afterwards of Crewkerne and Middle Chinnock, down in Somerset, where as I said in the old phrase I went a-courting. Agnus had been brought to our house in Clapham by my sister Helen, with whom she had been to a convent school in Belgium, near to the Ardennes at Paliseul where in the second World War the Americans fought some of their stiffest battles. When I saw her first I knew that all my happiness lay with her, though I hardly dared hope that she she would care for me, because my brothers, Cos and Frank, were so much more amusing and made her laugh far more than I could ever do. She had he gift of laughter all her life, having a merry wit and a sence of humour never killed by desperate illnesses and much spiritual unhappiness in later years.

As a young girl she had a rose-like beaurty, and it is among roses that I like to remember her for she tended them in many gardens. I saw her first among roses in the garden of her aunt's house in Elstree, where, in a white frock which would look very oldfashiobed now, and a big staw hat, she stood with a pair of scissors snipping off the dead blossom from a marvellous show of summer glory. Shyly I went towards her, and saw her laughing eyes, and heard her cry of "Hullo. Pip!"

Her aunt was her father's sister Alice who had married a distinguished and sinister man named Dr. Ernest Hart. He was for many years Editor of The British Medical Journal, and stood high in his profession. He was a rich man with a house in Wimpole Street, filled with a priceless collection of Japanese bronzes and porcelain.

For a time he gave house-room to Agnes in return for secretarial service and enslavement, and to Wimpole Street went I in a top hat, tail coat, and striped trousers, when old Hart was well off the premises, and when the footman-he was I thought an insolent fellow-gave me a wink as much as to say "the old man's out".

My future father-in-law had another sister who married a remarkable man, more benevolent-though grotesquely ugly-than Dr. Ernest Hart. This was Canon Barnett who, with his wife Henrietta, founded Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel as a centre of life and learning and social welfare in the East End. Afterwards Mrs. Barnett became Dame Henrietta and helped to found Hamstead Garden Suburb in which once I gave a lecture, pleasing the old lady, who was a combination of Queen Victoria and Mrs. Jellyby, with a touch of Becky Sharp, by referring to her as "my amazing aunt".

My future wife's relations took me into unknown ways in those years before our marriage. I came to know the life of a country rectory and of many parsonages in its neighbourhood, and of country squires and local characters including some who made a stir in the world of letters, like the three Powys brothers. I came to know intimately and with some affection the greatest character of all - my future father-in-law.

The Revd. W.J.Rowland had been a military chaplain in India. That was why my wife's first language was Hindustani, and her first memory of life a vision of Cashmere. Being a man of private means he and his first wife had lived in some style out there with carriages and native servants. It had been a gay life, especially for my wife's mother who was a Domville of

Devonshire and a beautiful lady of the old quality, elegant, a little masterful, but easy in her ways with gardeners and grooms and gamekeepers and sextons. A little too gay perhaps, that life in India. When I knew her afterwards – long afterwards – I understood that as a clergyman's wife she was out of place. She had no reverence in her laughing heart. She was an incurable flirt. She was witty and, poor dear, a little wicked. One night in England when they had left India for a spell she said good-night to each of her sleeping children, of whom there were four. One of them grew up to be Sydney Rowland, a brilliant bacteriologist and an expert on spinal meningitis, of which he died as a martyr to science, in World War 1.

Another was my wife, then a little girl of seven or so. She remembered a strange glitter in the eyes of her mother who bent over her and gave her a string of beads and then slipped away. She slipped away with an officer in the Indian Army.

I don't know whether my future father-in-law was more stricken by the loss of a beautiful lady or the expense of the divorce she cost him, but I think the latter. He was embittered also by the impossibility of getting promotion in the church, which at that time regarded a clergyman who had divorced his wife and then married again – he married again – as ineligible for ecclesiastical preferment. He was given poor parishes in the depths of Somerset, instead of being made a Canon or a Bishop according to his intellectual ability and ambition.

He was a great scholar in the full sense of the word. I have never met a more learned man, or a man more passionately devoted to study. All his life he rose, winter and summer, at 5.30, washed his face in cold water, and sat down for a couple of hours reading before breakfast. He was always reading, except when "parish poking" as he called it, when he visited the old and sick and fulfilled his duties as a country clergyman, which he did conscientiously but without enthusiasm. He was a fine classical scholar but vastly interested in

almost every branch of knowledge, except science. He studied architecture, and could tell the date of any part of a church or any bit of decoration within twenty five years. He read history deeply.

He was a profound student of art and of all its masters. He studied old furniture, porcelain, sculpture, medieval craftsmanship. He read vast tomes on the history of Rome and every volume of Frazer's Golden Bough, and every authority on early civilisations.

But in spite of this scholarship he had a rich sense of humour – very Elizabethan at times – and was fond of a flirtation with any pretty woman, if she had intelligence as well as good looks. He found much food for his humour among the neighbouring clergy, to all of whom he gave nicknames kept dark as a family secret. I remember "Dirty Shirt", who had a vicarage not far away. His wife was placed in the portrait gallery as "The Light of the Harem". In a carefully locked drawer of the Vicar's desk was a manuscript book bound in red leather and filled with most dangerous stuff, but very mirth provoking when occasionally he let me have a glimpse of it. Into this book he wrote squibs, satires, and ironical verse about his relations and neighbours, with occasional sallies into the political field. His sister Henrietta Barnett, and her husband the Canon, were among his most bitter satires.

"Have nothing to do with your relations," was his constant advice to his family, uttered as an almost daily slogan.

Certainly his brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces, were a very queer crowd, rather feckless and disorderly. They had all inherited small fortunes from a very rich father who was one of the most celebrated men in England, being none other than the proprietor of Rowland's Macassar Oil which originated the Victorians' antimacassars, on every horsehair-stuffed chair, in every Victorian household. Byron wrote about him in *Child Harold*. His name was as familiar as a household word,

and his oil was as precious balm to the luxuriant whiskers of Victorian dandies. As a young man he went to Germany and brought back a little German wife whose portrait hangs in my drawing-room now, a pretty and pathetic little lady, childlike and delicate, but the mother of a big family before she died, poor dear. She was of course, my wife's grandmother, and once Agnes and I, being in the Rhineland, went to find her family "schloss" at Honef-am-Rhein of which we had a drawing. The driver of the car to whom we confided our quest became quite excited and sentimental. He stopped several citizens of Honef and informed them of the object of our journey.

"The Herrschaften seek the Schloss of their German grandmother." "Ach! That was very romantic. Surely it is the Schloss now inhabited by Herr von Diercksen," or whatever the name might be.

We were taken to several Schlosses. The driver would stop below a flight of steps and say: "This is the Schloss of your grandmother." But it was not the Schloss of my wife's grandmother, according to the drawing we had. At the fourth time we yielded, and pretended that certainly it was the Schloss and gazed at it with sham sentimentality which satisfied the romantic soul of our German driver.

My father-in-law-to-be inherited a somewhat Germanic character from his little German mother and her ancestry. That may have accounted for the severity with which he brought up his family. His three sons hated him because of his bullying, though he sent them to public schools and spent a lot of money on their education, which greatly reduced his inheritance.

He sent Agnes to a convent school in Belgium, as I have said, for the sake of economy, and then was violently angry when she told him one day she had become a Catholic. He treated her in a medieval way, shutting her up in her room, after denouncing the Catholic Church and all its works.

He even wrote a letter to the Pope, but His Holiness ignored it. It was a long time before he became reconciled to this change of faith, but he had mellowed when I went down to Somerset with Agnes before our marriage.

Every morning before breakfast we joined in family prayers in his study. I can remember the smell of his room - old leather, old books, and the tobacco of many pipes. This combination of scents was heavily stored up in that big study because its owner did not believe in what he called "foul fresh air". Another saying of his was that he "never drank what he washed in". He was a great beer-drinker like his mother's ancestors, and was a big, burley man with a brown moustache and beard and plump fair-complexioned cheeks. I came to like him a great deal and we were always friends, though at first sight of me he told Agnes that I was no match for her, which indeed was true.

He had a passion for foreign travel and after my marriage I went abroad with him several times, mostly to France, staying in Paris and going to the Louvre every day for a couple of hours at least. Once we went as far as the Pyrenees where to my astonishment I saw a real live bear on a snow topped peak. On these journeys he was a good companion, and when we visited cathedrals, and churches, and galleries, and castles his immense knowledge was an education to me. His second wife was a tiny little lady, very prim and old-fashioned, like a character in a Jane Austen novel. She had been in school in Belsize Park with the Caltraps and Novellos and the Boucicaults.

There she learnt the "use of the globes", read the letters of Madame de Sévigné and received the "ladylike" education of the time. She also went to all the operas, and when she became an old lady and came to stay with me her greatest pleasure was to remember the enchantment of Verdi, and Offenbach, and Mozart, and Bizet. She loved music, and played very charmingly even when her little hands were knotted with rheumatism, and when she had to peer through spectacles to see the notes, I made a pencil scetch of her at the piano and it is very like her. She became the mother of two girls. One of whom is now a Reverend Mother, always gay and quick to laugh. I shall have to tell a story about her when I come to the first World War. The other daughter is now the mother of a Saxon-looking young gunner - Adrian Harbottle Reed - who has the scholarly nature of his father and something of his look."

In the thirties Sir Philip and his wife Agnes were living at Dibdene, Shamley Green, Surrey. One day she remarked to him that she had just seen a blackbird in the garden with a remarkable resemblance to Aunt Yetta (the family's name for Dame Henrietta Barnett) Later they learnt that she had died that day.



Santry Court



St Mary's, Stoke sub Hamdon



Rev William John Rowland, as Edward VII, with his son Sydney, second wife Maggie and daughters Beryl and Winifred,



Dr Henry Jones Domville



Ellen Churchward's 1847 Valentine



Sir Philip Gibbs KBE by Joyce Rowland



Bedroom at the rectory, Stoke sub Hamdon where Agnes Rowland may have been incarcerated by her father

William Domville Rowland (1873-1944)

My grandfather looks quite a racey old cove. I have a photograph of him in check plus fours, with the look of Terry Thomas playing a cad. In his time he had several failed careers and relationships. He even died a week or so before I was born.

He probably had all the disadvantages of being accustomed to a high standard of living, but having no inheritance or income to support it. His mother had eloped when he was about nine, and he would have been brought up by a pious, disillusioned and strict father, and latterly by his stepmother. He was sent to Marlborough, but did not go to university. His reports describe him as a "capital fellow" and his leaving reference states *"He always bore an excellent character here, and when he left was a trustworthy prefect, exercising a good influence in his house and in the school-none the less because he was vigorous in games!"* At the age of 19 he was working as a bank clerk in Cornhill. He then worked for a number of Agricultural Co-operative Societies in Tyrone, Donegal and Warwickshire. According to his half-sister Winnie, he would stick at no job. His aunt Alice Hart lost a lot of money by putting him in charge of some silk mills she opened outside Dublin. Later he became chief reporter on a newspaper near Crick on agricultural and horticultural matters; apparently he had a green finger (not inherited by me) He taught English in Hamburg. In 1906 he went to Liberia, in an official capacity, and was invalided back to Norfolk. He bred rats for his brother Sydney for use in his experiments at the Lister Institute. He became an expert in collecting and selling antiques, including many Nelson relics such as his walking stick and the font where he was baptised.

In 1908 he fathered a daughter, Lorna, with Evelyn Harriet Waring. Her birth certificate gives her mother's name, and I have not traced any record of their marriage. Lorna called herself Waring Rowland and emigrated to New Zealand where she wrote about growing herbs (that old green finger) She died intestate in 1988, her small estate passing to my father and his sister.

Another failed relationship was with Countess Henriette de Belgarde, somewhat older than him, a friend of his stepmother's, who was a writer and translator. In a letter from Winnie (his half-sister), she states *"He would marry her, this turned out just as father (William John) said it would, and he left her literally bruised and bleeding"*. I have not found any record of their marriage, but this may have taken place abroad as she came from a well-established European family.

Certainly her family has an amazing track record as lovers and mistresses. Roger Bellegarde, the Grand Ecuyer of France introduced his mistress Gabrielle D'Estrees to Henry IV who fell for her and fathered her child, or was it Bellegarde's? Despite being married to Marguerite de Valois, the King tried to legitimise the child but failed. The Parisians hated Gabrielle who they called the Duchess D'Ordure. She died shortly afterwards giving birth to a stillborn child.



William Domville Rowland with Bridget and Barry

A century or so later Lalive de Bellegarde participated in a celebrated menage a trois with Saint Lambert and her husband Count d' Houdetot. Chateaubriand stated that this love triangle *"was the jaded 18th century married to its manners. It is enough to embrace hedonism in life so that illegitimacies become legitimacies. One feels an infinite regard of immorality because it did not cease, but rather time decorated it with wrinkles"*.

Henriette de Bellegarde is also a heroine in Moliere's Les Femmes Savants. She rivals her sister for the favours of Citandre, who fancies her, but goes off with her aunt instead. Nothing is simple in the Bellegarde world.

In the 19th century Count Heinrich von Bellegarde (1746- 1845) was a distinguished Austrian Field Marshall and statesman and was probably related to Henriette. I have discovered records of a Henriette Belgard born on

16th October 1862 at Gartenpungel, Mohrunen, Ostptressen, Prussia. This fits with her age, about 10 years older than Willie. There is also a record of death of Henriette de Bellegarde on 24th August 1917 at Aberstein, Austria.

My guess is that Willie and Henriette were married and not divorced. Willie married Mabel Louise Bracey in 1918, when she was pregnant with their son Brian. It is possible that Willie did not know of Henriette's death the year before; communications with Austria would not have been easy in the First World War, and if he had treated her badly, her family were unlikely to be in contact with him. This may explain why Willie may have thought he was still married to her, and referred confidentially to his three children, Brian, Barry (my father) and Bridget as the three B's, implying some form of illegitimacy. Anyway I think I have laid this kite to rest.

Mabel was a district nurse based in Burnham Market, Norfolk, where Willie ran an antique shop called "The Old Curiosity Shop". After their marriage he obviously intended to live more conventionally; he wrote his holograph Will in 1924, leaving everything to his wife, and never revised it. He was about fifty when he had his three children and by all accounts was a distant father. My father never talked about him. Willie also followed his father's advice to have nothing to do with his relations, including his father, who died in 1921. It was not until 1924 that he enquired of his stepmother about him. She wrote to him rather testily as follows-
*"Dear Willie,
 I have heard this morning that you are asking for details of your father's death. I am writing at once to tell you that he died at West Clandon, Surrey, on April 26th 1921. Had you been in touch with us you would have been informed as a matter of course. A full announcement was in the Times.*

His illness was partial paralysis complicated by disease of the bladder and heart trouble. He had every possible attention, a good doctor and male nurse, and was about

to be taken to a Hospital of high repute in London to see if an operation were feasible and advisable but he became much worse and died before he could be received. His estate is in the hands of the Executor Trustee. It is a very small one. The income is mine for life, after which the capital is to be divided between his three daughter's in equal portions. The will was short and simple. There were no legacies."

In about 1930 Queen Mary drove over from Sandringham to visit the Old Curiosity Shop. Willie's account of the visit is as follows.

"The Queen has just been in and bought a toy tea set; accompanied by a crowd, Princess Mary, Queen of Norway and two others. She went round and came particularly to see a round table with three scallops on the legs, probably a Scales family table, who owned the original Sandringham Manor at one time and two pieces of white china marked A, probably Augusta, wife of Frederick. She was very keen on some Hochet china, a commemorative Nelson buffet and a sofa.



Sydney Rowland's commemorative plaque from the Lister Institute

She stroked Biddy's hair and said what a lovely child. Etc. Quite a businesswoman while Mother did up the parcel. Burnham poured out to see the Royalty. Guess she will come again. She went all through the Nelson relics and was darned pleased with herself".

In 1931 Lady Agnes Gibbs (Willie's sister) wrote to him complaining about having to look after two old mothers. Their stepmother Maggie was senile and placed in a home at Totnes, which was "mighty expensive. She has £2-2s per week so we have to pay the rest. Mrs Mac (their mother) is fractious" and was being looked after by her niece Winnie Churchward at Stoke Gabriel. Both old ladies died in 1932. Agnes passed on half her inheritance of £400 after Maggie's life interest to Willie.

Another family record is an interesting letter written just before the Second World War from Agnes to her son Anthony Gibbs exhorting him not to send his son Martin to a public school; *"of my three brothers two went to public schools and were no good (namely Willie and Cecil, who was last heard of in Rhodesia in 1911) Sydney went to secondary school and came out on top".* After going to Downing College Cambridge, Sydney worked with Charles Martin at the Lister Institute; in 1905 Sydney was seconded to the Indian Plague Commission and then worked on vaccinations at Elstree. Sydney joined the RAMC in the First World War and died in France in 1917 from an infection associated with his work. He was commemorated on a plaque at the Lister Institute.

In fact Martin was sent to public school against his grandmother's advice. Whilst Martin did well in spite of this, he nearly had a nasty glitch when appearing in the Blue Arrow trial. Of course he was eventually exonerated, having been described in court as someone who would not even park on a single yellow line; but you will have to read all about that in his interesting autobiography, *Anecdotal Evidence*.

Willie died on 10th July 1944 in Burnham Market. His estate was £569-14.



William Barry Rowland by Joyce Rowland

William Barry Rowland (1920-1998)

The problem with parents is that their children know a lot about them after their birth, but only what their parents choose to reveal before. I will deal, as best I can, with the latter in this book. The former will have to wait until my memoirs.

My father was born at Burnham Market on 9th August 1920, the second son and middle child of Willie Rowland and Mabel Louise (née Bracey) His elder brother Brian had a grand set of names, "Brian de Bracey Santry". When my father's turn came to be named perhaps the fun had worn thin, or maybe A.A. Milne's comic knight Sir Brian Battleaxe had made an entry. Anyway he was simply "William Barry", although Barry was the family name of the Lords Santry. My father was in fact always called Barry rather than William. His younger sister's name reverted to fantasy form, being called "Bridget Domville", the name of King Henry II's fabled children's nurse. Or perhaps she was named after the Bridget Domville who married the 3rd Lord Santry.

I was told nothing about my grandmother, except that she was a district nurse, doing her visits around Burnham market by motorcycle. I have her leather biking gauntlets, which I use when driving my vintage cars. My father talked tenderly of her. She died of cancer when I was two years old.

The family lived at The Old Curiosity Shop, Burnham Market, Norfolk, just off the main green and rented for £22 p.a. The village is now known as Fulham on Sea, as it is mainly inhabited by week-enders in Volvos. It was quite a substantial house; it has now been divided into two or three dwellings, the largest being called "Old Crabbe Hall".

There my father and his siblings had the life of village children in the twenties and

thirties, going to school in Fakenham by train.

I was told that my father won all the school prizes, and was also Victor Ludorum. Perhaps this was to encourage me. Unfortunately he caught a chill swimming for crates of oranges from a ship-wreck off Burnham Overy Staithe; this progressed to rheumatic fever and put an end to his sporting days. As a result he had a faulty heart valve and never ran again. He was also rated D4 in health checks, so at the age of 19 when war broke out, only made it to the Home Guard.

By then he was living with Sir Philip and Lady Gibbs, his aunt Agnes (née Rowland) He was working as a trainee publisher with Hutchinson's, no doubt through the good offices of Sir Philip, who was one of their most successful novelists. Aunt Agnes died just before the outbreak of war, and my father stayed on with Sir Philip, whose own son and family left for America in 1940. Perhaps my father, described by Sir Philip as one of the world's great laughers, kept his spirits up in those dark days, and possibly Sir Philip treated him as a surrogate child. He also probably helped Sir Philip keep aspirant second Lady Gibbs at bay.

They lived at Shamley Green, near Guildford, Surrey, my father travelling up to work by train to Hutchinson's in Exhibition Road. He joined an amateur dramatic club in Guildford, and there met Joyce Cowdery, an art teacher at Tormead School.. They were cast together in "When we are Married" by J.B.Priestley as the young lovers, and, as they quaintly put it, had to make love on stage. My aunt Margaret was about 13 at the time and remembers having a fit of giggles watching them on stage, when she knew what was happening behind the scenes, so to speak. Emboldened by this they became engaged and were married on 21st August 1943 in Ascot. Joyce's father had died a few weeks earlier; he had suffered from angina for some time. From a cine film of the wedding, my father, with his trademark moustache, and looking absurdly young, had Sir Philip as best man.

My mother was given away by her uncle Billie Mawle.. As the daughter of a bank manager and a very domineering mother, I think she tried to break away from these confines, studying art, at Oxford (at the pre-cursor to Oxford Brookes) and then at Reading University, for which she had a natural talent and lifelong enthusiasm, and generally revolting against her parents wishes. She even had a Nazi boyfriend-in the thirties! By all accounts Robert Bunsuch was true to form; he had a faceful of duelling scars, nicotine stained fingers and a Zvengali like power over my mother. He wrote closely argued letters about Germany's need for Leibenstraum and National Socialism and told her father, Arthur Reginald, that he was being trained to take over the administration of British colonies in East Africa after victory for the Third Reich. This incensed my grandmother who always called a spade a spade, and told my mother " If you marry Robert, we will have nothing more to do with you". My grandfather grieved, but said nothing. My mother clearly had to make a difficult choice and cried for days. If she had followed Edward VIII's decision, I would have had a very different life.

My parents took a flat at 84 Lexham Gardens, London, W8, to save that commute from Shamley Green. Sir Philip let them have the use of his son Anthony's Austin Big Seven (Reg no GPL 293) to visit him at weekends. Out of nostalgia I have a similar model, which I now keep in Shetland. At the time it was the only car parked in Lexham Gardens; a policeman came round to request that it be garaged.

My mother had little experience of house keeping. Visiting the shops in nearby Stratford Road, she bought some sprats; not knowing weights she asked for 5lbs. They ate them continuously for two weeks, and never again.

84 D was the top flat, and whenever the air raid sirens went off my parents would go down to sit in the ground floor flat. One evening, for some reason, they sheltered outside in the hall, which was fortunate since an incendiary bomb went down the chimney and destroyed the ground floor flat.

My father had another lucky escape. One of his duties at Hutchinson's was to look out for Doodle-bugs (V1 flying bombs) from the roof of the offices in Exhibition Road. One day, one appeared on the horizon; he thought if the engine cuts out now, we will be a direct hit. It did and my father started ringing the evacuation bell. Not leaving his post, his whole life was running before him. Until some ack-ack fire hit its ailerons and it veered off to the right, exploding near Gloucester Road Tube Station.

At this stage my parents moved to Peaslake to live in Sir Philip's son Anthony's house. My father still commuted to Hutchinson's, and my mother stayed at home awaiting my birth. It was there, on Farley Heath, when the sky was jammed full of Lancasters setting off on one of the first thousand bomber raids over Germany that I decided I had had enough of these cramped conditions. My mother was rushed to Mount Alvernia Hospital in Guildford. I was born at about 11am on 18th July 1944.

I could go on in this vein for some time, but further events of my parent's life, and my own will have to await my memoirs. I will also cover my children and grandchildren there. I will however tell the final story from Anthony Gibbs' fantasy family tree. It is of course a true story.

My father's sister Bridget (Biddie) was born in 1924. During the war she stayed at home, working in the NAAFI at Weybourne Camp, Holt and met a Canadian airman based there. They fell in love, became engaged and were married in 1945 in the church, in Prince Consort Road behind the Albert Hall, where my aunt Margaret sang in the choir. My father made all the arrangements, and my parents held the reception at their flat in Lexham Gardens.

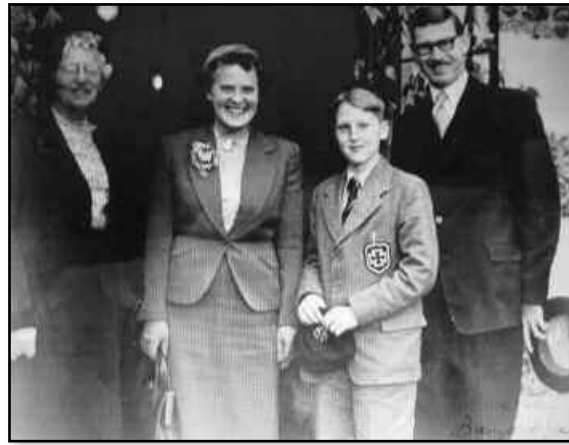
Shortly afterwards he told Biddie he had to return to Canada for family reasons. Then came the bombshell. He wrote to Biddie saying he was already married with children. He was placed in custody by the Canadian authorities, who took a dim view of bigamy. Despite his protestations of love, he never returned to Biddie. She by then was pregnant and gave birth to a daughter. She kept the child for six months, but then, possibly under pressure from my father, put her up for adoption.

Subsequently Biddie married John Ogden, who also worked at the Camp. He was prepared to bring up Biddie's daughter as his own, but sadly by then the adoption process had been completed, and this could not happen. Biddie and John subsequently had their own daughter, Pennie, my first cousin and a good friend of the family. She and her husband Bob are helping me with this book.

But this sad vignette has had a happy ending. After the death of her adoptive parents, Biddie's first daughter took steps to locate her natural mother. By then Biddie was in the early stages of senile dementia, but I remember her 80th birthday party, enjoying the occasion with her two daughters. Pennie has become good friends with her half sister, with whom she has a striking resemblance. I am delighted to have another first cousin.



Margaret Pollard (née Cowdery)



Elsie Mary Cowdery, Joyce Rowland, Richard Rowland and William Barry Rowland at a wedding in 1955



My Austin Big Seven



Three generations- Vaila Hall, Christmas 2011

The last three generations

These comprise Richard Arthur Philip Rowland (born 1944) my children, Ben Alexander, Philip Barry (both born 1972) and Tessa Martha (born 1978) And Ben's sons Johnnie Alexander and Arthur Jacob (both born 2007) and Philip's daughters Kristina Cherry (born 2007) and Victoria Tessa (born 2010)



Richard and Dorota on the Isle of Vaila after their wedding

CHAPTER TWO - A DIVERSION INTO THE MAWLE AND COWDERY FAMILIES Trees 15-29



Betsey Mawle

trees, largely because I have them, but also because some of my forbears there, particularly my grandmother, Elsie Mary Cowdery (née Mawle) were larger than life.

The Mawle family tree (Trees 15 to 23) goes back to 1720; they were merchants and farmers, and by the end of the 19th century owned and ran the main agricultural and ironmongery suppliers in Banbury. John Mawle (1832 – 1917) set up the business with a dowry of £800 (now £48,000) which he demanded from his future father in law. If this was not forthcoming with a further instalment of £300 to buy a house, John Mawle said he should tell his daughter Betsey that she should treat the past as though it had never been! Betsey's father paid up enabling John Mawle to make a small fortune and become mayor of Banbury. He entertained General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army at his home, considered the only house, grand enough in Banbury to accommodate the good General; who would eat neither flesh, fish nor fowl, just a little rice pudding and apple. John Mawle's son, John Taylor Mawle (1860-1948) was my great grandfather and was also one of the great and good and Mayor of Banbury. He had 6 children and 3 wives. I have the wedding photo taken in 1915 of the marriage of his daughter, Elsie Mary (my grandmother) to Arthur Reginald Cowdery. They all seem to be taking it rather seriously, bedecked in hats. Elsie's sister Queenie and brother Billie were there. He had the look of Oscar

This book concentrates on the Rowland male line since about 1580. I have tried not to be side tracked by too many diversions, otherwise it would become a never ending story.

But all rules must be broken. I am going to digress into the Mawle and Cowdery family

Wilde, and later became a successful entrepreneur running his British Empire typewriter company in Birmingham. He was in the Royal Flying Corps, and returned with his brothers from the First World War to find to their disappointment that their father had sold the family business to allow him a comfortable 40 year retirement, leaving them to fend for themselves.

Uncle Harry was John Taylor Mawle's first cousin and was a farmer at Weston by Weedon. Here I was introduced to farm life, travelling around the fields in the horse drawn "float". There was also a collection of ancient tractors in the yard; I always closed my eyes when walking in front of them. My aunt Margaret used to help on the farm during her school holidays. Uncle Harry always called her "MAARgrit".

My grandmother, Elsie Mary (called Nana by me) was the second daughter. She always said that her older sister was called Queenie because she was so beautiful. By comparison Elsie Mary was plain with crooked teeth; she had them all out in her late teens when she could afford the dental bills—no National Health then! Her family were strict Baptists and she was baptised by total immersion, and she had a traditional Victorian domineering father, rather different from the more hedonist Alexander William Rowland. Not surprisingly she ran away from home at about 19 to London where she learnt to make hats (I wonder if she worked in the Millinery Works in Islington where I exhibit my etchings) She met Arthur Reginald Cowdery, then a bank clerk. At that stage they were too poor to marry, but when Arthur started as a subaltern in the First World War infantry his pay improved and marriage became possible.

I was not told much about the Cowdery family (Trees 24 to 29) Possibly they were Huguenots who settled in London after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1692. If so they could have been weavers in Spitalfields at the same time as Robert Rowland was an armourer on the other side of the City. The name Cowdery could come from Cuir du roi (Corduroy) but my cousin, Nick Cowdery

says it means a hazel thicket. Perhaps he will take up the challenge of unearthing their family history.

Possibly they had an interesting ancestor in Oliver Cowdery, a colleague of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. Smith dictated most of the Book of Mormon to Cowdery in 1829, based on Smith's revelations, when in Harmony, Pennsylvania. Apparently Smith and Cowdery were ordained by John the Baptist, and then baptised each other in the Susquehanna River. They also received a visitation from three Apostles, Peter, James and John, who ordered them to restore Christ's church. Later, when Smith turned to polygamy, marrying his servant, which Cowdery called a "dirty, nasty, filthy affair", Cowdery and other early Mormon leaders were expelled from the church.

Arthur Reginald's father was called George Edmund and had an identical twin brother called Jim. They both worked as cashiers at the In and Out Club in Piccadilly—they wore identical uniforms and I don't know if the club was aware that there were two of them doing the same job. They were clearly close; in the 1891 census, they are recorded as living cheek by jowl with their respective families at 20 and 22 Eustace Road, Fulham, George sharing with his parents in law James and Anne Boyle. James had a business retailing leather goods, from his shop off Knightsbridge.

Jim Cowdery's daughter Edith married into the Batty family. Their son, Ronald Batty, who was my mother's second cousin, married Christina Foyle, who was the daughter of Willie Foyle, the founder of Foyle's bookshop. He and his brother Gilbert started the business, after failing their Civil Service examinations, by selling their textbooks from a barrow. Willie married Christine Tulloch, the daughter of Daniel Tulloch from Sullom, Shetland and they and later their daughter, Christina lived at Beeleigh Abbey, Essex and had a magnificent library there. I can remember old Willie showing us the books, wearing holy white gloves; of course we could not touch them; it could affect their

Wedding photo of Arthur Reginald Cowdery and Elsie Mary Mawle. Banbury 1915



value. He certainly knew about that; the collection fetched £12.5 million after Christina's death in 1999. She left a legacy of £100,000 for the benefit of her tortoises. It's reassuring to have eccentric relations.

It was while looking into the Foyles that I came across the Shetland link. Willie Foyle had married Christine Tulloch, the daughter of Daniel and Helen Tulloch. Daniel was the son of Captain Tulloch from Sullom, near the site of the Sullom Voe Oil Terminal. His wife Marion (née Jamieson) went south to Liverpool to visit him with her young son Daniel aged about 4 on his return from a voyage. Marion was killed there in an accident; Daniel survived and was brought up by his aunt Christina Tulloch (née Mouat) in Shetland. The 1871 census shows him as a 20 year old watchmaker living in Lerwick. By the 1881 census he was married to Helen and living in Darlington. His daughter Christina was born there in 1882 and subsequently married Willie Foyle. This gives me a very tenuous Shetland connection. Christina Foyle was my second cousin once removed, so I think that makes me a fourth cousin, once removed, or maybe a second cousin, four times removed, of her grandfather Daniel Tulloch from Sullom. (Tree 24A)

By the 1901 census, George Edmund had moved to 69 Haldon Road, Wandsworth with his wife Elizabeth née Boyle and two sons Arthur Reginald and Henry, whose side

of the family emigrated to Canada and married into the Diment family. Also my aunt Margaret emigrated there, marrying Tony Pollard and having four children. My uncle Terry's son Nick and his family carry on the Cowdery name in London. His brother Desmond lives in Houston.

My grandparents were married in 1915, with Arthur in uniform, before returning to the trenches. Their family home was in Gressinghall Road, just round the corner from Haldon Road. My mother, Joyce Mary was born on 26th June 1916. Her father did not see her until she was over a year old. Amazingly he survived the Somme offensives, once by his silver cigarette case, in his breast pocket, which deflected a bullet. Another time, it was his tin hat deflecting shrapnel. But a small piece lodged in his forehead, missing his brain by a hair's breadth, and creating a permanent "bump" visible in my mother's portrait of him.

He recovered and became a branch manager at Barclays Bank, moving from branch to branch; he was at Swindon in 1929, then moved to Oxford in 1934, and finally to Ascot in 1939. His portrait by my mother shows him balding with rimless glasses, looking rather like a Captain Mainwaring character. My grandmother always said that he was the wisest and kindest of people, and that I took after him! As is the case with my paternal grandfather Willie, I never knew him; he died shortly before my parents married in 1943.

This must have been a time of great consternation for my grandmother. Her son Terry (called Ging by me) was in the King's African Rifles in Kenya and her other daughter Margaret (called Aga by me) was at school aged 14. A bank manager's widow's pension would have been very small, so she returned to her millinery skills, becoming manager of the ladies hat department at Whiteley's. With her capital, she bought the fag-end of a

large leasehold in Elgin Avenue, which she ran as a block of bed-sitters. I used to go with her each week from Lexham Gardens where she had a flat at no 9 (my parents' flat was at No 84 and despite or perhaps because of this proximity my father always called her "Mrs Cowdery"). There she collected the rent and dealt with tenants' disputes, evicting with great aplomb undesirables, such as prostitutes and abortionists, this was of course before the Rent Acts gave protection to furnished tenants. She then moved on buying a large freehold in Richmond partly occupied by difficult protected tenants. It was a gamble but she saw them off. Readers of my book *The Isle of Vaila*, Vol 1, a Miscellany, will know of my predilection for strong women. Possibly the genesis of this was witnessing my grandmother dealing with those difficult tenants. Once she called in the police and they sent a very callow youth who took off his helmet. She immediately told him to put it back on and stand behind her. "I've got the law behind me," she said as she evicted the tenant!



*Arthur Reginald Cowdery
by Joyce Rowland*

My aunt Margaret trained as a physiotherapist and later emigrated to Canada (probably also escaping from her domineering mother) She is softly spoken, and a caring wife and mother of her four children, my first cousins. But one story shows that inner grit. After the war bus services were still sporadic and one day she was waiting at Sunninghill bus stop in the pouring rain in the winter of 1947/8. An elderly man driving a van stopped and offered her a lift. When in the Land Army in Cornwall she had often accepted lifts, and was pleased to get out of the rain. But the driver clearly had another agenda; he parked his van next to a wall so she could not get out, and made to assault her. In an instant she grabbed a mallet from a toolbox behind the seat and battered him into unconsciousness. She then made her escape clambering over his limp body. The next day she and her mother scoured the papers for any reports of unconscious or deceased van drivers in the Sunninghill area, but none were reported!

CHAPTER THREE - THE SUSSEX CONNECTION

Trees 9-12



*Back: Thomas Payne, Louise Payne (née Rowland), Michael Rowland, Paul Rowland, Mark Powell, Tona Powell
Front: Angie and Tim Rowland, Joan and Paul Rowland, Veronica Powell (née Rowland), John Rowland, Mary Rowland, Edward Rowland.*

After Alexander William died in 1869, the remaining partners in the family business, namely his son Henry Edward, his brother John Henry and his son John Alexander executed a document on 27th May 1870. In this the retirement of John Alexander was recorded (no doubt he found the cost of the 2 guineas a day for non attendance very demanding; in fact he was probably working in his father's East India Merchant business) He was replaced by his younger brother George William. Their father John Henry died in 1871, leaving the business in the hands of his son George William and Henry Edward (son of Alexander William) This document also records annuities of £2,940 (now £190,000) to Charles Bentley Bingley and John Edwards Bennett. Perhaps they were worthy retainers in the business, and ran it whilst Alexander William was travelling around Europe or enjoying himself in Brighton and John Henry was running his East India business. Certainly the payments anticipate those to Sir Fred Goodwin in generosity.

John Henry's estate had a probate value of £35,000 (about £2.25 m now) Under his will he left an annuity of £500 (to be financed by rents from Chambers in the City) and a life interest in Belmont, South Norwood Hill to his second wife Jane. The rest was shared between his three surviving sons; Rev. Frank Oakley-£5,000 and half the Macassar Oil business buyout payments, and the residue of the City Chambers; John Alexander- his East India business, with his wife and children getting half the Macassar Oil buy out; George William-the residue of Belmont and the Macassar Oil business (in partnership with his cousin, Henry Edward)

It is possible that Henry Edward sold part of his interest in the business to George William, so he could devote himself to his study of the Doomsday Book, on which he was a great expert. He was then living at Arrandale, Lawrie Avenue, Lewisham, a fine avenue of mansions and then at Tresillion, South Norwood. He died in 1882. His estate had a probate value of about £7,500. He left his wife a life interest of £2,000 p.a. in the Macassar Oil buy out and the balance to his five children. None of them joined the business, so by 1882 George William was the sole proprietor.

The ownership of the Macassar Oil business post Alexander II can be shown as follows;

- 1861- Alexander William; John Henry.
- 1866- Alexander William; John Henry, Henry Edward, John Alexander.
- 1870- John Henry, Henry Edward, George William.
- 1871- Henry Edward; George William.
- 1882- George William

George William spent a number of his early years with his in-laws. Chesterfield Gayford was a wine merchant living at 17 Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, next door to Alexander William's house. George William married his

daughter Marion. They are all recorded, with their daughter Hilda in the 1881 and 1891 censuses as living there in some style, with his two sons, four house servants, a butler and a footman. Interestingly this house features in "England's thousand best houses". It has been acquired by a society with plans to preserve it as an historic building.

Maybe George William commuted each day from Brighton to 20 Hatton Garden. But by 1901 perhaps he found living with his in laws arduous; in the census he is recorded as living at 50 Queens Gardens, Paddington with his wife, daughter and one servant. Alternatively he may always have had a place in Paddington-his daughter is recorded as born there, and used the Brighton house as a holiday home, like Alexander William. Later he moved to 13 Vicarage Gate, Kensington, and then to 11 Rosary Gardens, South Kensington where he lived until he died in 1925.

He left the business, after a life interest to his wife, to his unmarried daughter Hilda May Gayford Rowland . She sold it to Beechams in the 1940's allegedly for £30,000 (now £1.5m) According to Stella Layton it's sole assets then were a typewriter, a teaspoon and two cups!

Hilda was living at 221 Cromwell Road, South Kensington at the time of her death in 1946, round the corner from my parents' flat in Lexham Gardens. My father knew about her as the Macassar Oil beneficiary and had intended to visit her and introduce himself as a distant relation, but he did not get there in time. Her estate was £38,169-1s-11d, most of which went to a friend Rita Christina Marian de Santi. She also left £1,800 to the Battersea Dogs Home and the Hospital for Sick Animals, and £250 to her great nephew and godson Paul Frank Rowland (see below) She also left her diamond jewellery to St Stephen's, Gloucester Road, to be set in the chalice and other vessels used by the church.

George William's brother Frank Oakley went to Worcester College, Oxford like Rev William John, and also took Holy Orders, on 23rd September, 1872. In the 1891 census he is living at 5 Listers Avenue, Finsbury Park with his wife Annie Antonia Titley Naters Walker and their children Annie and Wilfred and 6 servants (priests clearly needed much assistance with temporal matters in those days) In the 1901 census Rev. Frank Oakley was at Westbrook House, Ambrose Place, Worthing with his aunt Matilta Laport, and Wilfred and three servants.

Rev. Frank Oakley died in 1907, and the same year Wilfred, known in the family as Bunt, married Rose Collet. They continued living in Sussex; he tried various businesses including a coach business called the Silver Queen. But he is said to have devoted more of his time to the Dun House Inn in Findon. He died in 1958 leaving about £10,000 each to his children Paul and Stella.

Paul, born in 1908 was at one stage considered for the Macassar Oil business, but that was not to be. Instead he joined the Gas, Light and Coke Company until it was nationalised. Later he grew mushrooms at



Hilda Rowland's jewellery bequest to St Stephen's, Gloucester Road.

Langford, Clymping, and his son Tim, who became an osteopath and chiropractist, now lives there. Tim's older brother Mike also worked in the mushroom business and lives nearby. Their sister Veronica, who teaches music after studying at the Royal Academy, lives in Surrey.

Stella married Dudley Layton and they lived with their children Jane, Mary and James at Kervesbrook, Horsham. Jane now lives with her family near Kingston upon Thames, Mary has had a distinguished nursing career at Addenbrooks, Cambridge and James who followed his father in the City at Lloyds now lives at Great Somerford, Wilts. Sadly James' wife Plum succumbed to pancreatic cancer in 2010. James has done good work raising a memorial fund in her name to combat this. Recently James has married Anna Macdonald. (Tree 13)

It was Dudley who initiated contact with "my side" of the family after 3 generations separation. In fact if my father had visited Hilda, he might have made contact with his third cousin Paul a few years earlier. My father and Stella did much of the work putting the family tree together.

CHAPTER FOUR - THE ADCOCK FAMILY AND THE BARBEZAT FAMILY

Trees 30-38

Trees 39-42

I found that much work has been done on the Adcock family tree by my father in law Kenneth Adcock's niece Lilian Adcock.

Her tree goes back to Christopher Adcock (1779-1850) and his wife Elizabeth Sarah Simmonds (1794-1866) who came from Leicestershire and Oxford respectively. They both died at Port Elizabeth, South Africa. They had 7 sons and 2 daughters. Of these John Henry (1830-1896) married Emma Pateman and had one son Wilfred Henry (1871-1924) when they were living at 27 Loudown Road, South Hampstead when he was working as a coal merchant.

Wilfred Henry emigrated to South Africa, married Lillian Forbes and had 6 sons and one daughter. He died in 1924 in a motorbike accident. There is a bowling green in East London named after him. Their son Kenneth Alexander (1909-1993) married Marthe Barbezat in 1936; their children, my wife Cherry and her brother James were born in Nairobi. James can remember going to visit his grandmother in South Africa after the war-the family flew from Mombasa by flying boat, which caught on fire on landing. Kenneth worked for export / import merchants Mitchell Cotts, eventually running their Kenya businesses. He was awarded an O.B.E. and became the Belgian Honorary Consul. In his retirement he was the Chairman and Secretary of the Katharine Bibby Hospital in Mombasa, housed next to the Fort; he also helped James set up the Bahari Club for big game fishing. James subsequently operated the business with a number of fishing boats from Mtwapa and later on a smaller scale at Watamu.

James married Susan Crabtree in 1971 a few months before I married Cherry. Their son Kenneth Jnr is a marine engineer working on boat management in the Gulf, and their daughter Rachel is a language teacher in Suffolk.

I had met Cherry when I was about 9 when the Adcock's came to stay during Kenneth's long leave every 3 years or so as paying guests at my grandmother's flat at 9 B Lexham Gardens. Later Cherry took a degree in French at Bristol and then did a Dip. Ed at Oxford. Her parents' African servants thought she was particularly backward since she required so much education. She then worked at schools in Mombasa and I met up with her again when she came to London to work at St Saviours & St Olaves in the New Kent Road in 1969. We were married at All Saints' Mortlake on 25th September 1971 and had our reception in my grandmothers' garden at 49 Kings Road, Richmond.

Marthe Barbezat (1902-1996) known by her Swiss relations as Ninette, but to her family and friends as Barbie, was born in Payerne, Vaud, Switzerland. It became apparent when I started to research her early history and that of her parents that there had been a wall of silence over these early years. Family members only found out the Christian name of her father as a result of my enquiries; and indeed some of the Barbezat cousins are now talking to each other after 30 years. I never intended to be such a catalyst for change!

It is really a story of social convention and Masonic rules in a small town. The Barbezats were chemists in Payerne. Jean César Barbezat (1841-1923) probably set up the business. He was at the Geneva Academy in 1861/2 and a Lieutenant and medicine-adjout in the Swiss army in 1864. He was followed in the business by his son César, who was quite an entrepreneur; his advertisement in the local paper, La Liberté of 14 May 1898 proclaims his wares in a similar way to our Macassar forbears. Unfortunately he also speculated on the stock market unsuccessfully and had to be bailed out by his Masonic colleagues.

In about 1910 his wife Louise née Fornallaz, who was a doctor, contracted breast cancer. She had an operation for it, but did not survive, her final wish being that the family should stay together. Her children were Roger (13) Jean (11) Barbie (8) and Helene (6)

By 1914 César was working on making condensed milk, possibly with a view to getting some of the business after the Nestlé Company merged with the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company in 1905 and created a virtual monopoly; he needed large quantities of sugar and arranged for a cargo to be freighted by sea from Turkey. Unfortunately the First World War intervened, the Turks impounded his sugar and César lost a second fortune. This time the Masons were not so obliging. He was drummed out of town and disappeared. Possibly he went to France and was lost in the war, or went to America. My researches have revealed a blank so far.

Of course the family broke up. Roger was despatched to Germany to make his way as a hotelier; he started as a doorman. He also worked in England, had a hotel in Lons le Saulnier, Jura and a sports shop in Cannes. Jean went to college in Payerne, and then emigrated to the Cameroons, which for him lived up to their reputation of being the white mans' grave.

Helene, known in the family as "Trot" because she was always on the move (not the trots in the English sense) was taken in by the Guillemin family at Yverdon. She later went to London and trained there as a nurse. She along with her siblings were each left Sw Fr 10,000 from the sale of their grandmothers house, which financed her training. In 1927 she met Marcel Golay at New Year celebrations. Instantly he decided she was the one for him, and took her off to the woods, returning late to work the next day at his watchmaking job. To the day 3 years later he proposed, and they were married 18 months later.

Barbie was housed with the Jomini family in Avenches, and subsequently at Nyon. They were cousins of her mother and related to Baron General Jomini (1779-1869) who had a celebrated military career, with Marshall Ney at Austerlitz and Ulm, and with Napoleon at Jena and Eylau. He also joined the Russian army, creating a problem for him when war between France and Russia broke out. He went back to Ney at Bautzen, but was with Tsar Alexander in Paris in 1915, when he tried in vain to save Ney. His final action was at the siege of Varna in the Russo-Turkish war in 1828. Later he was military adviser to the Tsar in the Crimean war. He retired to Passy near Paris and wrote extensively on military matters. He died without issue.

Possibly the Jominis, with their famous forbear considered it beneath them to have to bring up an "orphan" whose father had disgraced the family. In any event Barbie was very unhappy with them and left as soon as she could, possibly with that legacy, to study nursing at St Thomas' in London. She never returned to live in Switzerland and never told us about her life in Payerne, Avenches and Nyon. She always loved co incidences; one involved Helene who on a visit to London met a lady on a train who happened to know Barbie. Helene subsequently stayed with this family in Redhill.

Barbie obtained British nationality and then went to India for some private nursing work, before going to East Africa. Her stories of nursing in the bush, with a gun by

her side to scare off the lions, and dances with the Sultan of Zanzibar were always entertaining. (She always asked us to put up our hands if we had heard them before; we never did) She worked later at the Katharine Bibby Hospital in Mombasa where she went to dances at the Tudor Hotel with quite a racey crowd; she talked fondly of characters like Pink Gin Bentley and Nelson Balenger. There she met Kenneth Adcock. They were married at the Anglican Cathedral in Mombasa in 1936. They spent most of their long married life in Tudor, Mombasa and Nairobi. Barbie returned to Switzerland regularly for holidays with her sister, often in Murren. There was a family story that she owned a valuable forest in Switzerland, alas untrue!



César Barbezat's advertisement in La Liberté.
14th May 1898



Marthe (Ninette or Barbie) and Helene (Trot) with
a well built minder



Richard and Cherry in a rusty MGA
after their wedding at All Saints'
Mortlake.



Kenneth and Barbie's wedding

THANKS, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND REFERENCES

I knew I had to write the family history; no one else was going to do it. My father and his third cousin Stella Layton (née Rowland) put together a tree back to Alexander William Rowland and John Henry Rowland, who together ran the Macassar Oil business, and who were thought to be twins. Without this, my task would have been very difficult although not impossible, given centralised English birth, marriage and death records and censuses back to the 1840's.

I was encouraged by my third cousin Martin Gibbs, who could not wait to retire to write his memoirs, Anecdotal Evidence, and his family history, Seven Generations of Gibbs. He introduced me to Ancestry.co.uk and then made a huge breakthrough by locating an entry in the History of National Biography, taking the tree back to William Rowland, baptised on 4 April, 1710 at St Andrew's, Holborn. As he modestly said, this has done all the work for you. But he had not anticipated the good work of the Church of Latterday Saints!

Also I came across a learned and interesting paper online, The Good Oil on Bryon and "thine'incomporable oil; Macassar!" by Leslie Katz. He has been able to incorporate some of my researches.

I am greatly indebted to the Mormons via their free www.familysearch.org for enabling me to locate five earlier generations going back to Thomas Rowland, stated as the father of Thomas Rowland at his baptism on 7 February 1619 in Monkton, Kent. I am aware that genealogy is not a perfect area of research and that I do not have secondary corroboration for some of these early Rowlands, but remarkably the ages fit, if the baptism date is not taken as the birthdate.

The chandeliers of Robert Rowland (1632-1707) produced a rich vein of research. I am grateful to Christie Arno with her background of ecclesiastical research for locating their history.

www.familysearch.org also enable me to find references to records in Austria and Germany in relation to the aristocratic Henriette de Bellegarde, consort of my grandfather William Domville Rowland.

The Gibbs family has also spawned a number of memoirs, The Pageant of the Years, by Sir Philip Gibbs which I quote in relation to his courtship with Agnes Rowland, and his father-in-law Rev William John Rowland, his son Anthony Gibbs, In my Good Time, and Martin's brother-in-law, Ian MacElwaine's, Now it Can be Told. Also my father's first cousin Adrian Harbottle Reed has produced his memoirs. Sadly I was unable to discuss these with him before he died-rather proving that nascent family historians should interview elderly relations as soon as they can.

Recently Angela Hodges from Stoke sub Hamdon has produced some interesting papers about Rev William John Rowland and his bacteriologist son, Sydney.

Alexander William Rowland wrote a number of travelogues, which I quote, but otherwise the Rowlands did not produce memoirs. Even the formidable Dame Henrietta Barnett wrote two volumes on her husband, Canon Barnett, but none on herself. She did keep a diary but it is missing. Her biographers, Alison Creedon in Only a Woman, and Mickey Watkins' work paints a very full picture of her, and her childhood in the Rowland family in Sydenham, which I quote. I now live, when in London, very close to Dame Henrietta's home in Hampstead Garden Suburb. I am delighted than her vision has produced such a pleasant oasis for my retirement.

My fourth cousin Mike Rowland was able to produce some early documents relating to the Macassar Oil business which then belonged to the Sussex side of the family, so I was able to trace the ownership of the business.

My first cousin Sally Rowland, who has now retired as a

nurse in Norwich, had inherited a cache of family papers, including Alexander William Rowland's accounts book from 1868, and the school reports of my grandfather William Domville Rowland.

It is a pity that there are no portraits of the 19th century Rowlands. Mike Rowland produced a copy of an early photograph, possibly Alexander William Rowland, or maybe his brother, John Henry Rowland. My parents had a pastel portrait of Henrietta von Ditges, Alexander William's wife over their mantle piece for many years.

They also had a coloured photo of Dr Jones Domville, brother of Anne Ellen Domville, wife of Rev William John Rowland. I had it in my Victorian furnished rooms at 21 Silver Street, Cambridge-we thought he was an Admiral-in fact he was Inspector of Hospitals to the Fleet, a post he shared, by complete coincidence with Reginald Charles Thomas Scott, who owned the Isle of Vaila in Shetland which I acquired in 1993 with my second wife, Dorota.

I was able to add the Domville branch to the family tree from extensive records posted online. These enabled me to include the Munchausen like stories relating to the 4th Lord Santry and his cousin Sir Compton Domville.

My mother's family, the Cowderys has a tree going back to the late 19th century; my Aunt Margaret Pollard (née Cowdery) who emigrated to Canada in the 1950's has done much work assembling this, including information about other cousins in Canada. I hope that maybe my cousin Nick Cowdery might find time to trace the Cowderys back to their possible Huguenot roots. An interesting branch relates to my grandfather Arthur Reginald Cowdery's first cousin Edith Harriet Cowdery who married into the Batty family; their son Ronald Batty (my mother's second cousin) married Christina Foyle, who was the daughter of Christina Tulloch, a well known Shetland name, thus giving us a rather tenuous Shetland connection.