

A SEQUEL TO 'THE CAPEL LETTERS':

David Okeden Parry Okeden and the Hon. Harriet Jane Capel
otherwise Aréline and the Magician

I first became aware of the Marquess of Anglesey as a writer and scholar when given a copy of *The Capel Letters 1814-1817*, edited by Lord Anglesey from the originals at Plas Newydd. These letters were written home, first from Belgium, later from Switzerland, by the daughters of the Hon. John Thomas Capel (1769-1819), son of the fourth Earl of Essex by his wife Lady Caroline Paget (1773-1847), sister of the first Marquess of Anglesey whose life *One Leg*, our Patron wrote in 1965. Capel had a weakness for gambling which led him into debt and forced his family to live abroad for the sake of cheapness. His daughters' letters give an interesting historical sideview of the momentous events in Brussels in the years 1814-15 leading up to the victory of Waterloo in which their uncle, the first Marquess, lost his leg. They also provide a vivid portrait of the trials and tribulations of a noble family in virtual exile. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the eldest of the Capel daughters the Hon. Harriet Jane (1793-1819) and her unhappy love affair with Baron Trip van Zoutlandt, an apparently unrequited passion which came to a grim end when he committed suicide in December, 1816. In an epilogue, Lord Anglesey recounts Harriet's marriage at Lausanne in 1817 to a Dorset gentleman, David Okeden Parry Okeden, of Moor Critchel and her death in childbirth 18 months later. 'One hopes', writes Lord Anglesey, 'that after so prolonged a period of unhappiness, the affliction of short duration of her married life was completely blissful; surely she deserved it'.¹ I long pondered this sad story and tried to find additional information about David and Harriet but without much success until the Revd. J.P. Parry-Okeden deposited his family muniments at the Dorset Record Office in Dorchester in 1976. Under the reference number D545 are several items concerning David Okeden Parry Okeden including his Autobiography (this, though useful, was too good to be true; it ends with his fifteenth year). These gleanings lay pigeon-holed until Dr. Bulmer-Thomas mooted this volume of *Transactions* in honour of Lord Anglesey which seemed the ideal publication in which to round off his own account of David and Harriet, the perfect peg on which to hang a hat which, if made up of shreds and patches, has been well brushed up and is offered to Lord Anglesey not only in gratitude for his services to our national heritage but also in appreciation of his work as an historian.

The Okedens are a family of Lancastrian origin who via a judicious marriage migrated to Ellingham in Hampshire. William Okeden married Elizabeth Uvedale in 1598 and on the death of her father acquired the Manor of Little Critchel in 1629, a modest estate of 753 acres with a mansion vaguely described as

'a large ancient building'.² Edmund Okeden lost his only son in 1763 which left Edmund's daughter Catherine Jane heir to his property. She took as her husband Major David Parry, later Governor of Barbados, and their eldest son David Okeden Parry, was born at Bath on 27th January, 1775. David Parry was the son of Humphrey Parry of Pullhalwy in Denbighshire, and a descendant of Henry Parry, Bishop of Worcester, who translated the Bible into Welsh. As the eighteenth child of his parents David Parry 'had not much wealth to expect' and at the age of 17 he joined the army becoming an ensign in the 20th Regiment of Foot. He fought at the Battle of Minden in 1759, rose in the ranks and was highly considered by his fellow officers including William, Marquess of Lansdowne, later Prime Minister, who became a firm friend to Parry and later to his son. David Parry never achieved a higher rank than that of Major, lacking the money to buy a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and, 'disliking to see younger officers of less merit and service placed over him',³ left the army and went to stay at Bath. There he met and married Catherine Jane Okeden in 1774. According to her son his mother was 'a woman of very superior mind. Her disposition was warm and partook in some degree of an almost masculine energy. She had cultivated her mind by a perusal of the best authors and was gifted by a power of retaining and producing her acquirements.' He says his father was 'always proud to own the assistance he received from her abilities'. However her marriage was 'contrary . . . to the positive inclination of Mr. Okeden who was violently irritated by his Daughter's conduct and protested against any intercourse either with herself or husband'. Fortunately, as David Okeden Parry Okeden recorded, 'my mother's pregnancy . . . softened the heart of her father and his mind, long bent upon the hopes of an heir to his property, gradually relaxed into a reconciliation'. Mrs. Parry's first child died but soon her father's hopes 'were excited anew by my mothers being again in the encreasing state'⁴ and he was not disappointed when young David appeared in the World.

Edmund Okeden made a will in which he entailed his property on David Okeden Parry on condition that he took the name of Okeden. He died in 1776 after which event the family went to live at 'the Old Mansion at Critchell'. Among David's earliest memories was the birth of his brother Humphrey there on 27th June, 1778. His description gives a glimpse of the family home: 'I was playing . . . in the long gallery which led from the drawing room . . . to the Needlework bed chamber when my nurse, nanny Vincent, came running towards me and told me I had got a little brother' (Humphrey died at Cambridge at the age of 19 leaving David disconsolate that his life had been 'far from

irreproachable'). It must have been about this time that David's father, charmed by seeing him with mother, was moved to verse and 'off hand' declaimed as follows:

*Of a fair Oke, this acorn is the fruit,
Behold him Ladies, sensible, acute.
The very picture of a mother,
Such as the World can scarcely boast another.
Be to him gentle, mild and kind
And you may turn and mould him to your mind
But, if you harsh, coercive are and rough
Believe me as an Oke you'll find him tough
Youths grow like trees: as they receive their bond
From the attentive hand of Father, Mother, friend
Therefore my Jane let you employment be
To raise this acorn to an upright tree . . .*⁵

These are remarkably gentle sentiments from a soldier and it is interesting, too, that Major Parry taught his son to read. Later David attended Mr. Gutch's school at Wimborne Minster. Here he took part in amateur theatricals which had a profound affect: 'Perhaps to the impressions I at that time received,' he wrote, 'may be attributed the very great fondness for the Drama which I have ever since felt'. On one occasion he was given three days to learn a part but mastered it in three hours receiving 'cakes and commendations' for the feat. Although nearly killed in 1780 when allowed to play with one of his father's loaded guns through the carelessness of a maid, David's childhood seems to have been a happy one and he was devoted to his parents. In 1782 Major Parry was appointed Governor of Barbados. David's voyage out from Portsmouth on the *Philippa Harbin* was one of the highlights of his young life 'thirty days of delightful weather' and on arrival: 'I shall never forget the mingled sensations of pleasure, surprise and fear that I experienced upon rowing to the shore—the joy of seeing my father, the astonishment I felt at beholding such multitudes of blacks, the firing of cannon from the forts'.⁶ Two years later he returned to England, a parting most painful to mother and son: in order to avoid a formal parting Mrs. Parry slipped away while David was occupied in playing with some monkeys and birds. The *Lady Alleyne* endured nine weeks of 'very temptestuous weather' before reaching Falmouth. At home David first lodged with Mr. Ogden, a family friend, at Stratford-sub-Castle near Salisbury and attended Mr. Evans' day school in that city. Later he was sent to Winchester and spent the school holidays with Mr. Evans.

In 1788 David's mother and brother followed him home from Barbados. Mrs. Parry had been given a violent blow on the

heart by the fall of a window shutter and this was supposed to have caused the cancer from which she was suffering. David gives a moving account of the reunion with his family: 'I was standing . . . at the door of a fruit shop in College Street, Winchester, when I observed a boy of about ten years old accompanied by a clergyman. The singular appearance of the boy, who was dressed in a red jacket with an enormous white hat on his head attracted the attention of my companions & myself & we followed him . . . rather rudely.' The strangely dressed boy turned out to be his brother and David was summoned to meet Mrs. Parry at the George Inn. His 'heart was almost bursting with joy' at the thought of seeing her but the meeting was saddened by his realization that he was 'embraced by an almost dying parent'. In an attempt to save Mrs. Parry's life it was decided to remove her left breast, an ordeal which she faced with a courage her son describes as heroic. 'The operation lasted forty minutes during the whole of which time the knives and other surgical instruments were in constant use'. Mrs. Parry insisted on watching the operation via a mirror and after it was over walked without assistance to her room. David quotes her brother-in-law, Paul Parry, as saying that 'he had never witnessed more calm fortitude or more patient endurance of the extremest suffering'.⁷ It was all in vain. She died and was buried at Moor Critchel on 29th September 1788. ('No one perhaps was ever more truly beloved or regretted' wrote David many years later.)

The following year Governor Parry came back to England and, after a summer in the company of his sons, placed David at New College, Hackney, an educational establishment founded by dissenters but which accepted boys of other denominations. Reading between the lines of David's Autobiography the impression is gained that he had a high old time there. However, on mature reflection he considered that it was a bad choice of school: Its 'vicinity to the Metropolis and the absurd notion of regulating the conduct of Boys by reason and admonition alone soon rendered it so notorious for laxity of morals that the principles of Education were forgotten'. David formed 'innumerable plans of pleasure' with his friends including ducking a master in the horsepond. Luckily, he was 'so obnoxious . . . the whole College rejoiced at our conduct'. Education was again neglected when David and his brother Humphrey went on a delightful journey to Paris with a Monsieur d'Abarede, a gentleman chosen by Lord Lansdowne. He was 'passionate & so inattentive to Duty that he hardly ever gave . . . any instructions in the French Language'. The visitors went from one place of amusement to another: 'A lover of pleasure' himself Monsieur 'was glad to accompany us to all the theatres and gay places of

Paris'. David thought the French theatre 'splendid and magnificent' and on 14th July 1790 took part in the celebrations which marked the first anniversary of the fall of the Bastille 'a scene of which for importance and magificence I never shall perhaps behold the equal'. He danced on the ruins of the royal fortress and on another occasion heard the Duc d'Orléans haranging the mob from his balcony. By way of balance he attended High Mass in the Chapel of the Tuileries and had a 'very clear and distinct view' of the French Royal Family. He basked in the attention with which the English were treated and was pleased to discover how admired was George III in Paris as the King of a free people.⁸

The Autobiography ends with the trip to Paris and details of David's subsequent career are harder to come by. His father died at Bath in 1793 and was buried at Moor Crichel on 4th January, 1794.⁹ Two years later David reached his majority, and came into the family property and, in accordance with the terms of his grandfather's will, took his name becoming David Okeden Parry-Okeden. On 18th October 1796 he married at Sturminster Marshall, near Wimborne Minster, Mary Harris the daughter of the Rector there, the Rev. John Harris. David had played with the Harris children as a boy and had long been acquainted with Mary: 'it would be perhaps too fanciful', he wrote, 'to suppose that any serious impression was at so early a period made on my youthful heart, but I can assert that even then I felt the greatest pleasure in her society and generally regarded the chair next to her as my privilege'. David appears at this time to have been a gay young man, slightly priggish, deeply religious, fond of travel and possessed by a love of literature, poetry and the theatre. He was not physically strong suffering from 'a weak constitution'. In 1796 he was living at Little Critchel Manor. His first poem is dated 18th August that year and commemorates an excursion, possibly with Mary Harris and her parents, to Woodberry Hill Fair:

*Fix'd was the day, serene the morn's approach
And John in readiness had cleaned the coach.
Poppet and Smiler got a double feed
The wheels were greas'd too, to promote their speed.
At last we're off and on the Turnpike road
Four in the coach, no very heavy load.*

This poem nicely evokes the atmosphere of a journey by coach and is evidently a considered piece of versifying. Verses also 'offered themselves spontaneously' to David as when he listened to a bad sermon on peace and goodwill one Christmas by Mr. Goodwill, the Rector of Richmond,

*On Earth good will and peace to man was given
An Edict sanctioned by the Lord of Heaven.
Why then oh! Richmond are thy prayers still?
God grant us peace, but take away Good will.*¹¹

In another poem, sent with a wedding gift of Cowper's works, he contrasts the lasting joys of poetry with material possessions:

*'Tis Cowper—Nature's darling child;
Attractive to his woodnotes wild,
Thou'lt gold and and gems forego.
Thy every pleasure he'll encrease
Or whisper to thy bosom peace
If ere it taste of woe.*¹²

Little Critchel soon had to be abandoned. By 1797 David was very ill. 'Indigestion, irritation and consequent lassitude' made it necessary to move to London 'for the best medical advice'. It was in the capital that the Parry-Okedens' eldest son Humphrey was born in 1798, the first of eight children, four of whom died in their father's lifetime.¹³ By 1802 the Parry-Okedens had moved to Bath where all their subsequent children were christened at Queen's Square Chapel. David fought a long running battle with ill-health taking bark, sea bathing, animal foods 'and every species of medicine which were accounted bracing' without success. He improved somewhat on a diet of milk and bread pudding but was so enervated that he despaired of life. The doctors advised meat on which sustenance he lost what little flesh he had on him (although 'almost a skeleton before') so returned to milk and vegetables. David recovered and wrote from Bath to Lord Holland in March 1802 to tell him of the nature of his cure which he evidently thought important but the copy letter breaks off leaving us for ever in the dark.¹⁴

About 1799 David took the decision, presumably for reasons for economy, to demolish the family home at Moor Critchel. In February, 1800, he was there sorting out his linen with a servant William whom he reluctantly dismissed. On 17th February he recorded in his journal that Lord Lansdowne had offered him Castle House at Calne which he thought delightful but was prevented by moral scruples from accepting: 'I think it wrong to live in a house rent free which if I paid the fair value of it, would be above my circumstances'. Two further entries in his journal chronicle the end of the ancestral home:

11th March: 'Rode over to Critchell where I found a great many workmen employed in taking down my old mansion whose fate tho' necessary is melancholy, but I know my duty and will follow it. My spirits were so low and I felt that the state of my house hurt me.'

15th March: 'My poor old house now exhibits a sad scene of ruin—the floors and wainscots taken away, the windows out, the ceilings beaten in, the tiles almost off and the pinacles destroyed. The work of destruction is at all times melancholy but the destruction of an old family house, in which some of the happiest hours of life have been passed, is truly so. In addition to this I felt a sort of family pride which regretted the downfall of the antient mansion'.¹⁵

From these painful sights he returned to Bath to his 'beloved' wife and child and the consolation of 'a 1000 joys which the tongue cannot describe though the heart can deeply feel'. The experience had taken its toll and his illness reoccurred: 'I decline daily to the Grave' he wrote but could still be philosophical: 'my mind is too active for my body & my thirst after knowledge urges me to exertions which my body seems unable to bear . . . it is surely better to *wear* out than to *rust* out.' On 18th October, 1800 (his wedding anniversary) David had sufficient mental energy to compose a verse for Mary:

*Four little years, my love, are flown
Since first I claim'd thee as my own
So sweetly have they rolled away
So void of care and sorrow
That were my hand set free today
I'd give it Thee tomorrow.*¹⁶

Mary Parry-Okeden eventually died in childbirth on 23rd February 1810 and was buried at Bathampton. We next hear of David Okeden Parry Okeden at Lausanne in Switzerland in November, 1817 already in correspondence with the Hon. Harriet Jane Capel on the subject of Christianity. Harriet had apparently cast doubt on the verity of the Christian faith and in a series of five letters (the first of which is lost) David set out to persuade her of its truth. The second letter is signed 'ever yours O(keden)' and he remarks that her mind is too strong not to be just. Harriet became impatient with his stately arguments and in the fourth letter he admits that he is proceeding 'slowly for the purpose of lengthening out the pleasure of the correspondence you have allowed me, and to give you time to pause on the arguments as I proceed.' Evidently she was converted. The last letter dated 25th November and headed 'my dear Harriet' acknowledges the 'full force' of the sacrifice she has made 'but it has not—for it could not raise you in my esteem—that I firmly believe to be impossible'. An allegorical story entitled 'Aréline or the Guardian of the Serpent and the Cross', written by David Okeden Parry Okeden, repays careful study as it reveals aspects of their courtship and feelings. There is little doubt that Aréline is

Harriet and the Magician David and that the description of Aréline is a pen portrait of Harriet: 'A beautiful young woman . . . her hair was black and her eyes were black, but her teeth were white, and her skin white except where it was shaded off with Rose color. But it was not all the lustre of jet, coral and alabaster scattered about this pretty lady in due proportions that made her so beautiful; it was rather the grandeur and sweetness mixed in her face which seemed the very chosen dwelling place of sense and feeling'. Despite her lovely home in a garden where she played and sung amid roses and lilies, perfumes and praise, Aréline was unhappy, her life overshadowed by a latent curse:

*'Tis Aréline's doom
In her heart's small room
To have one vacant place
Till 'tis hers to see
What fits that empty space.*

Aréline wandered through many lands looking for solace and thought that she has found it in the love of a fallen giant 'but at last Aréline was forced to allow that love could not fill up the vacancy, and so he went away. His going away was mournful for Aréline had wound him round her heart and he broke the chains and almost tore the heart in pieces'. (This seems to refer to Harriet's love affair with Baron Trip.) Aréline continued her perambulations until she came to a country 'hemmed in by high mountains, and she passed their summits which were covered with ice and snow and descended into a land of lakes and torrents and woods and vineyards and she found the people of the country employing themselves in tending herds and making cheese and the people of the towns in playing cards and dancing and she said "these are an odd people and I will stay amongst them".' (So we reach Switzerland, thinly disguised, and complimented in a back-handed manner.) In exploring this country Aréline got lost and while resting fell asleep. She awoke to find herself outside a cave 'whose entrance was overshadowed by a huge oak. An aged man stood by the tree . . . He was an odd looking old man, tall and thin and pale, and his dark hair overhung his dark eyes, and half the people who came near him hated him and called him stern and rigid, but the few who knew him well loved him dearly, and the old man preferred the love of a few to the general approbation of a crowd.' He was known locally as the lord of the Oaken Den. (In this sketch we have David's view of himself, perhaps prematurely aged by ill-health and tragedy although still only forty-three, a recluse hiding himself from the world and soothing his mind with poetry.)

The magician looked into Aréline's heart with the aid of a magic

liquor: 'He thought it the prettiest heart he had ever seen, but he saw the vacant place and by his art he thought he knew how to fill it'. Aréline delighted in the Magician's conversation and paid him frequent visits while the local people considered that 'the Lord of the Oaken Den never looked so pleased as when he was seated by Aréline.' Eventually, he expelled the evil spirit Sansfoy which has made her unhappy and she is possessed by a being of Heavenly Beauty, whose name of course, is Christian. Happy at last she knelt to kiss his hands but the Magician, who had professed a fatherly fondness for her, 'now preferred kissing the lips of Aréline.' A later footnote concludes the story: 'The Magician could not part with Aréline but espoused her . . . and she became the Lady of the Oaken Den'.¹⁷

David Okeden Parry Okeden and the Hon. Harriet Jane Capel were married on Boxing Day, 1817, at 'the house and in the presence of his Excellency Stratford Canning Envoy and Plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty to the Swiss Confederation'. Witnesses were the Envoy himself, Harriet's father, the Hon. John Thomas Capel, and Edward Greathed, a friend of David's whose daughter, Julia, later married his eldest surviving son William Parry-Okeden (1800-1868), later of Turnworth, Dorset. The couple returned to England and settled at Teignmouth in Devon and the neighbouring village of Bishop's Teignton. What evidence survives does indicate that they were intensely happy as Lord Anglesey hoped they were. She begun copying his poems and other writings into a large volume inscribed 'Harriet Jane Parry Okeden April 19 1818'. There are many empty pages 'Teignmouth March 16th 1818' David expressed how he felt when he had to be away from her for a day:

*T'was but a day, a single day
 When I was wretched and away.
 I lost my Harriet, thy sweet voice
 Which makes my inmost heart rejoice.
 I lost the brightness of your eye
 Which fills my soul with extascy
 I lost Ah! Could I live the while,
 The light'ning of your angel smile.
 Yet voice and eyes and smiles there are
 In forms, almost my love, as fair
 But then the mind with reading fraught
 Which Genius kindles into thought,
 The heart responsive to my own,
 Which beats for me and me alone,
 I lost; and t'was an age that day
 When I was wretched and away.
 I heard Thee not, I saw Thee not,*

*I touch'd Thee not; it was a spot
On the clear mirror of my life
The day I passed without my wife.*¹⁸

On 7th July, 1819 Harriet gave birth to a son at Bishop's Teignton. She died in childbirth and was buried in the Church of St. John the Baptist there. Her son was christened George Fitzmaurice at Bishops Teignton on 26th September, the godparents being Lady Caroline Paget, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earl of Essex and William Parry-Okeden, his half brother. Perhaps David Okeden Parry-Okeden consoled himself in his loss with the sentiments expressed in his own writings such as his 'Epitaph on a young lady who died at the age of eighteen:'

*Ah why did Nature deck with every charm,
Why Beauty grace Thee & why Genius warm?
Why wert thou fond, obedient, sprightly, meek
Why all that heart could wish or tongues could speak?
Why but that Heaven to prove its utmost love
Might snatch Thee perfect to the Realms above.*

Or in a letter to Caleb Readsham on the death of his sister:

'Resignation is the first of human duties yet it has always struck me that there are two sorts of resignation; the one has only the shew of virtue and is very far from the reality; the other is virtue itself . . . It is founded on one of the noblest Principles of our Religion, upon the principle of the Almighty's Universal Love. It teaches that every act which He suffers to take place is intended for the benefit of man and that even the most poignant of our particular calamities will ultimately produce either peculiar or general benefit'.¹⁹

The last years of David's life were spent in Dorset where he built himself a house at Uddens near Wimborne Minster and not far from Moor Critchel, borrowing £218 from Harriet's jointure for the purpose. Here he began his Autobiography considering that his children 'perhaps from curiosity or some kinder motive may be anxious to know the history of their father' intending had he lived to fill up and enlarge it. He expressed the hope that it would be a guide to his family 'directing them to shun the rocks upon which their father struck and pursue the paths which led him to happiness and honour'. David made his will at Uddens in 1828-29 leaving any money to which Harriet had been entitled to George Fitzmaurice, and Harriet's rings, jewels and trinkets to his daughter Catherine Jane Parry Okeden. She also received his Johnson and Stevens *Shakespeare*, his Newton's *Milton*, and much silver including her father's 'new silver teapot made this year [1829] by Stoer & Mortimer'. Catherine Jane it appears, lived

with David and was constantly exchanging her old silver for more fashionable pieces. Perhaps ill-health drove David Okeden Parry Okeden back to Bath, the city of his birth, where he died on 28th October 1833 aged 58. He was buried, at his own wish, beside his first wife, Mary Harris, in Bathampton Church where a monumental inscription in the north aisle commemorates them:

Here lie the remains
of Mary
the wife of
D.O. PARRY OKEDEN ESQRE
of Moor Critchell
in the county of Dorset:
She died on the
Twenty third of February 1810
aged 31 years
Uxorem vivam amare voluptas
religio defunctam
Post XXIII annos, moriens Bathoniae
Hâc in Aede,
juxta conjugem dilectam
Se poni voluit
David Okeden Parry Okeden Armiger
obiit XXVIII Octobris MDCCCXXXIII
Etat suae LIX

D.O. Parry-Okeden's will was proved on 21st December and sworn at under £4000.²⁰

George Fitzmaurice Parry-Okeden, the only child of David and Harriet inherited 'the bracelets of his mother's hair', her wedding ring and his half-sisters plate and books under the will of Catherine Jane Parry-Okeden who died in 1836. He was not to receive them, however, until he was 25. He married in March, 1847, Caroline Elizabeth, the daughter of Major Charles Rhys of Killymaenllwydd, near Llanelli, but who lived at Bath. George Fitzmaurice died in 1869; his widow in 1903. They had two children George Algernon, who went to South Africa and was never heard of again, and Grace Harriet Parry-Okeden. She married Ernest Stanhope Percy King and lived in Liverpool, the couple not been considered 'well off' by the rest of the family. Their daughter Grace Florence Percy King (1885-1953) was the grand mother of the author of this piece.²¹

NOTES AND REFERENCES

D.R.O. = Dorset Record Office

1. *The Capel Letters*, Jonathan Cape, 1955, p.221.
2. *The History and Antiquities of the County of Dorset*, by John Hutchins, John B. Nichols, 1868, III, pp.128-9.
3. Autobiography of David Okeden Parry Okeden, D.R.O. D545/F12.
4. *Ibid.*
5. D.R.O., D545/F10.
6. Autobiography, *op. cit.*
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid.*
9. A monument to the memory of Governor Parry and his wife with the following inscription was placed above the family pew in Moor Critchel Church: To the Memory/ of his ever dear and respected parents/ David Parry/ Governor of the island of Barbadoes/ and Catherine Jane his wife/ only daughter/ of Edmund Okeden/ of Moor Critchell/ this humble stone is/ with all filial duty and regard/ inscribed by their son D.O.P. Okeden. *Hutchins, op. cit.*, III, p.130.
10. D.R.O., D545/F8.
11. D.R.O. D545/F8.
12. D.R.O. D545/F10: 'To Lady William Stuart with Cowper's poems.'
13. D.O. and Mary Pary-Okeden had the following children: Humphrey, born 14th February, 1798; christened St. Gile's Church, London; died of a fever on board the *Conquistador* returning from the West Indies 1814.
William, born 7th April 1800; christened Queen's Square Chapel, Bath, 22nd May, 1800. Died 22nd April 1868; buried Turnworth, Dorset.
Catherine Jane, born 30th November, 1802; christened Queen's Square Chapel, Bath, 22nd February 1803; died Torquay, 16th November, 1836; buried Tor churchyard.
Edward Henry, born and died 7th May, 1804; buried at Weston, Bath, 9th May, 1804.
Henry, born 29th November, 1806; christened at Queen's Square Chapel 24th January, 1807; died at Clifton, 10th March, 1811.
Uvedale, born 24th September, 1808; christened Queen's Square Chapel, 6th January, 1809; died Hanford, Dorset, 12th September, 1826; buried in Crichel Churchyard.
David, born 7th February, 1810; christened 12th July, 1810; died 9th August 1895. (D.R.O. D545/F20).
14. D.R.O. D545/F10. Probably Harriet Jane Parry-Okeden never had time to complete it.
15. *Ibid.*; the original journal has not survived: These extracts were made from it by Harriet Jane Parry-Okeden.
16. D.R.O. D545/F10.
17. The letters on Christianity and the story of Aréline are in D.R.O. D545/F10.
18. *Ibid.*
19. *Ibid.* The letter to Readsham is dated 9th March, 1800.
20. D.O. Parry-Okeden's will is D.R.O. D545/F11 and that of Catherine Jane Parry-Okeden D545/F14.
21. D.R.O. D545/F19; F/22. David O. Parry-Okeden's son and heir William Parry-Okeden, 'an active and upright magistrate', sold Moor Critchel in 1843 and bought the 1150 acre Manor of Turnworth for £34,500 in 1846. Turnworth remained the family seat until 1928. (D.R.O. D120/2).

(The author would like to express his grateful thanks to Mr. J.P. Parry-Okeden for permission to publish some of this material and to the staff of the Dorset County Record Office for their help and making it available. Mr. Nigel Walker, of Bishop's Teignton, kindly wrote on 7th January, 1985, to say that David Okeden Parry-Okeden was tenant of James Goss at Green 'a fair sized house just up the hill from the church'. He can trace no burial entry for Harriet Jane Parry-Okeden in the church register.)