Reverend Aubrey de Vere Townsend [621]



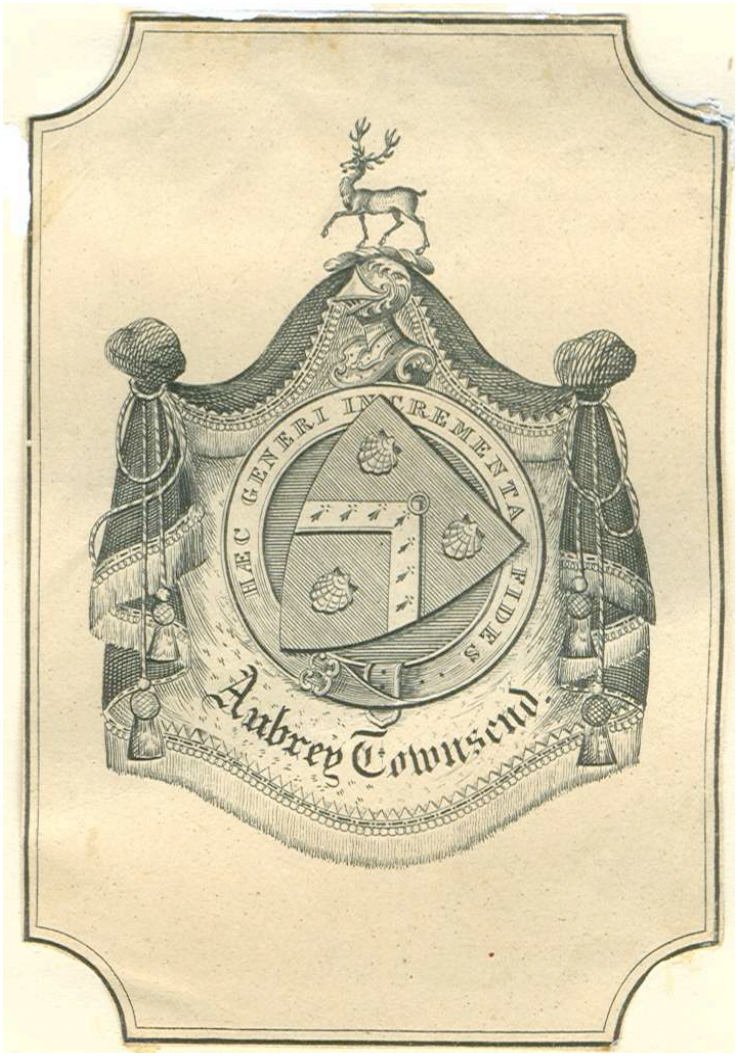
**Transcript of a letter from Marion Townsend [632] (May)
to her mother (?)**

[part letter, to M.O.T.?] early 1891?

.... Uncle A *[621]* never signed any Will. There was one made out when Mr. Somerville was here - but he did not sign it then - & there was that fuss about Ed *[630]* copying it, & wanting him to sign his copy - but Uncle A. never has signed that or any other. But he is talking and making arrangements about it now. I think he wrote to you on the subject yesterday. I think he has told you that he wishes me to be executor. I do not know of any reason against it. I had not thought of it - but it seems to satisfy him & make him happy - & it can do no one else harm & I expect I know more about his affairs than any one else, so I should think he might be allowed to have his way in this - without being worried & bothered. - His intention is to make you 'Residuary Legatee' - but you had better not mention anything of this to E. as he probably expects to be both ex. & Res. Leg. - I am so glad G.M. has sent you £4. & a grey silk will be sure to look extremely nice. I am sorry you were so laid up, but hope this nice weather is doing you good, though it must be rather hot in London. I could not help being surprised at your proposing to come here again, after your visit last

summer. As to not bothering him with business - it is an impossibility for you to see him without his talking over any amount of business matters whether you wish it or no. I am quite sure it would be the worst thing for him in every way. The mere fact of your coming would excite him - & all excitement of any kind is so bad for him. He is fairly well in himself now as things go, & I certainly don't want to have him on my hands again in the same state he was in after your last visit. - Besides - I have not said - that the Lakes would probably - I may say certainly - refuse to receive you here again. I should have thought you had seen enough of Woodbine. I smoothed down things for your visit last year, & I was very sorry I had done so - but I have no intention of doing so again. - You will probably think what I have said very rude & improper, for which I am sorry, but I cannot say what I mean in other words. I must stop now, as it is near dinner time & I am ever Yr. loving **May.**

Aubrey's Coat of Arms



Transcript of a letter from John FitzHenry Townsend [250] to Edward Mansel Townsend [630] about the death of Aubrey

29th August 1891.

Sea Field,
Castle Townshend, Co.
Cork.

My dear Sir,

Your letter, announcing the death of your uncle Aubrey Townshend, was forwarded to me here, where I have been for some days. I feel much obliged to you for thinking of writing to me. I heard of your loss with great regret, as, in common with all who knew your excellent Uncle's character, I held him in the greatest respect and esteem. Had I been likely to see Mr. Ed. Pennefather, who is most probably absent from Dublin at this time of the year, I should have complied with your wishes by informing him of the loss of his old friend; there are very few, I think, of his

former acquaintances left now, for your uncle had attained a very ripe age; indeed the death of such a man, at his time of life, is not to be deplored, for human life at that period is indeed little better than labour and sorrow, and we know that "The Righteous has hope in his death".
Believe me very sincerely yours, **J.F.Townshend.**

Obituary

Bristol Times - 4 September 1891

The Rev. Aubrey Townshend, B.D., vicar of Puxton, died recently, aged seventy-nine years. From an In Memoriam published in a local paper, it appears that the deceased was born in Dublin on August 31st, 1812. He graduated with honours at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1836. At College he secured the friendship of two men—O'Brien (afterwards Bishop of Ossory) and Fitzgerald (afterwards Bishop of Cork)—of whose talents and intellectual power he ever spoke with the highest admiration, and whose lifelong friendship he greatly valued. In 1837 he was ordained by Bishop Sumner to the curacy of Godalming, but he soon accepted the curacy of Hatfield (1838-41), where he had the honour of having the present Prime Minister as his holiday pupil. After a year or two spent in ministerial work in Liverpool, he went to Bath as curate of St. Michael's (1844-56). Here he met with a most congenial society of literary men—T. Lathbury, W. Maskell, G. Stokes, and many others—and where he found time to edit for the Parker Society the works of the Martyr Bradford. It was during his residence at Bath that Mr. Townshend formed a very remarkable collection of black-letter books, relating chiefly to the Reformation period, in which he took so great an interest. Although the collection has been long dispersed, many of its treasures have found a resting-place in the national collection. From this period of his life Mr. Townshend dated a lifelong friendship with the late Archbishop Magee, whose brilliant career he watched with the most affectionate interest and generous admiration. On leaving Bath he took up his residence at Weston-super-Mare, making his home with his brother, the late Commander Townshend, R.N. From his brother's house in Weston, Mr. Townshend served the curacies of Wick St. Lawrence (1861-1868) and Locking (1868-1874). In 1874 he was presented by the Bishop of Bath and Wells (to whom the appointment had fallen) to the living of Puxton, a cure at that time of very small pecuniary value, but for which, by his strenuous representations to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, he obtained a very considerable augmentation of stipend. Here, beloved by all, he ministered, in spite of failing health, down to the last Sunday of his earthly life. "His figure—aged beyond his years—was well known at all Church meetings and gatherings of the clergy throughout the diocese, and, until increasing deafness prevented him from taking part in discussion, his well-weighed words at rural-decanal Chapters often struck a deeper note than usual, and his hearers felt that they were the words of one who was indeed living very closely with his God. Brought up in the Evangelical school, Mr. Townshend showed with advancing years an ever-widening sympathy with other schools of thought." The end came suddenly, and he passed peacefully away at Woodbine farm. A note written by him late on the previous evening says—"My state is very critical, and not devoid of danger. All is in the hands of my Father in Heaven."