

The roll of peers thus became inscribed with the words—"Charles Pratt, Baron Camden, of Camden Place, in Chislehurst." When advanced to an earldom, in 1786, this nobleman, who had been Lord Chancellor in 1766-70, adhered to the antiquarian's name, and became Earl Camden, of Camden Place. Early in the present century the peaceful sojourn of William Camden at Chislehurst during his last years of life was further commemorated when the second earl, being created a marquis, adhered to the old title. Very fitly indeed did it happen afterwards that the second Marquis Camden, bearing a title which perpetuates the connection with Kent of the Prince of English Antiquarians, became the first president of the Kent Archaeological Society."

A very painful event, long remembered in the neighbourhood, is associated with Camden Place. In the "Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville," by her daughter Martha, we read as follows:—"We became acquainted with the family of Mr. Thomson Bonar, a rich Russian merchant, who lived in great luxury at a beautiful villa at Chislehurst, in the neighbourhood of London, which has since become the refuge of the ex-Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar—kind, excellent people—with two sons and a daughter, all grown up. We were invited from time to time to spend ten days or a fortnight with them, which I enjoyed exceedingly. I had been at a riding-school in Edinburgh, and rode tolerably, but had little practice, as we could not afford to keep horses. On our first visit Mrs. Bonar asked me if I would ride with her, as there was a good lady's horse to spare; but I declined. Next day I said 'I should like to ride with you.' 'Why did you not go out with me yesterday?' she asked. 'Because I had heard so much of English ladies' riding, that I thought you would clear all the hedges and ditches, and that I should be left behind lying on the ground.' I spent many pleasant days with these dear, good people, and no words can express the horror I felt when we heard that they had been barbarously murdered in their bed-room. The eldest son and daughter had been at a ball somewhere near, and, on coming home, they found that one of the men-servants had dashed out the brains of both their parents with a poker. The motive remains a mystery to this day, for it was not robbery."

The following account of the particulars of the murder is condensed from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"On Sunday evening, May 30, 1813, Mr. Thomson Bonar, an old man of seventy,

went to bed at his usual hour; but Mrs. Bonar did not follow him till two in the morning, when she ordered her maid to call her at seven. At the time appointed the servant, on entering the bed-room, found the mangled corpse of Mr. Bonar on the floor, while his wife was lying, dying and insensible, on the bed, in which state she continued till ten o'clock, when she expired. No noise had been heard during the night, but the window of the drawing-room was found open, though showing no signs of having been forced. Suspicion soon fastened on the footman, Philip Nicholson, who was said to have been drinking for some days, and appeared moody and sullen. He was a man of twenty-nine, of Irish birth, who had served in the 12th Light Dragoons, but was discharged on account of having broken his wrist, and had only been in Mr. Bonar's service three weeks. When arrested, he obtained leave to go to his room, and there cut his throat, but not so as to cause death, and the wound was quickly attended to; a few days later he made a full confession. He was lying half asleep on a settle in the kitchen, till his mistress and fellow-servants went to bed. He woke at three o'clock, 'and was instantly seized with an idea, which he could not resist, that he would murder his master and mistress.' Arming himself with a poker, he went up to the bed-room, and struck his mistress twice across the head, and left her insensible. He then struck his master, who was still asleep, but the blow fell on his face, and the old man sprung up; but before he could get out of bed the assassin repeated the blow. The old man, however, succeeded in grappling with him, but was soon overpowered, and the deed was finished. The murderer then went down-stairs, stripped, and thoroughly washed himself, ate his supper, opened the drawing-room window—that it might be supposed the murderer came in that way—and went out to hide his clothes, which had become soaked with blood during the death-struggle, under a furze-bush on the Common; then returned to his room and went to bed, but 'could not sleep.' He said that he had no enmity towards either Mr. or Mrs. Bonar. He committed the murder neither from a motive of revenge nor hope of plunder, but simply and solely from an irresistible impulse. He was tried and condemned, and hanged on Penenden Heath on August 23rd, 1813, just three months after the murder."

On the release of the Emperor Napoleon III. from his German captivity, after his defeat and dethronement in 1870, the ex-Imperial family of France took up their abode here. Some anxiety