ANECDOTES

OF

THE ARISTOCRACY.

VOL. I.

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OF

THE ARISTOCRACY,

AND

Episodes in Ancestral Story.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of this work, after a long and laborious period devoted almost exclusively to genealogical pursuits, found it necessary for the recovery of his health and spirits, which had been broken by illness and domestic affliction, to lay aside, for a brief interval, his usual arduous avocations, and to seek relaxation in less toilsome and more pleasing occupation—to abandon, as it were, the rugged highways of antiquity for more flowery by-paths abounding in Legend and Romance. The result has been the production of these volumes, which show that there are more marvels in real life than in the pages of fiction. Their perusal, he trusts, will please alike the historic and the general reader. One fact must be kept in mind: the following anecdotes and episodes, however strange and startling, are invariably the stories not of fable but of truth. Many of them have proved valuable to the Poet and the Novelist;

and have been the sources of those beautiful streams of fiction which glitter with the genius of Scott and Bulwer.

The memoirs of our great families exhibit details of the most stirring and romantic character, throwing light on the principal occurrences of domestic annals, and elucidating the most important national events. Almost every eminent House has some episode connected with it, some tradition interwoven with its rise or greatness, or some calamity casting a shadow over the brilliancy of its achievements; for the old and aristocratic families of England are not a common race: their existence has been maintained from generation to generation, through those ages of events which have made this country what it is. Education, property, politics,—all have tended to render them continually conspicuous,—continually actors upon a scene where the drama of public and private life has passed with mingled and moving accidents. The pride of birth and fame, which so naturally belongs to them, has, in some measure, severed them from the general crowd, isolated their actions, and implanted upon them, not infrequently, a singularity of conduct and character. Moreover, the Nobles and Gentlemen of England, Ireland, and Scotland, have a capacity and chivalry of soul, and a daring

spirit of adventure, which must make some of them, at least, heroes of marvellous transactions at every time, whether their course of life confines them to their stately mansions, and their unrivalled Senate at home, or whether it leads them to foreign travel, or to fields of war. And we submit that such is the case upon the attestation of these volumes. Let the reader seek romance, in whatever book and at whatever period he will, from Cervantes to Bulwer, yet naught will he find to surpass the uncommon and unexaggerated reality unfolded here—naught to convince him that the poetry of the brain can rival in interest the pages of British family history.

The Author would have felt distrustful of his endeavour to give full effect to these anecdotes and episodes, had he not been aided by the advice and assistance of others. Many friends have supplied him with suggestions and references that have proved of the greatest value, and to them—the kind and constant promoters of his labours—he feels the deepest gratitude. He is not allowed the privilege of naming all, but he cannot forbear expressing more particularly his warmest acknowledgments for the important aid he has received from his excellent and highly-gifted friends, the Rev. Samuel Haywood and W. E. Surtees, Esq., D.C.L.; from Thomas Russell Potter, Esq. of

Wymeswold, the elegant historian of Charnwood Forest; George Soane, Esq., B. A., a writer of great force and research; and the Rev. William M. Smith-Marriott, of Horsmonden, who has contributed a very interesting legend.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

ANECDOTES

OF

THE ARISTOCRACY.

THYNNE OF LONGLEATE AND THE HEIRESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

In the lawless and licentious times that followed the Restoration of Charles II., human life weighed lightly in the balance when poised against the evil passions of men. The angry feelings engendered by the great Civil War had not yet subsided, the din of battle was scarcely hushed, and the public—long accustomed to party conflict and party strife—had become familiarized with bloodshed and death. Nevertheless, the terrible transaction we are about to narrate, excited, even at that gloomy and violent period, a deep sensation throughout the country. The high position and princely fortune of the victim of the crime, the illustrious birth of the innocent cause, and the European reputation of its presumed instigator, combined to invest the tragic tale with no ordinary interest. All England was roused by the event, and perhaps no episode in family history has ever obtained greater notoriety.

It is far from our intention to encumber with pedigree details the strange and stirring incidents that in the course of this undertaking it will be our task to relate. Our purpose is rather to shun the dreary route of genealogical research—to pass unheeded by the rugged paths attractive to the antiquary alone, and to confine our steps to those verdant and seductive by-ways of history where marvellous adventure and romantic incident spring up, as sparkling flowers, beneath our feet. Still, in some instances,—and the story of this murder is one,—we are compelled, for the elucidation of the subject, to interweave with it such particulars of the descent and career of the chief actors as will enable the reader the more readily and clearly to follow the thread of the story.

About twelve years before the period of which we are writing, Josceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, died at Turin, aged only twenty-six, leaving by his countess,—the youngest daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the lord high treasurer,—an only child, Elizabeth, heiress of all the immense estates of her family, and sole inheritrix of the hereditary glory of the Percys. Her mother, sister of the incomparable Lady Russell, and herself a distinguished ornament, for beauty and excellence, of the elevated circles in which she moved, continued, in her widowhood, to reside in Paris, where she met and received marked attention from the accomplished Ralph Montagu, then English ambassador at the court of France. De Grammont describes him as "peu dangereux pour sa figure," but almost irresistible from his fascinating manners, his wit, and his vivacity; and Madame de Sévigné frequently alludes in her correspondence to his courtship of the beautiful widowed countess. Montagu's devotion was at length rewarded. In the year 1673, her ladyship

came privately to England, and bestowed on him her hand, at Titchfield, in Hampshire, the family seat of the Wriothesleys. Immediately after the nuptials, her mother-in-law, the Dowager Countess of Northumberland, who appears to have been a meddling, jealous old woman, claimed to have the entire charge and disposal of the young heiress of the Percys. This demand was keenly felt and resisted by the mother; but the pertinacious dowager contrived at length to gain entire possession of the Lady Elizabeth, and made her the subject of constant intrigues with men of power who wished for wealth, and rich men who wished for power. Thus it was the youthful heiress's peculiar fate to be three times a wife and twice a widow before she was sixteen. In her thirteenth year she was married, as far at least as the performance of the ceremony went, to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, (only son of the Duke of Newcastle,) who assumed, thereupon, the name and arms of Percy. The young lord, a boy of great promise, was about the same age as his bride, but he survived the marriage a few months only. At his death "unnumbered suitors came" to bid for so brilliant a prize as the youthful widow. Among them were Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, and the celebrated adventurer, Count Königsmark. The personal advantages of the foreign suitor possibly attracted the notice of the inexperienced girl; but her relations hastened to prevent the effects of his assiduities by contracting her to Mr. Thynne. Her marriage to that gentleman appears to have taken place in the summer or autumn of 1681; but she was separated from him immediately after the ceremony. One account is that she fled from him of her own accord into Holland; another, and more probable, makes Thynne to have consented, at her mother's request, that she should spend a year on the Continent.

Thomas Thynne, Esq. of Longleate, in Wiltshire, who thus won the much-sought-for heiress, stood foremost in the ranks of fashion. The descendant of an ancient house, and the inheritor of the broad lands of his wealthy uncle, Sir Thomas Thynne, he moved in the highest society in the land, courted and flattered by all. His great income conferred on him the soubriquet of "Tom of Ten Thousand;" and, when the relative value of money is taken into account, that designation indicated a fortune fully equivalent to one five times as large in our days.

Early in life he enjoyed the particular regard of the Duke of York; but eventually quarrelling with his royal highness, he joined the rival party in politics, and became the intimate friend and associate of the people's idol, the Duke of Monmouth, who frequently visited him at Longleate, which was kept up in a style of princely magnificence. Dryden refers to Thynne, under the name of Issacher, in his poem of Absalom and Achitophel, and styles him Monmouth's

. . . . wealthy western friend.

He sat in four parliaments as one of the knights of his native shire of Wilts, and took some lead in the politics of the day. In 1679, he formed part of the deputation which prayed the king to speedily recall the great council of the nation, and on that occasion received a severe rebuke from his majesty: "I cannot but wonder," exclaimed Charles, "that persons of estates such as yours should animate the people to mutiny and rebellion; and I devontly wish you would mind your own affairs, and leave me to attend to mine." It was, however, in the circles of fashion that Tom of Ten Thousand shone conspicuous, though, in truth, he seems to have been a weak man, and a heartless libertine to boot.

A few words regarding Königsmark will complete the description of the chief actors of the dramatis personæ.

The Count was by birth a Swede, of an ancient family, originally German, which gained great military renown in the service of Sweden during the seventeenth century. Of striking personal advantages and considerable mental accomplishments, he made a distinguished figure at the Courts of England and France, which he visited under the patronage of his uncle, Count Otho William Königsmark, and where he remained for a few years. In 1677, he went to Italy, and thence sailing to Malta, set out on a cruise with the knights, and behaved with the height of gallantry and daring in an engagement with a Turkish vessel. By this, and similar exploits, he acquired considerable reputation, and was subsequently received with much favour at Rome, Venice, Genoa, Lisbon, and Madrid. He appears to have returned to England in the commencement of 1681, and to have, at once, aspired to the most brilliant alliance in Europe—the hand of the heiress of Northumberland. How the prospect was destroyed by her contract with Thynne, we have already shown. Deep, indeed, seems to have been Königsmark's disappointment, and firm his resolution to strain every nerve still to gain the object of his wishes. He flattered himself, from the encouragement the lady had given him, and from his own vanity, that if once he could remove the legal hindrance of a husband, the richly-portioned maiden might still be his own.

Thus matters remained until the night of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, when all the Court end of London was startled by the news that Thynne had been assassinated, while passing along the public streets in his coach. The spot where the murder was committed

was towards the eastern end of Pall Mall, opposite to the Opera Arcade. No account of the proceedings we could give would possess the same degree of interest as that afforded by a contemporary: Sir John Reresby, who took an active part in securing the perpetrators of the deed, has left us a full statement of the details, so truthful and minute that we will let the worthy knight relate the facts in his own words:—

"The unhappy gentleman, Mr. Thynne, being much engaged in the Duke of Monmouth's cause, it was feared that party might put some violent construction on this accident, the actors therein making their escape just for the time, and being unknown. I happened to be at Court that evening, when the king, hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself (which was shocking to his natural disposition), but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the Court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him an *Hue and Cry*, and immediately at his heels comes the Duke of Monmouth's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodging, sending his coach for me, which I made use of accordingly. I there found his Grace surrounded with several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends, and Mr. Thynne* himself, mortally wounded with five shot from a blunderbuss. I on the spot granted several warrants against

* Mr. Thynne lies buried at the west end of the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, under a marble monument, erected at the cost of his brother-in-law and executor, John Hall, Esq. On the base appears a representation of the murder, with a few lines in English recording the event. A long Latin inscription, allusive to Königsmark's participation in the crime, was written for the tomb, but rejected by Bishop Sprat, the Dean, on the ground that one who had been acquitted by a legal tribunal should not thus be held up to public odium.

persons supposed to have had a hand therein, and that night got some intelligence concerning the actors themselves. At length, by the information of a chairman, who had carried one of the ruffians from his lodgings at Westminster to the "Black Bull," there to take horse, and by means of a woman, who used to visit the same person, the constables found out the place of his abode, and there took his man, by nation a Swede, who, being brought before me, confessed himself a servant to a German captain, who had told him he had a quarrel with Mr. Thynne, and had ordered him to watch his coach; and that particularly that day the captain no sooner understood the coach to be gone by than he booted himself, and, with two others, a Swedish lieutenant and a Pole, went on horseback, as he supposed in quest of Mr. Thynne. By the same servant I also understood where possibly the captain and his two companions were to be found; and having, with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Mordaunt, and others, searched several houses, as he directed us, till six in the morning, and having been in close pursuit all night, I personally took the captain in the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields. I went first into his room, followed by Lord Mordaunt, where I found him in bed, with his sword at some distance from him on the table; his weapon I in the first place secured, and then his person, committing him to two constables. I wondered he should make so tame a submission, for he was certainly a man of great courage, and appeared quite unconcerned from the very beginning, though he was very certain he should be found the chief actor in the tragedy. This gentleman had not long before commanded the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, when but two besides himself, of fifty under his command, escaped with life; and, in consideration of this service, the Prince of Orange made

him a lieutenant of his guards; and, in reward for the same, the King of Sweden gave him a troop of horse. But to insist no further on this, his two accomplices also were taken, and brought to my house; where, before I could finish the several examinations I had to go through, the King sent for me to attend him in council, for that purpose, with the prisoners and papers. His majesty ordered me to give him an account of the proceedings hitherto, as well with regard to the apprehending of the prisoners, as their examination, and then examined them himself; and, when the council rose, ordered me to put everything in writing, and in form, against the trial; which took me up a great part of the day, though I had got one of the clerks of the council and another justice of the peace to assist me, both for the sake of despatch and my own security, the nicety of the affair requiring it, as will, in the sequel, appear.

"The council met again, among other things, to examine the governor of young Count Königsmark, a young gentleman then in Mr. Faubert's academy in London, and supposed to be privy to the murder. Upon this occasion, the King sent for me to attend in council, where the said governor, confessing that the eldest Count Königsmark (who had been in England some months before, and made his addresses to the lady who so unfortunately married Mr. Thynne) arrived *incognito* ten days before the said murder, and lay disguised till it was committed, gave great cause to suspect that the Count was at the bottom of this bloody affair; and his majesty ordered me thereupon to go and search his lodgings, which I did with two constables, but the bird was flown; he went away betimes in the morning of the day after the deed was perpetrated; of which I immediately gave the King an account.

"I several times afterwards attended on the King, both in private and in council, from time to time, to give him information, as fresh matter occurred or appeared; and upon the whole it was discovered, partly by the confession of the parties concerned, and partly by the information of others, that the German Captain had been for eight years an intimate with Count Königsmark, one of the greatest men in the kingdom of Sweden, his uncle being at that time Governor of Pomerania, and near upon marrying the King's aunt; and, moreover, that during the time he was in England before, he had made his addresses to Lady Ogle, the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Northumberland, who had been married to the deceased Mr. Thynne, and that the said Count had resented something as an affront from Mr. Thynne: that the Captain, moved thereto out of pure friendship to the Count (though not at all with his privity, as pretended), had determined within himself to revenge his cause, and that in consequence of such his resolution the murder happened. It appeared also that such his cruel design was furthered by the assistance of the Swedish Lieutenant and the Pole, who had been by him obliged to discharge the blunderbuss into the coach. I was extremely glad that in this whole business there was no English person directly or indirectly concerned; for the fanatics had buzzed it about that the design was chiefly against the Duke of Monmouth; so that I had the King's thanks more than once, the thanks of my Lord Halifax, and several others, for my diligence in tracing out the true springs and motives of this horrid action, as well as the actors themselves. The Duke of Monmouth had been out of the coach above an hour; and, by the confession of the criminals, I found they were not to have made the attempt if his grace had been with Mr. Thynne."

On Friday, the 17th, two of the persons apprehended, Borosky, the Pole, and Stern, the Swedish Lieutenant, being examined by Reresby, and Mr. Bridgman, also a Middlesex Magistrate, both confessed their participation in the murder: the former affirmed that it was at the instigation of Count Königsmark, by whose desire he had come to England; the latter seems to have been kept in ignorance of the name of the principal, and to have acted under the direction of Captain Vratz. Meanwhile, every effort was made to discover Königsmark. Lord Cavendish and the Duke of Monmouth were especially zealous; and, in the Gazette of the 16th of February, a reward of £200 is offered for the apprehension of the Count. The search did not prove ineffectual. On Sunday the 19th, exactly a week after the commission of the crime, Königsmark was taken at Gravesend, where he had remained in concealment and in disguise, and was brought up to London under a guard of soldiers. On his arrival, an extraordinary Council being summoned, the accused was personally examined by the King. "I happened," says Reresby, "to be present upon this occasion, and observed that he appeared before his Majesty with all the assurance imaginable. He was a fine person of a man, and I think his hair was the longest I ever saw. He was very quick of parts; but his examination was very superficial, for which reason he was, by the King and Council, ordered to be, the same day, examined by the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney General, and myself."

Königsmark strenuously denied all knowledge of the crime; but, despite of his professions, the acute Reresby seems to have been convinced of his guilt. The King, however, felt interested that the Count should escape, and some of Königsmark's friends endeavoured, by the offers of bribes, to gain the desired end.

The trial came on at Hicks' Hall, on Monday, the 27th February, before Chief Justice Pemberton, Chief Justice North, and Chief Baron Montagu. The evidence adduced, and indeed their own confessions, clearly proved the fact of Borosky's shooting Mr. Thynne, and Vratz and Stern's being present, assisting him. With respect to Königsmark, it was shown that he lived concealed in an humble lodging, and held communication with the murderers before, and almost at the time of the murder. He had also on several occasions, as deposed to by the witnesses, given vent to strong expressions of anger against Mr. Thynne, for having stood between him and the rich prize to which he aspired; and, finally, it appeared that he had fled, in disguise, immediately after the murder was perpetrated. All this the Count endeavoured to rebut, by showing that the men accused were his followers and servants, and that, of necessity, he had frequent communion with them, but never about this murder: that, when he arrived in London, he was seized with a distemper, which obliged him to live privately till he was cured; and, lastly, that he never even saw, or had any quarrel with Mr. Thynne. The testimony of the accomplices, which implicated Königsmark, went of course for nothing against him; and the absence of direct legal proof, connecting him with the assassination, was strongly urged by Chief Justice Pemberton, who summed up pointedly in his favour. The result was, that Königsmark obtained an acquittal, while the three other prisoners were found guilty, and hanged in Pall Mall, on the 10th of March following. Borosky, who fired the blunderbuss, was suspended in chains near Mile End.

The escape, however, of him whom the public deemed the chief instigator of the foul deed, seems to have raised the popular anger, and Königsmark deemed it prudent to leave England as quickly as he could. His subse-

quent career was honourable enough. In command of a French regiment, he served with great gallantry at the sieges of Cambray and Gerona, and by permission of the French King, was allowed to accompany his uncle, Otho William, to the Morea, where he was slain at the siege of Argos, 29th August, 1686, at the early age of twenty-seven, and within little more than four years after the tragedy of which poor Thynne was the victim.

One chivalrous incident connected with the affair we must not omit. The high-spirited Lord Cavendish, the friend and companion of the murdered Thynne, indignant at what he deemed a shameful evasion of justice, offered to meet Königsmark in any part of the world, charge the guilt of blood upon him, and prove it with his sword. Granger records that the challenge was accepted, and that "the parties agreed to fight on the sands of Calais," but before the appointed time arrived, Königsmark declined the encounter.

Of the heiress of the Percys, and her subsequent history, we will add a few brief details, before we close our narrative of this eventful story. The catastrophe seemed to render her ladyship an object of increased public interest and curiosity. Her return to England followed immediately on the execution of the murderers, and her marriage to Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, was solemnized in less than two months after. His Grace, then in his twentieth year, possessed a fine commanding person, dark complexioned, and regularly handsome: he was generous, brave, and magnificent, but so inordinately arrogant in his manners, and vain of his illustrious rank, that he has always been known in history as "the Proud Duke of Somerset."*

* The first peer of the realm being a Roman Catholic, his Grace of Somerset took precedence on all great occasions. He attended

His high-born bride appears to have enjoyed in their union a fair share of domestic happiness. At Court she made a distinguished figure, and on the disgrace of the Duchess of Marlborough, succeeded her as Groom of the Stole to Queen Anne. Her chequered life, which opened with all the brilliant promise that the possession of every earthly blessing could bestow, but did not

the funerals of Charles II., Queen Mary, and William III., and at the coronation of James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I. and George II. He seemed little less in his conduct than if vested with regal honours. His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. His second Duchess was Charlotte, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. He made a vast distinction between a Percy and a Finch. The Duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round, and, with an indignant, sour countenance, said, "My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never dared to take such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with profound respect. The two youngest daughters had used to stand alternately whilst he slept of an afternoon; Lady Charlotte, being tired, sat down; the Duke awaked, and being displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will, he left her 20,000*l.* less than her sister. The pleasant Sir James Delaval laid a wager of 1000*l.* that he would make the Duke give him precedency; but that was judged impossible, as his Grace was all eyes and ears on such an occasion. Delaval, however, having one day obtained information of the precise time when the Duke was to pass a narrow part of the road on his way to town, stationed himself there in a coach emblazoned for the day with the arms, and surrounded by many servants in livery o the head of the house of Howard, who called out when Somerset appeared, "The Duke of Norfolk!" The former, fearful of committing a breach of etiquette, hurried his postilion under a hedge, where he was no sooner safely fixed, than Delaval passed, who, leaning out of the carriage, bowed with a familiar air, and wished his Grace a good morning. He indignantly exclaimed, "Is it you, Sir James? I thought it had been the Duke of Norfolk!" The wager, thus fairly won, was paid, and the town made merry with the stratagem to gain it. His Grace died in 1748, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, having filled high offices in the courts of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne.

escape its share of human sorrow, terminated on the 23rd of November, 1722. Her age was then fifty-five. Of the thirteen children she had presented to her husband, two only survived her. Her eldest son, Algernon, Earl of Hertford, a gallant participator in Marlborough's wars, was, in every respect, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time. He succeeded to the Dukedom of Somerset at the decease of his father, but enjoyed the dignity for barely two years. By an odd fatality, he married a daughter of the family of Thynne, and left an only daughter and heiress, whose marriage with Sir Hugh Smithson has vested the representation and broad domains of her illustrious race in the line that now enjoys them—that of the present Duke of Northumberland.

SARAH, COUNTESS OF EXETER.

THERE is scarcely an episode of real life so romantic as the story of the second nuptials of Henry Cecil, the late Lord Exeter. Early in life, and long before his accession to the title, he married the rich heiress of the Vernons of Hanbury, but experienced little happiness in the union, which at length terminated in a divorce. Shortly after the separation, Mr. Cecil, distrustful of the courtly circles in which he moved, resolved on laying aside the artificial attractions of his rank, and seeking some country maiden who would wed him from disinterested motives of affection. In furtherance of the plan, he bent his course into Shropshire, and fixed his residence at an humble hostelrie in a remote part of that county. His possession of ample riches, and the obscurity which hung around him, excited village suspicion, and caused his company to be shunned. Some maintained that he was connected with smugglers or gamesters, others suggested means equally discreditable by which "he came by his money," and all agreed that dishonesty or fraud was the cause of the mystery of "the London gentleman's" proceedings. At length, tired out by these surmises, he left the inn, and domiciled himself at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, where he continued to reside for about two years, going

to London every sixth month, and returning with such money as he had occasion for. To occupy his time, he purchased some land, and prepared to build himself a residence. The same suspicions, however, again arose, and it was only by offering to pay beforehand that the tradesmen would undertake the work.

It so happened that the worthy farmer, Mr. Hoggins, of Bolas, at whose cottage Mr. Cecil resided, had a beautiful daughter, about seventeen years of age, whose exquisite loveliness and many virtues were the universal theme of rustic admiration. Nor were her attractions lost on the courtly recluse. Mr. Cecil fell deeply in love, and felt that, though humble was the birth of the maiden, and simple her education, her qualifications of mind and person would shed a lustre in the most elevated situation. He resolved, then, to make her his wife, and took an early opportunity of informing his hosts that he liked their daughter Sarah, and would marry her, if they would give their consent. "Marry our daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Hoggins, "what, to a fine gentleman! No, indeed!" "Yes, marry her," said the husband; "he shall marry her, for she likes him; has he not house and land, too, and plenty of money to keep her?" In fine, the matter was arranged, and Mr. Cecil wedded the rustic beauty. Masters of every kind were procured, and, in twelve months, Mrs. Cecil became an accomplished woman.

It was not long before news reached the bridegroom of his uncle, the Earl of Exeter's death, when he found it necessary to repair to town. He accordingly set out, taking his wife with him, as on a tour of pleasure. During the journey, he called at the seats of several noblemen, where, to the lady's utter astonishment, he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At last, he came to

Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, the magnificent mansion of the Cecils; and, in approaching the house, his lordship asked his companion, with an air of unconcern, whether she would like to be at home there? "Oh, yes," exclaimed his wife; "it is indeed a lovely spot, exceeding all I have seen, and making me almost envy its possessors." "Then," said the Earl, "it is yours.' It would be impossible to describe, in words, the surprise of the bewildered lady, or the feeling she experienced at the acclamations of joy and welcome which awaited her in her new abode. As soon as Lord Exeter had settled his affairs, he returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, assigned them the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of £700 per annum.

The story of Lord Exeter's rural courtship has been elegantly told in one of Moore's Irish melodies:—

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
  How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
  And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
  Till William at length, in sadness, said,
"We must seek our fortunes on other plains;"
  Then sighing she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way
  Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
  They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
  The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air
  And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now welcome, Lady!" exclaimed the youth,—
  "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
  For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!

And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
  What William the stranger woo'd and wed:
And the light of bliss, in those lordly groves,
  Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

Would that the poet's closing lines were borne out by facts. But, alas! if report speak truly, the narrative must have a melancholy end. Her ladyship, unaccustomed to the exalted sphere in which she moved, chilled by its formalities, and depressed in her own esteem, survived a few years only her extraordinary elevation, and sank into an early grave,—a memorable example of the insufficiency of rank and fortune to secure happiness. She left two sons, Brownlow, present Marquess of Exeter, and Lord Thomas Cecil, beside one daughter, Sophia, who married the Right Hon. Henry Manvers Pierrepont, and died in 1823, leaving an only child, Augusta-Sophia-Anne, the wife of Lord Charles Wellesley.

"The Lord of Burghley," a recent drama, of great force and interest, is founded on the romantic events which we have endeavoured to describe; and, from the same materials, Alfred Tennyson has produced a ballad of taste and beauty.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE HON. MARY KING.

Few houses are more widely or honourably connected than that of King. By a succession of fortunate marriages, contracted at various periods, it had attained towards the end of the preceding century, to much consideration among the higher classes, not only of Ireland, but also of England. We must not, however, pursue this subject any farther, for, pleasing as such things may be to the genealogist, it would little gratify others were we to track the family stream through its various windings till we reached the fountain-head, where it oozes, pure, indeed, but small and humble, and first bursts into daylight from out the green moss of antiquity. For our present purpose it will be fully sufficient to begin about 1768, when the first Earl of Kingston resided at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, upon the demesne lands which his ancestors had obtained by a marriage with the daughter of Sir William Fenton. A fair and pleasant spot are these same lands, lying at the foot of the Galtees, a chain of mountains rising precipitately from their base, and lending fresh charms to the romantic landscape below, through the middle of which flows the river Funcheon. The eldest son of their fortunate proprietor, Robert, Viscount Kingsborough, who was born in 1754, represented the county of Cork in parliament,

and when only fifteen years of age was married to Caroline, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq., of Mount Ophaly, in Kildare. In every respect this match seems to have been desirable; if the bridegroom was young at the time of the marriage, the bride was still younger, so that a few years were alone wanting to cure whatever there was of preposterous in so early an union. On the other hand, its advantages were sufficiently manifest: the lady was own cousin to Lord Kingsborough, her mother having been daughter and heiress of James, 4th Lord Kingston; and thus the family estates became reunited. Her brother died without any legitimate issue, but left a natural son, Henry Gerald Fitzgerald, who, to a handsome face and a tall manly figure, joined all those fiercer passions, which, like fire, warm or consume according to the more or less restraint they may be kept under. In the early part of his career, if they did not advance, they certainly did not injure him. Lady Kingsborough brought him up with as much care and liberality as if he had been her son; and, when he entered the army, the same influence came in aid of his own determined spirit to promote him in a very short time to the rank of colonel. Similar good fortune attended him in his domestic concerns: the lady he had married was young, handsome, and amiable; and, at the time our narrative commences, he was living with her in great apparent harmony at Bishopgate, upon the Thames. This slight prefatory sketch will enable the reader to enter into the spirit of what follows.

The family of Lord and Lady Kingsborough was numerous; and, for the better education of the children, they spent the greatest part of the year in the vicinity of London. Amongst the various governesses employed by them was the celebrated Mary Woolstonecroft, afterwards Mrs. Godwin, whom we thus particularize because

it was to her care the heroine of our tale was entrusted, the Honourable Mary King, one of the younger daughters of the house. The honest chroniclers have left it on record that the pupil had no pretensions to that extraordinary degree of loveliness which poets and painters are so fond of imagining; still her features had a soft and pleasing expression, her figure was graceful, her manners artless, and she was far from being deficient in intellect. In one personal characteristic she was even remarkable, and that was the extreme length and beauty of her hair, which grew so luxuriantly as to attract the notice of all who saw her.

It was upon this simple and innocent creature that Colonel Fitzgerald had fixed a licentious eye, unmindful of his near relationship to herself, and of his deep obligation to her family; so, at least, it began to be whispered among the musicians, who, hired to attend many of the balls at which she was present, had better opportunities of judging than those more busily employed in the scene. These rumours, gently as they were circulated, came ere long to the ears of her parents; but, with the confidence belonging to all high and noble natures, they refused to give ear to them. "It was impossible," they said, "that a man so benefited as the Colonel had been should commit a crime which, detestable enough in any one, would, in his particular case, imply a degree of villany almost beyond example." Unfortunately, when they argued thus, they did not take into account that the passions of a man like Fitzgerald would snap the strongest ties of duty and reason, as easily as the sea, when roused by a storm, rends asunder the cable which in a state of calm held the ship safely to her moorings.

We are not told by what means Fitzgerald subdued the poor girl's mind to his purposes, and, disliking to

mar a true tale by any inventions of our own, we leave it to the reader to fill up the blank in any way his fancy pleases. But in the summer of 1797, Miss King, on the sudden, disappeared; and, greatly to the surprise as well as horror of her friends, a note left behind upon the dressing-table informed them that she had fled from home with the intention of drowning herself in the Thames. No time was lost in dragging the river near the house, and though the search proved unsuccessful, still, as her bonnet and shawl were found on the bank, the family in general was convinced that she had committed suicide. Not so her father. He could see no grounds for such an act, and, with this conviction, persisted in the search after his lost child, till at length he stumbled upon something that, if followed up, might afford a clue to the mystery. A post-boy informed him that, while driving a gentleman on the road to London, his attention was caught by the appearance of a young lady, who was walking alone, and who, from what followed, could hardly have been there without a previous understanding between herself and the traveller. The latter, having ordered the chaise to stop, invited the lady to take a seat beside him; the offer was accepted without hesitation, they rode together to London, and, upon getting out, walked together arm-in-arm, though to what part they went next was more than he, the informant, knew; however great might have been his curiosity, he had not thought it worth his while to follow them.

Lord Kingsborough came at once to the conclusion, as most others in his place would have done, that the subject of this strange story could be no one but his daughter. If so, it was clear that she had eloped. The next question was, with whom? and here he found himself completely at fault. Advertisements and placards

were issued, with promises of high reward to whomsoever could furnish a clue to the discovery, but, for some time, without any result. In the meanwhile, there were many friends of the family who suspected Fitzgerald, and their insinuations at length so far prevailed upon his lordship that he one day could not help taxing him with being privy to the affair. The Colonel heard this charge with so natural a show of surprise and honest indignation, that it was scarcely possible to disbelieve his denial of knowing anything at all about it. With matchless effrontery he affected to join in the search after the young lady; and, when all had proved fruitless, no one was louder in lamentation than himself. "He would not rest," he said, "till she was found, for in no other way could his innocence of the deed be sufficiently established." These protestations and the apparent zeal of his research silenced the most suspicious; and, when day after day he called upon the family to learn how they had succeeded, none for a moment imagined that he had the lady all the time in his own safe keeping. He was admitted to their councils, proposed plans, sympathized with their vain regrets, and acted his part of a loving relation so admirably, that, had he been on the mimic stage, his performance would have secured for him a high rank in the profession.

It might have been supposed that the busy stir of politics prevailing at the time of this abduction would have made it a matter of little interest beyond the immediate circle of the family. Such, however, was far from being the case. Satiated as the public mind was with the recent horrors of the French Revolution, which must have made all other atrocities seem tame in comparison, still this affair attracted the general notice in the highest degree. It mingled in the scandal of the tea-table, it supplied a theme for the curious, and was

debated in taverns with no less warmth of argument than if it had been a public instead of a private question. Who had been the seducer? Where could he have concealed his victim? Was the lady a consenting party to the abduction, or had she been carried off by violence? These were questions which every one asked a hundred times a day; and, as none could answer them, doubt and curiosity kept alive the general attention far beyond the time when such things are usually found to interest.

It is often wonderful to see by what simple means chance brings about what has baffled the utmost efforts of human sagacity. One day, a girl of the lower class waited on Lady Kingsborough with an intimation that she thought herself able to supply a clue by which the missing young lady might be recovered. Stripped of all unnecessary appendages, her account ran thus:—She was a servant at a lodging-house in Clayton-street, Kennington, to which place a gentleman had brought a female, about the time when, according to the numerous placards and advertisements, Miss Mary King had disappeared from home. The gentleman, she said, was a constant visitor, but what had most struck her was the young lady's profusion of beautiful long hair, so exactly agreeing with one of the most remarkable points in the description of the absentee. Scarcely had the girl concluded her tale, when in walked Colonel Fitzgerald upon his daily mission of condolence. She recognised him at once, and exclaimed, "Why, that's the very gentleman who visits the strange lady."

Boundless as was the usual assurance of the Colonel, it forsook him on this occasion. So completely was he taken by surprise, that he dashed from the room as one who felt the game of deception was all up, and thus effectually made it so; for no confession from his lips could have revealed the truth with greater clearness than

did this abrupt evasion. The wrath of the Kingsboroughs blazed forth, as might have been expected, at such an outrage; in any case they would have felt this was an insult to be washed out by blood alone; in that of Colonel Fitzgerald, who owed all that made life valuable to their bounty, who, but for their kindness, would probably have been no better than a serf or mendicant, a fellow condemned to subsist on charity, or the most menial service—for such an one to have wronged them in so tender a point—it drove the spirit of vengeance well nigh to madness amongst them. The moment the offender was thus substantiated, Colonel King (since Lord Lorton) lost no time in calling him out, having previously selected Major Wood for his second. To this challenge Fitzgerald gave a ready assent, observing, however, with much frankness, or with a total indifference to the world's opinion, that his character was so blasted by the late affair, he had no chance of finding a friend to go out with him. "But," he added, "come what may, I will be at the place and time appointed. Should I fail in procuring a second, you, Major Wood, will, I am sure, see that justice is done to either party."

It was in consequence of this arrangement that, on Sunday morning, the 1st of October, 1797, the duellists met, at an early hour, near the Magazine in Hyde Park. Fitzgerald, as he had predicted, could find no second, but expressed himself quite willing to fight without one. The Major, objecting strongly to this unusual way of conducting such matters, would fain have persuaded the surgeon, brought by Fitzgerald, to undertake the office. The surgeon gave a positive refusal; and the most he could be brought to, was a promise to remain within sight while the affair was going on. Under these circumstances, the whole of the awful responsibility devolved upon Major Wood—neither of the principals being in

the least inclined to listen to his suggestions of an adjournment. He accordingly placed them on the ground, at the distance of ten paces from each other—with the hope, as he afterwards explained, that, if both parties were alive after the first shot, Fitzgerald would throw himself upon Colonel King's mercy. They fired, and without effect; but Fitzgerald, according to the Major—let us hope he was mistaken—"seemed bent on blood," and four shots, in consequence, were exchanged. Still they both remained on their feet uninjured; and it was now that the guilty party said something to Major Wood about giving him advice "as a friend." To this the Major replied, he was not his friend, but he was a friend to humanity—and as such he did not mind saying, that if Fitzgerald could bring himself to acknowledge his own utter unworthiness, and would submit in silence to whatever language the Colonel might please to use, then, he thought, the affair need go no farther. The haughty spirit of Fitzgerald would not allow him to accept of terms like these; he would only consent to own that his conduct had been wrong, which not being deemed sufficient, it was agreed to go on with the duel. First, however—and perhaps from some lingering remains of better feeling—he made an effort to address Colonel King; but this was cut short by the Colonel's exclaiming, "You are a damned villain; I won't hear a word you have to offer."

It may seem strange to us, in these days of hair-triggers and percussion-locks, but they actually exchanged three shots more without effect—and, Fitzgerald's supply of ball and powder being exhausted, he requested the use of one of Colonel King's pistols. This the Major positively refused, though his principal would gladly have persuaded him to consent. Here, therefore, of necessity, the affair terminated for the

present; but such was the rancour of both the duellists, that they made another appointment for the next day. By some means, long before the time arrived, their intentions got wind, and they were put under temporary arrest, with the benevolent view of preventing a fatal catastrophe.

In the meanwhile, the young lady had been recovered from her seducer, and conveyed to the family residence at Mitchelstown, where it was supposed she would be quite secure against any farther attempts of the enemy. But again they miscalculated, as they had done in the first instance. What had passed served only to aggravate—if it were capable of aggravation—the violence of Fitzgerald's temper. He resolved to get Miss King again into his power, relying on the assistance of the maid-servant, who had accompanied her to Ireland, and was entirely in his interest. His first plans were frustrated, by the premature discovery of the girl's character, in consequence of which she was dismissed, though not before she had found means of opening a communication with her employer. Neither did this defeat of his ally make any change in his resolution to repossess himself of the prize, cost what it would. Disguised in a manner to set all suspicion at defiance, he flung himself boldly into the enemy's camp—for in no other light could the inn at Mitchelstown be considered, where he now set up his staff, though he well knew that the landlord, a man of the name of Barry, was an old retainer of the Kings. Here he stayed for two days, never going abroad except at night, an excess of caution, which was the first thing to raise suspicion against him in the mind of his landlord. This man, who appears to have been equally shrewd and vigilant, conceived that such a marked aversion to daylight could only arise from evil designs of some sort, and resolved to lose no time in communi-

cating his doubts to Lord Kingsborough. It so happened, that his lordship was absent from home at the time upon some public matters; but, as he was shortly expected at Fermoy, where an inspection of militia and yeomanry was to take place, thither did Barry repair, and he was fortunate enough to meet him. The innkeeper's intelligence alarmed his noble auditor for the safety of Miss King; he felt convinced that the mysterious stranger was some emissary of Fitzgerald's; and, to counteract any plots that might be forming, he set out immediately for Mitchelstown. With all his speed he was too late. The guest had left the place that morning in a postchaise, a mode of conveyance which a second time afforded a clue to his detection. It was no difficult matter, in a small country place, to find out the postboy who had driven him—and, when found, a handsome bribe, supported by the natural influence of Lord Kingsborough, speedily elicited the fact of the stranger having been set down at the Kilworth Hotel. Upon receiving this intelligence, his lordship, accompanied by Colonel King, retraced his steps without loss of time, and arrived that same evening at the place specified. From the people of the house, he soon learnt that a strange guest had arrived only a few hours before, and, never doubting that this must be the object of his search—though he did not, for a moment, suppose it was the enemy himself, he sent up the waiter with a message, requesting to see the gentleman on business. The bed-room door was locked, and the person within refused to open it, roughly replying to the demand of the waiter, that he did not choose to be disturbed. What was the surprise of the pursuers when, in that voice, they recognised the tones of Fitzgerald! With a thrill of horror and indignation, they rushed up stairs, and, beating violently at the door, insisted that he

should come forth. Fitzgerald, either from fear or stubbornness, as positively refused, whereupon they broke in the door, and forced an entrance. He was in the very act of handling his pistols; to prevent his using them, Colonel King made a sudden dash at him, and a violent struggle ensued, in which the former seemed likely to get the worst. Well nigh maddened by the imminent peril of his son, from the hands of one who had already done him such deep wrong, Lord Kingsborough unhesitatingly shot at Fitzgerald, and with so true an aim, that he fell dead upon the spot. All this had been the work of less than a single minute.

The affair, as may be imagined, made no little noise throughout the country; rumour, as usual, with her hundred mouths, sending forth many different versions of it, and some even with a favourable leaning to the deceased which he had by no means merited. The most popular story was, that the enemies of Fitzgerald had surprised him in bed; that he had begged and prayed for mercy, if it were only while he breathed a single prayer, but so bent were they on vengeance, they had stifled his cries of agony in his blood. All this was positively denied by the chief actors in the tragedy. Their account was precisely what we have just been giving, and we have incontestable evidence, that on the evening of the same day, Lord Kingsborough, when relating what had happened to a friend, burst out into a passionate exclamation of, "God! I don't know how I did it, but most sincerely do I wish it had been by some other hand than mine." Considerations of this kind could hardly be expected to influence the grand jury, which, except in very palpable cases, is too fond of putting the accused upon their purgation. Accordingly, the grand jury of Cork found a true bill against both the principals

in this transaction, as well as against a person named John Hartney, who bore some share in the matter—it does not appear what—and had been at one time a private in the militia. This man and Colonel King were, in consequence, tried at the Assizes held in April, 1798, when both were acquitted, there being, in fact, no prosecution. It now only remained for the oldest and most important of the accused to undergo the same ordeal. That he had not done so at the same time with the others requires briefly to be explained.

Soon after Fitzgerald's decease — November 13th, 1797—the first Earl of Kingston died, and Lord Kingsborough succeeding to the title, demanded to be tried by his peers. Such a demand was too agreeable to law and custom to be disputed, had any one felt inclined to do so; but no objection of the kind was raised, and the indictment formerly found against him as a commoner was removed by writ of certiorari into the High Court of Parliament.

It was on the 18th of May, 1798, that the trial took place in the House of Lords. Much interest was excited by the affair, as, since the case of Lord Byron, in England, nothing of the kind had been known; it was a tragedy new alike to the actors and the audience, and the imaginations of either were proportionably raised beyond the level of ordinary occasions. The usual place of meeting, a small though handsome chamber, being too confined for the business on hand, the Peers marched in grand procession into the House of Commons. First came the Masters in Chancery, with the robed judges of the inferior courts; next came the minor orders of nobility, not entitled to vote, and the eldest sons of peers; lastly, the peers themselves advanced, two by two, all save John Fitzgibbon, the first Earl of Clare, who walked in solitary dignity, without a companion.

Reason, in her abstracted mood, may laugh at these or other ceremonies of the kind, but all the time there is a feeling in the heart of man that contradicts, and is more powerful than reason; above all, such things lose no interest from being the legacies of a time gone by. We will not, however, dwell upon the bowings and the bendings employed by the various subordinates in the preliminary discharge of their duties, neither will we stop to recount all the crossings to the right and to the left, and the reverences to his Grace, the Lord High Steward, on the woolsack. If they occupied much time, and to little purpose, we will not commit the same error by repeating them. It is enough for the present purpose to have noticed that such was the case.

When these ceremonies had been gone through, the royal commission was read aloud, appointing the Earl of Clare Lord High Steward, all the peers standing up the while, with their heads uncovered. To this succeeded the reading of the writ of certiorari, with the return to it, the indictment before the grand jury, and the finding of a true bill by Boyle and Fellowes. Finally, the Clerk of the Crown called upon the Serjeant-at-Arms to do his duty, whereupon the latter came forward and cried:

"Oyez—oyez—oyez—Constable of Dublin castle, bring forth Robert, Earl of Kingston, your prisoner, to the bar, pursuant to the order of the House of Lords. God save the King!"

A profound silence followed this summons, every eye and ear being stretched in anxious expectation of the prisoner. After a delay that seemed more than long enough to the excited audience, though it could not have lasted many seconds, the earl was ushered in by the Constable and Deputy Constable of Dublin castle,

the latter being on his left hand, and carrying an axe with the edge turned from him, in token that he had not as yet incurred the last fatal penalty of the law. He then bowed lowly to the High Steward, and again to the peers on either side, after which he knelt to the bar, a degree of humility that might have become guilt when soliciting for mercy, but hardly seems appropriate to a man facing his judges in the bold consciousness of innocence. The degradation, however, if it really were such, was short-lived; he was directed by the High Steward to rise, whereupon he repeated the former ceremonial, which this time was acknowledged by all present, and Lord Clare thus addressed him from the woolsack:

"Robert Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most serious charges that can be made against any man—the murder of a fellow-subject. The solemnity and awful appearance of this judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your lordship, that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection, and the punishment of guilt alone; and it must be a great consolation to you to reflect that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiassed judgment and candour you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolable obligation of their honour. It will also be a consolation to you to know, that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different classes. If it arise from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; and of these distinctions, warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty

to take advantage. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the house to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular."

This last remark in all likelihood proceeded from the general non-acquaintance with such proceedings, they having so long slept in abeyance. The Clerk of the Crown next commenced the usual interrogatories.

"How say you, Robert, Earl of Kingston; are you guilty, or not guilty, of this murder and felony for which you stand arraigned?"

"Not guilty," replied the noble prisoner.

"How," resumed the clerk, "will your lordship be tried?"

"By God and my peers."

"God send you a good deliverance."

Proclamation was then made by the serjeant-at-arms: "Oyez—oyez—oyez—All manner of persons who will give evidence upon oath before our Sovereign Lord the King against Robert, Earl of Kingston, the prisoner at the bar, let them come forth, and they shall be heard, for he now stands at the bar upon his deliverance."

To this appeal there was no answer, and after a short delay, that the witnesses, if there were any, might have time to come forward, Lord Clare demanded of Curran, the counsel for the accused, whether due notices had been served of the removal of the indictment into the High Court of Parliament. This demand was met by evidence showing that such notices had been served on the widow and children of the deceased; and again proclamation was made, requiring any witnesses for the Crown to come forward with their testimony. None replying to this second summons, the peers in succession pronounced their verdict of "Not guilty, upon my

honour," when Lord Clare informed the accused of his unanimous acquittal, upon which, the latter made three low bows and retired. Not the least impressive part of this ceremony, if we look only to the imagination, was the symbolical form which now concluded it. The white staff being delivered to the High Steward, he held it in both hands, broke it asunder, and declared the commission was dissolved.

But what maiden—and it is her smile which is ever most grateful to poet or romancer—what maiden would think our tale complete if we did not show what eventually became of Mary King, the fair cause of all these broils? Death or marriage seems, by right of custom, to be the proper end of all chronicle or fable, the only point at which, with satisfaction to the reader, the hero and heroine may be abandoned. As one-half of this duty was fulfilled when Fitzgerald died by the hand of his enemy at the Kilworth Hotel, it now only remains to inquire whether the lady met with a happier conclusion to her adventures.

It was obvious that the late occurrences would, for a time, at least, make it painful for Mary to mingle in the circle she had been accustomed to. If she escaped positive insult, which was, perhaps, more than ought to be expected, still she would be subject to many unpleasant scenes from the idle and the curious, who, in the obtuseness of their own feelings, might pay little respect to the delicacy of hers. Even did not these grounds for seclusion appear sufficient, still it could not be particularly agreeable for a young girl to feel, that, go where she would, every smile was at her expense, and every whisper had, in all probability, a reference to the adventures in which she had played a part so much more remarkable than pleasing. It was, therefore, decided by her friends to place her, under a feigned name,

in the family of a Welsh clergyman, her host himself being kept in ignorance of her real quality and condition. With these simple-minded people she became in a short time a great favourite. Nor was this much to be wondered at: she was young and lively, and if not a positive beauty, was yet sufficiently endowed by nature, and that nature improved by the graces of education, to maintain a superior rank in her new circle. Above all, she had conversational powers of no common kind, narrating whatever she had seen, or only heard of, with a truth and vividness that in any society would have made her a welcome companion, but which, in the dull routine of a country life, where amusements were few, and the general intercourse extremely limited, proved as a loadstone to draw all hearts to her. It was upon this gift, moreover, that we shall find her future fortunes hingeing. Carried on one day by the evident delight she gave her guests in the exercise of this faculty, and perhaps with some little secret pride that she could so move them, she plunged into the relation of her own recent adventures, with no other precaution than that of disguising the principal actors in them under fictitious titles. If on other occasions her narratives had proved so singularly vivid and full of power, it may be imagined what fire and truth she flung into her words now, when recollections of the past were giving a fresh stimulus to the feelings of the present. Her young host could not refrain from tears as he listened, and, most unusual in a man of his gentle and kindly habits, burst out into exclamations of indignant horror at the barbarity of the betrayer. This warmth of sympathy on his part, so flattering to her conversational powers, and so grateful to her feelings as an injured woman, acted upon her like the sun in the fable upon the traveller, compelling him to lay aside his

cloak; in the heat of the moment she no less hastily cast off all prudent reserve, exclaiming, "I myself am the person for whom you express so deep an interest." But the words had scarcely escaped her lips, than she became sensible of her folly, and before her auditor could recover from his astonishment, added, in a far different tone, "And now I suppose you will drive me from your roof?" Such would, indeed, have been a natural conclusion to this strange tale; but Fortune, in the case of Mary King, had written a romance of her own, and the final page was not the least wonderful in the volume: the gentleman married her.

And had the worthy bridegroom any occasion to regret his generous affection? Not the least. They lived long and happily together; and it is not many years ago that she died, universally respected, in the land where she had sought and found a refuge.

THE DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON AND WILLIAM CHAWORTH, ESQ., OF ANNESLEY HALL.

The fatal result of this celebrated duel engendered a bitter feud between the neighbouring families of Chaworth and Byron; and, in more than half a century after, cast a baneful influence over the fate of the immortal bard of Newstead. His lordship's early, unrequited love for the beautiful Mary Chaworth, and the hostility that had severed the friendship of their Houses, are thus pathetically lamented by him:—"Our union," writes the poet, "would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years; and, and——and—what has been the result?"

Singularly enough, there was the same degree of relationship between Lord Byron, the poet, and the nobleman who killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and the heiress of Annesley. The duel we are about to relate occurred on the 26th of January, 1765. On that day, Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and several gentlemen of rank and fortune from the county of Nottingham met, as they usually did once a week, to dine together at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall. In the course of the entertainment, everything went off good-humouredly; but, about seven at night, a dispute arose

whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was a strict preserver, had most on his manors. Mr. Chaworth remarked that he believed there was not a hare in that part of the country but what was preserved by himself or Sir Charles Sedley. On this, Lord Byron offered a wager of £100 that he had more game on his estate than Mr. Chaworth had on his. The wager was accepted, and the particulars reduced to writing. Shortly after, it happened that Sir Charles Sedley's manors were mentioned, upon which Byron exclaimed, with some degree of heat, "Sir Charles Sedley's manors!—where are they?" "Why, Hocknel and Nuttall," replied Mr. Chaworth; "the latter was purchased by his family from one of my ancestors; and, if your lordship require any further information, Sir Charles lives in Dean-street, and you know where to find me, in Berkeley-row." Whether this was a real dispute, or merely used as a means of giving vent to the angry feelings excited by the previous altercation, seems somewhat doubtful. However, the company apprehended no evil consequences, and the parties entered into general conversation with apparent freedom. After the lapse of about an hour, Mr. Chaworth went out of the room, and chancing to be followed by Mr. Dunston, one of the company, he asked that gentleman if he had gone far enough in his dispute with Lord Byron. "Too far," replied Mr. Dunston; "it was a silly business, and should be disregarded." Mr. Chaworth then proceeded down stairs, but immediately after Lord Byron came out of the dining-room, and following the unfortunate gentleman, requested a few minutes' private conversation. They accordingly retired into a small room adjacent, which was lighted only by a little tallow candle and the dying embers of a dull fire. On entering, Byron asked Mr. Chaworth whether he was to have

recourse to Sir Charles Sedley to account for the business of the game, or to him? "To me, my lord," was the reply; "and, if you have anything to say, it would be best to shut the door, lest we should be overheard." Mr. Chaworth went to effect this object, and then turning round, saw his opponent just behind him with his sword half drawn, and heard him at the instant call out "Draw!" Mr. Chaworth immediately did so, and made a thrust, entangling his sword in the waistcoat of his antagonist, whereupon Lord Byron shortened his weapon, and inflicted a fatal wound. Mr. Chaworth survived a few hours, and was able to make a communication to his near relative, Mr. Levinz, which tended somewhat to impugn the honour of Byron. "Good God!" said the dying man, "that I should have been such a fool as to fight in the dark. His lordship did not intend fighting when we went into the room, but seeing me up by the door, he thought he had me at an advantage, and thus encountered me. I die as a man of honour, but Byron has done himself no good by it."

The trial took place before the Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April following. The noble defendant made a plain and honourable defence, explanatory of the cause of quarrel, and of the encounter itself. His lordship detailed every circumstance of the sad history, and repelled with indignation the insinuations against his fairness and honour. On the conclusion of his address, the Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron to be guilty of manslaughter only, whereupon his lordship claimed the benefit of the 1st of Edward VI., and was discharged on payment of his fees.

Lord Byron survived the trial thirty-three years, and died in 1798, when the family honours devolved on his grandnephew, George Gordon, late Peer. This dis-

the orderly room, and sending for Colonel Lennox, intimated to him, in the presence of all the other officers, that he desired to receive no protection from his position as a prince, or his station as a commanding officer. "When not on duty," added his Royal Highness, "I wear a brown coat, and have none of the paraphernalia of rank. Neither the blood which is my boast, nor the position which I hold in the army, shall exempt me from any obligation which I may possibly owe as a private gentleman." After this declaration, on the 18th of May, Colonel Lennox sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny's Club, to the effect that "A report having been spread that the Duke of York had said some words had been made use of to him (Colonel Lennox) in a political conversation, that no gentleman ought to submit to," Colonel Lennox took the first opportunity to speak to his Royal Highness before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, to which colonel Lennox belongs; when he answered, "That he had heard them said to Colonel Lennox, at Daubigny's, but refused at the same time to tell the expression, or the person who had used it; that in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his Royal Highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (Colonel Lennox) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter, than by writing a letter to every member of Daubigny's Club, desiring each of them to let him know if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (Colonel Lennox's) presence, which could bear the construction put upon it by his Royal Highness; and, in such case, to whom the expression was used."

None of the members of the Club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the Duke still declining to make any further explanation than he had

done before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, Colonel Lennox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his Royal Highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The Duke at once waived all personal distinctions, and consented to give Colonel Lennox the meeting required. Lord Rawdon accompanied the Duke of York, and Lord Winchilsea was the second of Colonel Lennox. Their published statement thus narrates the details of the duel :—

"In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, attended by Lord Rawdon, and Lieutenant-colonel Lennox, accompanied by the Earl of Winchilsea, met at Wimbledon-common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, Lieutenant-colonel Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl; the Duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox observed that his Royal Highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the Duke's intention to fire; his Royal Highness had come out upon Lieutenant-colonel Lennox's desire to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieutenant-colonel Lennox pressed that the Duke of York should fire, which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchilsea then went up to the Duke of York, and expressed his hope that his Royal Highness could have no objection to say he considered Lieutenant-colonel Lennox as a man of honour and courage. His Royal Highness replied that he should say nothing—he had come out to give Lieutenant-colonel Lennox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if Lieutenant-colonel Lennox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieutenant-colonel Lennox said he could not possibly fire again at the Duke, as his Royal

Highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground. The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

"RAWDON,
"WINCHILSEA."

As soon as the affair of honour was concluded at Wimbledon, two letters were sent express to town, one to the Prince of Wales, and the other to the Duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and at the instant of the Duke of York's return, the Prince of Wales, with filial attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour had made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the Duke of York to keep this meeting with Colonel Lennox a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he left his own hat at Carlton House, and took another, belonging to some of the household, with him.

During the whole of the affair, the Duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his Royal Highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the Earl of Winchilsea was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to his Majesty; and his mother, Lady Winchilsea, had been employed in rearing his Royal Highness.

In three days after, the officers of the Coldstream regiment met, on the requisition of Colonel Lennox, to deliberate on a question which he had submitted: "Whether he had behaved in the late dispute as became a gentleman and an officer?" and, after a considerable discussion, adjourned to the 30th, came to the following resolution:—

"It is the opinion of the officers of the Coldstream regiment that subsequent to the 15th of May, the day of the meeting at the orderly-room, Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox has behaved with courage, but from the peculiar difficulty of his situation, not with judgment."

This was the first instance of a Prince of the blood in England being challenged by a subject. The case, however, occurred in France, only a few years before, when the Prince de Condé fought an officer of his own regiment.

The King appeared to think it a matter of etiquette to overlook the offence. But the Prince of Wales was unable to restrain his feelings; and on the first meeting with Colonel Lennox at Court, he expressed his displeasure in the most pointed manner, consistent with the presence of Royalty. The newspapers of the day thus refer to the circumstance:—"Colonel Lennox, to the surprise of every one, had appeared at the ball given at St. James's, on the King's birthday (1789). The Colonel stood up in the country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard. The Prince, who danced with his sister, the Princess Royal, was so far down the set that the Colonel and Lady Catherine were the next couple. The Prince paused, looked at the Colonel, took his partner's hand, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of Clarence followed his example; but the Duke of York made no distinction between the Colonel and the other gentlemen of the party. When the Colonel and his partner had danced down the set, the Prince again took his sister's hand and led her to a seat. Observing this, the Queen approached and said to the Prince, 'You are heated, sir, and tired. I had better leave the apartment, and put an end to the dance.' 'I am heated,' replied the Prince, 'and tired, not with dancing, but with a portion of the company,' and em-

phatically added, 'I certainly never will countenance an insult offered to my family, however it may be regarded by others.' The Prince's natural gallantry next day offered the necessary apology to Lady Catherine Barnard, in the expression of regret, that he should have caused *her* a moment's embarrassment."

Within four months after the duel, Colonel Lennox married Lady Charlotte Gordon, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; and eventually, at the death of his uncle in 1806, succeeded to the Dukedom of Richmond. His death occurred on the 28th of August, 1819, when the family honours devolved on his eldest son, Charles, the present Duke of Richmond.

JAMES, EIGHTH EARL OF ABERCORN.

This nobleman resembled, in some respects, the proud Duke of Somerset. No one of his time was, perhaps, more remarkable for the independent character of his manners; but it was an independence united to much vain pomposity and repulsive bluntness. In his youth, he was said to have made the tour of Europe in so perpendicular an attitude, as never to have touched the back of his carriage. Although, at one time, much about court, he was no courtier, in the gainful acceptation of the term: he never *booed*. His brother, who was a churchman, once solicited him to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the Crown. His lordship returned the following answer:—

"I never ask any favours. Enclosed is a deed of annuity of 1000*l.* a year. "Yours,

"ABERCORN."

On the occasion of Queen Charlotte's landing from Germany, Lord Abercorn had the honour of receiving her at his house in Essex, where her Majesty and suite slept. Soon after, the Earl went to St. James's, when the King thanked him for his attention to the Queen, saying, he was afraid her visit had given him a good deal of trouble. "A good deal, indeed!" was his lordship's blunt and characteristic reply.

He generally visited his seat at Duddingstone, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, once a year, and remained there five or six weeks; but, contrary to the maxims of Scottish hospitality, he was highly offended if any person presumed to visit him without the formality of a card of invitation. Dr. Robertson, the historian, not aware of this, went to pay his respects to the noble Earl, and found him walking in a shrubbery which had been lately planted. The Doctor, wishing to pay a compliment to the soil, observed, the shrubs had grown considerably since his lordship's last visit. "They have nothing else to do," replied his lordship; and immediately turning on his heel, left the Doctor, without uttering another word.

Despite, however, of these foibles or eccentricities, the Earl possessed singular vigour of mind, integrity of conduct, and patriotic views. Until he bought from the Duke of Argyll, in 1745, the Barony of Duddingston, in the county of Edinburgh, he had no property in Scotland, but that purchase—followed by the more valuable acquisition of the Lordship of Paisley, the paternal inheritance of his ancestors—gave him a leading influence in North Britain; and he soon became known as one of

the most munificent public benefactors. At Paisley, his lordship laid out the plan of the new town, which is now so flourishing and important, and, at Duddingston, erected the splendid mansion still the chief ornament of its neighbourhood. His lordship enjoyed also a very extensive estate in Ireland, where he built a sumptuous residence, near Londonderry, and where he occasionally resided, in princely style and princely munificence. His lordship died on the 9th of October, 1789, in the 77th year of his age. His remains were conveyed into Scotland, and interred in the Abbey of Paisley. Never having married, he was succeeded by his nephew, John James, ninth Earl and first Marquess of Abercorn, whose grandson is the present noble inheritor of the honours and broad lands of this the senior male line now existing of the illustrious house of Hamilton.

THE HOUSE OF ORMONDE.

In a visit we once paid to the Castle of Kilkenny, while wandering through the splendid collection of paintings that adorn this ancient mansion of the noble race of Ormonde, we fell into meditation on times long passed, and memories almost faded away.

The belles, the wits, the courtiers, and the courtezans of the Merry Monarch are here congregated, and the sight is dazzled by the gorgeous blaze of beauty and dress, depicted by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, until the weariness of excess of glare is relieved by the sober colouring of Vandyke, or the religious tenderness of Carlo Dolci. Here are kings and queens in all their pomp: King Charles I. and his unhappy queen; King Charles II., King James II., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, the Royal Family, by Vandyke; the Duchess of Richmond, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; with portraits of various members of the Ormonde family; Scripture-pieces; landscapes, flowers, mingled with saints and sinners; gay knights and grave senators; a motley and distinguished array. What food for thought is here for the imaginative mind? What tales these silent beings could tell were the canvas animated? Here are kings who, during their career on earth, experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune, the privations that afflict the meanest subject—hunger and poverty, and terror of enemies,

and loss of friends and fortune. One was exiled, another dethroned, another beheaded. Here are youthful beauties, radiant in smiles and charms, who lived till those smiles ceased to captivate, and those charms to win admiration. What feelings are aroused by the sad fate of many a proud noble here standing clad in his peer's robes. The battle-field witnessed the death throes of some, the sod of a foreign land covered the bones of others. And now their fame and their fate live but in the vague legend and a few feet of painted canvas. We lingered amidst these frail memorials of greatness until the shadows of evening deepened the gloom of the old towers. The sun sank gorgeously into a cradle of golden rays, pillowed by downy clouds of dazzling whiteness. The Nore hymned a vesper song as the stars shone out, and the hour was meet for reminiscences of the past. There floated before us visions of the former owners, the Anglo-Norman invaders, the fierce conflicts with the Irish chiefs, the rivalry between the Butlers and Fitz-Geralds of Desmond; the feuds that existed between these Irish Guelphs and Ghibellins are celebrated in the annals of Ireland. Once, we are told, a reconciliation was effected, and the leaders agreed to shake hands; but they took the precaution of doing so through an aperture in an oaken door, each fearing to be poniarded by the other! After the battle of Affane, on the banks of the Blackwater, the Fitz-Geralds were repulsed, and their chieftain made prisoner. While weak from loss of blood, the victors were bearing him on their shoulders, and the Lord of Ormonde triumphantly exclaimed, "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" "Here," replied the Lord Gerald, "here, in his proper place, still on the necks of the Butlers."

The antiquity of this family is indisputable; but whence it immediately derived its origin is not so clearly

established. Its surname, however, admits of no doubt as springing from the Chief Butlerage of Ireland, conferred by Henry II. on Theobald Fitzwalter, in 1177. We find various descendants of Theobald sitting in the Parliaments of the Pale, filling high offices, lords justices, &c. The Earldom of Ormonde was granted to James Butler in 1328, by creation of King Edward III. James, third earl, purchased the Castle of Kilkenny from the heirs of Sir Hugh le De Spencer, Earl of Gloucester, in 1391, and that princely fabric has since been the principal seat of the family. The representatives of the house of Ormonde were not alone distinguished by their pride of ancestry and martial deeds. Many of its Earls were famed for a love of literature and extent of learning quite remarkable in their time. We need not refer to higher authority than the compliment Edward IV. paid to the demeanour and conduct of John, the sixth earl: "If good breeding and liberal qualities were lost in the world, they might be all found in the Earl of Ormonde." In a note to Hall's "Ireland," vol. ii., is a curious letter, stated to have been the reply of a very loyal man, Sir Piers Butler, Earl of Ossory, in answer to a proposal of the Earl of Kildare, that the two houses should unite their forces, take Ireland from the dominion of Henry VIII., and divide it between them; the Earl of Kildare to have one moiety, the Earl of Ossory and his son, Lord James Butler, the other. "Taking pen in hand to write to you my absolute answer, I muse in the first line by what name to call you—my lord or my cousin—seeing that your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewdness hath shamed your kindred. You are, by your expressions, so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to

hang with you for good fellowship. And think you that James is so bad as to gape for gudgeons, or so ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered, yet, be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner. For the kindness you proffer me, and goodwill in the end of your letter, the best way I can propose to requite you, that is, in advising you, though you have fetched your fence, yet to look well before you leap over. Ignorance, error, and mistake of duty hath carried you unawares to this folly, not yet so rank but it may be cured. The king is a vessel of mercy and bounty; your words against his Majesty shall not be counted malicious, but only bulked out of heat and impotency; except yourself, by heaping of offences, discover a mischievous and wilful meaning. Farewell."

The descendants of so bold and loyal a subject partook of his spirit, and a hatred of court favourites appears a distinguishing feature in the characters of the Butlers. In Carte's "Life of Ormond," we find the hostility of the Earl Thomas to Queen Elizabeth's minion, the Earl of Leicester, not confined to language. He used often to tell her Majesty, in plain terms, that Leicester was a villain and a coward. Coming one day to Court, he met Leicester in the antechamber, who, bidding him good morrow, said: "My Lord of Ormonde, I dreamed of you last night." "What could you dream of me?" asked Ormonde. "I dreamed," said the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams," answered the Earl, are to be interpreted by contraries;" and, without more ceremony, gave Leicester a hearty cuff on the ear. He was, upon this, sent to the Tower, but shortly after liberated.

The next instance of courage which tradition pre-

serves, is related of James, afterwards Duke of Ormonde, while yet a very young man, about twenty-two years of age. He went to attend the parliament in Dublin summoned by Wentworth, Lord Lieutenant to Charles I. The Lord Deputy had issued a proclamation forbidding any member of either house to enter with his sword. As the Earl of Ormonde was passing the door of the House of Peers, the Usher of the Black Rod required his sword. The request being treated with silent contempt, he demanded it peremptorily; whereupon the Earl replied, "If he had his sword it should be in his body," and haughtily strode to his seat. The Lord Deputy summoned the refractory peer before the Privy Council, and called on him to answer for his conduct: upon which Lord Ormonde said he acted under the oath of his investiture, that he received his title to attend parliament *cum gladio cinctus*. The ability and courage of the young noble obtained him great applause, and the Deputy perceived he had better conciliate his friendship than provoke his enmity. He accordingly heaped favours upon him—made him a Privy Councillor at the age of twenty-five. This lord was the father of one of the purest characters of that, or any age—the Earl of Ossory. Of him was it truly said: "His virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious Court; his integrity unblemished, amid all the vices of the times; his honour untainted through the course of his whole life." "His Majesty," exclaimed Evelyn, on hearing of his death, "never lost a worthier subject, nor a father a better or more dutiful son: a loving, generous, good-natured, and perfectly obliging friend—one who had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any who were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy

England! in this illustrious person's loss. What shall I add? He deserves all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian could deserve of his prince and country."

How affecting to turn from this fine panegyric, traced by the hand of generous friendship, revealing the peculiar excellent qualities of the deceased, and particularizing each, to the passionate burst of grief, in which the bereaved duke must have indulged, when the heir of his house lay a corpse before him; and what depth of feeling and sublime appreciation of the inestimable loss is contained in his reply to some expression of condolence: "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom." Surely such an instance of genuine regard for the illustrious dead must be remembered with pride by their descendants! How well the Earl of Ossory deserved the praise bestowed on him, and the universal grief felt at his death, may be seen from the following anecdote, which exhibits strong filial piety and fearlessness of court favourites which the King's presence could not restrain. Not long after the celebrated attempt of Blood to kill the Duke of Ormonde, (in which he had nearly succeeded, being on his way with him to Tyburn, where he resolved the Duke should hang, when he was rescued,) the Earl of Ossory met the Duke of Buckingham, who was universally believed to be the instigator and protector of Blood, in the royal chamber, and thus addressed him while behind the King's chair: "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father, and, therefore, I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it. I shall

consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair; and I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I will keep my word."

Mrs. Jameson, in her own peculiarly graceful style, records a very interesting episode in the history of this gallant nobleman's father, James, the great Duke of Ormonde. The union of the Duke, then Lord Thurles, with the Lady Elizabeth Preston,* the representative of the potent Earls of Desmond, put an end to the feuds and lawsuits which had for years divided the rival houses, and threatened the ruin of both. The marriage, however, was not only a marriage of policy, but of passion; their early attachment was attended by various difficulties and romantic distresses, and in particular by one circumstance, which throws a deep interest round the character of the Duchess.

She was a ward of the King, Charles I., who bestowed the guardianship of her person and of her vast estates on the Earl of Holland. While the lawsuit was pending between her and Lord Thurles, she happened to meet her young adversary at Court, and, struck with his noble qualities and fine person, fell in love with him; she was young, inexperienced, and as self-willed as a conscious beauty and a great heiress may be supposed to have been; and took so little care to conceal the partiality she felt, that not only the object of her affection, but the whole court was aware of it. The King sent to Lord Thurles, desiring that he would desist from any pretensions to the hand of the young lady, as his Majesty designed her for another. To this the lover replied, with a spirit

* Her ladyship was only child of Richard, Lord Dingwall, by the Lady Elizabeth Butler, his wife, daughter and heiress of Thomas, tenth Earl of Ormonde, whose mother, Joan, was daughter and heiress of James, eleventh Earl of Desmond.

which justified the lady's choice, that he should be sorry to displease his Majesty, but that he considered that he had even a better title than any other nobleman about the court to pay the Lady Elizabeth those attentions which were due to her beauty and merits, being himself her "poor cousin and kinsman." The Lady Elizabeth, on her part, was not slow to declare her abhorrence of the match proposed by the King, and her determination to marry Lord Thurles, and none other. The union was in all respects the most eligible for both; no other means could be found to put an end to their family dissensions, and Lady Elizabeth strongly felt, and as eloquently pleaded, that reason and interest were on the side of her girlish passion. But the King was resolute; her guardian, according to the fashion of obdurate guardians from time immemorial, placed the young lady in durance vile, and not only those consequences ensued which are *de rigueur* in such cases, but others which were certainly not anticipated by any of the parties concerned. The young lovers kept up a constant correspondence of letters and tokens, by means of Lady Isabella Rich, the daughter of the Earl of Holland, who, not being so strictly secluded as her father's ward, contrived to meet Lord Thurles secretly. Lady Isabella was handsome, lively, good-natured, and attached to Lady Elizabeth, with whom she had been educated; but she was not of an age or a disposition to carry on this clandestine intercourse with safety to herself. In short—not to be too circumstantial—Lady Isabella found her friend's lover only too agreeable; she fell a victim to passion and opportunity, but certainly not to any preconcerted villany on the part of Lord Thurles, who was then only nineteen; the whole tenour of his life, before and after, belies such an imputation. The consequences were, that Lady

Isabella became the mother of an infant, which was immediately sent abroad, and carefully educated at Paris, without any knowledge of his parents. The secret was so faithfully kept, that not even a breath of suspicion rested upon Lady Isabella; and soon afterwards, Lord Thurles, by bribing the avarice of Lord Holland,* obtained his consent and his interest with the King, and married Lady Elizabeth.

Several years afterwards, when the Duke visited Paris, his first care was to inquire for this son, whom he found a blooming and hopeful youth, accomplished in all the exercises which became his age: the father could not deny himself the pleasure of sending the unhappy mother some tidings of her child; but having occasion to write to his wife the same day, he made a fatal mistake in the direction of the two letters, and that which was intended for Lady Isabella fell into the hands of the Duchess of Ormonde. The Duchess passionately loved her husband, and notwithstanding the lapse of years, she must have felt on this occasion as a woman would naturally feel on discovering that she had been betrayed in the tenderest point by her lover and her friend. She was still sitting with the letter open in her hand, lost in painful astonishment, when Lady Isabella was announced; an exchange of letters and a mutual explanation took place, and the scene which must have ensued may be imagined.

Lady Isabella, standing before her injured friend, bowed down to the earth with "penetrative shame," while that generous friend, unable to bear the sight of her humiliation, threw her arms round her neck, and with tears and a thousand fond caresses, endeavoured to reconcile her with herself, assured her of her perfect

* He bought the Earl's consent with 15,000*l.*

forgiveness, and promised that the past should be to her as if it had never been. And she kept her word; for it is even said, and, if true, it is a rare instance of female discretion, that not even the Duke ever suspected his wife's knowledge of this transaction.

It happened, after the time of which we speak, that Lady Isabella and her family being obliged to fly from England, the Duchess of Ormonde offered her an asylum in her house at Caen; and Lady Isabella, worthy in this instance of such a friend, accepted the offer as frankly as it was made. She resided for two years under the roof of the Duke and Duchess of Ormonde, in all honour and confidence. The Duchess never condescended to doubt either the truth and love of her husband, or the honour and gratitude of her friend; her domestic peace was never disturbed by petty jealousy, nor her noble confidence wronged by those she had trusted. It is justice to Lady Isabella to add, that she preserved to the end of her life an unblemished reputation, and died unmarried.*

* Her son died young, before the Restoration.

HAMILTON OF BOTHWELLHAUGH.

JAMES STEWART, the celebrated Regent Moray, ranks amongst the most eminent of Scottish worthies. He was the illegitimate son of King James V., by the beautiful Lady Margaret Erskine—and the base-born brother, consequently, of Mary, Queen of Scots. To the most unquestionable bravery and military skill, he added the profoundest sagacity and penetration in civil affairs; and, had he succeeded to supreme power, as his legitimate inheritance, it is probable he would have been recorded as one of Scotland's wisest and greatest kings. But that he held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress, was a crime which those only can excuse, who think ambition an apology for ingratitude. He commanded against the Queen's forces at Langside, and went to England, the same year, to accuse her majesty of the murder of Darnley. This was the blemishing blot on his fair fame. His bitterest enemies admit that he dispensed justice with impartiality, established order and tranquillity in the country, and was, in all respects, an able and vigorous administrator of the government. With the common people, he was long held in affectionate remembrance, as "the Good Regent." He at length fell a victim to personal revenge, and was murdered at Linlithgow, 21st January, 1569.

Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, and owed his life to the Moray's clemency. But part of his estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before next morning, she became raving mad. This injury made a deeper impression on him than the benefit he had received; and from that moment he vowed to be revenged of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and influenced his private resentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without, and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Earl; and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so

true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come: but they found the door strongly barricaded; and, before it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Moray's army, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would, neither for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. He is applauded or stigmatized by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him

whose sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan Church of St. Andrews of its covering," — but he ascribed it to immediate Divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.

With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, " that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment of rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle treyterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."

A beautiful ballad, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, commemorates the murder of Moray, and the revengeful nature of Bothwellhaugh:

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
  Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
  The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

There, wan from her maternal throes,
  His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
  And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

O change accursed! past are those days;
  False Moray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
  Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
  Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
  Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
  And hears her feeble voice with awe—
" Revenge," she cries, " on Moray's pride!
  And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

* * * *

But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
  Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
  Or change the purpose of Despair?

With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
  Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling with his band,
  Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
  Proud Moray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
  So close the minions crowded nigh.

From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
  Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
  Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
  A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
  " Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!"

The death shot parts—the charger springs—
  Wild rises tumult's startling roar;
And Moray's plumy helmet rings—
  Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

What joy the raptured youth can feel,
  To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he, who broaches on his steel
  The wolf by whom his infant fell!

But dearer to my injured eye
  To see in dust proud Moray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
  To hear him groan, the felon soul.

My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shriek'd in his death deafen'd ear,
"Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!"

LORD LOVAT'S INSCRIPTION ON HIMSELF.

NEAR Beaufort Castle, in the old church of Keithill, there is an amusing instance of Lord Lovat's vanity and ostentation. He erected a monument to the memory of his father, adding this eulogium on himself: "This monument was erected by Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, who, having undergone many and great vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, through the malice of his enemies, he in the end, at the head of his clan, forced his way to his paternal inheritance, with his sword in his hand, and relieved his kindred and followers from oppression and slavery. And both at home and in foreign countries, by his eminent actions in the war and the state, he has acquired great honours and reputation."

It is related that the brave Sir Robert Monro, who fell at Falkirk, being on a visit to Lord Lovat, they went together to view this monument. Sir Robert, upon reading the inscription, in a free manner said: "Simon, how the de'il came you to put up such boasting, romantic stuff?" To which his lordship replied: "The monument and inscription are chiefly for the Frasers, who must believe whatever I, their chief, require of them; and their posterity will think it as true as their gospel." Here spoke the true spirit of the feudal chieftain.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISSES GUNNING.

The memory of these ladies, their beauty, their wit, and their alliances, still lingers in the world of fashion. They were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castlecoote, Co. Roscommon, a gentleman of ancient lineage and fair fortune, and descended through their mother, the Hon. Bridget, Bourke, from the Lords Bourke, of Mayo. Of surpassing loveliness and captivating manners, they long reigned supreme in the circles of the *beau monde*, and formed, eventually, splendid matches. The eldest, Mary, became the wife of the sixth Earl of Coventry; and the second, Elizabeth, won a still more brilliant coronet, marrying, first, James, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; and, secondly, John, Duke of Argyll. Her Grace was herself raised to the Peerage as Baroness Hamilton, of Hambledon, in 1776. By her first husband she had two sons, successively Dukes of Hamilton, and one daughter, Elizabeth, Countess of Derby; and, by her second, she was grandmother of the present Duke of Argyll.

A letter written in 1796 by the parish clerk of Hemmingford Grey, in Huntingdonshire, to James Madden, Esq., of Cole House, Fulham, gives a curious

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y the parish clerk o
ingdonshire, to James
Fulham, gives a curious

account of these far-famed beauties. We transcribe the document *verbatim et literatim.*

"Sir,—I take the Freedom, in wrighting to you, from an Information of Mr. Warrinton, that you would be Glad to have the account of my Townswoman the Notefied, the Famis, Beautifull Miss Gunnings, Born at Hemingford Grey, tho they left the Parish before I had Knolege Enough to Remember them, and I was born in 32 (1732). But I will give you the Best account I can, which I believe is Better than any man in the Country besides Myself, tho I have not the Birth Register for so long a Date, and since Dr. Dickens is dead, I dont know where it is, but the Best account I Can Give you is, Elizth. the Eldest,* married to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, after his Decease, to the Duke of Arguile; the second, Mary, to the Viscount of Coventree; the third I neve knew Ritely to home, but I beleeve to some privett Gentleman. I Rember a many years ago at least 30, seeing her picture in a print Shop,† I beleeve in St. Poul's Churchyard, as follows.

the youngest of these Beauties here we have in vue,
so like in person to the other two,
ho Ever views her features and her fame,
will see at once that Gunning is her Name.

which is the Best account I Can give you of them three; but then there was two more, which perhaps you dont know any thing about, which I will Give you the True

* This is wrong: Elizabeth was the second daughter.

† The print alluded to is an *oval*, painted by *Cotes*, and engraved by *Spooner*. Beneath is the name, "Miss Gunning," and a little lower the following lines:—

This youngest grace, so like her sisters' Frame!
Her kindred Features tell from whence she came,
'Tis needless once to mention Gunning's name.

Mortalick Regester off, from a black mavel which lies in our chancel, as follows:

> Sophia Gunning the youngest of 4 daughters,
> all Born at Hemingford, in Huntingdonshire
> to John Gunning Esq. Died an Infant, 1737.
> Lissy Gunning, his 5 daughter, Born in Ireld.
> Died Dec. 31, 1752. Aged 8 years 10 m.

'Suffer little Children and forbid them not to Come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'—*Matthew*, xix. 14.

"This, Sir, is the Truest and Best Information I Can Give you, or Can Get; and if this is of any use to you, I should be much obliged to you to let me have a line or two from you, that I may be satisfied that it was not in vain. And am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

"WM. CRISWELL.

"Hemingford Grey, August 14, 1796."

The illiterate clerk of Hemmingford Grey is not, however, the only historian of these celebrated leaders of fashion: with reference to them, Horace Walpole thus writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 18th of June, 1751:—"The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them, that they are generally driven away." In a subsequent letter of the 27th February following, Walpole again evinces an interest in the Irish beauties:—"The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the

two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her honour, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl—hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring.

"About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing faro at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl, and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as not to regard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson.

"The Doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring; the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair Chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad, that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is more silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other."

The second nuptials of "her grace of Hamilton" to Colonel John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, are pleasingly chronicled by the same witty writer: "It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty

has made sufficient noise, and in some people's eyes is even improved: he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair kings and queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell—and all this brought about by a Gunning!"

One more letter of Walpole's, which we subjoin, allusive to the same event, must conclude our brief record of "the famous and beautiful Miss Gunnings."

"My Lord,—You and Monsieur de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of setting Cartels with expedition: you don't exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. I had so little observed the negotiation, or suspected any, that when your brother told me of it yesterday morning, I would not believe a tittle. I beg Mr. Pitt's pardon—not an *iota*. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours —and everybody likes it but the Duke of B—— and Lord C——. What an extraordinary fate is attached to those two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part, I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world *prematurely*, to make room for the rest of their adventurers. The first time Jack carries the Duchess into the Highlands, I am persuaded that some of his second-sighted subjects will see him in a winding-sheet, with a train of kings behind him as long as those in Macbeth.

"H. W."

THE DUCHESS DE SFORZA.

Lord Tamworth, only son of Robert, seventh Earl Ferrers, formed a youthful attachment to a domestic in his father's household. A child was the result of this *liaison*. Lord Tamworth died early, and the mother and child were left unprovided for. In her distress she resolved to take her little daughter, then just beginning to lisp, to Lord Ferrers, at Ratcliffe Hall, in the hope of obtaining some temporary aid. The Earl, who had been at variance with his son, either from some feeling of regret at that circumstance, or from some impulse of curiosity, sent for the mother and child into the library. Though a stern and haughty man, he took the little one on his knee, and exclaiming, "It has evidently poor Tamworth's eyes," desired the mother to withdraw. The child instantly made way to the Earl's heart, and the resolution to bring her up was immediately taken. While he lived, Lord Ferrers never parted with her, and his domestic chaplain was appointed her tutor. On his lordship's death, Miss Shirley, then a fine girl of thirteen, was confided, in conformity with the Earl's will, to her guardian, the late C. G. Mundy, Esq., of Burton Hall, with an allowance of 3000*l.* a-year during her minority, the reversion of the beautiful estates of Roydale and Hoby, and large personal property being secured to her. The author

of *Walks round Loughborough* thus mentions an incident that occurred to the young lady during her residence at Burton Hall:—

"On passing this spot we are reminded of one of those 'romances of real life' which furnishes another proof that 'Truth is often more strange than fiction.' It was, I think, about nine years ago (1832) that a decently dressed woman, but evidently of plebeian habits, arrived at Burton Hall, and first earnestly requested, and then imperatively demanded to see a young lady, then a cherished inmate of the mansion. The stranger's request was peremptorily refused. 'Then force only shall remove me from this spot!' was the impassioned exclamation that followed the stern denial. The lady of the house, awed by the woman's firmness, at length relaxed, and it was arranged that she should be permitted to walk round the room in which *her daughter* was sitting at her drawing, but with the express proviso that she should not address her, or in any way discover herself. This hard and trying stipulation was at length assented to, and *the mother* was taken round the room under pretext of showing her the paintings and furniture. Years had rolled by since she had been separated from her daughter, and the child had grown into a beautiful girl. The tide of maternal feeling was high. (I know not whether the filial feelings were equally excited, or whether the young lady was conscious that it was she on whose bosom she had hung that was so intently gazing upon her.) Pictures and furniture were unnoticed—she only saw her daughter.

> "'Her heart soon blinded both her eyes,
> And she could see no more.'

"She was hurried from the room, and never again, I believe, beheld the face of her child. That mother now

keeps, or lately kept, a small public house at Syston; and that daughter is now the *Duchess de Sforza*, and wife of one of the most accomplished and best descended men in Europe."

In a note to this interesting passage, the author (Mr. Potter) adds:—

"It may gratify some of the readers of the *Walks* to know something of the origin of the family of him who has carried off the *belle* of Burton. The founder of the illustrious house of Sforza, Giacumuzzo Sforza, was born in 1369, at Atignola, in Romagna. He was originally a peasant, and being one day at work, he was solicited to enlist for a soldier, when, throwing his spade into a tree, he said he would enlist if the spade did not come down again. It did not, and he immediately engaged in that military life which afterwards rendered him so famous. His son became Duke of Milan; and Catherine de Sforza, a heroine of this family, was united to one of the Medicis.

THE LADY MARY HASTINGS.

The Hastings family has been remarkable for the number of distinguished women it has produced. Not a generation has passed in which one, at least, of this time-honoured line has not been eminent, either for personal beauty, great mental attainments, or devoted piety. When the first Marquis of Hastings pulled down the old hall at Donington Park, in order to erect the present chaste and beautiful edifice, a great number of old family portraits was discovered in a lumber-room, buried under a heap of tattered tapestry, which appeared to have been of exquisite design and execution. One of these portraits — that of a lady — was considered worthy of rescue from the wreck. It owed this distinction to a pair of eyes, of surpassing loveliness, that peered through the dust of two centuries. On being cleaned and restored, the wondrous beauty of the face, and the striking grace of the form, rendered it one of those pictures at which—

> He who observes it, ere he passes on,
> Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
> That he may call it up when far away.

The costume and head-dress afforded grounds for concluding that it was a painting of the time of Elizabeth; but it was not even conjectured who the

fair subject had been. The portrait, however, became an especial favourite with Lord Forbes, the youthful nephew of Lord Hastings; and one day, when viewing it in a strong light, he discovered that what had always been supposed to be a dog at the lady's feet, was, in fact, *a crown*. This discovery led to the conclusion that the person represented must have been the Lady Arabella Stuart; and the connexion of the Hastings family with the house of Talbot very easily accounted for Lady Arabella's portrait being there. It was, therefore, long believed to be hers; but that this was an erroneous conclusion, will scarcely be doubted by any one who reads the following singular narrative of *Sir Jerome Horsey*:—

"Juan Vassillivich, Great Duke and Emperor of Russia, having a desire to marry an English lady, was told of the LADY MARY HASTINGS, daughter to the Earl of Huntingdon, whom, being of the blood royal [descended from George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence], he began to affect: whereupon, making his desires known to Queen Elizabeth (who did well approve thereof), he sent over Theodore Piffemshoie, a nobleman of great account, his ambassador, who, in the name of his master, offered great and advantageous terms to the Queen, providing the marriage took effect, and promised that the issue by this lady should inherit. The ambassador thus arriving in England was magnificently entertained, and admitted to audience. The Queen hereupon caused the Lady to be attended with divers ladies and young noblemen, that so the ambassador might have a sight of her, which was accomplished in York-house garden, near Charing-cross, London. There was he (attended also with divers men of quality) brought before her, and casting down his countenance, fell prostrate before her; and, rising back,

with his face still towards her, the lady, with the rest, admiring at this strange salutation, he said, by an interpreter, "it sufficed him to behold the angelical presence of her, whom he hoped should be his master's spouse and empress," seeming ravished with her angelical countenance, state, and beauty. She was after that, by her friends in court, called the *Empress of Moscovia.* But the Queen, as well as the young lady, understanding (according to the laws of those countries) he might put away his wife when he pleased, took occasion to put a stop to that overture."*

This passage leaves no doubt as to who was the original of this remarkable portrait—the crown at the lady's feet being evidently an allusion to her having rejected a royal offer. Whether the painting is now at Donington Park, or Loudoun Castle, we are unable to say; but, be it where it will, it is one of the most interesting, as well as intrinsically valuable, pictures of its class.

* "Observations on Certain Transactions in Russia," by Sir Jerome Horsey. Lond. 1564.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE SECOND DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE writer of romance has ever been accused of sacrificing, not only the probable, but the possible, to the marvellous—of concocting fable that could have no foundation in fact—describing scenes that could not have occurred, and depicting character that could not have existed—of building, in a word, on the slippery sands of fiction alone, regardless alike of reason and reality. Is such, however, precisely his position? The most incomprehensible of his stories have been paralleled in every-day life; and wonderful though his narrations, and wild and fanciful his dreamings, the historian and the biographer bear ample testimony that he is not altogether a visionary. The pages of both disclose circumstances which have absolutely occurred, as strange as the strangest to be found in the pages of romance—as difficult to be accounted for, and as hard to be credited. Of these singular realities, one of the most remarkable was an adventure which befel the second Duke of Marlborough nearly a hundred years ago, in the time of George the Second—an adventure which remains to this day entirely unexplained. His Grace was Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland, and second Duke of Marlborough, grandson of the hero of Blenheim. He had himself attained

high military reputation, and had fought with distinction at Dettingen.

Towards the end of November, in the year 1757, the Duke received by the post a letter, directed "To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with care and speed." It was well and forcibly written, demanding of the Duke to provide for the writer "a genteel support for his life, or that his own (the Duke's) would be at a period *before the session of parliament passed!*" "I have more motives than one," said the writer, "for singling you out upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic." He then proceeds to demand an interview with his Grace "on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday), near the first tree beyond the style in Hyde-park, in the foot-walk to Kensington," and concludes by enjoining secresy on the part of the Duke. The letter was signed "Felton." It contained a postscript, intimating that his Grace should come unattended.

The Duke, in compliance with this strange remonstrance, appeared at the time and place appointed, on horseback and alone, with pistols before him, and the star of his order displayed, that he might be the more easily known. He had likewise taken the precaution of engaging a friend to attend in the park, at such a distance, however, as hardly to be observable. He continued some time on the spot, without seeing any person that he could suppose to have been the author of the letter, and at length rode away; but, chancing to look back when he reached Hyde-park corner, he perceived a man standing at the bridge, close to the tree described. The Duke immediately rode back, and bowing to the stranger, asked if he had not something

to communicate to him? The man replied, "No; I don't know you." The Duke told him his name, adding, "Now you know me, I imagine you have something to say to me;" but he still replied in the negative, and the Duke then rode home.

In a day or two after, another letter was brought to his Grace, couched in the following terms:—

"My Lord,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality on Sunday last, though it was owing to you it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless, and too conspicuous. You needed no attendant—the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended."

The writer proceeds to make a second appointment, "in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next. Your sagacity," he says, "will point out the person, whom you will address, by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with the name and place of his abode. According to which direction, you will please to send two or three hundred pounds bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.

"I am, &c. "F."

The Duke, resolving, if possible, to unveil this mystery, repaired to the Abbey at the time prescribed, and after waiting a few minutes, saw the very same person to whom he had spoken in Hyde Park enter the Abbey with another man of creditable appearance. The latter, after having viewed some of the monuments, went into the choir, and the other, turning back, ad-

vanced towards the Duke, who, accosting him, asked if he had anything to communicate. "No, my lord," replied the man, "I have not." "Surely you have," said the Duke; but he persisted in his denial, and the Duke again retired. Not long, however, after this second disappointment, the Duke received a third letter, signed "Anonymous," to the following effect:—

"My Lord,

"I am convinced you had a companion on Sunday I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects, whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to; in consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait upon your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers."

After further menaces, the writer concludes:—

"You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."

The expression "You will see me again soon, as it were by accident," plainly pointed out the person to whom the Duke spoke in the Park and in the Abbey; nevertheless, he saw the person not again, nor did his Grace hear anything further of the affair for two months, at the expiration of which the post brought him the following letter:—

"May it please your Grace,

"I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon-buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your

safety: his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately. It would be useless to your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

"Your sincere friend,

"ANONYMOUS.

"He frequently goes to Storey's Gate Coffee House."

In about a week afterwards, the Duke sent a person to the coffee-house to inquire for Mr. Barnard, and to tell him his Grace would be glad to speak to him. The message was delivered, and Barnard himself appointed to wait on the Duke the following Thursday. He was punctual in attendance, and no sooner appeared than his Grace recognised his old acquaintance of the Park and the Abbey. The Duke, struck with astonishment, repeated the inquiry he had formerly made, but was again answered in the negative. He then communicated to Barnard minutely the whole of the affair, to which he listened with attention and surprise, without exhibiting either guilt or confusion. When he saw the fourth letter, wherein his own name was mentioned, with the circumstance of his father's absence, he said, "It is very odd, my father was then out of town!" an expression the more remarkable, as the letter was without date, and he could not be supposed to know when it was written, if he was innocent. The Duke at length dismissed him, but he was afterwards taken into custody and tried at the Old Bailey, for sending a threatening letter to the Duke of Marlborough, but was acquitted, having satisfactorily established his innocence. Mr. Barnard proved, first, that on the Sunday when he saw the Duke in Hyde Park, he was on his way to Kensington on particular business by his father's order, signified to him that very morning; that he dined with

his uncle there, in a large company, to whom he related what had passed between the Duke of Marlborough and himself; that his being afterwards in Westminster Abbey was the effect of mere accident; that Mr. James Greenwood, his kinsman, who had slept the preceding night at his father's house, desired him to dress himself, that they might walk together in the Park, and that he did not comply with his request without much solicitation; that he proposed to enter the Park without passing through the Abbey, but was prevailed upon by Mr. Greenwood, who expressed a desire of seeing the newly erected monument of General Hargrave; that as he had formerly communicated to his friend the strange circumstance of the Duke's speaking to him in the Park, Mr. Greenwood no sooner saw that nobleman in the Abbey, than he gave notice to Mr. Barnard, who was very short-sighted—and that, from his Grace passing them several times, concluding that he wanted to speak to Mr. Barnard alone, he (Greenwood) quitted him, and retired into the choir. It likewise appeared, from undoubted evidence, that Barnard often mentioned openly to his friends and acquaintances what passed between him and the Duke in the Park and the Abbey; that he was himself a person of respectability, not in any want of money; that his fidelity was frequently tried; and that his life was irreproachable. To complete the mystery, the Duke of Marlborough died within the year, "before the session had expired."

LAURENCE, EARL FERRERS.

Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers, whose trial excited more public interest than almost any other on record, was descended from a very ancient and distinguished family, allied to the Royal House of Plantagenet. His father was the Hon. Laurence Shirley, fourth son of the first Earl; and his mother, one of the daughters of Sir Walter Clarges, Bart. Through his grandmother, Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Laurence Washington, of Garsden, his lordship represented a branch of the family which, in after times, became illustrious as that of the American President; and, by female descent, he was the representative of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite. The estates he inherited were considerable; his abilities of no mean order; and everything seemed to combine to brighten the prospect before him. But a violent temper, maddened to fury when influenced by intoxication, marred all these gifts of fortune, and at last brought the unhappy nobleman to an ignominious death. Many, impressed with the strongest conviction of the Earl's insanity, have condemned the verdict which consigned him to the scaffold; and we feel assured that, in our own lenient times, the doubt that did exist would have inclined the scales to mercy. The main cause of the

rejection of the plea of insanity was the extraordinary skill and acumen displayed by his lordship in the examination of the witnesses; and it must be conceded, even by the firmest advocates of the Earl's lunacy, that, most generally, his fury arose from the excitement of drinking, and that, occasionally, his mind exhibited strength and clearness. Before entering on the fatal story of the murder, we will detail a few incidents that exemplify the Earl's ungovernable passion.

In the year 1752, he had married the sister of Sir William Meredith, Bart., of Henbury, Cheshire—a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, but he behaved with such cruelty that her ladyship was obliged to apply to Parliament for redress: the consequence was, that an act passed for allowing her a separate maintenance, to be raised out of the estates.

At the Derby races, in 1756, Lord Ferrers ran his mare against a military friend's horse for 50*l.*, and was the winner. After the race, he spent the evening with some gentlemen, and, in the course of conversation, the Captain (who had heard that his lordship's mare was with foal) proposed, in a jocose manner, to run his horse against her at the expiration of seven months. Lord Ferrers was so affronted by this circumstance, which he conceived to have arisen from a preconcerted plan to insult him, that he quitted Derby at three o'clock in the morning, and went immediately to his seat at Stanton Harold, in Leicestershire. He rang his bell as soon as he awoke, and, a servant attending, he asked if he knew how the Captain came to be informed his mare was with foal. The servant declared that he was ignorant of the matter, but the groom might have told it, and the groom being called, he denied having given any information respecting the matter. Previously to the affront presumed to have been given on the pre-

ceding evening, Lord Ferrers had invited the Captain and the rest of the company to dine with him as on that day; but they all refused their attendance, though he sent a servant to remind them that they had promised to come. Lord Ferrers was so enraged at this disappointment, that he kicked and horsewhipped his servants, and threw at them such articles as lay within his reach.

Some oysters had been sent from London, which not proving good, his lordship directed one of the servants to swear that the carrier had changed them; but the servant declining to take such an oath, the Earl flew into a rage, stabbed him in the breast with a knife, cut his head with a candlestick, and kicked him on the groin with such severity, that he was under the surgeon's care for several years afterwards.

Lord Ferrers's brother and his wife paying a visit to him and his Countess at Stanton Harold, a casual dispute arose between the parties; and Lady Ferrers being absent from the room, the Earl ran up stairs with a large clasp-knife in his hand, and asked a servant whom he met, where his lady was. The man said, "In her own room;" and, being directed to follow him thither, Lord Ferrers ordered him to load a brace of pistols with bullets. This order was complied with; but the servant, apprehensive of mischief, declined priming the pistols, which Lord Ferrers discovering, swore at him, asked him for powder, and primed them himself. He then threatened that if he did not immediately go and shoot his brother the captain, he would blow his brains out. The servant hesitating, his lordship pulled the trigger of one of the pistols, but it missed fire. Hereupon the Countess dropped on her knees, and begged him to appease his passion; but in return he swore at her, and threatened her destruction if she opposed him.

The servant now escaped from the room, and reported what had passed to his lordship's brother, who immediately called his wife from her bed, and they left the house, though it was then two o'clock in the morning.

The unfortunate Mr. Johnson, the last sacrifice to the Earl's passion, had been bred up in the family from his youth, and was distinguished by the regular manner in which he kept his accounts, and his fidelity as a steward. When the law had decreed a separate maintenance for the Countess, Mr. Johnson was proposed as receiver of the rents for her use; but he declined the office, till urged to take it by the Earl himself. It appears that Johnson now stood high in his lordship's favour; but this state of feeling endured for a brief period only: the Earl soon conceived an opinion that Johnson had combined with the trustees to disappoint him of a contract for some coal-mines, and he came to a resolution to destroy him. The Earl's displeasure was first evinced by his sending notice to Johnson to quit a beneficial farm which he held under him; but Johnson producing a lease granted by the trustees, no further steps were taken in the affair. After this, Lord Ferrers behaved in so affable a manner to Johnson, that the latter imagined all thoughts of revenge had subsided; but on the 13th of January, 1760, his lordship called on Johnson, who lived about half a mile from his seat, and bade him come to Stanton, between three and four in the afternoon of the Friday following. His lordship's family consisted at this time of a gentlewoman named Clifford, with four of her natural children, three maid-servants, and five men-servants, exclusive of an old man and a boy. After dinner, on the Friday, Lord Ferrers sent all the men-

servants out of the house, and desired Mrs. Clifford to go with the children to the house of her father, at the distance of about two miles. Johnson coming to his appointment, one of the maids let him in, and he was admitted into his lordship's room. In about an hour after, a female domestic, hearing some high words, went to the door to see if she could discover what was doing; she listened, and heard the Earl say, "Down upon your knees—your time is come—you must die!" and presently after heard a pistol go off. His lordship, apparently alarmed at the act he had committed, called for aid, and the servants, on reaching the room, discovered the steward, shot through the body, weltering in his blood. Lord Ferrers, under a momentary touch of compassion, gave directions that the poor man should be led to bed, and that Mr. Kirkland, the surgeon, should be brought from Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

At the request of the wounded man, a person was also despatched for his children. Miss Johnson, the eldest daughter, immediately came, and was followed by the surgeon, to whom Lord Ferrers said, "I intended to have shot him dead, but, since he is still alive, you must do what you can for him." The surgeon soon found that Johnson had been mortally wounded, but, knowing the Earl's fierce disposition, and dreading similar consequences to himself, he dissembled the matter, and told him that there was no danger in the case. Hereupon, the Earl drank himself into a state of intoxication, and then went to bed; after which Mr. Johnson was sent to his own house in a chair, at two o'clock in the morning, and died at nine. Mr. Kirkland being convinced that Johnson could not live, procured a number of persons to secure the murderer. When they arrived at Stanton Harold, Lord Ferrers was just risen, and going

toward the stables with his garters in his hand, but, observing the people, he retired to the house, and shifted from place to place, so that it was a considerable time before he was taken. This happened on a Saturday, and he was conveyed to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and confined at the public-house till the Monday following, when the coroner's jury having sat on the body, and delivered a verdict of "wilful murder," his lordship was committed to the gaol of Leicester. After remaining in the above place about a fortnight, he proceeded to London in his own landau. His behaviour on the journey evinced the utmost composure; on his arrival he was taken before the House of Peers, where, the verdict of the coroner's jury being read, he was committed to the Tower.

His lordship's place of confinement was the Round Tower, near the drawbridge. Two wardens constantly attended in his room, and one waited at the door. At the bottom of the stairs two soldiers were placed, with their bayonets fixed, and a third stood on the drawbridge. The gates of the Tower were shut an hour before the usual time, during his imprisonment. Mrs. Clifford soon after brought her four children to London, and taking lodgings in Tower-street, sent messages to his lordship several times in the day: to these he replied, but the communication became so troublesome, that the intercourse was much restricted.

While in the Tower, Lord Ferrers lived in a regular manner. His breakfast consisted of a muffin and a basin of tea, with a spoonful of brandy in it; after dinner and supper he drank a pint of wine, mixed with water. His conduct in general was becoming, but he sometimes exhibited evident proofs of discomposure of mind. His natural children were permitted to be with him for some

time; but Mrs. Clifford was denied admittance, after repeated applications.

The necessary preparations being completed, and Lord Henley (the Chancellor) created High Steward, the trial came on before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th of April, 1769. The proof of the fact was sufficiently clear; and by the unanimous voice of the Peers his lordship was found guilty of murder: the Lord High Steward thereupon passed sentence, that he should be executed on the 21st of April, a sentence that was respited to the 5th of May.

During his imprisonment the earl made a will, leaving sixty pounds a year to Mrs. Clifford, a thousand pounds to each of his natural daughters, and thirteen hundred pounds to the children of Mr. Johnson; but this last legacy, which should have been the first discharged, was never paid. His lordship petitioned to be beheaded within the Tower; but as the crime was so atrocious, the king refused to mitigate the sentence. A scaffold was erected under the gallows at Tyburn, and covered with black baize: a part of this scaffold, on which he was to stand, was raised eighteen inches above the rest.

About nine o'clock on the morning of execution, the sheriffs attended at the Tower-gate; and Lord Ferrers being told they were come, requested that he might go in his own landau instead of a mourning-coach which had been prepared for him. No objection being made to this request, he entered the landau, attended by the Rev. Mr. Humphries, Chaplain of the Tower. His lordship was dressed in a white suit, richly embroidered with silver. When he put it on, he said, "This is the suit in which I was married, and in which I will die." Mr. Sheriff Vaillant joined them at the Tower-gate, and, taking his seat in the landau, told him how

disagreeable it was to wait on him on so awful an occasion, but that he would endeavour to render his situation as little irksome as possible. The procession now moved slowly through an immense crowd of spectators. On their way, Lord Ferrers asked Mr. Vaillant if he had ever seen such a crowd; the sheriff replied in the negative; to which the unhappy Peer replied, "I suppose it is because they never saw a lord hanged before." The Chaplain observing that the public would be naturally inquisitive about his lordship's religious opinions, he replied: "That he did not think himself accountable to the world for his sentiments on religion; but that he always believed in one God, the maker of all things; that, whatever were his religious notions, he had never propagated them; that all countries had a form of religion, by which the people were governed, and whoever disturbed them in it he considered as an enemy to society; that he thought Lord Bolingbroke to blame for permitting his sentiments on religion to be published to the world;" and he made other observations of a like nature.

Respecting the death of Mr. Johnson, he said—"he was under particular circumstances, and had met with so many crosses and vexations, that he scarce knew what he did;" but declared that he had no malice against the unfortunate man. So immense was the crowd, that it was near three hours before the procession reached the place of execution; on the way to which, Lord Ferrers desired to stop to have a glass of wine and water; but the sheriff observing that it would only draw a greater crowd about him, he replied, "That is true; by no means stop." He likewise observed, that the preliminary apparatus of death produced more terror than death itself. As they went on, a letter was thrown into the coach; it was from the Earl's mistress, to tell him

that it was impossible, from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney coach of such a number. He begged Mr. Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney coach up to his. "My Lord," said that gentleman, "you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is a pity to venture unmanning yourself." To this the Earl answered, "If you, sir, think I am wrong, I submit:" after which he gave the sheriff a pocket-book containing a bank-note, with a ring, and a purse of guineas, which were afterwards delivered to the unhappy woman. The procession was attended by a party of horse-grenadiers and foot-guards, and at the place of execution was met by another party of horse, which formed a circle round the gallows. His lordship walked up the steps of the scaffold with great composure, and having joined with the chaplain in repeating the Lord's Prayer, which he called a fine composition, he spoke the following words with great fervency—"O God forgive me all my errors! pardon all my sins!" He then presented his watch to Mr. Vaillant, and gave five guineas to the assistant of the executioner, by mistake, instead of to the executioner himself. The master demanded the money; a dispute arose, which might have discomposed the dying man, had not the sheriff exerted his authority. The executioner now proceeded to do his duty. Lord Ferrers' neckcloth was taken off, a white cap, which he had brought in his pocket, put on his head, his arms secured with a black sash, and the halter put round his neck. He then ascended the raised part of the scaffold, and the cap being pulled over his face, the sheriff gave the signal, on which the raised scaffold was struck, and remained level with the rest. After hanging an hour and five minutes, the body was received into a coffin lined with white satin, and conveyed

to Surgeons' Hall, where an incision was made from the neck to the bottom of the breast, and the bowels were taken out; on inspection of which, the surgeons declared that they had never beheld greater signs of long life in any subject which had come under their notice. His lordship's hat and the halter lay near the Earl's feet in the coffin, on the lid of which appeared these words:—

LAURENCE, EARL FERRERS, Suffered
5 May, 1760.

After the body had remained some time at Surgeons' Hall for public inspection, it was delivered to the deceased's friends for interment. It would be injustice to the memory of this unfortunate nobleman not to mention, that during his imprisonment he made pecuniary recompence to several persons whom he had injured during the extravagance of those fits of passion to which he was unhappily subject.

His lordship's widow married, in nine years after, Lord Frederick Campbell, 3rd son of John, 4th Duke of Argyll, and lived, highly respected, to an advanced age. She was unfortunately burnt to death at Combe Bank, in Kent, 25 July, 1807.

THE POERS OR POWERS OF WATERFORD.

THE ancient family of Power, or Le Poer, of the county of Waterford, in Ireland, derives its descent from Robert le Poer, marshal of King Henry II., and one of the suite of that monarch when he repaired to the sister kingdom, in 1172. The marshal obtained from his prince a district in the subjugated shire of Waterford; and here his descendants widely extended themselves, and have ever maintained a prominent position. In 1346, we find John le Poer, with others of his name, giving security to the Lord Justice Birmingham, for their peaceable behaviour to the king and his ministers—a circumstance proving that, like other Norman knights, they had, to a certain extent, set up for themselves an independent rule, and, as feudal lords, were exercising a separate sovereignty. Three centuries afterwards, in the time of the Commonwealth, the Le Poers were divided into the three great houses of Kilmeaden, Don Isle, and Curraghmore, and of all three the history, at this period, is one of the deepest romance. We take it up at the time when Cromwell, having subdued the northern parts of the island, and filled the minds of the natives with terror, by his merciless desolation of Tredah or Drogheda, had marched his forces southwards to complete his conquests.

His sternest opposition he found everywhere from the descendants of the original English settlers.

Tradition yet preserves, in the minds of the Irish, the relentless severity of the favourite general of the Parliament; and many of the more obvious traits of his character are distinctly remembered. It was his custom, they tell us, to mark out the route of the army, and to assign to his subordinates in command the duty of carrying out his arrangements. Meanwhile, he himself, as though impatient of delay, or hurried on by the spirit of adventure, would ride off, attended by some cavalry, and visit the castles and villages of the surrounding country. Here he levied contributions, received submissions—or proceeded to the most summary measures, if resisted. Death to the proprietor, and confiscation of his lands, were his ordinary proceedings in such a case; but these penalties were seldom called for, as the terror of his name, in almost every instance, ensured an immediate surrender of whatever place his soldiers summoned. In fact, it were madness for any single fortalice to have offered resistance. Should his dragoons be beaten off, Cromwell straightway ordered up fresh detachments from the main army; and, as soon as the castle fell, its defenders were indiscriminately put to the sword. Thus continued he in his course of unchecked victory, until he reached the castle of Kilmeaden, situated on the River Suir, five miles above the important city of Waterford; and here, for awhile, his onward progress was stayed.

The manor of Kilmeaden extended over considerably more than the modern parish of the same name, and stretched from above the city of Waterford towards the west, to the sea-shore at Tramore. Robert le Poer, the proprietor, had strongly fortified his castle; and, undismayed by the rumours of the prowess of Cromwell, he

met his demand to surrender by an indignant refusal. The siege commenced, and, for a whole week, the fortress baffled the English general; but the walls were breached, and the place was taken by storm. Le Poer himself, after deeds of heroism that might have won the victor's admiration, was taken prisoner, and was brought into Cromwell's presence. No time was allowed him for shrive or penance. He was instantly suspended from one of his own trees. The castle was wholly dismantled, and the lands parcelled out among the soldiery. The ancient deed of assignment is still in existence, and we perceive, on the face of it, that the original grantees must have been of the lowest class—at least, they were wholly illiterate, for they were unable to subscribe their names. From them it was conveyed, by purchase, to John Ottrington, Esq., whose tomb yet exists in the church of Kilmeaden. He was grandfather of Elizabeth, Viscountess Doneraile, by whom the present noble Lord of that name yet enjoys this property.

The Kilmeaden branch of the Le Poers thus being exterminated, Cromwell once more left his army to advance by regular marches, while he himself proceeded with his dragoons to attack Curraghmore, another residence of the family. Hating the very name, he had already decided the fate of its lord, should he imitate the spirited resistance of his kinsman. The Lord of Curraghmore was a widower, and the pride of his heart (though he had sons) was a daughter, famed in the country round for her beauty, wit, and fascinating accomplishments. But the maiden had higher endowments than those of her person. She had shrewd common sense, and a more accurate judgment of passing events than her own good sire. While he, therefore, prepared to resist to the death, she resolved

that, by a timely submission, she would keep him, *nolens volens*, in the possession of life and lands. The chief difficulty was to be found in her old father's stern resolve, to perish in the ruins of his castle, sooner than surrender it; and all her gentlest blandishments—all her softest words—were expended in vain as she sought to shake his purpose.

"No, Alice!" said the old knight, as he fondly played with the long silken tresses that flowed down his daughter's graceful neck, even to her waist: "no! the King-killer shall never beard honester men than himself. Let him come with his Roundhead pack, an' he will; but the guns of Curraghmore shall give him no welcome. When he hears their voices, methinks it will be less pleasant music. The leathern doublets will be scattered like the wind-driven leaves of Autumn, or else——."

"Or else, dear father, Kilmeaden's fate will be ours; and our old home will have its ruins upturned by the ploughshare!"

"Kilmeaden perished gloriously," replied the lord of Curraghmore, "albeit the traitor deemed he consigned him to a disgraceful death. But our good cousin should have died within his trenches. If no hand, whether of friend or foe, would have dealt the kindly thrust, his own might have done it. He had terminated his brave work befittingly, and had died as a soldier should have died."

Such was one of the many conversations the knightly owner of Curraghmore had with his favourite child, and all others were of the same import. To her entreaty to save himself by submitting, he evermore opposed his invincible determination to die, if he could not live free. To her suggestion that he should feign his acknowledgment of the Parliament, he simply replied, that false-

hood was unworthy of his birth and lineage. To her mention of Cromwell's vengeance, he hurled his defiance of the usurper. The time of decision came; the Commonwealth soldiery were in their neighbourhood, and scouts came in to report the probable attack of the castle on the morrow. The ready-witted maiden perceived that safety or destruction depended on her own conduct. Under pretence of inspecting the lower works of the castle, she brought her father with her into the prison-chambers, where she had previously laid provisions, and, barring him in with her own fair hands, she whispered to him that she would thus avert the consequences of his ill-timed hardihood. She then set open the castle gates, and on Cromwell's approach went forth to meet him, and placed in his hands the keys. When questioned about her father, she replied (and with truth) that he had often spoken with her about the English general's approach, and had been anxious to meet him; but that he was unwillingly absent, and doubtless at that moment was chafing with indignation at the accident which detained him. For herself, she said, she had taken on her to make the most unreserved submission of the place to the Parliament, and therefore claimed confirmation of the property, and protection at all times, if necessary. Cromwell, thus baffled, was constrained to sign the proper letters. Curraghmore was secured to this branch of the Le Poers; and in our day is the property of their descendant and representative, the high-spirited and patriotic Marquis of Waterford.

From Curraghmore, without halting at intermediate places, Cromwell proceeded to the remaining seat of the Le Poers, Don Isle, a castle built on a steep crag, adjoining the sea-coast, and, from its position, almost impregnable. The rock on which the castle was

founded seems to have been intended by nature for such a work. It rises steeply from the midst of a low valley, to the height of a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet, is everywhere precipitous, and in some parts cleanly perpendicular. Its brow is amply sufficient for the fortress and its necessary works; and, seen from beneath, these appear like a coronet of towers hung on the summit of the bare, insulated crag. Ryland, the historian of Waterford, thus minutely describes the works:—

"The castle of Don Isle might be considered inaccessible on two sides; and where it was liable to be approached, its defences appear to have possessed a considerable degree of artificial strength. The only vulnerable part was well defended by a strong wall and deep fosse, which enclosed a court-yard of about fifty yards square; the mason-work of the wall can still be traced through its whole course. After entering the court-yard, the passage to the castle was ascended by a steep flight of stone steps, which led to a gate defended by a portcullis; the arch of the gate and the groove of the portcullis being still discernible. You then enter into a small court-yard, which appears to have contained several out-offices belonging to the castle, and, turning to the left hand into a still smaller enclosure, of about twelve feet square, the door of the castle is at length seen. All the various approaches already mentioned are carefully defended by loop-holes and embrasures; and on entering the castle itself, the usual square trap-door is observed over the passage, which gave the last opportunity of defence to the besieged, and from which, in the obstinacy of despair, they poured down on the assailants large stones, boiling water, or any other means of annoyance which the danger might suggest. The

walls of the castle are still perfectly upright, not having yielded in the least to the encroachments of time; the castle, however, has evidently suffered from the violence of man, having been subjected to the force of gunpowder; but the square tower which crowns the summit, and which now can only be ascended by a ladder, the stairs having been designedly destroyed, is as perfect as if erected within these few years. The church, which lies at the distance of about three hundred yards west of the castle, and which was evidently attached to the building, appears to have been subjected to the same barbarous violence, as the rocky firmness of the masses which formerly composed it, and which now lie scattered in various directions, clearly prove. In one instance, an entire staircase remains perfect, but the wall in which it was built has been thrown a considerable distance from its original position." Such is Don Isle; but previously to its siege and humiliation by Cromwell, its appearance must have been far more striking.

When Cromwell drew nigh the castle, his quick eye at once perceived the impossibility of making any impression on it without artillery. He halted his men, therefore, and dispatched messengers to bring up his heaviest ordnance. Meanwhile, he sent a flag of truce into the castle, demanding its surrender to the Parliament of England. The owner, at this time, was a female, and in the traditions of the Poer family, is uniformly styled "The Countess." The Countess of Don Isle sent back a prompt negative to the summons, adding that she was well prepared for resistance. We have no historical details of the siege, but the county history furnishes us with such particulars as have orally descended to our own time. There is no reason for doubting their

general correctness. The siege, it is said, was long and obstinate. The efforts of Cromwell and his soldiery were such as might have been expected from their character; while the defenders fought with a heroism, derived from a consciousness of their lady's presence, and stimulated to the utmost by the vigour of despair. Wherever danger was, there was the dauntless Countess to be seen. She shared the peril of the common sentinel; she brought food and drink with her own hand to the wearied gunners; she tended the sick; she bound up the gashes of the wounded. Hopeful, uncomplaining, and undismayed, she moved amongst them like a ministering angel, and the blessings of the dying accompanied her steps. Her chief engineer, who was also the captain of her forces, seemed worthy of such a mistress; and his well-pointed guns told with fearful precision among the ranks of the besiegers beneath. At last, Cromwell, wearied with the length of the contest, resolved on rasing the siege. He drew off a part of his forces; the rest were directed to hold themselves in readiness to go. The anxiety of the Countess had passed away, and her exhausted garrison were, like herself, preparing to snatch some undisturbed sleep. She either forgot or neglected the wants of her heroic gunner, who sent to demand refreshment for himself and his comrades, and received in return the unromantic meed of "a drink of butter milk." Incensed at what he deemed insult, if not ingratitude, he hurried to the ramparts, made signals to the retiring foe, and surrendered to them the fortress. Don Isle was then blown up with gunpowder, and the Countess perished in the ruins.

Such is the tale which has been handed down from generation to generation by the peasants in the neigh-

bourhood. It received a curious corroboration within the last few years. In digging a grave among the ruins of the old church, contiguous to the castle, a statue of a female, cut in sandstone, and bearing on its head a coronet, was discovered. The effigy is supposed to represent the heroic Countess, who so bravely defended her castle against the assaults of Cromwell.

The Poers of Belleville Park, near Cappoquin; the Powers of Affane and Mount Rivers, in the same vicinity; the Powers of Gurteen, midway between Clonmel and Carrick, are the chief representatives of this honourable name in the county of Waterford which occur to us. But doubtless there are many other lineal descendants of the Le Poers, who, either from position or property, are less known, although they have the same blood and kindred.

HENRY WELBY, ESQ., OF GAUXHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

In the reign of Charles I., a full hundred years after the suppression of Monastic orders in England, there is an instance of retirement from the world, in a gentleman of fortune, rank, and reputation, far more seclusive than that imposed by the strictest of those holy brotherhoods — not even by the monks of La Trappe, the most rigid of all, who, although they interdict communication by speech, admit the fellowship of prayer, fellowship of subsistence, and fellowship of labour, consolations from which our solitary altogether deprived himself, and lived for nearly half a century absolutely alone—not in desert, cave, or cell, but in one of the streets of London, amidst the din and turmoil of the busy denizens of a great and crowded city.

At a very remote period, there was seated in the county of Lincoln, a family of the name of Welby*—so remotely, that it is a matter of doubt whether it gave name to, or derived name from, the manor of Welby, near Grantham, in that county; certain it is, that the family enjoyed, in early times, large estates and goodly

* Still existing, and now represented by Sir William Earle Welby, Bart., of Denton Hall.

reputation, many of the Welbys representing their native county in Parliament in the times of the Henrys and Edwards, and many of them serving the office of sheriff in those days, when the shrievalty was committed to persons of the first rank and estimation only. About the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, one branch of the family became seated at Gedney, in the same county, by the purchase of that estate by Adlard Welby, who died in 1571, leaving by his first wife, Ellen Hall, two sons, Henry and Adlard. He married a second wife, and left by her both sons and daughters. The elder son by the first marriage, HENRY WELBY, having succeeded to the fortune of his father, became seated at Gauxhill, also in Lincolnshire, and married Alice, one of the daughters of Thomas White of Woodhead, in the county of Rutland, and of Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire, by Anne, his wife, sister of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

Mr. Welby, who was a gentleman of talents and acquirements, of high character for philanthropy, benevolence, and humanity, popular in his immediate neighbourhood, and esteemed wherever known, is the individual whose extraordinary withdrawal from the world we are now about to relate. By his wife he had one only child, a daughter, Elizabeth; and it would appear that, before he reached his fortieth year, he had become a widower. At this period, a most unfortunate circumstance occurred, which induced Mr. Welby to form, inflexibly, the resolution of abandoning the world and all its pomps and vanities; and to that resolution he firmly adhered for more than forty years, the remainder of his long life.

The unhappy occurrence to which we have alluded, and the cause to which Mr. Welby's singular resolve is attributed, was an attempt made upon his life by a pro-

fligate kinsman, from whom he was fortunate enough to rescue a pistol which had missed fire, and which had been highly loaded with slugs. This circumstance so deeply affected his over-sensitive disposition, that he determined at the instant to prevent the recurrence of a similar attempt, by withdrawing himself altogether from intercourse with his fellows; and how strictly he persevered in doing so to the day of his death, is shown by the following details:—Having chosen the city of London for the place of his seclusion, he obtained a house in Grub-street, wherein he reserved for himself three apartments: the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, the third for his study—one within another; and the while his diet was set on the table by one of his servants, an old maiden, he retired into his lodging chamber, and, while his bed was making, into his study. Thus keeping so closely retired, that for full forty years he was never seen, except by the old woman, and by her but rarely and upon occasions of great necessity. During the whole of more than twoscore years, neither daughter, son-in-law, grandchild, kinsman, stranger, tenant, nor servant, had a single glance of him beside. The old woman, Elizabeth, ministered to all his wants, made his fire, provided his food, and dressed his chamber. He never touched flesh or fish, never drank either wine or strong water, his chief sustenance being oatmeal boiled with water, and, in summer time, a salad of some choice herbs.

"For dainties, or when he would feast himself, he would eat the yolk of an egg, but no part of the white; and what bread he did eat, he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but of the crust he never touched: his general drink was four-shilling beer, and no other; and now when his stomach served him, he ate some kind of suckets, and now and then drank redde cowe's milke,

which his maid, Elizabeth, fetched for him out of the fields, hot from the cow; and yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, with entertainment sufficient for any stranger or tenant that had any occasion or business to his house."

His time was regularly divided between reading, meditation, and prayer. He purchased every new book that was published, most of which, upon slight examination, he rejected. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great portion of his income in acts of benevolence and was continually inquiring after deserving objects. In the Christmas holydays, at Easter, and upon other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all sorts of seasonable dishes, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; when he himself (after thanks given to God for his good benefits) would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white holland sleeves, which reached to his elbow, called for his knife, and cutting dish after dish up in order, send one to one poor neighbour, one to another, whether they were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; then would he give thanks again, lay by his linen, put up his knife, and cause his cloth to be taken away: and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever; and this custom he kept to his dying day.

Mr. Welby died on the 29th of October, 1636, and lies buried in St. Giles's Church, near Cripplegate. The old maid-servant died about six days before her master. He left an only daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, who married Sir Christopher Hildyard, Knight,

of Winstead, in the county of York, and left three sons, viz.: — 1. Henry, who married Lady Anne Leke, daughter of Francis, first Earl of Scarborough, and of this marriage the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt is a descendant: 2. Christopher; and 3. Sir Robert Hildyard, an eminent Royalist commander, who, for his gallant services, was made a knight banneret, and afterwards a baronet.

THE PEERAGE CREATIONS.

Among the most ancient names still extant in the English Peerage are Nevile, Berkeley, Talbot, Percy, Clifford, Hastings, Stanley, Feilding, Devereux, Bagot, Wrottesley, and Courtenay; and of those, the brilliancy of whose achievements has thrown into the shade all ancestral pretension, we may mention Seymour, Cecil, Stanhope, Churchill, Wellesley, and Nelson. The old nobility of the Plantagenets found little favour from the Tudors, whose policy seems to have been destructive of the ancient aristocracy. During their dynasty, the persecutions and sufferings of the Howards, the Staffords, the Percys, the Delapoles, and the Courtenays, are a tale full of sorrowful incidents. Queen Elizabeth was very sparing of peerage honours, and granted them only to the most distinguished of her subjects—the Sackvilles, the Carys, the Comptons, the Cecils, &c. Her successor, the first James, has, on the contrary, been blamed for his lavish profusion of titles, and a charge

brought against him, with too much truth we fear, of venality in their disposal: still, however, many a brilliant coronet was added by the Scottish monarch, especially those of Sydney, Knollys, Spencer, Egerton, Harrington, Petre, Montague, Cavendish, Villiers, and Arundel. The reign of Charles I. produced fifty-six creations, all selected from old and well-allied families; Charles II. conferred about forty-eight peerages; and James II. elevated only one family of consequence—that of Waldegrave. The Dutch favourites, Bentinck and Keppel, were among the twenty-four creations of William of Nassau; and the great political names of St. John, Harcourt, Pelham, Harley, and Cowper, lengthen the roll of hereditary honour in the time of Queen Anne. Under the first two sovereigns of the House of Hanover, the accessions to the higher branch of the legislature amounted to about fifty-six, among which were several statesmen and lawyers of eminence, and some few of our present most distinguished titles—Northumberland, Fitzwilliam, and Warwick. The lengthened reign of George III. added more than one hundred and eighty new members to the House of Lords; George IV. still further increased the number by forty-five creations; and William IV. by about fifty. By her present Majesty, thirty-seven additions have been made.

THE

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

"Of the family of Bowes," we quote from Surtees's History of Durham, "an account, said to be taken from the Chartulary of St. Mary's Abbey, York, states the first ancestor to have been a cousin of an Earl of Richmond, Alan the Black, who appointed him captain of the *Tower of Bowes*, and leader of five hundred archers. The heralds, however, begin the genealogy with Sir Adam Bowes, a successful lawyer, and Chief Justice in Eyre, who married the heiress of Trayne towards 1310, and was the ancestor of a line of knightly rank, who intermarried with the first nobility of the north—Greystock, Fitzhugh, Conyers, Eure, and Clifford; and, what is more singular, were distinguished by civil or military talent in every successive generation."

It will not here be attempted to trace the various wars, or the councils, in which the descendants of Sir Adam Bowes took part. Yet one member of the family was so distinguished by his loyalty, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as to demand a passing notice:—

> Now was the North in arms: they shine
> In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne

At Percy's voice; and Neville sees
His followers gathering in from Tees,
From Were, and all the little rills
Conceal'd among the forked hills.*

Now was it, when the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland had unfurled the banner of the five wounds of Christ against the protestant Queen, that Sir George Bowes, almost alone, of all the Northern chivalry, was vigorous and successful in opposing the insurgents:

Then Sir George Bowes, he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
These noble Earls turn'd back againe,
And aye they vow'd that Knight to take.†

Descended from this loyal knight was George Bowes, M.P. for the county of Durham, who expired in 1760, leaving to an only daughter and heiress, then aged but eleven years, the maintenance of a high position, and the enjoyment of vast estates. That the friends of a young lady, whose situation would attract to her the attentions of so many, should be anxious to secure for her an early and honourable alliance, was most natural: accordingly, it is no matter of surprise to find that, on attaining her eighteenth birth-day, Mary Eleanor Bowes was married to John Lyon, 9th Earl of Strathmore, a representative peer from Scotland in the British Parliament. Tradition records that the Earl was a good-natured, commonplace man, and a most indulgent husband; but it adds, that his domestic happiness was not promoted by his union with the young heiress of Streathlam

* Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone."
† The old ballad called "The Rising of the North."

Castle and Gibside. Lord Strathmore, on his marriage, assumed the name of Bowes, and this surname was borne, in right of their mother, by the three sons and two daughters who survived to lament him.

The Earl died at Lisbon, in the early part of 1776, and the Countess, after a ten-months' widowhood, was married to Mr. Andrew Robinson Stoney, who also took the name of Bowes.

The following picture of the bride and bridegroom, with an account of the circumstances producing their marriage, is extracted from a lately-published "Sketch of Lords Stowell and Eldon,"* to whom, in early life, the friendship of the Bowes family had been serviceable.

"Mr. Stoney, the Long Wellesley of a lower tone and station, was a native of Ireland, where, in the county of Tipperary, his family were creditably established; and he is believed to have, in 1763, at the age of twenty-eight, come to Newcastle-upon-Tyne with the 30th regiment, in which he held the rank of a lieutenant. Showy without learning, cunning without prudence, and ambitious without perseverance, he brought with him a pleasing address and person, and the eloquence, wit, and assurance, which are said to be indigenous to the country of his birth. Miss Newton, a lady of fortune in the county of Durham, was the first victim of his unfeeling, unprincipled conduct. She was married to him in 1763; but her disappointments and sufferings were not of prolonged endurance—an early grave closed over a broken heart.

"After this he contrived, by means which shall be in part recounted, to cast his net round Lady Strathmore, and draw her into a marriage.

* By W. E. Surtees, D.C.L.

"But, as we have already been introduced to Stoney, let us now take a glance at his prey.

"Aged at this time about thirty, Lady Strathmore had a graceful figure, somewhat inclining to *embonpoint*, and her general appearance was prepossessing. Of botany, her knowledge was most extensive, and her garden is said to have been a very paradise. For poetry, she had cultivated a taste naturally delicate, and had acquired many languages; but the language of books was the only one, to which she had ever been accustomed, that did not speak the words of flattery. Her intellect had been educated, but not her character; and a prosperity, unregulated by the restraints of religion, portended an adversity which should be unsupported by its consolations.

"Just before her marriage with Stoney, some virulent attacks had been made on the Countess in the *Morning Post* newspaper; and it has since been presumed that Stoney was the concealed author of them. On their appearance, however, he, according to a preconcerted arrangement, called out Bate,* the editor, for attacking the immaculate virtue of the lady to whom he was devoted; and then pretended to be wounded in the conflict, having probably given himself a scratch or two, in order to act his part the better.

"On this occasion, Lady Strathmore is said to have evinced, by the composition of the following lines, that the Muses had not been ungrateful for the cultivation which she had bestowed upon them. Alas,

* Being a clergyman of the Church of England, he obtained the nickname of "Parson Bate;" disliking which, he took the surname of Dudley, and was made a Baronet by the favour of George IV.

that their aid should have been invoked in such a cause!

Unmoved Maria saw the splendid suite
Of rival captives sighing at her feet,
Till, in her cause, his sword young Stoney drew,
And to revenge the gallant wooer flew:
Bravest amongst the brave! and first to prove,
By death or conquest, who best knew to love!
But pale and faint the wounded lover lies,
While more than pity fills Maria's eyes.
In her soft breast, where passion long had strove,
Resistless sorrow fix'd the reign of Love.
'Dear youth,' she cries, 'we meet no more to part,
Then take thy honours due—my bleeding heart!'

"The duel scene was successfully performed on the 13th of January, 1777; and, on the 17th of that month, Lady Strathmore was married, at St. James's Church, Westminster, to her 'gallant wooer!' None but the brave deserve the fair!"

Soon after the celebration of the marriage, Stoney (who must henceforward be styled by his assumed name of Bowes) addressed a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, then residing at her seat of Paul's Walden, in Hertfordshire. In this letter, after apologising for marrying her daughter without her consent or even knowledge, he thus proceeds: "Deeply impressed with the sense of the impropriety, that may appear to you, of my conduct, I wish to atone for that breach of duty, and to ask your pardon, under the promise of dedicating the remainder of my life to the honour and interest of your daughter and her family. My grateful heart will make me her faithful companion, and with unremitting attention I will consult her peace of mind, and the advantage of the children."*

* Jesse Foot's "Lives of A. R. Bowes, Esq., and the Countess of Strathmore."

How far his performances in each particular fulfilled his promises, will in a short time be shown.

Bowes compromised, by the payment of a large sum of money, an action commenced against Lady Strathmore, by a gentleman named Gray, to whom she was engaged at the very time of her marriage: and, having obtained a seat in Parliament for the representation of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he, for a short time, obtained much notice in London, where he resided in Lady Strathmore's house in Grosvenor-square.

His crafty and perverse mind, however, was never satisfied unless when employed upon some diabolica mischief. But his successive villanies, one after another, came to light. As a gambler he was unsuccessful; and in a few years it became neither the wish nor the interest of even the worst of his companions to afford him their countenance.

But it is in his conduct to his wife that Bowes was peculiarly distinguished from all other villains. His infidelities were most glaring and incessant; but, in order to prevent her from complaining of these, he compelled the miserable Countess to write, at his dictation, a degrading and disgusting account of her own life, previous to her second marriage, entitled, "The Confessions of the Countess of Strathmore."

But one victim afforded insufficient employment for the genius of Bowes; and he now set himself to work to torment the guardians of his step-children — the family of Lady Strathmore by her former husband—by endeavouring to get possession of them; and he succeeded, by the assistance of his wife, probably given under compulsion, in withdrawing the Lady Anna Maria Bowes from school, and conveying her to Paris; whence, however, he was compelled, by the Court of

Chancery, to restore her to those to whom the will of the late Earl had committed her custody.

Bowes retained Mr. Lee, afterwards Attorney-General, and Mr. Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor, to defend him; and the following sentence, from the pen of Jesse Foot, Bowes's surgeon, is no small testimony to the consummate hypocrisy which could deceive intellects so practised and acute as theirs.

"I do believe," writes Mr. Foot, "that both Mr. Scott and Mr. Lee were persuaded that the Countess was the mover of this transaction from affection; that her ill-health was owing to her being deprived of the comfort of her children; and that Bowes was acting the part of a benevolent husband by thus waiting upon her wishes; for, when the cause was argued, both these high and humane characters pleaded with their eyes brimful of tears."

The cruelties of Bowes, at length, had become insupportable; and the wretched Countess determined to effect her escape, and appeal to the law for her future protection. The servants had been enjoined to act as spies upon their mistress, but she at length found a maid who compassionated her miserable situation, and promised to aid in her deliverance. Bowes having left the house in Grosvenor-square, in order to dine with a friend, the male servants were dispatched on errands, and Lady Strathmore, after she had locked some doors, in order to delay the discovery of her absence, stole out of the house, in company with her faithful Abigail. By the time that Bowes had discovered the place of her retreat, she had exhibited articles of the peace against him in the Court of King's Bench for ill treatment of her person, and had been put under the protection of the Court.

Lady Strathmore now instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court proceedings against him for a divorce, on the ground of cruelty and adultery. On the latter accusation he recriminated; but he adopted more vigorous measures to frustrate her efforts. Though the Court of King's Bench had assigned her a highly respectable constable, named Lucas, to guard her, Bowes determined to win him over to his side, and use him as his instrument in resuming possession of her person. He discovered his house; formed the acquaintance of his wife, nursed and dosed his children, and gave them presents; and, thus having made a most favourable impression, produced "THE CONFESSIONS," in order to contrast his wife's character with his own. The unhappy Lucas was fascinated and ruined.

On the 10th of November, 1786, Lady Strathmore went to a shop in Oxford-street, from which, observing several of the satellites of her husband in the street, she withdrew to an inner room, and locked the door.* But Lucas, the constable, tapping at the door, was, of course, on giving his name, admitted, for from him she expected protection. When within the room, however, he pretended that a warrant against her had been put into his hands, and told her that she was his prisoner, and he must do his duty, which was to take her before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, who was then at his residence of Caen Wood, near Hampstead, and that he, no doubt, would frustrate all the wicked purposes of her enemies. By this artful tale she was prevailed on to leave the shop, and re-enter her carriage. But at Highgate, Bowes joined the party; and, having preconcerted his measures, conveyed her with the greatest rapidity to the county of Durham. His object was to induce her to

* "Gentleman's Magazine" of December, 1786.

stop the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court; and, in order to drive her to this, he beat her over the face with his fist, and over the breast with his watch-chain, and presenting a loaded pistol at her, swore he would shoot her.

But the very narration of personal cruelties inflicted by the stronger on the weaker sex offends nature; the disgusting details, therefore, of his monstrous barbarities shall be left untold.

Lady Strathmore's solicitors having applied to the Court of King's Bench to effect her rescue, the officers of justice pursued him to Streathlam castle, whence he escaped, carrying with him the Countess. At length, he was knocked down, as, armed with loaded pistols, and with his wife thrown before him on his horse, he was galloping away from his pursuers; and Lady Strathmore was again restored to liberty.

Bowes and his accomplices were tried and convicted for their enterprise, and were sentenced to a fine, and long imprisonment; and Lady Strathmore succeeded in obtaining her divorce.

In her exultation at her own liberation, and the punishment of her husband, she wrote and sent to him the following epitaph, which shows in its venom some ability, but speaks little for the feminine delicacy of her taste and feeling:—

HERE RESTS,
Who never rested before,
The most ambitious of men;
For he sought not virtue, wisdom, nor
Science, yet rose by deep hypocrisy,
By the folly of some
And the vices of others,
To honours which Nature had forbade,
And riches he wanted taste to enjoy.

He saw no faults in himself,
Nor any worth in others.

He was the enemy of mankind:—
Deceitful to his friends,
Ungrateful to his benefactors,
Cringing to his superiors,
And tyrannical to his dependents.

If interest obliged him to assist
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the
Effect, and thought every day lost
In which he made none wretched.

His life was a continual series
Of injuries to society,
Disobedience to his Maker;
And he only lamented in despair
That he could offend them no longer.

He rose, by mean arts,
To unmerited honours,
Which expire before himself.

Passenger! examine thy heart
If in aught thou resemblest him;
And if thou dost——
Read, tremble, and reform!
So shall he, who living
Was the pest of society,
When dead, be, against his will,
Once useful to mankind.

To the subject of the foregoing epitaph, the Countess of Strathmore bore two children: William Johnstone Bowes, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was born in 1782, and was lost at sea in the *Blenheim*, in 1807; and Mary Bowes, who has for many years resided in Bath, and is unmarried.

SIR ROBERT SHIRLEY, THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

Sir Robert Shirley, third son of Sir Thomas Shirley, of Wiston, in Sussex, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Kempe, Knight, and younger brother of the famous Sir Anthony Shirley, visited England in 1623, for the second time, as Ambassador from Abbas Schah of Persia. Unfortunately, by his letters of credence being written in the Persian language, there was not to be found any one in the kingdom at that time, except Sir Robert himself, who could interpret them; notwithstanding which, no doubt seemed to be entertained of his pretensions, and he was received with great pomp, King James appearing to have actually forgotten that this same Persian ambassador was his own subject.

Amid all these honours which were showered on the head of Sir Robert, there arrived unexpectedly at Portsmouth, a person who had better claim to the dignity which he had assumed, and who, having proceeded thither in one of the East India Company's ships, had been long detained by accidents and contrary winds on his passage. An event so untoward may be supposed to have rendered the situation of our knight extremely embarrassing, more especially as the pretensions of his rival were supported by the whole body of the East India merchants, who were anxious he should be reco-

gnised and accredited as the sole representative of the Persian monarch, and received in a style of grandeur which could leave no doubt of it in the minds of the public. To prevent this, if possible, from taking place, and to save as much as remained of his own credit, Sir Robert, after having obtained the loan of his Persian letters from the Secretary of State's office, and accompanied by his relative, Lord Cleveland, and some persons of the court, proceeded to the residence of his competitor, where, being admitted, and the cause of his visit explained, the Persian made the usual salutation to his lordship only. And now the following most singular scene took place, which will be given in the words of a curious narrative still extant. "This done, and Sir Robert Shirley unfolding his letters, and (as the Persian use is, in reverence to the king) first touching his eyes with them, and next holding them over his head, and after kissing them, he presented them to the ambassador, that he, receiving them, might perform the like observance, when he, suddenly rising out of his chair, stepped to Sir Robert Shirley, snatched his letters from him, tore them, and gave him a blow in the face with his fist, and while my Lord of Cleveland, stepping between, kept off the offer of a further violence, the Persian's son, next at hand, flew upon Sir Robert Shirley, and with two or three blows more, overthrew him; when Master Maxwell, of the Bedchamber, and my Lord of Cleveland, nearest him, pulling him back, (while two of the company laid hands on their swords, but not drawing them, because not any one sword or dagger was drawn by the Persians.) My Lord of Cleveland remonstrated to the ambassador, through his interpreter, on the danger and insolency of the act, saying, 'that if he and the gentlemen there with him, had not borne more respect to that king whom he represented, than he, the am-

bassador, had done to the letters shown him for justification of the other's quality, neither he nor those about him that had committed that insolency, should have gone alive out of that place. After these words, he made some show of acknowledgment, and said, he was sorry he had offended his lordship, and as, by this act which he had performed, transported with extreme rage against a person that had dared to counterfeit the king, his master's hand, which was always (he said) on the top of his letters, when those letters he had shown him had it on the back; and when, as he had done, that so mean a fellow, and an impostor, should presume to say, he had married the king his master's niece.' To this, Sir Robert (who was, in the meantime, retired behind the company, amazed and confounded with his blow and his treatment) stepped in and answered, 'that he had never said he had married the King's niece, but the Queen's kinswoman; and that for the manner alleged of signing his letters, it was true that the King of Persia, in all his employments of his subjects to foreign princes, or in writing to them, used to sign above, in front of his letters; but that when he employed a stranger to any foreign prince, his signature was usually affixed on the back of his letters, that before their opening, they might show who sent them. To this the ambassador replied with scornful looks only."

The whole transaction, as it appears, was immediately reported to King James, who thereupon suspended the time appointed for the ambassador's public reception at court, until the truth could be ascertained of what was alleged by him. "In the meantime, Sir Robert wrote to his Majesty, beseeching him to send him into Persia, with his two letters tied about his neck, for trial whether they were true or false," which the King consented to do, regarding it as the best way of settling the question.

The two ambassadors were appointed to sail on the following month of May, in the fleet which was bound to the East Indies, together with Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was chosen as the king's ambassador extraordinary to the court of Persia, and who, besides his commission to settle a treaty of commerce with Schah Abbas, was directed to inquire whether Sir Robert was guilty of the imposition which was imputed to him. As the above three persons, however, arrived too late at the place of their embarkation, they were obliged to return to London, and defer their departure till the ensuing month of March, 1626—when, embarking in different ships, they proceeded on their voyage, and, according to the words of the narrative, "they all three died on the way, and with them the quarrel and inquiry."

Fennel, however, who relates the transaction, is mistaken in saying that they all three died on the passage, for a continuation of the history of the mission is to be found in the travels of Sir Thomas Herbert, who accompanied the parties; and he says that this Persian ambassador alone died on his passage: he adds that, on the arrival of the British embassy at Asharaff, an audience was granted to Sir Dodmore Cotton, who was attended by Sir Robert Shirley, and seven or eight other Englishmen. The Persian monarch was addressed through the English interpreter—Sir Dodmore Cotton stating that the object of his mission was to congratulate Schah Abbas on his success against the common enemy, the Turk; to establish a perpetual alliance; to promote trade, and to vindicate the conduct of Sir Robert Shirley. Schah Abbas, in his reply to this address, begins with some abuse of the Turks, and then expresses a wish that there was more unity among the Christian princes, truly observing. that the Ottoman Emperor owed his conquests chiefly to their discord.

To the proposal of obtaining a direct commercial intercourse, he gave his hearty concurrence, provided the English would consent to abandon the old route, through the dominions of his enemy. Lastly, in respect to Sir Robert Shirley, he acknowledged his services, and promised that, if he had been accused unjustly, he should have satisfaction.

The court removing immediately afterwards to Casbin, Sir Dodmore was obliged to follow it thither, where, on renewing the negotiations with the favourite minister, who had received a mortal dislike to Sir Robert Shirley, the ambassador warmly espousing the cause of Sir Robert, the minister begged to have possession of the original credentials from Schah Abbas to the King of England, upon which Sir Robert founded his pretensions, that they might be duly examined by his master. At the end of three days, the favourite came in person to Sir Dodmore, and informed him that the Emperor had visited the latter, denied the document to be his, and in a passion burned it. He added, that Sir Robert Shirley had his master's permission to depart. This had such an effect upon Sir Robert, who was then afflicted with a dysentery, that in less than a fortnight after he arrived at Casbin he died.

It is evident that Herbert had a friendly feeling towards his fellow traveller, Sir Robert, which induced him to put the most favourable construction on his conduct, ascribing his disgrace to the ill will of the favourite minister, and to his master's ingratitude; but it is not probable that Sir Robert's services, had they been half so great as he pretended, would have been so ill requited of a prince of the Schah Abbas. Nor is it probable that he should have appointed him his ambassador to the king of England, and not long afterwards have given the same credentials to another. In short,

the whole history of this singular transaction tends to prove the grossness of the imposition practised by Sir Robert Shirley.

Herbert, speaking of the wife of Sir Robert, whose rank had been described as so honourable, says that she had been a Circassian slave in the imperial harem, and that she was bestowed on Sir Robert as a mark of royal favour. He calls her the Lady Teresa, and says she was then, at the time he wrote, living at Rome.

THE WILLOW TREE AT GORDON CASTLE.

Opposite the dining-room at Gordon Castle, is a large and massive willow-tree, the history of which is somewhat singular: — Duke Alexander (father of the late Duke, "the last of his race,") when four years of age, planted this willow in a tub filled with earth: the tub floated about in a marshy piece of ground, till the shrub, expanding, "burst its cerements," and struck root in the earth below: here it grew and prospered till it attained the present goodly size. The Duke regarded the tree with a sort of fatherly and even superstitious regard, half believing there was some mysterious affinity between its fortunes and his own. If an accident happened to the one by storm or lightning, some misfortune was not long in befalling the other.

The tree, however, has long survived its planter: the Duke, at a ripe old age, yielded to the irreversible destiny of man; but his favourite willow, like the cedar-

tree of the prophet, has reared its head among the thick branches, and is flourishing.

Duke Alexander was a man of taste and talent, and of superior mechanical acquirements. He wrote some good characteristic Scotch songs, in the minute style of painting national manners, and he wrought diligently at a turning-lathe. He was lavish of snuff-boxes of his own manufacture, which he presented liberally to all his friends and neighbours. On one occasion he made a handsome pair of gold earrings, which he took with him to London, and presented to Queen Charlotte. They were so much admired in the royal circle, that the old Duke used to say, with a smile, he thought it better to leave town immediately for Gordon Castle, lest he should get an order to make a pair for each of the Princesses. His son, the gay and gallant Marquis of Huntley, was a man of different mould; he had nothing mechanical, but was the life and soul of all parties of pleasure—there certainly never was a better chairman of a festive party. He could not make a set speech, and on one occasion, when Lord Liverpool asked him to move or second an address at the opening of a session of Parliament, he gaily replied that he would undertake to please all their lordships if they adjourned to the City of London Tavern, but he could not undertake to do the same in the House of Lords.

STORY OF CAPTAIN WALTER CROKER, R.N.

It was a brilliant Eastern morning, in the early summer of 1814, when his Britannic Majésty's ship *Vanguard*, with all her light sails set, and every additional shred of canvas which could woo the failing breeze displayed, rounded the Marabout Islet in the harbour of Alexandria. Immediately after, the clattering of the chain of the bower anchor through the hawse-holes was heard, and the snow-white drapery of the gallant vessel sank and disappeared. Numberless sailors sprang aloft, and clambered the shrouds, or stood on the yards, while they furled the sails; and the ship, slowly swinging round by the head, was "brought up" to her moorings, and lay still and motionless, casting her broad image for many a rood over the glassy waters.

A swarm of shore-boats now put off from the beach, and the clamorous cries of expectant venders of vegetables and fruits were heard on every side. But the sounds, jabbering and discordant as they were, were pleasant to ears that, for weeks together, had heard only the howling of the wind, or the creaking of bulk-heads, as the tormented vessel plunged wildly through the storm of waters. Pleasant, most pleasant it was, to mark all the diversity of form, colour, and complexion; of dress and equipment; of importunity or quiescence, that marked the individuals of the motley crowd around

them. Cheering it was, also, to turn the eye, at times, from those noisy gabblers to the low line of wharfs at the water's edge, and, raising it slowly from them, to take in a view of the far-stretching city, where the light shaft of Pompey's pillar, and the slender minarets of the mosques here and there appearing, proclaimed another clime. To whom does mother Earth seem so beautiful and dear, as to those whose business lies in the great waters? The dweller on shore may often censure the scenery that presents itself to him, comparing it, in his squeamish fancy, with other views of higher loveliness; but, to the hard-worked mariner, land is *land*, a place whereon he can forget, for a time, his troubles, relax, and wildly enjoy many a coveted pleasure.

To the thinking part, moreover, of the British ship's crew, there were yet greater expectations. Egypt, the land of mystery and marvel, was before them; and the officers, as they clustered together in groups, talked, according to each man's knowledge, of the country and its story. And guesses were made as to how long their stay might be continued in harbour, and how far their short respites from duty should permit them to see the wonders of the land. Plans were laid, and parties were projected; and each man felt that their good Captain, who was dear to them as a father, would, to the utmost of his ability, carry out their views. It was war-time; and length of leave was neither expected nor practicable. But all were assured that what they desired in the way of liberty would be immediately granted, so far as was consistent with public duty. Each was in good heart, and spoke frankly and sociably with his neighbour. Three days after this, a small party of officers, who had ridden wildly, as sailors only ride, through the city and adjoining country for several hours, halted at one of the khans, or hotels, of Alexandria. Refreshments having

been partaken of, it was debated what should next be done to while away the hours ere they were bound to return to the ship. The dragoman was consulted; and he, good soul, wearied to death by the merciless activity of his employers, protested it was utterly impossible for them to find more in the city than what they had already beheld. "Allah, il Allah! they had seen it all, from the palace to the prisons; and what more could the Señors Inglese wish for? But there was Magraubin, the soothsayer, who could cast their nativities, and, with his astrolabe, make known to them how many years it would take them before they were all Admirals of the Fleet."

"The very thing, Alee!" was the universal exclamation. "Let us have the juggler, by all means."

Alee departed in quest of the magician, and, after the lapse of an hour, returned, bringing him with him. Along with Magraubin came a Coptic boy, about ten years old, who was to be the expounder of the magical discoveries; for the Egyptian *savant* declared that, to the young alone, into whose bosom no impure thought had come, could Futurity reveal itself. *He* would invoke the spirits, and the lad would make known to the company whatever intelligence, hidden in the Unseen, it would be their pleasure to demand.

A chafing-dish, filled with live charcoal, was now brought in, and set on the floor. Paper, pens, and ink were produced; and the magician, having interrogated his company as to what inquiries he should make of the "spirits," and received his answer that they each wished to know what was to be their ultimate destiny, seated himself on the floor before the chafing-dish, and placed the boy right opposite, on the other side. He now tore the paper into small slips, inscribing each with Arabic characters. He took incense, and flung it on

the charcoal, and began his incantations by repeating some unintelligible words. The fumes rose in thick wreaths from the dish, and the magician swayed himself to and fro, still going over the same words as quickly as possible. He suddenly paused. Then, folding a piece of paper into a cup-like shape, he half-filled it with ink, and commanded the boy to fix his gaze steadfastly on the jetty liquid, and cry out when he saw anything. The incantation now proceeded with redoubled vigour. Presently, the boy's cry interrupted the operator.

"I see," said he, "two people with brooms sweeping the street, and now there is coming down towards them a stranger, mounted on a white steed."

"Enough!" Magraubin cried. "Now, Señors, make known to me your separate wishes."

Thereupon a young midshipman stepped forward, and in a quiet but somewhat serious voice, desired that the event about which all are more or less curious—the closing scene of his life—might be declared to him.

A bow from the magician signified his comprehension of the young man's wishes.

Fresh incense was sprinkled on the chafing-dish, and now more abundantly did the magician pour his scraps of paper on the fire. Clouds of smoke rose thickly around, enveloping Magraubin and his attendant boy, so as partially to conceal them from the spectators. It needed but little exercise of the fancy to shape those waving wreaths of smoke into supernatural forms, that appeared to throng round the wizard as though hearkening to the shrill summons which he continually yelled forth. Again the boy's voice was heard in interruption, and the magician commanded him to make known what he saw:—

"An island, planted with trees like the date-palm, I now see very plainly. It is a beautiful place. The soil is verdant and flowery, like the plains here, when the Nile is gone down. There is a harbour in front, and now a large ship is sailing in. The sails are very white, and the last one has a flag flying from it, with a red cross on the flag. There are people on the shore such as I never saw. They are tall, and nearly naked. Their houses are new to me. They are formed, I think of trees. . . . . That picture is gone. I see now sailors like those here; but they are not all dressed the same way. Only one has gold on his coat. The others have guns, while he has a sword. They are on that beautiful island, but are not near the shore. They are walking up to a hillock, on which stands a single tree. The savage people attack them. They fight bravely. Crowds of the islanders fall dead before the sailors' guns, but larger crowds collect from every quarter. The sailor with gold on his shoulder is slain, and some more of his men are lying dead along with him. They dig his grave under the tree that is on the summit of the hillock. . . . . I can see no more."

The other individuals of the party similarly had incantations gone through for them, and various were the prognostications of their destiny. But it would be only wandering away from our purpose to give these stories in detail. Let us confine ourselves to the single instance we have selected; and a very few words will now suffice for the *denouement* of our story.

Years passed by. The general peace that followed Napoleon's overthrow, caused the disbanding of the vast armaments that had been prepared against the Corsican's ambition; and with some dozens of his shipmates, the young officer who had been the first to consult the Egyptian's handicraft, was placed on half-

pay. Among other stories of his foreign adventures, wherewith he might amuse his stay-at-home friends, this narrative of Magraubin's prediction was occasionally told. It had made no impression on his mind, and was listened to by others with merriment, in which he cordially joined. Walter Croker, for so was he called, was of an Irish branch of the Crokers of Lineham, Co. Devon. Of an ancient lineage, he had personal qualities not unworthy his descent. Brave, frank, hospitable; he attracted the regard even of the passing stranger, and ere long converted the ordinary acquaintance of the hour into the attached friend for a lifetime. Devoted to the profession he had chosen, he continually made application for active service, until, finding his calls disregarded, he reluctantly ceased to make them. He withdrew to his paternal property at Lisnabrin, county Waterford, married, and became a country gentleman, possessing the good will of his neighbours universally, from his friendly and courteous affability.

Twenty years passed over, and Croker, who had deemed himself wholly forgotten by the lords of the Admiralty, was surprised—most agreeably so—to receive a communication from them, to the effect that his services had not been lost sight of, and that a fine new frigate would be soon commissioned, to the command of which he was to be appointed. He repaired to London, and found the news to be true. The intrigues of the French among the isles of the Pacific, evidenced by their occupation of Tahiti, made it necessary that a few ships, commanded by men of experience, should be sent thither to watch their motions; and Croker had been selected for this honourable, but difficult service. The ships were to be few, lest they should excite jealousy; and the directions the captains received were, to avoid all collision with the vessels of the other nation,

while, at the same time, they should seek to preserve to Britain that prestige of naval supremacy which seems necessary for her existence. The English ships were to traverse the Pacific in all directions, visit the islands, establish friendly relations with the chiefs, take such under protection as should desire it, and thus act as efficient representatives of a government, the freest and purest that has yet subsisted on the globe.

In the course of these duties, Croker's ship entered the bay of Tongataboo. Her special object was to give protection to the missionaries, who had formed a location on the island. The lives of these good men had been threatened by the savage people, even before the latter had heard the message of peace they had come to deliver to them. The British vessel seasonably arrived at this juncture, and the missionaries were received on board for safety's sake. Having secured their persons, the kind-hearted commander would not sail away without an attempt to redeem their property. He landed with a well-armed party of marines and sailors, and proceeded a short way inland to the missionary settlement. On his return, he was waylaid in the jungle by the aborigines. He successfully cut his way through them, and reached an eminence, where he determined to make a stand until reinforcements could arrive from his ship. These instantly put off, on hearing the noise of the firing; but, ere they could succour their gallant chief, he was cut down and massacred. His remains were interred on the very spot he fell, beneath a plantain-tree, that, morning and eve, casts its solitary shadow on the green hillock's side, across the Englishman's grave.

We write no fiction. The circumstances are detailed as they have been reported to us. We do not profess an ability to account for those mysterious intimations of

the future which, in all ages of the world, have been vouchsafed to men—sometimes by heavenly inspiration, and often by the practice of arts that are unholy and impure. Of one circumstance—that on which the whole story hinges—the reader may be assured. The Egyptian's prediction, however vouchsafed to him, was no *ex post facto* concoction. As we have said, it was delivered to Captain Croker in his youth; was narrated by him to several friends on his withdrawal from active service; and was canvassed by them, as a topic of familiar conversation, for many long years antecedent to its unhappy fulfilment. Croker's death must yet be fresh in men's memories. It occurred within the last few years.

A WEDDING IN THE DAYS OF KING JAMES.

"On St. John's Day," writes Sir Dudley Carleton to Mr. Winwood, in 1604, "we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan Vere performed at Whitehall with all the honour could be done a favourite. The Court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and the Duke of Holst led the bride to church; the Queen followed her from thence; the King gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets brided and bridled it so handsomely, and, indeed, became herself so well, that the King said, if he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great

lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself; for, being brought into the close to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a masque in the hall, which for conceit and fashion was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chaines and jewells, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at 2500*l.*; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's of 500*l.* land for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the council chamber, where the King gave them a *reveille matin* before they were up. No ceremony was omitted of bride cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the Court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other pretty sorceries."

THE BLOOD RED KNIGHT.

THE successful and almost incredible resistance of Sir John Purcell to a gang of burglars, is one of the most remarkable incidents on record of personal daring. The story has been often told, but never so well as in the following narrative by Mr. Owen Madden. All we need add are a few personal details. Sir John was the son of Thomas Purcell, Esq., of Gurtnaconroe, possessed a fair estate, and a highly respectable position, in the locality in which he resided, and was related to many of the leading Cork families. By Gertrude, his wife, daughter of Matthew Franks, Esq. of Moorestown, Co. Limerick, he left, at his decease, three sons and two daughters; the former being the Rev. Matthew Purcell, of Burton House; John Purcell, Esq., of Ramaher, and Richard Purcell, Esq., M.D., of Highfort. To proceed, however, with the narrative:—

As you travel from Charleville to Kanturk, in the north-western portion of the East Riding of the county of Cork, a house is pointed out to you, called Highfort. It stands, at a considerable elevation, over the road, and is not ill-named. There dwelt Sir John Purcell; and within the walls of that house the brave and successful defence was made.

In the year 1811, Sir John Purcell lived at Highfort. He was a thrifty, cautious man—censured by some of his friends as being rather too penurious in his habits,

His memory appears to have been very remarkable. On a fair-day at Kanturk, he would take rent from between seventy and eighty tenants, and make no note whatever in a book. He used to place all the moneys together in a canvas bag, and no charge could ever be brought against him for incorrect accounts. He gave brief memorandums to the various tenants, but never wrote on a stamped receipt, although he always charged the landlord for stamps. He had been for some years agent to the Earl of Egmont, and managed the Percival estates in the county of Cork. In all public matters he was zealous, and was very vigorous in supporting the laws. No one, from looking at his countenance, would have taken him to be a man of such determination. The expression of his face was benevolent; but the highest courage is often found in those whose general character is apparently most remarkable for its mildness.

The household of Sir John Purcell consisted of himself, his daughter-in-law and grandchild, a man-servant, and two maids. The place in which he lived was lonesome and unprotected, but he feared nothing. He had not done anything to make him hateful to the peasantry. On the 11th of March, 1811, he came home one night, tired after country business and a long ride, and took a late supper in his bed-room. About one o'clock, and after he had retired to rest, he heard some noise outside the window of his parlour. He slept on the ground-floor, in a room adjoining the parlour. There was a door from one room into the other, but this had been found inconvenient, and there being another passage from the bed-chamber more convenient, it was nailed up, and some of the furniture of the parlour placed against it. Shortly after Sir John heard the noise in the front of his house, the windows of the parlour were

pushed in, and the noise occasioned by the feet of the robbers, in leaping from the windows into the parlour, appeared to denote a gang of not less than fourteen in number, as it struck him. He immediately got out of bed, and the first determination he took being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. In this state he spent little time in deliberation, as it almost immediately occurred to him that, having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which he happily found before the door leading into the parlour from the bed-room had been broken open.

While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture, which had been placed against the nailed-up door, expeditiously displaced, and, immediately after this, the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming through three large windows into the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bed-room was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moonlight, a body of armed men, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few had their faces blackened.

Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the gang entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly, on ad-

vancing, Sir John plunged the knife at him, the point of which entered the right arm, and in a line with the nipple, and so home was the blow sent, that the knife passed into the body, until Sir John stopped its further progress. Upon receiving this thrust, the robber reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed; and shortly after, another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand, which had the butt broken off at the small, and had a piece of cord tied round the barrel and stock, near the swell. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and without betraying any audible emotion whatever that might point out the spot which he was standing in, he calmly calculated his own safety from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast, without menacing him with at least any serious wound; and in this state of firm and manly expectation, he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall. It was loaded with a brace of bullets and three slugs. As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with the knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated in a moment with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain, upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded.

The robbers immediately rushed forwards from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought that all chance of preserving his own life was

over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had so instantaneously adopted. He struck at the fourth fellow vigorously with his knife and wounded him, and, at the same instant, received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed repeatedly at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged.

The floor being slippery from the blood of the wounded men, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were on the ground, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of the weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint aud pressure, and, in a moment or two after, he found himself released from it: the limbs of the robber were, in fact, by this time unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave several blows with it, his knife being no longer serviceable. At length, the robbers, finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, retired, and employed themselves in removing the bodies; Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place apart from the house, where he remained a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the

backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up from his bed the man-servant, who, during this long and bloody conflict, had not appeared, and who, consequently, received from his master warm and loud upbraiding for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grandchild, who were the only other inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out, till the daylight appeared. The next day, the alarm having been given, search was made after the robbers, and Sir John having gone to the house of one Maurice Noonan, upon searching, he found, concealed under his bed, the identical short gun with which one of the robbers had fired at him. Noonan was immediately secured and sent to gaol, and upon being visited by Sir John Purcell, he acknowledged that Sir John 'had like to do for him,' and was proceeding to show, until Sir John prevented him, the wounds he had received from the knife in his arm.

It appeared subsequently that the party had consisted of nine in number. They all had arms. Two of the men were killed, and three more severely wounded! Some of the party ran away, thinking that the house was defended by several persons.

On the 9th of September, in that year, Noonan was hanged at Gallows-green. He died resigned and contrite. He stated that, on the morning of the attack, he had not the least intention of going to Highfort, but that he was sent for by one of the party, and that he then resolved to accompany them. He said that this was the only attack he had ever been concerned in.

I was once present when the question was asked—"Whether there was anything remarkable about Sir

John Purcell's manner or appearance?" I recollect the answer. "There was nothing whatever remarkable about Purcell, except his penuriousness. Had he lived like a man of his station, he would not have escaped; but he ate his cold supper in his bed-room, with a solitary knife, and never rang for the servant to take the things away!"

The peasantry afterwards were greatly afraid of him, and none of them would dare attack him. On one occasion, a desperate murder, in the depth of winter, was committed in his neighbourhood. He took an active part in searching for the criminal. One person he strongly suspected, and he visited him at his house. He found the man in bed, ill with colic, it was said. Sir John examined him, and asked him whether he had been out on the previous night? The answer was, "No." Sir John asked for his shoes. "They were gone to be mended." "Are you sure of that?" said Sir John, who searched for and found them. Causing the man to be watched, Sir John went with the shoes to the exact spot where the murder had been committed. The ground was thickly covered with snow: he compared the shoes with the tracks made in the snow, and found one set of foot-prints to which the marks exactly tallied. A nail was wanting in the heel of one of the shoes, and the impression on the snow corresponded with the deficiency. This was the first link in a chain of circumstantial evidence against the suspected party, who was afterwards hanged, having been convicted upon the clearest testimony.

Sir John Purcell received the honour of knighthood for the determined courage he displayed.

THE LANDS OF DERWENTWATER.

A FAMILY LEGEND.

"Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."
Old Proverb.

EARLY in the last century, a party of gentlemen were, one afternoon, assembled in London at their favourite coffee-house, having made an engagement to drink their claret together, after partaking of the family dinner at home. This was the custom in those days; and the coffee-houses *then*, as the clubs *now*, were equally the detestation of fond wives, poor dowagers, and *many-daughtered* matrons. To be sure, in one respect, these coffee-houses would bear no comparison—with their hard benches, small tables, and uncarpeted floors—to the modern palaces which have succeeded them, radiant with gilt cornices, painted ceilings, damask curtains, and luxurious easy-chairs. But, if bearing no competition with its glittering successor in these selfish and effeminate accommodations, the old coffee-house—the prototype of the modern club—had infinitely the advantage, in a nobler and more intellectual enjoyment. Instead of the senseless prattle of the rakish dandy, you had the wit of the humourist—instead of the puffed-up insolence of the millionaire, unable to count his thousands after some successful railroad speculation,—or the heartless theories of the political economist—or the dunder-

headed platitudes of the modern philosopher, you had the fun of a Swift, the clever vanity of a Garrick, the fascination of a

> "Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
> The master of our passions and his own;"

the good-nature of a Goldsmith, and the stern but just solidity of a Johnson.

But this is a digression. To return to our party. There were seven gentlemen, and a table was prepared for eight. "Where is Sir William," said one of them, rather impatiently, "he was to take the chair to-day, and he promised us a superior batch; he is not wont to be late." At this moment the Knight made his appearance, his countenance radiant with smiles—his crimson coat trimmed with gold, his long green velvet waistcoat, his lace cravat, and flowing periwig, more than usually well arranged, bespeaking the gentleman-merchant of the day. With many smiling apologies for detaining his friends, he took the chair; and full justice was done to the sparkling magnums, which speedily disappeared, and as speedily were replenished; for, alas! temperance in drinking was not one of the virtues of that day.

Leaving these jovial companions to the enjoyment of the good things before them, let us take the liberty of looking into an adjoining compartment of the room; and there we shall see a little mean-looking man, with nothing at all distinguishing about him, but a pair of sharp lynx eyes, and ears of unusually large dimensions, standing out, as if to catch every sound that dropped around them. He appeared not to take any notice whatever of the merry party near him, none of whom paid any attention to him excepting one gentleman, who knew the man and his calling. Fain would he,

once or twice, have suggested caution to his friends, in the free remarks in which they occasionally indulged with respect to the Government, and the aspect of public affairs, which at times alarmed men's minds, in consequence of the expectation of another rising in behalf of the Stuart family—though that in 1715 had been so easily suppressed. This gentleman saw that the little man near them was interested by the conversation, although he scarcely lifted his eyes from the table, as he sipped his limited allowance of sherry and water. He felt, in the words of the poet—

> "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
> And faith he'll prent it."

The party at length broke up. "The Ladies" had been duly honoured—a toast generally occurring late in the evening, suggesting the idea of "Home, sweet home"—and, it may be, of a few loving words of complaint and remonstrance at the late return to its pleasures. One subject seemed much to have engrossed the attention of the guests, the scope of which will be sufficiently apparent to our readers, from the parting words as they prepared to separate: "Well, Sir William, as soon as you return from the North, and have taken possession of your lucky purchase of Lord Derwentwater's fine estate, who shall say, if you gain a certain gentleman's ear, that you may not get *the title* also." "God forbid!" answered the good-natured Knight "(even were such a thing possible), that I should add another drop to the bitter cup of that unhappy family;* and besides," he continued, jokingly, "they

* Modern feelings are not so scrupulous: though the elder branch of the Radclyffe family, from which Lord Derwentwater descended, has now a representative in the person of Robert Radclyffe, Esq., of Fox Denton Hall, Lancashire, report says that an application was made, and properly refused, to confer that title on the *very new* possessor of the land.

let me have the estate at so easy a rate, that I must first be sure I have a good title to the property—before the property can give me *a title.*"

Whilst they were exchanging cordial good-nights, and congratulations to the fortunate purchaser of the forfeited property of the unhappy and attainted Earl of Derwentwater, the little man whom we have before described rapidly passed them, with his eyes still cast on the ground, and with many apologies for intrusion, as he slightly jostled them in passing through the door. "Who is that ugly little cur, whose long ears ought to be cropped?" said one, on whose politeness the magnums of claret had made some innovation. The answer was given by the gentleman who had before advised caution to his friends—"*He is a government spy!*"

A few weeks afterwards, at the old rendezvous, the same party, with the exception of the Knight, were again assembled. The conversation turned upon their absent friend. "Sir William Smith,"* said he who was the most intimately acquainted with his movements, "is gone down to his property in Dorsetshire. The little man with the roguish eyes and long ears—realizing the old proverb about *little pitchers*—as I told you before, and had previously warned you all, is a creature of the Government; and many an unfortunate gentleman, in these troublous times, has he got into danger. Every

* Sir William Smith was the son of William Smith, Esq., an eminent merchant of Lyme Regis, of which place he was twice Mayor, and he was buried in the church there, according to the inscription on his monument, in the year 1677. He was of the family of Sir George Smith, Sheriff of Exeter in 1583, whose daughter, by her marriage with Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge, became mother of the famous General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. Sir William is now represented by the highly respected Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Bart., of Sydling St. Nicholas, Co. Dorset.

bumper of claret which our magnanimous Knight swallowed, had for him, alas! less and less of the clear streams of the Derwentwater mingled with it. Well, if that ugly *little pitcher* shows his long ears here again, he shall be filled with *water* enough to drown him! Whilst we were cracking our walnuts, our conversation was *nuts* to him. It all went to the Minister. He made inquiries, found it was perfectly true that our friend had purchased the property and had paid the deposit. For Sir William it was certainly a most advantageous bargain, and the Minister bit his lips, and said that he was a lucky fellow; but our little wretch of a spy, seeing which way the wind was setting, and finding that it was not much in his favour, from his having lately failed to bring many poor Jacobite flies into the spider's web, hit upon another plan to win Court favour at our good Knight's cost. He hinted to the great man that the Government were but on the shady side of popular feeling, and that nothing would be more likely to bring it back than to make a rich grant to Greenwich Hospital; and why not bestow some of the forfeited lands on that noble institution. The Minister caught at the idea, but drily remarked it was too late. 'Not so,' answered his jackal. 'A clever and shrewd lawyer can always find flaws in a contract, provided always his client is rich and generous.' 'That shall not be a-wanting,' replied the great man; and, to make a long matter short, the ferret discovered that, just before the sale, one of the four commissioners appointed was taken suddenly ill, and sent his excuse to his colleagues; who, considering three a *quorum*, proceeded with the auction, and, as you know, the property was purchased by Sir William. But the Minister meanly availed himself of this quibble, and now enjoys the credit of performing a noble action in settling the confiscated estates for ever on one of the best and

noblest institutions * of which the country can boast, in finding a home and a port of refuge for the gallant tars who have been tossed about on the seas in their country's service all the best years of their hardy life. Truly a noble purpose, achieved by dishonourable and dirty means. It will be brought before Parliament," continued Sir William's friend; "but it will be of no avail. The Minister commands a majority, and the end will justify the means."

Thus, in this family legend is one amongst the many illustrations of the old saying:

"Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

To those who take pleasure in tracing and unraveling the curious and often perplexed links which connect the chain of family ties, it may not be devoid of interest to remark, that the great-great-nephew of Sir William Smith spoken of in the above legend, has, by a marriage with a daughter of the elder branch of the Radclyffes, been the means of connecting his family with that of the ancient house, whose property the Knight had so nearly possessed by purchase. And it is also singular that a portion of the landed estate, which the lady in

* The Derwentwater estates settled on Greenwich Hospital have been purchased in *very modern* times by Mr. Marshall, of Leeds; thus following the fate of too many of the ancient domains and lordly heritages of the old baronies of the times passed by, and falling into the hands of the aristocracy of wealth. Many of its members, doubtless, are honourable and respectable men, yet they are but sorry representatives of the "Barons of England," and of—

"The good old English Gentlemen, all of the olden time."

"Now tell me, ye whose hearts beat high
With throbs for true old English worth,
Say, would ye confidently try
Nobility of *gold* or BIRTH?"

question now enjoys with her husband, was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth likewise shared by a daughter o the same house, namely, Jane, daughter of Robert Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex,* by her marriage with Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague.

This nobleman's son and heir alienated the property to William Beswicke, Esq., of Spelmonden, Kent, from whom it passed through the family of Haughton to its present possessors.

* "It is understood that the representative of the attainted Earls of Derwentwater, Robert Radclyffe, Esq., of Fox Denton Hall and Ordsall Manor, in the county palatine of Lancaster, will shortly bring a claim to the family's ancient Earldom of Sussex and Barony of Fitzwalter before the House of Lords. Although the larger portion of the Derwentwater estates were granted to that noble institution, Greenwich Hospital, there are yet some relics of their Scottish possessions that the Crown has the power of restoring along with this title, which, it is stated, is the last of the attainders caused by adherence to the Stuart dynasty remaining unreversed."—From the *Darlington and Stockton Times*, Sept. 1848.

THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE.

Hoddom Castle is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Annan. It is an ancient structure, said to have been built betwixt the years 1437 and 1484, by John, Lord Herries, of Herries, a powerful border baron, who possessed extensive domains in Dumfriesshire. This family continued to flourish until the death of William, Lord Herries, in the middle of the sixteenth century, when it merged in heirs female. Agnes, the eldest of the daughters of Lord William, was married to John, Master of Maxwell, afterwards created Lord Herries, and a strenuous partisan of Queen Mary. The castle and barony of Hoddom were sold about 1630, and were then, or soon afterwards, acquired by John Sharpe, Esq., in whose family they have ever since continued. Before the accession of James VI. to the English crown, Hoddom Castle was appointed to be kept "with ane wise, stout man, and to have with him four well horsed men; and there to have two stark footmen, servants to keep their horses, and the principal to have ane stout footman."

On the top of a small but conspicuous hill near to Hoddom Castle, there is a square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and a serpent, and between them, the word "Repentance." Hence, the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and

the border laws direct a watch to be maintained there, with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed or approached the river Annan. This man was to have a husband-land for his service.

Various accounts are given of the cause of erecting the Tower of Repentance. The following has been adopted, as most susceptible of poetical decoration. A certain Lord Herries—about the date of the transaction tradition is silent—was famous among those who used to rob and steal—(convey, the wise it call.) This lord, returning from England with many prisoners whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm while passing the Solway Frith, and, in order to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats, and threw them into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stairs to it, the figures above mentioned, of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto "Repentance."

We have only to add, that the marauding Baron is said, from his rapacity, to have been surnamed John the Reif—probably in allusion to a popular romance; and that another account says, the sin of which he repented was the destruction of a church or chapel called Trailtrow, with the stones of which he had built the Castle of Hoddom.

It is said that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his Bible, and asked him what he learned from it.

"The way to Heaven," answered the boy.

"And can you show it to me!" said Sir Richard, in banter.

"You must go by that tower!" replied the Shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of *Repentance.*

WRAXALL AND DRAYCOT:

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAND.

It is a very trite saying, that there are more marvels in real life, than in the pages of fiction; and, we may add, that romance in its wildest form can be likened to nothing so aptly as a dream, which, without actually creating anything, presents foregone objects under such distorted shapes and incongruous associations, that, at first they are mistaken for creations. In either case, the basis is truth; but it is the truth of our sleeping, not of our waking hours.

This slight prologue may serve to qualify the disbelief of our readers, should any happen to suppose that we have drawn upon imagination for the facts, as well as the colouring, of this episode in domestic history—a supposition that we can assure them would be altogether erroneous. And singular as this story may seem, no small portion of it is upon record as a thing not to be questioned; and it is not necessary to believe in supernatural agency to give all parties credit for having faithfully narrated their *impressions*.

It was a time of high festival at Draycot, and the bells of the village—flattering courtiers as they were—seemed by their continued clamour to sympathize with the lord of Draycot, who, about six weeks before, had

married a second wife, in the person of Catherine Thynne, the daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleate, and was now returning to his paternal halls for the first time since his marriage. The tenants, too, and family domestics were quite as joyous, making scarcely less noise than the bells themselves. Not that Sir Walter Long was a remarkably kind master, or forbearing to his equals; on the contrary, gout, which always returned twice, and sometimes oftener in the year, had soured, instead of ripening, a disposition by nature harsh, so that he was much more feared than beloved by those about him. But then this occasion supplied all his dependents not only with a holiday, but with the means of enjoying it. Sundry casks of old October were flowing freely in the hall, while the ponderous tables groaned under the weight of viands, which, with their plain substantial forms, would have shocked the eye, no less than the palate of a modern epicure. But amidst the general revel, there was one who, if not actually sad, at least took no part in this boisterous scene of happiness. This was a young man about nineteen years of age, of a tall and heavy, but not ill-proportioned figure, of fair complexion, light blue eyes, and with features so well-formed and regular as to be really handsome, in spite of their sleepy, inexpressive character. The mouth, too, had an air of feebleness, though there was something extremely pleasing in the smile that played about it, and indeed, the whole expression of the face was that of benevolence, unmingled with the higher mental qualities. He was seated on a grassy knoll, under the shade of a chesnut-tree, looking down with a strange mixture of vacancy and sadness upon the mansion of Draycot, that lay at a short distance below him. His hands were employed, unconsciously as it seemed, in pulling

up the daisies and buttercups, tearing them to pieces, and scattering them about him, while dreamy thoughts of the past and present filled his brain, as from time to time he muttered, "What would my poor mother say, if she could rise up from her cold grave?" And then his eyes would wander from the smoking chimneys of Draycot to the steeple of the village church. But the shade, which at such times stole over his features, showed that his thoughts had little connexion with the merry pealing of its bells; it was to the churchyard and to the tombs that his mind was wandering, and again he would repeat the burthen that was ever uppermost in his memory—"What would my poor mother say, if she could rise up from her cold grave?" So intent was his gaze, or so wrapt up was he in his own meditations, that he did not observe the young gipsy-girl, who had been watching him for the last twenty minutes, and who, at length, tired of this useless vigil, called, or rather screamed, at the highest pitch of a voice by no means feeble, "Master John—John Long, I say!—so—you hear at last; and truly I am glad of it, for, so help me mine own bright star, as I began to think your sense of hearing was no better than your other faculties. Well, are you quite awake? art sure you comprehend me? I like not talking to a deaf man, or a dreamer."

"I am neither the one nor the other," replied the youth, good-humouredly. "But what is it you want? Have you got into fresh scrapes, that you come to me?"

"I come to you for the kindness you have done, and not for anything I would ask you to do. When you saved Marthon from the beadle's whip—may the villain burn in his own ——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the young man, laughing;

"such ugly imprecations don't sound well from pretty lips like yours. It's an odd thing, Marthon"—and his voice became saddened as he spoke—"it's an odd thing, Marthon, but though I can hear a man of your class curse to his heart's content, without caring two straws for the matter, yet, when you swear, I can't help thinking of the fallen angels."

Marthon eyed him for a moment with a sharp inquiring glance, as if to learn whether she might not have been mistaken in her judgment of his character; but the half sigh, half smile, that followed this brief examination, seemed to show that, in her mind, he was still the same simple-hearted, guileless being, as before.

"There is some sense," she replied, "and more folly, in what you say, Master John. But let it be. About this second marriage of your father—do you know that his young wife, Lady Catherine, is conspiring with her brother for your ruin?"

"I neither know, nor believe, anything of the kind," said the young man, hastily.

"Then what has made you sit here for the last two hours, gazing so sadly on Draycot, when it would be more politic, as well as more amusing, to be down yonder, amongst the revellers?"

"My poor mother was once the mistress of that mansion," said the youth, hanging down his head, as if pressed to earth by the intolerable weight of recollection.

The dark, black eyes of the gipsy glanced fiercely for an instant towards Draycot; in the next, a single tear-drop hung upon her long eyelashes, as she flung herself upon the grass beside him, and took his hand with all the tenderness of a sister, or of one yet nearer in affection.

"John," she said, "this is weakness, though it is weakness of the best kind. But listen to me. Do you heed my words?"

"Yes, Marthon, yes; I listen; but I cannot forget what has been."

"Do I ask you? She who loves—pooh! I am growing a fool myself, and don't know what I say. Your feeling is a natural one, though there is little wisdom in showing it to others; for the sorrows of the heart will find but few to sympathize with them. But as to this new stepmother of yours—know you not that she's your enemy?—ay, a subtle and most dangerous one."

"No, indeed, Marthon; what makes you imagine so?"

"'Tis not imagination, 'tis certainty, or I had not said so much. Beware, John! beware, I say! She has studied you well already; and, knowing every weak point, is prepared to take advantage of them. As yet you have no vice in your heart, but if temptation cross you—and it will cross you—have you the strength to resist it?"

"Why, what a baby you would make of me! But how, in the name of fortune, have you learnt all this? From the stars, perhaps?"

"And what if I had? Would it be the less true?"

"Not the less true, it may be, but certainly the less credible."

"Ay, to fools, who deny all knowledge that is not in themselves. Why not deny, too, the instinct of the blood-hound when he tracks the unseen prey with a sagacity unknown to man, his master? But let it pass; I need not question the stars for that which I can see and hear on earth. Yes, friend, I know, for I have

heard, all the plans of this Lady Catherine and her brother, Sir Egrimond—all, I tell you—all; ask me not how I know them; there is no bush without eyes, no wall without ears; and once again I bid you beware. They will lead you on from vice to vice, till they have made you hateful to that stern old man, who never forgives in another what he has forgotten in himself. Oh, it is a scheme well worthy of the arch-fiend himself; for if it have his malice, it has his craft also. But I see Sir Egrimond; he comes, no doubt, to seek you. For the last time, beware; keep your lips from the wine-cup, and your hands from the dice-box; they are the engines that your enemies mean to work with."

So saying, the gipsy darted off into a thick copse close beside them, leaving her simple-minded auditor more bewildered than edified by her warnings. He did not for one moment distrust the sincerity of the black-eyed damsel; but then he could just as little bring himself to believe that there was any harm in so pleasant a companion as Sir Egrimond, or that any malice could lurk under the sweet smiles and fair speeches of his beautiful stepmother. And then, how had Marthon come to a knowledge of his misdeeds in the matter of dice and wine? They had been but recent, and, moreover, were of so trivial a nature, that they by no means seemed to justify such terrific prophecies of the future. Well might she say that bushes had eyes and walls had ears, if trifles of this kind could not pass without notice.

He was now joined by Sir Egrimond, whose sharp legal eye had caught a glimpse of the gipsy's red mantle as she fled into the copse; but so far was this from being a subject of rebuke with the grave serjeant, that he laughed heartily at the blushes and stammerings of poor John Long, who could not have looked more

confused had he been detected in the commission of some capital offence.

"Pshaw, man!" he exclaimed, clapping him familiarly upon the shoulder; "why make so many words about nothing? To say the truth, I was half ashamed of such a milksop as, till now, I supposed you were; but, egad, I find you're a lad of spirit, and I like you all the better! The old gentleman, though, must not know anything about it; mark that, *amico mio*. He has got to a very disagreeable time of life—just the age when men begin to be exceedingly moral and virtuous, and all that sort of thing—very becoming to him, no doubt; and so are his square toes and his long-flapped waistcoat; but they would not do for us—eh, my fine fellow?"

The taunt of his former effeminacy, and the compliment paid to his new spirit of gallantry, made no slight impression upon the facile mind of the youth. Nature had implanted in him strong passions, with a simplicity of mind that often verged on feebleness, and it was plain that the barriers interposed by acquired timidity and the rigour of paternal discipline would eventually give way under the instructions of his new Mentor. Neither did his stepmother venture to notice what she could hardly avoid seeing; on the contrary, her sole object seemed to be to win his affections by an unlimited system of indulgence, and though this might possibly be the result of some such nefarious scheme as that attributed to her by the gipsy, still there was no denying that it was just as likely to have originated in mistaken notions of her new duties. Compassionating, as it seemed, the shyness of a young man brought up under what she might well imagine too strict a rule, she had not waited to have her bounty solicited, but pressed gold upon him, and even urged him to a free use of it. "Your father," she would say, at such times, "excellent man as he un-

doubtedly is, has somewhat parsimonious habits, and forgets, besides, that he was once young himself; he would fain have you governed by the thoughts and feelings of old age, and it is this unlucky mistake of his that has made you—excuse my speaking out frankly, John—but it has made you so shy, and so simple-hearted, that those who do not know and love you as I do, are apt to think you weak and foolish. Take, then, this purse from me, who am bound to supply the place of a mother to you, and spend it freely as other young men would spend it; when your need requires more, you have only to ask and have."

"My kind, my dearest mother!" exclaimed the youth, who at this moment recollected the gipsy's warning only to wonder at her blindness.

"It delights me to hear you call me by that name," replied Lady Catherine, with one of her most winning smiles; "but put the gold into your pocket, and say no more about it—least of all, to your father; these must be little secrets between ourselves, my dear John—cabinet secrets—or, rather, you must think my gifts fairy favours, and they, you know, must never be talked of, or the good fairy will be affronted, and her golden guineas will change into so many pieces of slate or dry leaves."

"You are indeed a fairy," cried her stepson, in all the enthusiasm of honest gratitude; "and, what is more to the purpose, a benevolent one."

"To be sure I am," said Catherine, smiling as only woman can smile when she has a point to carry; "to be sure I am—the fairy Favourable, who went about saying and doing all manner of pretty things, when she found folks deserving of them." But here, I see is your servant coming with your fishing-tackle, so I wave my wand thrice, and vanish."

"What would my poor mother say, could she rise

from her grave?" exclaimed the young man, as Catherine tripped away on a light foot, that scarcely seemed to bend the grass beneath it. But the old burthen was uttered in a very different tone, and with far other meaning than when we first met him, looking sadly from the towers of Draycot, to the churchyard in which all his hopes lay buried. Then, it was the expression of a grief that sought, below the turf, for the consolation it could not find on earth; now, it was a burst of grateful joy—the outpouring of a simple but affectionate heart.

Summer and Autumn had rapidly passed away at Draycot, Sir Walter growing every day more and more enamoured of his young bride—which, however, was natural enough, considering the total sacrifice she made of all her own wishes and feelings, to those of a man so much beyond herself in years, and, what was still worse, a decided valetudinarian. In addition to this, there was every appearance of her becoming a mother before many weeks were over—an event to which Sir Walter looked forward with as much anxiety, as if he had not already a son to inherit the noble estates of Wraxall and Draycot, if he chose so to will it. But unfortunately it happened that, in exact proportion to his increasing content with the Lady Catherine, he became alienated from the son of his former marriage. As yet, indeed, he knew not the whole extent of the young man's transgressions in the matter of wine and dice; for, to do them justice, both Sir Egrimond and his sister used their best efforts to keep such things from his knowledge: still all their care, supposing it to be as real as it seemed, could not silence the tongues of busy friends. Now the old gentleman was like so many other fathers, whose wills are the disgrace of Doctors' Commons—he had monopolized in his own person

quite as much of vice as usually falls to the share of any single individual, and it was, no doubt, because this called for so large an exercise of his charity, that he had none of that kinder feeling left for others. Hence it followed, that he took upon himself to chastise every delinquent that came under his lash, as if he had been altogether free from spot or blemish in his proper person, administering justice with the severity, and much after the manner, of Virgil's Rhadamanthus—

"Castigat, auditque dolos, subigitque fatere,"

that is, he first punished, and then inquired into the guilt of the supposed culprit. In short, he was just the subject that a stepmother would select to work upon, when the end in view was the disinheriting of a natural heir, and the transference of his property to herself, or to those in whom she took an interest.

Affairs were in this state, when it was settled that the Long family should leave Draycot for Bath, on a pilgrimage to the waters of King Bladud, which, according to the advice of Sir Walter's physicians, were to cure him of the gout, that sorely endamaged his temper while it crippled all his limbs. Indeed, if the faculty might be believed, the huge steaming cauldron wherein the visitors were wont to parboil themselves—the inhabitants of the place knew better—was a second Medea's kettle; by a sort of sulphurous cookery, age and disease, when duly stewed in it, were converted into youth and health, with a speed that added not a little to the wonder of the cure.

While the old Knight was thus employed in patching up his constitution by the help of hot water, the young man was no less busy in doing the best he could to ruin his by the aid of drinking, dicing, and other

indulgences that are better not enumerated. From time to time, he caught momentary glimpses of the gipsy-girl, but, on such occasions, he had invariably shunned her, from a sort of awkward consciousness that she had not been altogether wrong in her warnings; and it was this shyness to meet her on his part, that was probably the cause why she had not approached him more nearly since the memorable interview beneath the chesnut tree. Fate, however, who bears the burthen of so much that would, perhaps, be better attributed to ourselves, had determined they should meet once more.

He was returning home, one fine moonlight night, from the scene of his usual orgies, when, just as he came upon the abbey, the figure of Martha stood before him, with a spring so rapid, that she appeared to have burst from the solid walls of the building. The young man started back, partly in surprise at the suddenness of the vision, and partly in awe of the frightful change that had taken place in her whole appearance. Her figure had dwindled to half its usual size—a deep red spot glowed on her hollow cheeks, rendered yet more ghastly by the yellow moonlight, and her sunk eyes shone with preternatural brightness. It was easy to see that the poor girl had been suffering severely from some fatal malady, either of mind or body, and that the hand of death was full sure upon her.

"Master John!" she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, "are you mad? are you blind? Can it be possible that you are the dupe of such gross artifices—and after all my warnings? Out upon this baby weakness; you almost make me ashamed that I could love—ay, love to death—such a driveller, for I am dying; a few weeks only, and the poor gipsy-girl will sleep her last sleep beneath some unblest turf, where cattle will feed, and

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he had the ready hand and the quick brain, and some portion of his good or ill—call it which you please—has descended upon us, his children. Ay, you must let out the last drop of blood from the gipsy's heart before you change the gipsy's nature."

"Well, but, Marthon—what has happened? What would you have me do?"

"What has happened?" repeated Marthon, impatiently; "only this: the will is made that turns you out to beg, steal, or starve, at your own good pleasure; you may choose whether you will die in a ditch or on the gallows, for, as I think, your hands are not used to labour. Wraxall and Draycot will pass away from you to the new-born heir, the infant son of your kind friend, Lady Catherine, who so generously supplied you with the means of ruining yourself. And did I not tell you it would be so? did I not warn you of their plots? But all is not yet lost; for the lawyer has still his dirty work to do. The foul deed must be transferred to fair parchment—that will require a few hours—and in a few hours how much may be done by a quick, determined spirit. Up, then; up, and be doing before it is too late!"

"Alas!" said he, helplessly, "my interference will avail nothing."

"Up, up, I say; wash the signs of drunkenness from your face, and throw yourself at the old man's feet. Confess your follies—show him how you have been led on and betrayed; if you have no head, you have a heart—a kind, a noble one—pour out then what it dictates as freely as yonder hills give forth their waters, and you may still be saved. Have you heard me? do you comprehend me?"

"Yes, Marthon, but——"

"No 'buts'—no hesitation!—fly—yet stay, only a single moment!"

She paused awhile, to subdue the strong emotion that had suddenly come over her, and which well nigh choked her utterance.

"Master John—you mark the tree that grows alone upon yonder down, the highest of the hills about the city?"

"Oh, yes; it is a favourite spot of mine."

"'Tis therefore that I have chosen it. When fourteen days are past, promise to be there, alone, in the moonlight hour."

"I will meet you there with pleasure, Marthon."

"Meet me," said Marthon, with a ghastly smile, "and with pleasure! Could such things be, the meeting would give you little enough of that, I trow. But they cannot—say what you Christians will, they cannot."

"Why, surely, Marthon, you do not mean to say——"

"I mean to say, that in fourteen days my head will be laid low beneath the turf where the shadow of yonder tree is falling; and, somehow, it is a foolish thought, but I cannot help it—somehow I feel as if I should die happier if I knew that you would plant a few wild flowers on my grassy bed. Will you, will you?

But before he could collect himself enough to reply, the shouts of a drunken party, which was coming up the street, caused Marthon to vanish with the same mysterious rapidity that had marked her first appearance.

Bewildered by all he had just heard, and in that frame of mind when the slightest sound of mirth jars painfully upon the nerves, John Long turned away to avoid the revellers, and mechanically wandered homewards. No thinking, however, could lead him to any decided course of action. His first feeling—for he had no lack of animal courage—was a burning desire to call out Sir

Egrimond; but would not that worthy personage laugh to scorn the challenge of a stripling, who was scarcely nineteen years of age? Then the gipsy's advice came across his mind. Should he seek an interview with his father? Strange to say, though he feared neither sword nor pistol in the hand of Sir Egrimond, he had an unconquerable dread of facing the old man; and, yielding to this unlucky feeling, he resolved to defer the intended meeting till the next day, which, he calculated, would be still time enough to prevent the signing and sealing of the fatal document. But on these occasions, when time must be reckoned by minutes, not by hours, delay becomes doubly dangerous, and while he thus hesitated, his enemies were employed in weaving the last threads of the net that was to enmesh him. In a large, cold garret, only dimly lighted by an office candle, that flared and flickered to and fro, as the wind rushed through the ill-fitted casement, Sir Egrimond was giving his final instructions to his clerk respecting the will of Sir Walter. He had himself drawn up the rough draught, which had been approved of by his client, and now earnestly sought to impress upon his humble retainer the necessity of dispatch, as well as secrecy.

"Let this be engrossed by the morning," he said; "and, Thomas, your fee shall be fifty guineas!"

"Enough said, sir!" replied the clerk, rubbing his hands with great glee at the idea of such a windfall as he had never before met with—"enough said, sir! for that sum I would go to—ahem! It shall be done, sir! —it shall be done!"

"Very good, Thomas; and mind—no blabbing!"

"Of course not!" replied the clerk; "it would be clean against office rules."

The learned Serjeant nodded his head, in token of satisfaction, and, without another word, left Thomas to

his midnight labours. But no sooner had he closed the door behind him than the clerk began to give a vent to feelings, which were at least as much owing to the place and hour, as to any very strong notions of justice.

"What a precious rogue is my master! Surely the devil will one day have his due of him! and—ugh!—I don't feel quite safe myself—but fifty guineas! How very cold it is; I'm all over in a chill. Must treat myself to a stiff glass of grog, or I shall never get through this cursed job!"

The rum was mixed and swallowed, yet still the cold fit would not leave him. So quick had his ear become, that he heard the light, low ticking of the watch in his fob, and thought it sounded unusually ominous. It was odd—very odd; what could have come to him? Had he found a conscience on the sudden? The bare idea was too ludicrous; Thomas laughed aloud at it, marvelling how it ever found a place in his brain. And so comforting was the echo of his own mirth, that it helped to raise his spirits more than all the rum had done. Under its influence, the arch-fiend himself had fallen at least ten per cent. in his opinion, greatly to the increase of the good-will with which he now applied to the task of disinheriting the unlucky son.

For two long hours did our clerk's pen travel steadily and rapidly over the deep black engrossing characters, when suddenly there appeared a shadow upon the parchment.

"Deuce take the candle!" he muttered; "it wants snuffing every minute."

But on looking up for this purpose, what was his surprise at seeing a delicate white hand—evidently a woman's hand—interposed between the light and his parchment! It was gone, however, almost as soon as seen.

"It must be fancy," thought Thomas. "No doubt I was half asleep, though I thought myself wide awake all the time. No uncommon case, that—especially with our clients!—ha! ha!"

And mightily tickled with his own joke, he set to work again upon the will, at the place where he had just before left off. It was the blackest part of the whole deed—the clause which disinherited poor John Long, which was rendered yet more atrocious by the slanders that it pleaded in its own justification. To read this dark bead-roll of offences, any person ignorant of the real state of the case would have supposed that the testator was one of the most tender-conscienced Christians breathing; while his son, according to the same veracious testimony, must have been originally too bad for hanging, and had degenerated ever since. It is surprising how much goodness is emblazoned on rich men's monuments, and how much vice stands recorded in their wills, as if they had actually carried off with them the cardinal virtues, and left nothing but vice behind them. Even Thomas, accustomed as he was to such matters, could not help a feeling of surprise at the ingenious alchemy which had transmuted a mere youth whom he well knew to be kind and simple-hearted, into something little better than a demon. But he recollected the serjeant's promise of fifty pounds, and recommenced his labours with increasing energy.

The clock struck one.

"Late—late!" muttered Thomas to himself, without, however, ceasing his task. "And what a singular vibration the bell of the clock has to-night—will it never have done?—burr!—burr—bu—r—r! Bless my soul! if I were not as bold as a lion, and as innocent as a lamb, I might almost fancy——"

Again the same shadow fell upon the parchment, and

at the sight, the blood rushed back upon his heart, which, under the influence of this sudden torrent, knocked against the ribs as if it would burst them. Fain would he have avoided looking up, but there was a spell, either in his fears, or in the shadowy object, that was stronger than will, and compelled him to seek for what he most dreaded,—when, lo! the same visionary hand showed itself between the light and the parchment. This was too much. Uttering one loud yell of horror, he fled from the room, woke the Serjeant from a pleasant dream of a new Chancery suit, and would not leave off till he had made him hear the whole story. It was in vain that Sir Egrimond endeavoured to laugh him out of his terrors.

"May I not believe my eyes?" asked the Clerk.

"Not if they show you such visions as these."

"Nor my ears, I suppose; nor any other sense?"

"Certainly not," replied the Serjeant, coolly, "when they contradict reason."

"Oh, I shall go mad," said the unhappy Clerk, not knowing what to think. "I *am* mad. Tol-de-rol—tol-de-rol. Oh, yes, to a certainty I am mad—tol-de-rol."

And forthwith he began capering about the room like one possessed, till at last he sank back into a chair from actual exhaustion.

"Now that you have tired of your antics," said Sir Egrimond, who had looked on with marvellous coolness, "perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me who, according to your notions, was the owner of this same white hand, for I suppose it had an owner."

"Why, the late Lady Long, to be sure."

"And how do you know it was hers?" asked the Serjeant, as if he had been cross-examining a refractory witness.

"Because—because—because I do," replied Thomas, stoutly.

"Ay, but that won't do," said the Serjeant; "I ask you again, upon your oath—psha! I mean, how the devil did you know it was Lady Long's hand? Did you see her face?"

"No."

"Then, how dare you tell me such a lie?"

"It's no lie," said Thomas; "it's an inference."

"A what, sirrah?"

"An inference. I infer that it was Lady Long; for who but the mother of the rightful heir would think of travelling all the way from the other world, only to thrust her horrid white hand in my face when I was engrossing the will that went to rob——"

"Rob, you scoundrel!—what do you mean by that?"

"I don't know what I mean; she has frightened me out of my wits; I told you so before; and it's hard if you make me responsible for anything I may say or do for the next six months."

Ingenious as was the clerk's mode of reasoning, Sir Egrimond was not convinced by it; he only arrived at the conclusion that Thomas had too delicate a conscience for the wear and tear of the law, and consequently dismissed him. Of course another clerk was easily found, of tougher materials, when the will was speedily engrossed, signed, and sealed, the son with all due form disinherited, and Sir Walter soon after died comfortably in his bed, with the pleasant assurance that in life he had discharged all the duties of a good father and a pious Christian.

So far, then, it would seem that the white hand had showed itself to little purpose; and yet this, as it turned out, was by no means the case. The clerk's marvellous tale quickly spread abroad, and, by making the matte

a subject of conversation, raised up friends for the disinherited son, who might else have forgotten him. The trustees of the late Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door; her nearest relations commenced a suit against the intended heir; and the result was a compromise between the parties, by which John Long took possession of Wraxall, while his half-brother was allowed to retain Draycot. Hence the division of the two estates, which we find in the present day.

What became of Marthon the legend saith not, but no doubt she kept up her reputation for prophecy, by dying at the time she had herself predicted. Let us hope, too, that he in whom she had so deeply interested herself planted, with a grateful hand, a few wild flowers on the grave of the poor girl, who had literally died for love; for the humblest may have hearts, and hearts—especially when lodged in female bosoms—may be broken.

Lady Catherine, we are told, was married to a second husband, Sir Edward Fox, whose personal attractions made her forget the solemn pledge she had given to Sir Walter on his death-bed. But if the widow of Ephesus has found many imitators, no doubt she had also many precedents. Sir Walter, however, in his defunct state, appears to have been as jealous as any living husband, and to have been disturbed out of all reasonable measure by this second marriage. It was shown thus: his picture, painted on wood, hung at that time over the parlour-door at Wraxall, as it now does at Draycot. When Sir Edward led his bride from the church into the parlour, the string, by which the painting was suspended, broke, and the heavy portrait tumbled upon her shoulder, getting cracked as it came into collision with the floor. "This," says Aubrey, "made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes."

John Long, the disinherited son, married, subsequently, Anne, daughter of Sir William Eyre, of Chaldfield, and left issue, which is now extinct in the male line: his half-brother, to whom Draycot fell, became Sir Walter Long, Knight, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. From him directly descended the late Sir James Tylney Long, of Wraxall and Draycot, the last known male representative of the Longs of Wraxall and Draycot. He died in early youth, 14th of September, 1805, when his extensive estates devolved on his sister Catharine, wife of the Hon. William Wellesley Pole.

DISCOVERY OF A REMARKABLE PLOT FOR INSURRECTION IN IRELAND,

IN 1665,

BY THE LADY OF CAPT. ROBERT OLIVER, OF CLOUGHANODFOY, COUNTY LIMERICK.

THE student of family history, in the course of his silent researches, often happens on strange incidents of general importance, which, from their peculiar and personal character, are comparatively unknown. Treading, as he does, in bye-paths, he encounters many a tale of romantic adventure, that has never been blazoned in the public annals, because the scene of its occurrence was remote and retired. Viewing, as it were, the anatomy of human society in its minutest dissection, he is enabled to trace, through their whole course, the hidden springs of action; to measure the volume of the brain that has directed empires; to scan the recesses of the heart whose pulsations may have shaken worlds. Or, in less extended fields, he is called on to witness deeds of calm and heroic endurance, of zeal for the public good, of devotion and duty, that have passed away unrewarded by a breath of praise, and now slumber with the dust of those who did them, in unworthy silence and neglect.

One of these we shall now offer to the reader. It is a tale of female heroism—tried in the severest way, too: in sagacity and prudence, and not amid the excitement of action. And, when we add that the fate of a kingdom hung in the balance, and that the success or blasting of a bloody conspiracy rested, for a season, on the judgment of one weak woman, we hope to win a tribute of admiration for our gentle heroine.

The boundaries of the counties of Cork and Limerick, in Ireland, are a noble range of stupendous mountains, which, under different designations, extend themselves in uninterrupted succession for upwards of thirty miles. One of this chain overhung the retreat of the poet of the "Faerie Queene," Kilcolman Castle, and, in verse of exquisite beauty, Spenser sings the praise of

> Old Father Mole, Mole hight that mountain gray
> That walls the north side of Armulla Dale,

by which he means a large, double-peaked hill, now known as the Ballyhoura Mountain. The scenery around is grand and impressive. The Alpine heights, thinly planted, but plentifully clad with heather, have lochs of unknown depth on their summit, and "loom, misty and wide," in a vast panorama, as the climber's eye gazes from above on their far-spreading immensity. When he descends, the visitor finds himself immured in deep defiles, pierced, generally, by a brawling rivulet; and on all sides sees that he is so hemmed in among the mountains, as to need the friendly services of a guide to extricate him. Solitude and deep stillness are around, broken only by the chiming fall of waters, or the light waving of wings as the wild birds flee away from the presence of an intruder. As for inhabitants, they are few and far between; while, such as are casually en-

countered, have an air of wild uncouthness about them, so as to make them appear, like the figures in Salvator Rosa's landscapes, as accessories put in to heighten the scene.

It was through one of these mountain passes, on the 6th of February, 1665, about noon, a lady, richly dressed, and followed at a little distance by a mounted attendant, took her way. Her palfrey was a small, stout-limbed, poney, well adapted for treading on rough causeways, or for making its way through the stony moorland that stretched far and wide in the vast distance. The lady's errand was one of mercy and love. Old Ralph Western, her forester, who for love of her own self had quitted her father's service in dear Lincolnshire, was now unable, from palsy and rheumatism, to come down to see her; and he had sent his respectful duty and longing wish to behold his mistress once more ere his eyes closed on this world for ever. He told her that he knew he was dying; and while he thanked her for all she had done to smoothe his pillow in sickness, and ease his footsteps to the grave, he had made but the one petition to see her in person, that he might take his last farewell. And, with thoughts of her girlish years, when the old man had fondled her as his own daughter, and meditations on all that had passed since then, and the changes that had converted herself into the staid matron, and the blithe sturdy yeoman into an asthmatic dotard, the lady rode on pensively, and, ever and anon, in tears.

Her attendant, perceiving his mistress's emotion, dropped yet further into the rear; and the pony, judging from the loosened rein that he might profit by the abstraction of his rider, turned aside from the pathway to crop the herbage of the moor. Just then, a tall

figure, clad in the leathern doublet and slouched hat of the period, started from behind a crag, and approached the lady, saying:

"Lady, may I speak with thee? The business is——"

A shriek, sudden and wild, interrupted him; and the lady's attendant riding hastily up, scarcely saved his swooning mistress from falling heavily from her palfrey; for the suddenness of the apparition had taken away her senses, and she lay for awhile without reason or motion. On her recovery, she inquired of him had he seen aught?

"No, an it please you, madam; nought but grey stones and wild peat-bogs."

"Saw you no man when you rode up to me?"

"No living creature since we left Cloughanodfoy this morn."

"Well, let us push on to old Ralph's, and there I can have an escort home."

The times were momentous. The Irish, though transplanted (we should, perhaps, rather say, "transported") to Connaught and the western districts in great numbers, where lands, in lieu of their Munster settlements, had been assigned to them, yet hung with straggling pertinacity about their olden haunts. Who could blame them? The rooftree might have sunk in blazing embers, and the foundations of their homes be uprooted with the ploughshare, but what so dear to the exile as the blue mountains that first filled his childhood's mind with awe; as the stream that he plashed in or angled in his boyhood; as the hill-side where he first confessed his love, and heard it reciprocated; as the lonely graveyard, where sleep his loving Dead? Unable, however, to cope longer with their invaders in the field,

the "kerns," as they were contemptuously called, descended to petty acts of violence and bloodshed. Pillage and massacre marked their steps; and the English colonist was constrained to keep unwearied "watch and ward" for the preservation of his flocks and herds, and yet more for the safety of his own life. In addition to these disturbers, a new class of disappointed fanatics had been let loose by the disbanding of the Parliamentary soldiery. These desperate men, enraged at the recent Restoration of Royalty, and finding that, though English in blood, they possessed not the confidence of the English Crown, were ripe for any measures, however extreme. Reckless of life, that had brought with it little of the world's dignities or riches, and strangers in a land they had conquered, they were ready to peril an existence for which they had little care, on the chance of obtaining again the power and influence that had so recently passed away from them. The third party were the Royalists, who had suffered not a little during the civil war of 1641, and who were now slowly recovering the losses they had sustained from both the Irish and Republican attacks on them; and of this party was the husband of the lady we have introduced to our reader.

"Ha, madam!" exclaimed old Ralph, and he raised himself from his pallet with an energy for which his hearer was unprepared — "ha!" exclaimed he, as he uplifted his withered arm, and clenched his nerveless fist, "and did the villain so startle my sweet lady? O, would that I had been with thee, and feeble as is this arm, it should yet have laid him low——"

"But, Ralph, I said not that he spoke unkindly to me. He threatened not. On the other hand, he seemed desirous to communicate something to me; but

my thoughts were far away at the time, and the suddenness of his appearance it was that alarmed me."

"Then, madam," feebly gasped the invalid—for the fire with which he had spoken had passed away in utter prostration, "he should have done the matter otherwise, and presented his petition at Cloughanodfoy respectfully——" "O God!" he reverently exclaimed, after a pause, "I am dying. The light is going out. Lady! dear mistress! farewell—for——ever!"

A tremulous motion; a short, deep throe; a vain attempt at breathing—and the rigid lips parted in sunder, and the old man's soul had passed away to its God.

* * * *

The day following, the same lady (whom we may now name as the wife of Captain Robert Oliver, of Cloughanodfoy, county Limerick) sate in the library of her mansion. Before her blazed a fire of wood, crackling and bickering continually, and the light, as it glowed cheerily on the hearth, fell warmly also on burnished arms, displayed at intervals on the walls, between the bookshelves. She had been reading—for a volume, kept open by an ivory marker, rested on her knee; but her listless air showed that her study had ceased to interest her, and her thoughts plainly roamed away to other themes. Hours passed by. The short, imperfect light of winter gradually faded into indistinctness, and gloom thickened on the prospect outside; and still the lady sate there, in her meditative fixedness, unheeding the change that was passing over the face of nature. An artist would have rejoiced in so noble a subject for his glorious calling. Her attitude was unconstrained gracefulness. Her brow, on which the lines of thought were traced, wore, for that reason, a spiritual character

that seemed almost unearthly. She was no longer young, but, in the summer of her womanhood, had reached the fulness of ripened bloom that stays so short, and preludes only shaken leaves and withered flowers. As the darkness deepened without, the firelight seemed to grow in brilliancy. Its rays were caught by the rich jewels in the lady's stomacher, and the brilliant dyes of her brocaded mantle, and displayed a form where matronly fulness had not effaced the grace and beauty of girlhood, but had rather heightened them. The lady's absent thoughts were with her husband, who, some days before, had been summoned to Dublin by the Duke of Ormonde, the viceroy, on official duties. They had seldom been parted since the day of their union; and vague wishes and fears now occupied her anxious mind. She meditated on the unsatisfactory state of public affairs, and the dangers to which a military officer, above all others, when travelling was exposed to. She thought of her own loneliness, and of the unprotected dwelling, far away among mountains, she was occupying. She dwelt, too, upon the scene of death she had so recently looked on, and the incident that befel her on the way, which, trivial as it would have appeared at other times, now seemed to her to be a kind of warning against coming evil. In the midst of such reflections, a light tapping at the door aroused her, and a female domestic appeared at her mistress's summons.

"Please, madam," said the attendant, handing her a letter, "this message has been brought by a strange man, who awaits your commands."

Mrs. Oliver took the note, and read the following words:—

"*There is danger hanging over you and yours. It were death to me to tell you more, save by word of mouth.*

I have already twice perilled my life in seeking to put you on your guard. But, being grateful for the past, I would fain preserve you from the future."

There was neither name nor date to this mysterious document.

"Does the messenger yet wait?" was the inquiry made by Mrs. Oliver, after a vain attempt to fathom the meaning of the writing she held in her hand.

"Yes, madam."

"Show him here. You need not stay—I would be alone."

The stranger was admitted, and the attendant withdrew. He was the same man who had presented himself so suddenly to the lady on the preceding day; but if she doubted his bearing on that occasion, there was now no cause for misapprehension or dissatisfaction. He approached her with studied respect, and drawing himself up to his full height, saluted her with an air in which military training and gentlemanly breeding were combined. Anxiously and earnestly he apologized for the untoward adventure of the day before, explaining that the nature of his communication made him desirous to see her privately, and that he had risked his life in coming to her mansion now. The interview lasted for an hour, and then the stranger departed, having first taken of Mrs. Oliver an oath of secrecy with regard to his name. He came again on the morrow, and continued yet longer in his revelations. And hardly had he gone away the second time, when pens and paper were put in requisition by the lady to whom his secret had been imparted, and a special messenger received orders to get in readiness to proceed to Dublin without delay. What the stranger's communication had been, and how overwhelming

its importance, may be surmised from the following epistle, now indited by Mrs. Oliver to her absent husband :—

"*To Captain Robert Oliver.*"*

"Dearest Heart,—You will admire at the strangeness of what I intend to write to you, which is a damnable plot, which has been a hatching this year or two, against his Majesty, and all the nobility of the three nations, and the surprising of all the strongholds under his Majesty's command, and to put all them that resist to the sword. This damnable plot was to be put in execution the last New Year's day, at night. But their design not being ripe enough, they put it off for a time, and, as I understand, is very soon to be put in execution. The party that discovered this to me, confessed that himself was one of the plotters, and that he had laid out a sum of money to the promoting of that devilish design, as I may call it. Vast sums of money are levied for the carrying on of that business; and that they have corrupted the most part of all the soldiers that are in any strongholds, which they are sure of, when the time appointed comes for their breaking out; and that the gaining of the castle of Dublin has cost them many a piece of gold. It is to break out over all Ireland in one night. The party that told me this, made me take my oath not to discover him, no, not to you; for then he was sure you would discover all their designs; but the reason he had to disclose this to me, was, the great respect he had for our family, and that I might secure what I

* This narrative is of so romantic a guise that we anticipate the reader's suspicions as to the authenticity of the following letters. It will suffice to establish the truth of our whole tale, to refer to the first Earl of Orrery's "State Letters," among which the communications we quote have been printed.

could, but all unknown to you. For, if you should perceive me fearful, or careful, you would force me to tell the cause; and then, as he said, you would certainly ruin their design. When this man told me first of this business, truly I thought he was mad, or drunk, that he should tell a silly woman a business of that great weight; and therefore I made no great reckoning of his words. But a day or two after, his occasions drew him hither, and then I began to speak of that business to him, he made me, with a great many more protestations, swear to him to keep his counsel; and then told me all the above particulars, and much more to the purpose. I seemed something to like his design, on purpose to sift him, as well as I could; but I could not get from him the names of any of the plotters for all my oath. My conscience tells me, that I ought not to keep secret so damnable a design, that threatened the death of so many innocent souls; and knowing that the great God of heaven forced him to discover this business, not to conceal it, though I know not what this may avail, by reason I cannot tell any of the plotters' names, and am resolved not to discover him that told me all this, unless I have both his life and what livelihood he has secured to him. For it is not fit that I should, by discovering of this plot, be the cause of his death that disclosed this secret, only that I might provide for the safety of me and mine. And moreover, that, if I should name him, he might deny it; for I had no witness by, but God. Also, my earnest request is, that if you show this letter either to my Lord Duke, or Lord of Kingston, as I believe you will, (and my desire is you should, to make some provision) that my name may not come in question, but to pretend that this intelligence came by some other means. I forgot to tell you that their pretences are for liberty and religion; but I am sure

murther and treason never came from God. They do believe, surely, that God has a hand in it, since they have not been discovered all this while. You know best what to do in this business, to whose care I commit it; and you I commit into the hands of the Almighty, which is all at present from,

"Dear Heart, your faithful wife,

"BRIDGET OLIVER.

"Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 8, 1665."

This expressive letter at once sets before us the writer's character. We trace in it clear-headed discretion, promptitude, firmness, faith, united with high-souled honour, and true womanly tenderness. It was late in the night ere the fair writer had concluded, and early next morning, before her own messenger had taken leave, a horseman rode in, bringing letters and despatches from the metropolis. Upon this, she added the following words, and folded them as a cover upon the foregoing:—

"*To Captain Robert Oliver.*

"My dearest Heart,—Just now I received your letters and papers, and will, by the help of God, observe your directions as well as I am able. I will send immediately away to the county of Kerry. Captain Griffith is not as yet returned, and I believe, if he were, he would not go to Dublin; so that you need not rely upon him. As for the business of Colonel Sadler, if you like the other proffers, I would not have you break with him, for paying him seven hundred pounds in hand; the Lord, I hope, will send it, though I am very sensible you have much money to pay this year. As for the inclosed, I pray God direct you what you ought to do in it. I have resolved, since the writing of it, not to

discover it to any creature, until I hear from you again. If you think that I must discover the party, never show it; for I cannot do it, without being perjured. I am sure it is a fanatick plot, and I fear the most of our loving neighbours are concerned therein. Therefore be sure to show it to no fanatick, nor any other but those I mentioned in the inclosed; and have a care it be not known from whence it cometh, for fear of drawing a perpetual odium upon you and yours, which is all at present.

"Praying to the Lord to direct you and us all, I remain,

"Your faithful wife till death,

"BRIDGET OLIVER."

"Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 9, 1665."

We may imagine the astonishment of Captain Oliver, when, on the third day, the jaded messenger placed in his hands such alarming news from the south. We can readily call up what natural feelings of incredulity and faith battled together within him. How slowly at first his mind would give any admission to the truth of the report; then, how it would pass on to conceive its possibility; then feeling the greatness of the intelligence, how his sense of duty, in making the story known to the Viceroy, would contend with his fears of the nature of its reception. "At all events," thought he, "I will do my part; and even should the rumour be groundless, it is just as well the government should know its nature?" He proceeded to the castle, and immediately was honoured with a private interview by the Lord Lieutenant.

The sagacious Ormonde heard him calmly; and on learning the character of the communicator of the news, how, though a woman, she was strong-minded and clear

in judging, observed, "I thank you, Captain Oliver; you have acquitted yourself as a loyal man and a true subject, and must now complete the service by personally investigating the matter, under the direction of my Lord Orrery, the President of Munster. When will you be ready to proceed southwards?"

"In half an hour, if it please your Excellency."

"Nay, not so soon," said Ormonde, smiling. "In truth, we must have the advice of our Privy Council on this business; and, although the summonses be issued to-day, we cannot reasonably expect their presence until the morrow. Should their judgment agree with my own, you will be required to leave for Cork immediately after the sitting. Till then, farewell."

The Council met next day, according to the summons; and the result of their deliberation was this official letter to the Lord President of Munster, which Captain Robert Oliver was commanded to give into his own hands:—

"*To the Earl of Orrery.*

"Council Board, Feb. 12, 1665.

"My Lord,—Captain Robert Oliver will inform your lordship what the occasion of his sudden journey into the country is, to the end he may receive your directions and assistance, if need shall be, how to govern himself in the discovery he is upon.

"The intimation he hath given me is yet very dark, but of so high importance, that the least suggestion of such a nature is not to be neglected, or the finding out of the truth delay'd. I recommend all to your lordship's prudence, and remain,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most affectionate
"humble Servant,
"ORMONDE."

Acting, at the same time, on the judicious hint contained in the lady's letter, that a pardon, under the sign-manual, for such persons as should discover the plot, should be sent down, the Duke of Ormonde entrusted Captain Oliver with the following also:

"*By the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland:*

"ORMONDE:

"I do hereby undertake, that any person who shall discover unto Captain Robert Oliver any treacherous plot or contrivance against the King's Majesty, or the peace of the kingdom, shall be secured in their lives and fortunes for any part, consent, or contrivance, that the said discoverer shall have had, or given, to any such design or plot, provided that such discovery shall be made to us by the last of this present February. Given at his Majesty's Castle at Dublin, under our hand and seal, this 12th day of February, 1665.

"G[EORGE] L[ANE]."

Captain Oliver hastened homeward, and arrived at Cloughanodfoy without molestation. Immediately after, he addressed this letter to his Excellency:—

"*To the Duke of Ormonde.*

"Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 15, 1665.

"May it please your Grace,—As soon as I came home, I did what I could with my wife to discover the party's name, but I could not prevail with her by reason of her oath. I took my son in private, and did inquire of him whether he knew the party. He told me that he did believe that it was one Robert Taylor, who liveth close by Charleville. His reason to suspect him was, that he saw him in private discourse with his

mother twice before she writ, and at another time since. I asked my wife, whether she had any discourse with the said party since she wrote to me: she did confess she did send for him, and to the end he should discover the plot himself; and she did tell him that she was troubled in her conscience, and that she could take no rest night nor day. He told her that he should be racked in pieces before he would discover it. She told him then, that she would discover that wicked plot, if he did not discover it himself by this night. The party, at those words, began to change his colour, and seemed to be in a rage, insomuch that my wife did fear he would kill her. She coming away from him hastily, he called to her, and desired her to give him a fortnight's time, and he would resolve her, whether he would discover the plot and the plotters, or not; and since that time she hath not seen him. To-morrow she will send for him, and show him your Grace's pardon, to try if that may work upon him. I shall wait on the Earl of Orrery in the morning, and shall acquaint him with what I hear; and by the next post I hope to give your Grace a better account of this business. Humbly begging pardon, I crave leave, and remain, "Your Grace's faithful, humble

Servant till death,

"ROBERT OLIVER."

This letter was inclosed in one to Sir George Lane, clerk of the Privy Council:

"Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 15, 1665.

"Honourable Sir,—I have herein inclosed, sent his Grace what account I was able to give of that business. You know I cannot, as yet, get my wife to tell me the party's name; but I doubt not to find it out ere long.

I will leave no stone unturned, till I find out the root from whence those wicked branches grow, that would destroy both Church and State. It is not the person I did suspect that gave the account, you know. I pray let my Lord Duke know, that I shall be careful in what his Grace hath committed to my charge, or anything else that his Grace may be pleased to command me, though it were to the hazard of my life, which is all at present from, "Your most faithful Servant,

"ROBERT OLIVER."

We may now introduce the first of two letters from the Earl of Orrery to the Lord Lieutenant, detailing Captain Oliver's introduction of the matter to him, and his opinions on it, together with some of his lordship's suggestions for the safe keeping of Munster:

"*To the Duke of Ormonde.*

"Charleville, Feb. 16, 1665, at Three in the Afternoon.

"May it please your Grace,—Captain Oliver came hither to me this morning, about eleven o'clock, and brought me the honour of your Grace's letter. I have ever since, though very lame of one hand (which, by an unfortunate knock I got on it, has drawn down a sharp pain of the gout into it), been writing several letters, in order to the discovery of that damned plot he gave your Grace notice of, which I have some ground to think has much in it. I hope, by the next post, to send your Grace some better information of it. I think Robert Oliver has found out his wife's informer, whom I know to be a desperate fanatick, and as such I turned him out of the town I live in. I have sent to apprehend him without noise. If I take him, he and I will not part till, by fair or foul means, I know the bottom

of the work. If he be fled, Mrs. Oliver will tell us all. I have sent for some of the chief officers in this province, and I humbly offer three things to your Grace's consideration.

"The first is, that, with what speed may be, some pay be sent down to the soldiers; for really, my Lord, their wants are not small, and I shall not fear any roguery on foot while the soldiers are anything tolerably paid. This post brought me a letter from Sir John Shaen, wherein are these words, viz.: 'if my Lord Lieutenant desires about thirty thousand pounds to be advanced on the Act for subsidies, I will get it done as soon as I receive his Grace's commands therein, if it be thought a service to his Majesty and his Grace.' This I thought fit to acquaint your Lordship with, which you may improve, as your Grace thinks fit.

"The second is, that all the officers may be immediately sent to their commands.

"The third, that all the chief fanaticks of Ireland be immediately secured, which last may break, and perhaps discover their whole design—by the fear of some, and the covetousness of others, on promise of rewards.

"I shall do my duty cheerfully and faithfully. I continue Mr. Leigh* still here, till I receive the honour of an answer from your Grace to that letter written to you about him by, may it please your Grace,

"Your Grace's most humble, most faithful,

"And most obedient devoted servant,

"ORRERY."

The next letter from Captain Oliver to the Lord Lieutenant is dated five days after his former one, and

* This Mr. Leigh was grandson to Lord Leigh, and was placed under Lord Orrery's care by the Duke of Ormonde's orders.

lays before his Excellency much additional intelligence; with the Captain's discovery of the individual who had come to warn his wife, and some indication of the nature of the intended revolution. It runs thus:—

"*To the Duke of Ormonde.*

"Cloughanodfoy, Feb. 20, 1665.

"May it please your Grace,—In obedience to your Grace's commands, I did what lay in my power to find out the person who did inform my wife of that wicked plot, intended by some giddy-brained, fanatic people, and by God's assistance to my endeavours, I soon understood who he was; and by reason of the oath my wife did take, that she would not discover his name, I did prevail with her to send for him, and show him the pardon, before it was known to any, but some of my family, that I was come home; and he came, according to her desire. I left two secret friends, unknown to my wife, in two closets that were in the room where my wife and the man did use to discourse. And when he came, my wife desired to speak in private with him in the aforesaid room, and those persons I left private did hear their whole discourse. My wife, by her persuasion, and threatening she would tell me his name, persuaded him, on the sight of the pardon, to discover to me, within three or four days, what he did know, and [he] immediately went his way. Before he came to my house, I went to the Earl of Orrery's, and gave him account of the person I did suspect to be the man that did inform my wife; and immediately I returned homeward, and beset the way he was to return, and met with my wife's messenger, which did confirm my thoughts he was the man I did suspect; and soon after, I met with the man himself; and after I had conversed with him of that bloody, wicked plot, I told him he was the man

that did inform my wife of the said plot. He did at first deny it. I, being earnest with him, and showing him the evil of such damnable designs, and especially at this time, when the kingdom was a settling, and war proclaimed between us and the French King and the Hollander, I did work upon him; but he had a desire to defer his discoveries for three or four days. I would take no denial at all, but got him to go home with me, took his examination upon oath; and when I had done, I went with him to the Earl of Orrery, and delivered his lordship the examination, which was read to him, and he did acknowledge it to be truth; and he did inform my lord more than he did remember to tell me. He hath engaged to my lord to be a faithful subject to his Majesty, and would do his endeavours to find out the chief promoters of that wicked design, if his name be concealed. My lord promised him a good reward, and in earnest thereof, gave him twenty pounds, and sent him away.

"My Lord of Orrery did promise me, that he would send your Grace the examination I took, or the heads thereof, with what other account he can get concerning this plot. I spare writing the man's name, having acquainted your Grace therewith in my last. I hope to wait on your Grace towards the latter end of the next week, and then shall give your grace a further account of this business, and what more I can find out concerning the same. Begging pardon for this boldness, I humbly crave leave, and remain,

"Your Grace's most dutiful servant till death,

"ROBERT OLIVER."

A letter of the same date, from the Earl of Orrery, furnishes additional particulars, and throws considerable light on the conspiracy.

"*To the Duke of Ormonde.*

"Charleville, Feb. 20, 1665.

"May it please your Grace,—The same morning which Captain Oliver came hither, his wife sent me a letter, which imported the substance of what she had written to her husband to Dublin. And as in my letter to your Grace of the 16th instant I told you, there was not a little truth in what he had imparted to your Grace, and that this post I would present you with a further account, so now I find what I then writ to your Grace was not groundless. I must give Captain Oliver this right, as to assure your Grace as he did, at Dublin, discharge the part of a loyal subject, in acquainting your Grace immediately with what came to his knowledge, so, since his return, he has played the part of an active and honest man; for he has not only discovered who was his wife's informer, but has also brought the person to me, after I had twice sent, without noise, to his own house, to apprehend him. But he was gone to Mrs. Oliver's, who had so thereby laid to his conscience the horror of the design, and the duty of discovering it to me, that Captain Oliver found him so well prepared, as he did frankly tell him, upon oath, several important particulars, which, when he brought him to me, he owned, and told me several more. I did, as well as I could, lay open to him the inexpressible mercy of his Majesty to that vile party he had engaged himself with, not only pardoning to them their past crimes, but also giving them the lands of many which had served under his royal ensigns abroad, to pay the arrears which had been contracted against his service at home. And then, having to my utmost made him sensible of his sin, I did assure him, if he were ingenuous and serviceable, he should not only have pardon, but good reward.

"The man (who is as proper and as stout a fellow as any was in Cromwell's army) acknowledged, with much sorrow, his having been surprised into a consent to so horrid a design, and solemnly vowed to me, after he had thoroughly weighed the consequence and guilt of the design, he could have no quiet in his mind till he had resolved within himself (which he protested he did) to acquaint me with it as soon as he could discover the very bottom of it; and, to repair what is past, if I would awhile keep his name secret, he would labour night and day to discover all their villany, and, from time to time, acquaint me with it. I gave him £20, as an earnest of what should follow, if he were successfully industrious in serving his King and country, which he reiteratedly engaged to be.

"I did humbly beg a cypher from your Grace at Dublin, which you promised should be sent me; but having yet not received it, I dare not, for want of it, tell the officer's name who is engaged to me, lest letters might be intercepted, and his service, if not life, lost thereby. I beseech your Grace hasten down one to me, and let the number of this officer be 666, by which number I shall express him henceforth in this letter.

"666 [Ensign Tamler*] being duly sworn and examined, deposeth that, about three weeks past, there came one [Browne*] to his house, (whom I shall call by the number 667,) who lay there all night, who began to lament the growth of popery (and, indeed, spoke such rascally things against his Majesty as it were a shame to write them), the height of the bishops and clergy, and debauchery of most in power; and then told him he should, before long, see those English which were now

* We insert the names, as they were furnished at a subsequent period.

rejected would be in request again. 666, seeming to comply with what was said by 667, 667 told him, if he would swear to keep secret what he would tell him, he would then know more; which oath 666 swore. Then 667 told him, that there was a general design going on in England, Ireland, and Scotland. That it would be executed in one hour in all places. That those who were engaged in it were called *The Old Blades;* and that every one had sworn not to discover who was in it; but he who was engaged in it was to be only known by this appellation—viz., an honest man. That their design was to set up again the Long Parliament; above forty of whose members were engaged in it by Ludlow, who was to be general, under them, of these three kingdoms. That Ludlow was to be assisted with forces, and arms, and money by the Dutch, and other the King's enemies. That they would all rise in one night, and it should be a bloody one; for they would kill whoever did oppose them, or not join with them in their design, which was to pull down king and lords, and, instead of bishops, to set up a sober and peaceful ministry. That they had made, over all Ireland, good collections of money, with which they did work upon the necessities of the soldiery. That they had already bought several men in several garrisons; and that, by great sums of money, they were sure of Dublin Castle whenever they were ready to declare, which would be in a few weeks. And that, shortly, he would bring 666 a copy of their declaration. And that he should have a fortnight's warning of the night wherein they were to execute their plot. Then 667 asked 666 how many men he could raise for so good a design? 666 answered, he was sure he could raise forty. Then said 667, 'I will bring you, at my return, 40*l.* to give them, for I am now going to Cork, to engage more friends, and will meet you at my return.' 666

told him, 'These are good generals, but pray tell me, in particular, what certainty have you of other garrisons besides Dublin Castle? and who of my friends are engaged in the plot?' 667 replied, 'I have told you already, that we have bought several in many garrisons, and now I tell you our chief aim in Munster is to be secured of Limerick, the gaining of which place is immediately committed to Captain [Walcot], who has laid out above 300*l.* there already, and I hope has gained the Lord Orrery's youngest serjeant in the King's castle. The whole business of the county of Cork is committed to Colonel [Phaire], and we have in every garrison a gunsmith, who is our friend, who buys old arms for us, and fixes them up privately; the name of him in Limerick is [Richardson], who bought for me this case of pistols,' (which he then showed him hid under his coat.)

"This, my Lord, is the substance of what 666 deposed and told me, and he is now gone to get me a further account, and particularly whom they have corrupted of Dublin Castle. As soon as he returns, your Grace shall know what he brings; which, that I may the safelier present you, I beg you send me down a cypher, and by the cypher I shall tell your Grace what those names are, which now are in blanks, whom I know to be notorious rogues, and as likely to contrive and join in such a villany as any.

"I have had Sir Ralph Wilson and Colonel Jephson with me, to whom, on oath, I have discovered much of this, and have enjoined them to be most watchful in Cork and Limerick, and particularly to make it their business to gain one honest discreet serjeant or corporal in every company to be their spy in the company, that when any come to corrupt the men, they may be seized upon, and forthwith brought to me. And I have

promised whoever does it a good reward. I hope, if this be carefully observed in all places, there can come none to corrupt the private soldiers, (for these villains hope to work on them in their wants;) but we shall discover them. I expect other chief officers here, to whom I shall give the like orders. Sir Ralph Wilson, whose company is in the citadel, as mine in the King's castle, told me this, which I had acquainted him with, made him begin to suspect what one of his own serjeants told him of his other serjeant two days ago: one of his serjeants is worth 500*l.*, and a very honest fellow, and he told him he did not like his brother serjeant's so often going to an anabaptist's house, a mile from Limerick. I have taken such a course, that, if my serjeant has been tampered with, I doubt not I shall know it speedily. And I hope to get such good spies in every company, as nothing shall stir unknown to me. But I beg your Grace, if any money can be gotten, send down some to the soldiers speedily; for really, they are in much want. Though the commissioned officers stayed, yet, if the soldiers and non-commissioned officers had three months' pay, it would be a very good advantage.

"I beseech your Grace, by the next post, send me a letter of thanks from yourself to Captain Oliver, who is an honest stout man, and one, I will engage, will serve the King with his life and fortune upon all occasions, and such men deserve to be countenanced, in the humble opinion of,

"May it please your Grace.

"Your Grace's most humble servant,

ORRERY."

The letter of thanks, recommended in the concluding

paragraph, was immediately written by the Lord Lieutenant. It was brief, but expressive.

"*To Captain Robert Oliver.*

"Dublin Castle, Feb. 24, 1665.

"SIR,—I have the very good account sent me, in yours of the 15th and 20th of this month, of the affair you were employed into the country about, as also an explanation of some particulars from my Lord of Orrery, to which you referred me. I am in daily expectation of further information, and doubt not but that you, who have so honestly and so prudently begun, will bring the discovery to a full and useful conclusion. This is only to assure you your endeavours and faithfulness are, and will be, well received, rightly valued, and proportionally rewarded; and that upon all occasions you shall find me to be

"Your very affectionate friend to serve you,

"ORMONDE."

Captain Oliver, having discharged his mission in the country, returned to his post at Dublin; and the last letter which it will be necessary to give, is from his lady, to whose sense and prudence the three Kingdoms were indebted for their deliverance from a formidable insurrection. We know not whether our readers' judgment goes with our own; but to us there seems a depth of tenderness in the quaint, old-world salutation of "Dearest Heart," and in the parting words, "Your faithful wife till death," that are employed in this and her other communications. We do not use such phrases now. They seem too homely to our over-wrought fastidiousness; and we borrow terms of endearment from other tongues, that we may speak more smoothly and winningly in the loved one's ear. Have our vows gained

in their sincerity by the change? We think not. Loving the past, in all its guises, as we ourselves do, we cling to the olden words, and contend for their usage; for they come before us in quiet beauty, invested with a simple loveliness, that appears to us more rich, more full, more sweet, than all the jargon of Paris or the Peninsula. We know and believe that, behind the thickest plate of the steel corslet, and the taffeta doublet of other days, there beat the selfsame human heart that pulsates now, both in reader and writer. We are sure that knightly vows were not all words, nor were ladies' tendernesses empty ceremonials. In short, we are satisfied of that truth's reality, which no romancer has painted or can paint, that the fulness of the heart's overflowing in love and duty from husband to wife, and from wife to husband, existed with our predecessors in the flesh, in all its rich abundance, just as the most blessed can enjoy it now. The strength of man's passion, the gentleness of woman's love, have a thousand times gone down to the grave without name or notice; and you walk above their dust, knowing not what deep wishes engrossed the sleepers beneath.

> The most loved are they
> Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
> In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
> The vale, with its deep fountain, is their choice;
> And gentle hearts rejoice
> Around their steps!—till silently they die,
> As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye;
> And the world knows not then,
> Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled.

Remembrances of this have, we confess, often filled us with our most subduing meditations on bygone days. When we traversed some baronial hall, and caught a glimpse of the cold, stiff portraits, looking down

upon us from the panelled side walls, it was not so much the memory of the historical achievements, in the field or in the council, of the personages represented, that so engrossed us, as the endeavour to call up again the tale of their affections. Here was the golden link that bound them to us. They were men of like passions with ourselves. Individualize their story, and you perceive the truth of our reasoning. Take that full, matronly figure near you, the work of Vandyck or Sir Peter Lely, and mentally run through the changes she experienced from girlhood to marriage, from marriage to motherhood, from motherhood to dotage, and decay, and death,—and can you help recalling all her changes, all the scenes, sometimes of sorrow, and sometimes of joy, that took place in her domestic career, without a sigh? What is Love, is the same thing as to ask, What is Life? And the one answer will suffice for both,—it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. The treasures of buried love which the grave hides in its close, dark abyss, are as bright and precious as those on which the light of our own day falleth continually; and what, though the carcanet in which those jewels were fixed seems to us mis-shapen and antiquated, can we doubt its intrinsic value or once becoming grace? So those olden words of affection may now sound strangely on our ears, but their sincerity was deep, and their meaning well understood, and tenderly reciprocated.

"*To Captain Robert Oliver.*

"Cloughanodfoy, March 9, 1665.

"Dearest Heart,—I have received yours, and have not much to say of the account you desire of Taylor, only that he was with me that very day you left home, thinking to meet with you; and would have been

sooner, but that he mistook the day you appointed him to meet you. All that he told me was, that their arms were a making with a great deal of speed for that wicked design. He showed me one of the pistols that was given himself, and was to receive more against the time appointed, and some money also, which he was resolved to take. The time that they intend to put this plot in execution is the five and twentieth of this month. Captain Walcot's arms were a making all this week: a great deal of provision for arms and money is a making amongst them. He was somewhat shy in telling me the names of them. I did not much press him to it, by reason that he promised to tell my Lord of Orrery of all that he knew from time to time. There are two serjeants at Charleville, who, as he says, received above two pottles of money from the plotters upon that account. When the time comes, he is resolved to justify it to their faces, and discover as many as he knoweth; but first he would have himself carried to prison with the rest, fearing he should be known by the rest to be him that betrayed them. I have no more at present to trouble you with, only praying to the Lord to bless you; which is all from her, who is, dear heart,

"Your faithful wife till death,

"BRIDGET OLIVER."

The plot, thus timely communicated to the Chief Governor of Ireland, was providentially frustrated. The arms of the conspirators were everywhere seized, and their preparations, in consequence, came to nought. Walcot, and the other leaders, cast themselves upon the royal mercy, as soon as they knew that their plans had been discovered. The vigilance of the English fleet, at the same time, prevented the landing of the expected succours from Holland; and although the French

admiral, the Duc de Beaufort, meditated a descent at Kinsale, he found the coast everywhere too well guarded to accomplish his design. In August of the same year, the Duke of Ormonde made a progress through Munster, and the loyalty of the inhabitants reviving, he was everywhere enthusiastically received.

Cloughanodfoy is now called Castle Oliver. It is the property and occasional residence of MARY ISABELLA OLIVER GASCOIGNE, and her sister, ELIZABETH OLIVER GASCOIGNE, the co-heiresses of the late RICHARD OLIVER GASCOIGNE, Esq. of Parlington, co. York, and granddaughters of the Right Hon. SILVER OLIVER, of Castle Oliver, who was lineally descended from Captain Robert Oliver, and Bridget, his wife. The Misses Gascoigne are now building a magnificent castle near the site of the old mansion of Cloughanodfoy; and throughout the late famine and pestilence in Ireland, they so distinguished themselves by their *personal* exertions in the relief of the peasantry on their estates in the county of Limerick, as to win universal admiration. One noble peer, from his place in the House of Lords, made their self-sacrificing and judicious measures the subject of well merited panegyric. It is happy to find the nineteenth century keeping pace with the heroism of the seventeenth.

THE CHALLENGE

Sent by Sir HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Knight of the Garter, to SIR FRANCIS VERE, Lord Governor of the Brill, and Commander of the English Forces under the States; with an account of what passed thereupon, first by the Earl of Northumberland, and secondly by Sir Francis Vere.

THIS very curious "account" of the preliminaries of an affair of honour between two remarkable men of their times (24 Eliz., 1602), was copied by Peck, from a thick folio MS. in the possession of Mr. Commissary Greaves, but is not given in the *Desiderata Curiosa.*

THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S ACCOUNT.

1. The Right Honorable the Earle of Northumberland having just cause to call Sir Frauncis Veere in question for divers wrongs done unto him (as, by the reporte of sundrye men of good credit, he was informed) on Saterday, the foure-and-twentieth of April, sent him, by Captayne Whittlocke, a letter with this superscription on the outsyde:—

" *To the vallorous and worthie Captaine Sir Frauncis Veere, Lord Governor of the Brill, and Commander of the English under the States.*

"I tould you at Ostend, that then was noe fitt tyme to expostulate matters: nowe I hould it proper to call you

to accompt for those wrongs you have done mee. You love to take the ayre and to ryde abroade. Appointe, therefore, a place and tyme to your liking, that I may meete you. Bringe you a friend with you; I will be accompanyd with another, that shall be witnesse of the thinges I will laye to your charge. If you satisfie mee, we will returne good freindes; yf not, wee shall doe as God shall put in our mindes. I will eschew all bitter words, as unfit for men of our occupation. Seeke not by frivelous shiftes to diverte this course of satisfaction, for all other meanes then this I have prescribed, I shall call as an affirmation of that I have heard. Which will cause me to proceede in wrighting myselfe as the wronge requires. Make me no replies by letter, but send me your will by this bearer directlie, that you will or you will not. For from me you shall [have] no more. Give no cause of noyses in the world to hinder this course, least you baffle your own reputation. Whatsoever ells I shall doe in this just cause of offence peacewards, I could not have used to have expressed my mind."

2. After he had receyved and read this letter, he asked Captaine Whitlocke yf he had nothing to deliver him by worde of mouthe? Hee replyed: That in case Sir Frauncis Veere should offer to write an answer by him, then the Earle of Northumberland gave him charge to saye: "That hee was forbidden to take any letter, but to crave a direct answer by word of mouthe, which the Earle did assure himself Sir Frauncis Veere would not refuse to send."

3. Then Sir Frauncis Veere, reading the letter once againe, he willed Captaine Whittlocke to signify to the Earle of Northumberland "That, upon such a subject as that was, hee could not soe soddainely give an answer either by word or writing; but that he would think of it

and send it." Whereupon Capt. Whittlocke asked him: "Yf he would not name to the Earle of N. any prefixed tyme?" He told him again, in these express wordes: "That he would not name the tyme precisely, for in his resolutions, when hee took them, he was suddaine, and, therefore, he knew not how soone he should be readie to answere him." Thus Captaine Whittlocke departed from him.

4. Sundaye morning, the xxv, Captaine Ogle came to the Earle of Northumberlande's lodging, and tould his lordship "That Sir Frauncis Veere, upon the receipt of his letter, had noe disposition to laye himself open to the bearer thereof, as to let him understand his mynde; but that he had advised since with himselfe, and sent him an answer of his letter in another." Which Capt. Ogle intreated his lordship to receyve.

5. To this the Earle of Northumberland replyed, "That he was resolved to stand to that he had sett downe in his letter sente by Captaine Whittlocke. That he would receyve no letter but a direct answer, appointing the tyme and place where they should meete, and bring either of them a friend, to be witnesses of that should be said betwixt them both." His lordship asked him withall, "Whether Sir Francis Veere willed him to saye that his lordship tyed him to conditions that were over hard, by calling him to any such place abroad?" [He said, Yes.] To which the Earle of N. answered, "That it was noe disparagement to Sir Frauncis Veere to say a truth in any place, or in any man's presence. And if he would justifye himselfe in any thinge that should bee layed to his charge, there was no fitter place than such as hee required."

6. Captain Ogle answered, "That Sir Frauncis Veere would bring noebody with him, but was desirous to meet his lordshipp alone, so that it might be in [a] place,

for the respect thereof there ought to be noe scuffling or drawing of swordes."

7. To this the Earle of Northumberland replyed, "That he would not sticke with him to meete him alone; but, to stand in any respect of place, it was to noe purpose. For neither his own house, nor Sir Frauncis Veere's, nor the court, nor the market-place, were fitt for the deciding their controversies. And that he must be sure, weresoever he should meete him, he would not go without the weapons he did ordinarylie weare, neither would barre the use of them, yf it were requisite. With this, Captain Ogle, being upon his departe, offered to deliver his letter a second tyme, saying, "He knewe not how to acquit himselfe of his duty towards Sir Frauncys Veere, if hee did not deliver itt according as hee gave him charge."

8. The Earle of Northumberland asked him, "Whether he bad him leave the letter in his chamber, yn case he would not recyve itt?" He answered, "Yes: that he had bad him expresslye leave it. The Earle of Northumberland bad him 'lay it down upon the table;' which hee had no sooner done, but the sayd Earle, *stepping to his sword, that was hanging on the wall, he drew it half out, and badd Captain Ogle 'carry back the letter,'* saying, with his hand upon his sworde, '*this is sufficient for your discharge of duety to Sir Frauncis Veere.* Capt. Ogle took the letter up againe, and went downe. When he was gone so far as into the street, the Earle of Northumberland made him to be called back againe, and badd him tell Sir Frauncis, 'that he stayd in London expresslye from his business, elsewhere to have an answere whether he would appoint a tyme and place, or noe?' Captain Ogle made yett, the third tyme, an offer to deliver Sir Frauncis his letter. The Earle badd him, 'he should not offer it any more, *unlesse he had a fan-*

tasie they too should have a thrust together.' " And thus Captain Ogle parted with the Earle, the Sunday morning.

9. The same Sundaye after dinner, Captaine Ogle came to the Earle of Northumberland with a new discourse, " That Sir Francis Veere was willing to satisfie his lordship, but that he was desirous to meet him in some place in London, each of them accompanied with a man of gravitie, and of some ranke in the state, and named, for his choice, Sir Edward Stafford, or some such like."

To this the Earle replyed, " That he thought it noe fitt course to trouble such men; for that knight and another, his equal, were men like enough to acquaint the Queene and Councell, yf they saw any difference betwixt them, which might breed farther contention, and bring them under power of her Majestie's commandment by their information. Agayne, if they should not doe this, att the least they would hinder them from going together into the fielde, yf either party should have just cause so to doe; a proceeding flat against his meaning: because hee desyred no noise, but privately to be satisfied, as in his letter did appear; and because he held Sir Francis for a gallant gent. and a worthie commander, hee was resolved to deal with him in the stile of a soldier; and, to be short, least Sir Frauncis should, in his scoffing way, say that he knew how to handle a lord, he would not accept of statesmen, but willed Capt. Ogle to tell him, That he would be stedfast to his first designe to bring him a Gent. and a soldier, over whose sword hee was assured he had absolute authority for this tyme; and in this matter betwixt them two, and could command him in honorable courtesy not to drawe, but onely to be witnesse of their conferences and appointments, least Sir

Frauncis Vere, or himself, after they were parted, say more or less of each than indeed had been sayde. Such another he willed Sir Frauncis to bring with him; and that he should remembrance agayne the contents of his letter, to send him an absolute answer; Whether he would or noe?"

10. The same Sunday, toward evening, for the last tyme that Capt. Ogle came to the Earle of Northumberland, hee brought word, "That Sir Frauncis thought it not reasonable to satisfie him after the manner he did appointe, and therefore hee could not doe it; but desired to have under his hand the particular causes for which he was aggrieved." The Earle replyed, "That to wryte would be tedious, and against his promise and his letter; and that hee would not make his wronges knowne, unles he might be assured of satisfaction, either by word or sword, in such place as was fitt for a nobleman that profest armes to receyve it in. That he should tell Sir Frauncis, how, by this refusal, he was thoroughly persuaded he had done him those wronges which he meant to lay to his charge; and that he would laye upp this injurious dealinge in his harte, and right himself thereafter, as he should think fitt."

The matter resting thus, after three days, on Thursday following, Sir Noel Caroone (agent for the States and chief dealer for the business Sir Frauncis Veere hath now in hand) did acquaint the Queen and Councell with their differences. And suddenly it pleased her Highness to send an honorable person to the Earle of Northumberlond, and to lay a command upon him "to forbeare any action against Sir Frauncis Veere, at that instant employed in her service:" which hee in all humility did accept of, making no reckoning of anything touching his own particular, in respect of her Majestie's service and commandment. Hee only made

the company then present to understand, "That he referred himself to all men of judgment that made profession of honour; and that he hoped they would not blame him, yf that, in attending his satisfaction, hee protested, That Sir Frauncis Veere was a *knave* and a *coward*, that in flearinge and gearinge like a common *baffoone*, would wronge men of all conditions, and had neither the honestie nor the courage to satisfie any."

II.—SIR FRANCIS VERE'S ACCOUNT.

1. The Earle of Northumberland, making profession to have Sir Frauncis Veere, upon divers sinister reportes (made by base and factious persons) where he might have drawn from Sir Frauncis Veere satisfaction, in the matters hee were to object, either by word or sworde, without any daunger or hinderance of the lawes; never called him to an accompte, or charged him directly with any matter, though Sir Frauncis Veere did offer to give him satisfaction, knowing himself clear from wronging the Earl in his reputation, though hee must and will confesse, upon the certayne knowledge hee had of the countynance and favour the Earl shewed to certaine meane persons, and the contentment he tooke in the bitterness of theire backbiting of Sir Frauncis Veere, that he grew into contempt of this humour of the Earle's, and afforded him little respect.

2. Their first meetinge in England was in the Courte, the 13 April (Sir Frauncis Veere being sent to her Majestie by the States as a publique person, upon very waightye and important affaires) where the Earle, passing by Sir Frauncis Veere, asked softly, "*if hee went to London that night?*" Whereto Sir Frauncis Veere answered, "He knewe not:" it being knowne to a gent of

great worthe in Courte, that Sir Frauncis Veere attended the coming of a great councellor to Courte, through whose handes his busynes must passe; and was determined, if he came earlye, after speech with him, to go to London; yf late, to have stayed in the Court that night.

3. The Earle made no replye, but passed [on]. Whereupon Sir Frauncis Veere followed him, asking him "If he would command him any service, if he went to London." To which the Earle made noe answer at all. Sir Frauncis Veere, who took this as the Earle meant (who since confessed to Capt. Ogle that hee purposed to sett upon Sir Frauncis Veere upon the waye) forsaking his former resolution of attending the arryval of the honorable personage, passed towards his lodging, and, on the greene before the Courte, hee saw the Earle. And, so soone as his coache was made readye, Sir Frauncis went to London, and found no encountre. Hereupon a rumour spred, both in Courte and Cittye, "That the Earle had challenged Sir Frauncis Veere."

4. The 24. Aprill in the evening, about six of the clocke, one Capt. Whittlocke came unto Sir Frauncis Veere's chamber, and, after some speeches of other matters, hee drew a letter out of his pockett, and said the Earle sent it him. Sir Fraunces Vere tooke the same, and read it twise. Whittlocke required an answere. Sir Frauncis told him, the matter was of "a great moment to be so suddainly answered." Hee asked, "When the Earle might expect an answer?" Frauncis replied, "That his speed would be more than ordinarye." The same evening he framed his answere, but wanting a convenient messinger (for he was to choose one to whom he might communicate his letter), it was not sent untill next morning, and then he gave the same unto Capt. Ogle, his lieutenant-colonel, willing

him, "Yf the Earle refused the letter, to deliver by worde the contents thereof," which was as followeth:—

5. "Your Lordship required, in the letter sent mee by Captain Whittlocke, that I should retourne a direct aunswere, by worde of mouthe, to the contents; which at the instant I forbore, the matter being of moement and not to be resolved of so suddainely; and now for good respects I chose rather to let your Lordship knowe my mind by writing, than by any man's report. Yf your Lordshipp's meaning be, by the meetinge you appoint, to draw a verball satisfaction from mee in the objections you are to make, the matter of the meeting, in my opinion, is not the best, in regard that truth, delivered where swordes may be drawne, is subject to hard construction: which I desire to avoyd. Your Lordshipp shall therefore be pleased to nominate some fitt place for communication, whither I will repayre with much willingnes to cleare my selfe of having given your Lordshipp the first cause of offence, for truth's sake, for the respect of your greatnes required, and for that I despise private combatinge, especially at this tyme, that I am ingaged, and in soe great and important an action, as your Lordshipp knoweth. This course rejected by your Lordshipp, I shall not leave to follow the occasion that drew mee, with the poore hayne attending me ordinarily; confident that your Lordshipp will attempt nothing unfitting your selfe uppon mee that have allwayes lived in good reputation, and am discended from a graundfather of your owne rancke. From my lodging in Aldersgate-street, 25 of Aprill.

"FRAUNCIS VERE."

Whereof the superscription was, "To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter."

6. The Earle refused the letter. And Capt. Ogle laying the same on the boord, the Earle took his sword, &c. And Capt. Ogle, as I had instructed him, tooke the letter, and delivered the contents by wordes. The Earle replyed, "That there was no place privileged from drawing of swordes, but the greene chamber of presence, the garden, or the markett place; and that thees was no places to speake in." And with this Capt. Ogle returned to Sir Frauncis Veere, whoe said to Capt. Ogle, "That to him all places were alike, yf the distinction then was proper for treatye and expostulation; and that it was indifferent to him where it were, and what companye on the Earle's part were present, soe as he might have some gentleman quallified (such as Sir Edward Stafford) to bee a witness of what should pass."

7. With this answere, Captaine Ogle returned to the Earle the third time, to signifie unto him, "That since his lordship would accept of noe indifferent and convenient place of meeting for communication, Sir Frauncis Veere was resolved not to satisfie (him) in the manner he required; and, moreover, to let him understand, that where and wheresover the Earle should meete with Sir Frauncis Veere, (where there were no priviledge of drawing swordes) and should espostulate with Sir Frauncis, he would never answer him to his demaundes, but willinglye lay his hand on his sworde." And so this negociation of Captain Ogle bracke off.

8. Within some few dayes, her Majestie had knowledge what had passed, *it being divulged by the Earle's followers* that he sent a challenge to Sir Frauncis Veere. Whereupon, the 30 of the foresayd monthe, her Majestie sent commandment unto the Earle, "Not to have to doe with Sir Frauncis Veere." Then the Earle, as by circumstances appears, having brought matters to the passe

he desyred, published the manner of his proceeding in the English, French, and Italian. Whereof Sir Frauncis Veere could not procure any copye till some few dayes before his departure, nor answere the same presentlye, as he willinglie would, for his affayres otherwise. And for that, in the same, the Earle *went beyond the true grounds of judgment and honour,* Sir Frauncis Veere thought it necessary to send to the Earle the letter following, what he offered to the world, with the rest of his proceedings, to be judges off.

9. " Becausse I refused to meete you uppon your peremptorye and foolish summons, you conclude me, in a report sent abroad under your name, to be a *knave,* a coward, and a buffoone; wherein you have provoked mee to set aside all respect to your person, and to saye that you are *a most lyinge and unworthye lord.* You are bound by her Majestie's commaund not to assayle mee, and I, by the businesse committed to mee, not to seeke you. When you shall be free, as God shall make us meete, I will mayntayne it with my sworde.

" FRAUNCIS VEERE."

" Examined, with the copye which Sir F. V. sent unto me, at the very first day taken forth of it, which was even upon his departure out of London for the Lowe Countryes; who went all the way by land from London to Thames, where he took shipping. Mr. White, his man, brought yt unto me."*

* This Postscript appears to be written by the Earl of Northumberland.

CELEBRATED PEERAGE CAUSES.

I.—THE EARLDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND CLAIMED BY JAMES PERCY, THE TRUNK-MAKER.

THE great family of Percy, so conspicuous in England's annals since the Norman conquest, enjoyed from that eventful era to the death of Jocelyn Percy, 11th Earl of Northumberland, in 1670, more than six hundred years, an uninterrupted male descent, and counted on their family tree no less than nine barons by feudal tenure, four barons by royal writ, and eleven Earls of Northumberland, all of whom were men more or less renowned in those martial times, when the soldier's was the only name to be found inscribed upon the tablets of fame.

Earl Jocelyn married the youngest daughter of the Lord Treasurer, Thomas Earl of Southampton, the Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, and left at his decease an only daughter, the greatest heiress of her time, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who eventually became the wife of Charles Somerset, the sixth and still-remembered proud Duke of Somerset. Of her Grace's eventful life, we have already spoken, in our account of the murder of Mr. Thynne. On the death, thus sonless, of Jocelyn, the last of the male Percys, a singular claimant arose to the hereditary renown, broad lands, and nobility of the illustrious deceased, in the person of an humble trunk-maker of the city of Dublin, one James

Percy, who came over in 1670, the very year the Earl died, especially to prefer his claim, which he subsequently pursued with all the enduring boldness of a Percy, against the might and the wealth of the most powerful noble in the kingdom, in those days when might constituted right, and, united with wealth, became irresistible. The trunk-maker contended against the proud Duke, notwithstanding, for full fifteen years, and obtained during the contest some temporary triumphs, although we do believe that he really had no right whatsoever; but he was dealt hardly by, and of consequence excited no little sympathy pending the affair, nor did his defeat and total annihilation finally set his pretensions at rest, for it is even still believed by many, that the trunk-maker was the true Percy.

There is no vanity more intoxicating than the supposition of being born to high destinies, and many a strong as well as feeble mind has tottered under the delusion. But such a supposition at the worst is weak —not wicked; and there is no crime in endeavouring to establish legally what we firmly believe to be true. Yet the poor trunk-maker was absolutely treated as criminal for presuming to "trouble the House of Lords," and daring to enter the lists with the potent and haughty Duke of Somerset. The lineage, the laurels, and the lands of the Percys, were a prize well worth doing battle for; and he would be a false Percy indeed, who, believing that he had the slightest shadow of right to so magnificent an inheritance, shrank from the arena.

But to proceed: the conduct of James Percy in preferring his claim, and assuming the title of Earl of Northumberland, in 1670, aroused the Dowager Countess, the mother of Earl Jocelyn, who, on the 18th of February, 1672, presented a petition to the House of

Lords on behalf of herself and Lady Elizabeth Percy, her granddaughter, showing that "one who called himself James Percy (by profession a trunk-maker in Dublin) assumes to himself the titles of Earl of Northumberland and Lord Percy, to the dishonour of that family;" which petition was referred to the Committee of Privileges. In two days afterwards, on the 20th November, a petition from the trunk-maker was read, considered, and dismissed: both parties, however, were before the House on the 28th, Percy claiming the honours, and the Countess charging him with being an impostor. Percy craved time by his counsel; but refusing to show any probability that he had a just right, the House refused to accede, and finally resolved that his petition be dismissed, Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, alone protesting. The Lords adjourned the next day, and nothing further was done at the time in the matter.

Percy, however, undaunted by the decision, persevered in his pretensions, and, appealing to the Courts of Common Law, instituted actions for scandal and ejectment against various parties, and no less than five suits were tried between the years 1674 and 1681. In the former year, he sued one James Clark for scandal, in declaring that he was an impostor, but was nonsuited, which, in a printed statement, he attributed to the collusion of his attorney, and adds that the Lord Chief Justice Hales, dissatisfied with the decision, stood up and said aloud in open court, "that the claimant had proved himself a true Percy, by father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, and of the blood and family of the Percys of Northumberland, and that he did verily believe that the claimant was cousin and next heir male to Jocelyn, late Earl of Northumberland, only he was afraid he had taken the descent too high."

Lord Hales is further stated to have said to Lord Shaftesbury, when entering his coach, "I verily believe he (James Percy) hath as much right to the earldom of Northumberland, as I have to this coach and horses which I have bought and paid for." The claimant next brought an action against another of his adversaries, one Wright, also for slander in declaring his illegitimacy, and the case was tried before Lord Chief Justice Rainsford, when, having proved his legitimacy and pedigree, he had a verdict of 300*l.* He had subsequently protracted litigation in the Exchequer with Edward Craister, Esq., Sheriff of Northumberland, against whom he filed a bill, in 1682, for the recovery of the sum of 20*l.* per annum, granted by the patent of creation out of the revenues of the county: before this, in 1680, he again petitioned the House of Lords, and his petition was again rejected, Lord Anglesey again protesting against the rejection. Pending the suit in equity, the Duchess of Somerset, in 1685, brought the subject once more under the consideration of the House of Lords; when their Lordships, upon reading the petition of Charles, Duke of Somerset, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset, showing, "that one James Percy falsely assumed to himself the title of Earl of Northumberland, &c.," referred the same to the Committee of Privileges. In rejoinder to this petition, Percy presented a "petition of complaints," which was likewise sent to the Committee. There appears no result to this reference, and the House seems to have taken no further cognizance of the matter during the remainder of the reign of King James; but on the 15th of May, in the first year of William and Mary (1689), it appears that a petition from James Percy was read, and referred to a Committee of Privileges "to consider thereof, and of several reflexions in it, and what is fit to be done to

prevent disturbance by the said James Percy, who hath so often troubled the House in this matter, and to report thereon."

The report of the committee declared Percy's conduct to be insolent in persisting to call himself Earl of Northumberland, after the former decisions of the House, and the Lords ordered that counsel on the part of the Duke of Somerset should be heard at the bar of the House against the said James Percy. The Lords finally decided, "that the pretensions of the said James Percy to the Earldom of Northumberland are groundless, false, and scandalous;" and it was further ordered and adjudged, "that, therefore, the petition of the said James Percy be and is hereby dismissed the House; and that the said James Percy shall be brought before the four courts in Westminster Hall, wearing a paper upon his breast, on which these words shall be written: THE FALSE AND IMPUDENT PRETENDER TO THE EARLDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND." This judgment was immediately carried into execution, and, from that time, nothing further was heard of the unfortunate trunk-maker or his claim. Percy's own statements of his pedigree, for there were two, both broke down. In the first he alleged that his grandfather, Henry Percy, of Pavenham, was son of Sir Richard Percy, a younger brother of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland; according to which allegation Sir Richard must have been a grandfather at thirteen years of age. Sir Richard was shown, however, to have died without issue. He subsequently took his descent from Sir Ingram or Ingelram Percy, stating that his grandfather Henry was the eldest of the four children of Sir Ingram, third son of Henry, fifth Earl, and that the said four children were sent out of the north into the south, about the year 1599, in hampers, to old Dame Vaux, of Harrowden,

in Northamptonshire. For this story, however, he advanced no proof, and attempted to support the assertion of Sir Ingram's marriage on the oath of a Mr. Henry Champion, who had formerly kept some books and records of the Percys. That Sir Ingelram Percy died unmarried, there can be little doubt, and left an illegitimate daughter only.

Of James Percy, himself, nothing was heard after the Lords' final decision; but we find his son, Sir Anthony Percy, holding the office of Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, in 1699. He (Sir Anthony) died in 1704, leaving by Mary his wife, daughter of Arthur Emerson, Esq., three sons, Henry, Robert, and James: the second, Robert Percy, of Singborough, in Wicklow, died in 1750, leaving a son, Anthony, and a daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Patrick Shee. The eldest son, Henry Percy, Esq., of Seskin, also in Wicklow, married Eliza, daughter of William Paul, Esq., of Moyhill, and had a son, Emerson, and six daughters, Mary, *m.* to Richard Warren, Esq.; Hannah, *m.* to Mr. Hoey; Elizabeth, *m.* to Mr. Montgomery; Anne, *m.* to Harry Towneley Balfour, Esq.; Harriet, *m.* to Sir Richard Butler, Bart.; and Jane, *m.* to Henry Stanley Monck, Esq. of Dublin.

II.—THE BARONY OF CHANDOS.

The Barony of Chandos, of Sudeley, in the county of Gloucester, was claimed in 1790, by the Rev. EDWARD TYMEWELL BRYDGES, by petition to the Crown, which set forth, "that her Majesty Queen Mary by letters patent in the first year of her reign, granted to Sir John Brydges, Knight, the title and dignity of Baron Chandos of Sudeley, to hold to him and the heirs male of his body for ever.

"That the said John, first Lord Chandos had issue three sons, Edmund his eldest son; Charles, his second son; and Anthony, his third son; and likewise other younger sons.

"That the title of Baron Chandos descended to Edmund, and continued in his issue male until the death of William, seventh Lord Chandos, without issue male, when the line of Edmund, the eldest son of John, first Lord Chandos failed.

"That the title then descended to Sir James Brydges, Bart., eighth Lord Chandos, who was the great grandson and heir male of the body of Charles, the second son of the first Lord Chandos; and continued in his issue until the death of James, Duke of Chandos, in 1789, without issue male; when there was a total failure of heirs male of the body of Charles, the second son of the first Lord Chandos. And upon such failure the claimant submitted that he was entitled to inherit the said honour and dignity as heir male of the body of Anthony, the third son of the first Lord Chandos."

The case was referred, in the accustomed manner, to the Attorney General, Sir Archibald Macdonald, who reported, that he conceived the claimant had proved himself to be heir male of the body of John, first Lord Chandos, and, as such, entitled to the honour and dignity of Baron Chandos, of Sudeley, by evidence which, altogether *not without some difficulty*, would be probably deemed sufficient to prove his title to any other species of inheritance, the foundation of which was laid so far back as the year 1554, concluding, however, that, "inasmuch as the evidence may, in some parts of it, be subject of doubt, and, therefore, may require further investigation," he would recommend the case being referred to the House of Lords.

The Attorney General's report was, in consequence,

so referred, and the case continued before the Committee of Privileges until the year 1803, (thirteen years from the presentation of the petition) when, on the 16th of June, a majority of the Committee came to the resolution, "that the petitioner had not made out his claim to the title and dignity of Baron Chandos." And thus destroyed the hopes and materially injured the fortune of a family which, independently of its pretensions to nobility, was of consideration and very great respectability. The next brother of the claimant, the late Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, Bart., an accomplished writer, and a very learned antiquary and genealogist, retained to the last moments of his life the strongest faith in the right of his family, and, after the decease of his brother, the claimant, added invariably to his signature—"Chandos of Sudeley de jure;" while others well versed in such matters entertained the contrary opinion quite as sincerely and as strongly, and there can be no doubt but that the decision of the House of Lords was strictly just. It is our province, however, to record the proceeding without prejudice or partiality, and we shall do so, beginning with a history of the very great family of Brugge, or Bridges, on whom the dignity was conferred.

In the reign of Henry III., Sir Simon de Brugge was Lord of the Manor of *Brugge-upon-Wye*, (now called Bridge Solers) in Herefordshire. He was a partisan of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in Montfort's rebellion against that monarch, and, in consequence, incurred a forfeiture of his lands aforesaid. He was succeeded by another Simon de Brugge, who was succeeded by John de Brugge, who, in the Parliament held at York, in the 16th of Edward II. is the first named in the return of knights of the shire of Herefordshire; and on that account he and the other knight, Philip de

Clavenone, had an allowance of one hundred and eight shillings for their expenses, and two shillings a day for six weeks going and returning. He had a son, SIR BALDWIN DE BRUGGE, who is said by Collins to have married Isabel, daughter and coheir of Sir Piers Grandison, and had several children. His eldest son and heir, THOMAS BRUGGE, enriched and elevated himself by marriage with ALICE, daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Berkeley, of Coberley, in Gloucestershire, by JOAN, sister and coheir of SIR JOHN CHANDOS, grandson and heir of Sir Roger de Chandos,* BARON CHANDOS, Knight Baronet.

This Alice *m.* secondly, John Browning, Esq., who in the 9th of HENRY IV. had a pardon for marrying her without the King's licence, and for making entry on the lands she held in capite. She *d.* in the 2nd of HENRY V., leaving by her first husband,

GILES.

EDWARD, of Lone, who was returned among the gentry of Gloucestershire, in the 12th of HENRY VI. He *d.* in three years afterwards, seized of the manors of Overlee and Harfield in that county; as also the manor of Pendock. Isabel, one of his daughters and co-heirs, was married to John

* SIR ROGER DE CHANDOS, Knight Banneret, *temp.* EDWARD III., was summoned to parliament as a BARON from the 20th December, 1337, to the 22nd October, 1355, when he died, leaving a son and heir,

SIR THOMAS DE CHANDOS, Knt., who was *s.* by his son,

SIR JOHN CHANDOS, Knt., who *d.* in 1430, leaving his sister, Margaret, his heir; which

MARGARET CHANDOS *m.* Sir Thomas Berkeley, Knt. of Coberley, and left two daughters, her co-heirs, namely,

Margaret, *m.* to Nicholas Mattesden.

ALICE, *m.* to Thomas Brugge.

BURKE'S *Extinct and Dormant Peerage.*

Throckmorton, second son of Sir John Throckmorton, Knt. a very eminent person in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI., in the latter, under-treasurer of England, and ancestor of the Baronets of Coughton.

The eldest son,

Sir Giles Bruges, Bart. of Coberley, M.P. for the county of Gloucester 32nd of Henry VI. *m.* Catherine, daughter of James Clifford, of Frampton, Esq., and was succeeded by his only son Thomas Bruges, of Coberley, Esq., M.P. for the county of Gloucester 8th Henry VI., who married Frances, daughter of William Darrel, Esq., of Littlecote, and was succeeded by his elder son, Sir Giles Bruges, who was knighted for his valour at the battle of Blackheath, 22nd June, 1497. He *m.* Isabel, dau. of Thomas Baynham, and had two sons:

JOHN, created Lord Chandos.

THOMAS, of Cornbury and Kemsham Abbey, in Somersetshire, ancestor of the Brydges of Kemsham, which line terminated with George Brydges of Avington, who on the death of his uncle Harry Brydges, Esq. of Kemsham, inherited that seat and the large estates annexed. Mr. George Bridges represented the city of Westminster, from 1714 to 1751 the time of his death, which was occasioned by an accident, he being found drowned in the canal of his garden at Avington, when 72 years of age, and paralytic. He died without issue, and was buried in Avington church; devising his then large estates of 6000*l.* a year to his widow, dau. of Sir Joseph Woolfe, for life, and the greater part afterwards to his sixth cousin, the Marquess of Caernarvon, afterwards, Duke of Chandos. He left, beside, an estate at Alresford, and other pro-

perty, to George Bridges Rodney, (afterwards Lord Rodney) whom he had adopted.

The elder son,

Sir John Bridges, was under age at his father's decease, and in ward to King Henry VIII. Having subsequently adopted the profession of arms, he attended the King in his French wars, in 1513, and was present when Terouenne and Tourney were taken, and at the memorable rout at Guinegate, called by English historians "The Battle of Spurs." In these actions, although so very young, he so far distinguished himself, that he received the honour of knighthood, with other gallant persons who had deserved well for their conduct in battle. In 1537, he was constituted constable of Sudeley Castle, and on the surrender of Bulloign in 1554, was constituted deputy governor of that place, in which post he was retained by King Edward VI. when he gallantly defended the town against the French King in person, who had besieged it with a considerable army. On the death of Edward, he waited on Queen Mary, and on her entrance into London was one of the principal persons then in her Highness's train—for which services the Tower of London was committed to his charge, and he received a grant of the Castle and Manor of Sudeley, in Gloucestershire. On Sunday, 8th of April, 1554, the Queen created him, at St. James's, a peer of the realm, by the title of Baron Chandos, of Sudeley. In a few days afterwards, his lordship attended the amiable but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey to the scaffold, when her ladyship, in consideration of his civilities to her, gave him her prayer-book—according to others, a table-book, with some Greek and Latin verses, which she wrote at his Lordship's desire, which he might retain as a memorial. Lord Chandos married Elizabeth, daughter

of Edmund, Lord Grey of Wilton, and dying 4th March 1556-7, left issue:

EDMUND, his son and heir.

CHARLES, of Wilton Castle, in the county of Hereford, cupbearer to King Philip, and deputy lieutenant of the Tower, when the warrant came for executing the Princess Elizabeth, which he refused to obey until he should receive other orders from the King and Queen, and was thereby the means of saving the Princess's life, for the order being disowned at court, a stop was put to the execution. This gentleman, who died at an advanced age in 1619, was succeeded by his son,

SIR GILES BRYDGES, Bart. of Wilton Castle, whose grandson, SIR JAMES BRYDGES, succeeded as 8th LORD CHANDOS.

ANTHONY, from whom the petitioner, the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, claimed descent.

There were two other sons, but the line of both had altogether failed, and three daughters, viz.: Catherine, wife of Edmund Sutton, Lord Dudley; Elizabeth, married to John Tracy of Todington, county of Gloucester, Esq., from whom the Viscounts Tracy; and Mary the wife of George, son of Sir George Throckmorton of Coughton. Elizabeth, Lady Chandos, their mother, died 29th Dec. 1559, and was buried at St. Faith's, under St. Paul's. On a fair plated stone, under a vault in the west end of the church, was the following inscription:—

"Here buried is Elizabeth,
Of honour worthy dame,
Her husband erst Lord Shandoys was,
Her son hath now like name.
Her father was of Wilton Lord,
A Grey of puissant fame,

Bridges, of Canterbury, Esq., the only surviving son and heir of Edward Bridges, of Ospringe, the son and heir of Robert Bridges, Esq. of Maidstone, son and heir of Anthony Bridges, 3rd son of John, Lord Chandos. The said Anthony, according to a pedigree entered at the Heralds' visitation of Herefordshire, anno 1634, had issue by his wife, whose family name appears to have been Fortescue,* a son, Robert, and a daughter, Katherine, the wife of Sir John Astley, Knt., of the Palace of Maidstone. The marriage of this Katherine with a Kentish gentleman was assumed by the claimant to be the reason why the branch of Anthony Bridges had taken up its root in Kent, and thus he accounted for the circumstance.

The first hearing before the Lords was on the 21st of December, 1790, when the Solicitor General, Sir John Scott, and Mr. J. S. Harvey, appeared for the claimant, and the Attorney General, Sir Archibald Macdonald, for the crown. The claimant tried to establish his right by monumental inscriptions, parish registers, as well as oral testimony, but after various hearings, over a space of thirteen years, he totally and indisputably failed to do so. The late Mr. Beltz, the Herald, has published a work upon the subject, in which he analyzes the whole of the evidence with great professional acuteness. "Edward Bridge or Bridges," says Mr. Beltz, "the claimant's ancestor, so nearly connected, according to the allegations, with the baronial house, removed, many years before the death of Robert, the *esquire*, his presumed father, without any assigned reason, from the parental roof at Maidstone, and the powerful protection of the Astleys, and commenced *yeoman* at Osprange, where, according to the parish registers, he found several

* She is supposed to have been Katherine, eldest daughter of Henry Fortescue, Esq., of Folkborne, in Essex.

persons of his own name already established; here he married, by the name of Edward Bridge, the daughter and heir of John Sharpe, of Feversham, a malster." His son, the claimant's great grandfather, John Bridges, at the time of his decease, in 1699, carried on the business of a grocer, in partnership with one Moses Agar, in a shop at Canterbury. From this point the claimant's pedigree proceeded:—John Bridges, the grocer's son, born 1680, was bred to the bar, and married in 1704, Jane, only surviving daughter and heir of Edward Gibbon, Esq. of Westcliffe, near Dover, with whom he acquired the estate of Wotton, he had two sons, John and Edward, and a daughter, Deborah, married to Edward Timewell, Esq. of Chigwell, in Essex; he *d.* in 1712, and was succeeded by his elder son, John Brydges, of Wotton Court, who was succeeded in 1780, by his brother, Edward Bridges, of Wotton Court, Esq., who married, in 1747, Jemima, dau. and co-heir of William Egerton, LL.D., prebendary of Canterbury, and was father of three sons, EDWARD TIMEWELL BRIDGES, the petitioner, Sir Samuel Egerton Bridges, Bart., and John William Head Bridges, Esq. The evidence, cross examination by counsel, and the statements of the counsel themselves, are tedious and uninteresting. The Lords came, however, to a final decision, in 1803, against the petitioner, but prior to which, the claimant had addressed each lord separately by letter, in consequence of which the Committee of Privileges, on assembling, resolved, on the motion of the Duke of Norfolk, "That private solicitation, by letters or otherwise, on matters of claims to honours, or other judicial proceedings, is a breach of privileges, and highly derogatory to the dignity of this house.

"Resolved, that this house will in future proceed with the utmost severity against persons so offending."

It was then decided, after a considerable discussion—

"That it doth not appear that the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, Clerk, claimant to the dignity of Baron of Chandos, of Sudeley, hath made out his claim to the said dignity."

On this resolution there was a division of fifteen votes to seven, the following peers voting—

CONTENTS, 15.	NON-CONTENTS, 7.
Duke of Norfolk.	Dukes { Clarence, Cumberland.
Earls { Suffolk, Radnor, Grosvenor, Caernarvon, Roslyn.	Earl of Guilford.
Bishop of Oxford.	
Barons { Brownlow, Walsingham, Kenyon, Aukland, Bayning, Alvanley, Ellenborough, Arden.	Barons { Saye and Sele, Montfort, Hawke, Grantley.

The Chancellor, Lord Eldon, who had been at the commencement, when Sir John Scott, counsel for the claimant, spoke, but did not vote.

The following is a copy of the circular letter by which the claimant incurred the displeasure of their Lordships:

"Wigmore Street, 20th May, 1803.

"My Lord,—I have the honour of apprising your lordships, that Thursday next, the 26th instant, is appointed for the final discussion of the Committee of

Privileges upon my claim to the Chandos peerage; and I have been compelled to take this liberty, that your lordships might not, by any accidental omission of notice, be deprived of an opportunity of deciding upon a matter, not important merely to myself, but to the rights of your lordships' House of Parliament, and to the just prerogative of the Crown. I am not presuming to solicit any favour or partiality from your lordship; I address myself to your justice. I ask but for your lordship's candid consideration of the evidence which is recorded in your proceedings, and will survive for the information of posterity, when all the insinuation and prejudice I have had to contend with shall be utterly forgotten. It is upon the truth of that evidence, my lord, that I am anxious to rest my pretensions to character, and the unsullied honour of my family.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

"EDWARD TYMEWELL BRYDGES."

III.—THE EARLDOM OF BANBURY.

Judicial investigations are seldom uninteresting,—never, when instituted to inquire into transactions of years long gone by, involving the restoration of rights, or the reparation of wrongs. Hence, in our law-works, the most remarkable causes on record are those appertaining to disputed dignities, and contested bequests, technically termed Will and Peerage Cases. Bearing strong analogy to each other, they are sustained and rebutted by very similar sort of evidence; and produce, in the progress of the inquiry, very similar results,—by the testimony of the aged and infirm, striving after the shadows of fading memory,—by that of the crafty

and hard-swearing, fencing with truth in furtherance of falsehood,—by dilapidated tombstones and obliterated parchments; the suit, too, in both instances, frequently disclosing family secrets so long forgotten as to justify the assumption that they had been irrevocably buried in the vaults of time: facts of so extraordinary a nature, as to baffle all human foresight and human credulity; and traits of individual character, for good or for evil, exhibiting humanity in its brightest or its blackest colours. Of these, that of the Earldom of Banbury is perhaps the most singular and important in the whole catalogue, whether estimated by the extraordinary length of time—more than a century and a half—it remained undecided, or the remarkable conflict of opinion to which it gave rise between the first tribunal in the realm, the House of Lords, and the first law judge, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Holt, regarded by his contemporaries the profoundest lawyer of the times in which he lived, and as such acknowledged ever since by the legal learning of England.

The family of Knollys was of distinction from the time of Edward III., when Sir Robert Knollys, one of the companions of the Black Prince, was made a Knight of the Garter for his achievements in arms, and acquired by his good sword large possessions beside. Thenceforward it flourished uninterruptedly to Sir Francis Knollys, a Knight of the Garter likewise, who married Catherine, daughter of William Cary, Esq., by Mary his wife, one of the daughters of Thomas, Earl of Wiltshire, and sister of Henry the Eighth's unhappy Queen, Anna Boleyn. Sir Francis, by that lady, had two sons, Henry Knollys, who predeceased, and Sir William Knollys, who succeeded him (in 1596) and who eventually (after his own decease) acquired so much notoriety by the litigation which the disputed succession to the

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after enumerating the numerous estates and manors of the deceased, found that Lady Elizabeth, his wife, survived him; that the Earl had died without heirs male of his body, and that his heirs were certain persons specified. Although such was the result of this proceeding, it appears to have been a fact that, about the 10th of April, 1627, the Countess of Banbury had given birth to a son, who had received the name of Edward; and on the 3rd January, 1631, to another son, who was baptized Nicholas; both of whom were alive at the date of the inquisition. The first was born when the Earl of Banbury was about eighty, and the Countess between forty and forty-one years of age. At the time of the birth of the second, the Earl must have been eighty-four or five, and Lady Banbury between four and five and forty. The Countess is stated to have borne the Earl a daughter many years before, who died some time previously to the year 1610. Her ladyship, within five weeks after the decease of Lord Banbury, married Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, to whom we have already alluded; and the numerous petitions presented to the Crown, and discussed in the House of Lords for more than a century and a half afterwards, arose from the allegation, that the children of Lady Banbury were the issue of Lord Vaux, and not of her first husband, Lord Banbury.

On the 9th of February, 1640-1, a bill was filed in Chancery by Edward, the elder son, described as Edward Earl of Banbury, an infant, by William Earl of Salisbury,* his guardian; and, in consequence, several witnesses were examined, who deposed to the love and affection which subsisted between Lord and Lady Ban-

* Husband of Lady Catherine Howard, one of the sisters of the Countess of Banbury.

bury; to the birth of the children; to the Earl's cognizance thereof, and to his acknowledgment of them; but these depositions were rejected by the House of Lords in 1809, more than a century and a half after; and thereupon, in the result, became nugatory. A writ was issued, however, in 1641, arising, it is presumed, from these proceedings, directing the escheator of Berkshire, "to inquire after the death of William, late Earl of Banbury;" and an inquisition took place at Abingdon accordingly, when the jury found, with other matters, that "Edward, now Earl of Banbury, is, and at the time of the Earl's decease was, his son and next heir." This young man subsequently assumed the title, and, according to Evelyn, was travelling in Italy, as Lord Banbury, in 1645. He was killed near Calais during his minority the next year, and, as he died without issue, his brother Nicholas, who was then about fifteen years of age, immediately assumed the title of Earl of Banbury. Harrowden, with the other estates of Lord Vaux, were settled upon him by that nobleman in the same year. The Countess of Banbury died 17th April, 1658, aged seventy-three, and her second husband, Lord Vaux, 8th September, 1661, aged seventy-four. The year previously (in June, 1660), Nicholas, Lord Banbury, took his seat in the House of Lords, in what is termed the Convention Parliament, and sat until the prorogation in the December following. During that time no proceedings occurred whatever for impeaching his right to the Peerage; but to the Parliament which met the May following, the Earl of Banbury was not summoned, and, therefore, could not take his seat. He did not, however, acquiesce in the exclusion, but petitioned the Crown for his writ; and the petition being eventually heard by the Committee for Privileges, it was resolved by that body, on the 1st July, 1661,

"that Nicholas, Earl of Banbury, is a legitimate person."

Nicholas, Lord Banbury, married first, Isabella, daughter of Mountjoy, Earl of Newport; and, secondly, Anne, daughter of William, Lord Sherrard, of Leitrim, and died 14th March, 1673-4, leaving one son, Charles, Viscount Wallingford, who assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, and the year after he attained his majority (in 1685) petitioned the House of Lords to take his case into consideration. The petition was, in the first instance, referred to the Committee for Privileges, and afterwards taken up by the House itself; but the Parliament was eventually dissolved in 1687, without coming to any resolution, and no other Parliament was summoned during the reign of King James II.

In this position the claim stood at the accession of William and Mary, in 1689.

For more than thirty years the House of Lords had carefully abstained from coming to a decision on the subject; and, after rejecting two reports from its Committee for Privileges in favour of the claimant, it met every demand on his part by referring again to the same committee. An event, however, at length occurred, which rendered it imperative upon the House to pronounce its decision. Charles Lord Banbury, the petitioner of 1685, had the misfortune to kill his brother-in-law, Capt. Philip Lawson, in a duel, for which offence he was indicted, on the 7th of December, 1692, by the name of Charles Knollys, Esq., which circumstance he communicated to the House of Lords by petition, and prayed that he might be tried by his Peers. On this petition an investigation took place, several of the most eminent lawyers being heard on both sides at the bar of the House, and finally the petition was dismissed, after it had been resolved that the petitioner had no right to

the Earldom of Banbury. Meantime, the indictment of "Charles Knollys, Esq.," had been removed by certiorari from the Hicks's Hall into the Court of King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 1693, when he was brought to the bar from Newgate, and, being arraigned, he said he was the person indicted, but pleaded a misnomer in abatement, in substance that he was Earl of Banbury. The pleas occupied, subsequently, more than a year, during which time the prisoner was admitted to bail—namely, until the 22nd March, 1694, when the House of Lords interfered, by ordering from the Attorney-General "an account in writing of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench against the person who claims the title of the Earl of Banbury." The Attorney-General obeyed the order, and Chief Justice Holt was heard by the Lords on the subject. Parliament was soon after prorogued, and did not meet again until the ensuing November. In the meantime, the Court of King's Bench proceeded, and finally quashed the indictment on the plea that the prisoner was wrongly named, being called Charles Knollys instead of Earl of Banbury.

The House of Lords reassembled on the 27th of November, 1694, and learned from the Attorney-General the course adopted by the Court of King's Bench: but, after an angry debate, the affair was adjourned, and nothing further was heard of it until the beginning of 1698, when Charles Lord Banbury again petitioned the King, and the petition was again referred to the Lords; subsequently Lord Chief Justice Holt* attended the Committee, and being desired "to give their lordships

* Lord Chief Justice Holt's judgment is stated to have been "more explicit than that of other judges, and to have been delivered with greater reason, courage, and authority."

an account why the Court of King's Bench had acted as it had done in this affair," replied, "I acknowledge the thing; there was such a plea, and such a replication. I gave my judgment according to my conscience. We are trusted with the law. We are to be protected, not arraigned, and are not to give reasons for our judgment; therefore I desire to be excused giving any." Mr. Justice Eyre was also questioned, and was alike dignified and determined. The contest, after much discussion and many adjournments, terminated at last in the abandonment by the House of its fruitless struggle with the Court of Common Law. The petition of Lord Banbury was subsequently before the Privy Council, but the sudden demise of Queen Anne put an abrupt end to the proceedings.

Soon after the accession of the House of Hanover, Lord Banbury again petitioned the Crown, and the petition was referred to Sir Philip York, the then Attorney-General, anno 1727, who, after having had laid before him the whole proceedings from the year 1660 to 1712, made a report to the King, and the matter so remained until the decease of Charles, Earl of Banbury, in France, in August, 1740. Eighty years had thus elapsed without any relinquishment of the right on the part of the heirs of the original claimant. The last lord never ceased to bear the title, and five several times asserted his right to a writ of summons to Parliament, by petitions to the Crown. From that period until 1806, when the claim was renewed, the history of the case may be very briefly stated, as it consists only of genealogical facts, and proofs that the successors of Nicholas, third assumed Earl, were unanimously styled in all legal instruments executed by themselves, as well as by other persons, in all Courts in Westminster Hall, and in commissions from the Crown, "Earls of Ban-

bury;" that their wives were styled "Countesses of Banbury;" and that their children bore those titles which would be attributed by courtesy to the sons or daughters of the Earls of Banbury, and that they were so baptized, married, and buried; thus affording evidence of uninterrupted usage of the title for upwards of 180 years.

Charles, third assumed Earl of Banbury, was twice married, and died, as already stated, in France, in 1740. By his first wife, Mary, Elizabeth Lister, he had a son, William, Viscount Wallingford, who died in the lifetime of his father, issueless. By his second wife, Mary, daughter of Thomas Woods, of London, merchant, the Earl had a son Charles, fourth Earl of Banbury, who died in 1771, leaving a son and successor, William, fifth Earl, who died unmarried in 1776, and was succeeded by his brother, Thomas Woods, sixth Earl, at whose decease, in 1793, the title devolved upon his eldest son, William Knollys, then called Viscount Wallingford, who assumed the title of Earl of Banbury, and under it presented a petition to the Crown in 1806, which was referred to the Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and subsequently, by that officer's advice, to the House of Lords, where it remained from 1808 to 1813.

The immediate cause of the claimants resolving to bring the question before the House of Lords, arose from the Crown's being advised to deviate from its former usage of styling him "Earl of Banbury," in the commissions which he bore in the army. His father, the late Earl, had the honour of being an officer in the third regiment of foot, previously to his succeeding to the earldom; and the petitioner himself was brought up in the army, and was, when he petitioned, a major-general therein. Whilst the petitioner's father was living, the petitioner, under the established courtesy as to

sons and heirs apparent of earls, was styled, "William Knollys, *commonly called* Viscount Wallingford." But on his father's death, and the consequential descent of the Earldom of Banbury to him, the style of Viscount by courtesy became inapplicable, the style of "Earl of Banbury" was refused him.

On the 30th of May, 1808, the Committee of Privileges, to which the petition was referred by the House, met, when Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Hargrave, and Mr. (afterwards Justice) Gaselee, appeared as counsel for the petitioner; and the Attorney General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, and Mr. Tripps, attended on behalf of the Crown. The case remained under investigation until 1813, when, after receiving a mass of documentary evidence, and hearing in their places the law lords Erskine, Ellenborough, Eldon, and Redesdale, besides the learned counsel above mentioned, *pro* and *con*, as to the legitimacy of Nicholas Vaux, *alias* Knollys, the third assumed earl, and first petitioner, the committee came to the resolution, "That the petitioner hath not made out his claim to the dignity of the Earl of Banbury;" which report being taken into consideration by the House 11th March, 1813, it was resolved, THAT THE PETITIONER IS NOT ENTITLED TO THE TITLE, HONOUR, AND DIGNITY OF EARL OF BANBURY.

IV.—THE EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON.

The claimant of broad lands and wide domains has much greater difficulty to encounter than he who simply seeks the resuscitation of a dormant title of honour. Yet the would-be lord of the soil is a thousand times oftener successful than the would-be lord of parliament, even allowing to the fullest extent for the great numerical superiority of the former class of suitors. Few men

are there so foolhardy as to claim property without some sort of rational pretension to it, whereas amongst the many aspirants to coronets very few indeed have any pretension whatever but mere traditionary gossip; hence it is that so many peerage claims brought hopefully before the Crown and the Lords' House of Parliament, terminate in utter hopelessness, and that so many suitors go forth from the Committee of Privileges, not peers, but paupers. Doubtless some just claim has now and again been preferred, and prospered, and to that very prosperity may be traced the disappointment of a host of visionaries; as many have been lured to the gaming-house and ruined there by the rare instance of a well-concocted move having established some gamester's fortune. One of these prosperous cases we are now about narrating; and we have thus prefaced the narrative, that it may not become a precedent to the unthinking and over sanguine.

The singularity about the claim to the Earldom of Huntingdon is, that it succeeded in despite of the claimant himself, who, but one brief year before he was installed as fourth earl of the kingdom, had hardly any idea of his own position. He was a retired unassuming naval officer, holding a small official appointment in a remote provincial town, contented with the station of a private gentleman, not dreaming of either purple robes or golden coronets, and was indebted for his success altogether to the exertions and perseverance of his professional adviser, Mr. Nugent Bell, who undertook the affair on his own responsibility, and entirely at his own expense.

The great Norman family of Hastings was established in England at the time of the Conquest, and derived its surname from the town of Hastings, of which Robert de Hastings was then Portgrave. He was likewise Lord of Fillongley, in Warwickshire, and steward to the Conqueror.

From him descended, fifth in succession, William de Hastings, who married Margaret, daughter of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, Lord Hastings, who married Ada, fourth daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon (by his wife, Maud, eldest daughter of Hugh, Earl of Chester) and sister and co-heir of John, surnamed Le Scot, Earl of Huntingdon, and died in the year 1250. His descendant, the celebrated Sir William Hastings, Knight of the Garter, created by King Edward the Fourth Lord Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is remembered in history by his accomplishments and influence, as well as by being the favourite of one monarch (Edward IV.), and the victim of another (Richard III.) He *m.* Catherine, widow of William Lord Bonville and Harrington, daughter of Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, and sister to the Earl of Warwick, and was grandfather of George, third Lord Hastings, who was created by Henry VIII., on the 3rd November, 1529, EARL of HUNTINGDON. He married the Lady Ann Herbert, widow of Sir Walter Herbert, Knt., and daughter of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham, and had several children. In July, 1530, his lordship entered into an agreement with Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and her son, Henry, Lord Montacute, for a marriage to be solemnized, before the festival of the Purification, then next ensuing, between Catherine, eldest daughter of her ladyship, and Francis, Lord Hastings. The first article of this agreement stipulates, with ludicrous precision, that the apparel of the bridegroom shall be at the cost of his father, and of the bride at the charge of her mother; but the expenses of meat and drink at the wedding shall be mutually and equally defrayed by both parties. The Earl was succeeded by his eldest son, Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon, who married, in pursuance of the covenant to which we have referred,

Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of Henry Pole, Lord Montacute (brother of Cardinal Pole, and son and heir to Sir Richard Pole, Knight of the Garter), and had, with five daughters, six sons—viz.,

HENRY, his successor, third Earl.

George } whose lines expired.
William }

EDWARD, (Sir) from whom the claimant was proved to have lineally descended.

Francis.

Walter.

Of his lordship's youngest daughter, the Lady Mary Hastings, who was pre-eminently distinguished in her time as a perfect model of female beauty, we have spoken in a former page

Earl Francis was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, from whom we pass (the intermediate earls not bearing at all upon the claim) to Theophilus, the seventh Earl of Huntingdon, fourth and only surviving son of Ferdinand, the sixth Earl, who was born at Donnington Park, on the 10th of December, 1650, and enjoyed, in an especial degree, the favour of Charles II. and James II.; but, after the Revolution, he was committed close prisoner to the Tower, and, in 1701, he signed the protest against the Act of Settlement. His lordship died on the 30th of May, in the same year. He married twice, and had large families by both wives. He was succeeded by his eldest son, GEORGE, eighth Earl of Huntingdon, who died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half brother, Theophilus, ninth Earl of Huntingdon, who married the Lady Selina Shirley, second daughter and one of the co-heirs of Washington, Earl Ferrars, and by her had four sons—

FRANCIS, tenth Earl.

George
Ferdinando } died unmarried.
Henry

And two daughters—

Elizabeth, who married, 26th February, 1752, John, Lord Rawdon (his third wife), afterwards created Earl of Moira, and was mother, with other children, of Francis, Earl of Moira, who was created Marquess of Hastings.

Selina, who was one of the six earls' daughters that assisted the Princess Augusta in supporting Queen Charlotte's train at the coronation, and died 12th May, 1763, unmarried.

Earl Theophilus died 13th October, 1746, and was succeeded by his son,

Francis, tenth Earl of Huntingdon, born 29th May, 1728, who, on returning from the usual tour of France and Italy, was appointed, in 1756, Master of the Horse, and subsequently under the Bute administration, Groom of the Stole. His lordship, who was never married, departed this life suddenly, while sitting at table, at the house of his nephew, Lord Moira, on the 2nd of October, 1789. He died possessed of very extensive property in the counties of Leicester and Derby; all of which, together with his other lands, he devised to his said nephew, (Lord Rawdon at the time the will was made,) Earl Moira, afterwards Marquess of Hastings; subject to several annuities and legacies—amongst the latter, the deceased Earl left 1000*l.* to Col. George Hastings, father of Captain Hastings, claimant of the Earldom.

By his death, the Baronies of Hastings, Hungerford, &c., devolved upon his eldest sister, Elizabeth, Lady Moira, and at her decease, upon the Marquess of

Hastings, who obtained licence, 9th February, 1790, to assume the surname and arms of Hastings, in compliance with the late Earl's testamentary injunction. After the death of Francis, the tenth Earl of Huntingdon, as if by common consent of all parties, as well those who endured the wrong, as those who profited by it, the title was permitted to drop into oblivion, and the fortune destined to support its lustre tamely suffered to pass away, however legally, even in the presence and under the very eyes of the rightful heirs of both, without an effort on their part to prevent such spoliation. Thus, through negligence and inability, the ancient Earldom of Huntingdon had been suffered to remain in abeyance for nearly thirty years, when it was at last claimed and obtained by Captain Hans-Francis Hastings, as eldest male descendant of Sir Edward Hastings, fourth son of Francis, second Earl. Sir Edward Hastings, who was of the Abbey of Leicester, married Barbara, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir William Devereux, Knt., of Merevale Abbey, in the county of Warwick, third son of Walter, Viscount Hereford. By this lady, who was widow of Edward Cave, Esq., of Ingarsby, in Leicestershire, he had two sons, Henry and Walter, the latter of whom died without issue. Sir Edward died in 1603, and was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The elder son, Sir Henry Hastings, purchased Humbestone, and was knighted 23rd April, 1603, by King James I., at Belvoir Castle, and obtained, by letters patent from his Majesty, in consideration of the sum of £4000 paid by him and Henry Cutler, Gent., the manor of Whitwick, with the lands belonging thereto, formerly the property of the Duke of Suffolk, attainted of high treason, together with Bardon Park, and the messuages, lands, &c., in Charwood Forest, appertaining to the said manor. Sir Henry married Mabel, dau. of Anthony Faunt, of Fauston, and

had four sons—Henry, Walter, Richard, and Anthony; and two daughters. Walter and Richard died without issue; Anthony, the fourth, who was of Windsor, married a Miss Watkinson, and had a son, Henry, who went over to Ireland, and established himself there, leaving a family at his decease. Sir Henry died in 1629, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry Hastings, of Humbestone, Esq., who married Jane, daughter of —— Goodall, of Belgrave, in Leicestershire, Esq., and had issue five sons and five daughters. This gentleman being almost ruined by his devoted attachment to King Charles I., was compelled to sell his estate of Humbeston. Of the five sons, Edward, the fifth, and Ferdinando, the fourth, died young and unmarried; Henry, the eldest, *m.* Pentecost, daughter of Edmund Smalley, of Leicester, and died without issue; Walter, the second son, who was of Rempston, in Nottingham, *m.* Hannah, daughter of Edmund Craddock, of Leicester, and had two daughters, Jane and Ann, with one son Henry, who was of Castle Donnington, and died at Loughborough, in 1753, a bachelor; Richard, the third son, whose issue continued the succession, was of Welford, in Northamptonshire, and dying, in 1714, left by his wife, Sarah Sleath, who died in 1707, an only son, Henry Hastings, of Welford, born in 1701, whose trustees, during his minority, dissipated a considerable portion of his property. He *m.* in 1727, Elizabeth Hudson, and had by her three sons—

Theophilus-Henry,
George,
Ferdinando,

and two daughters, one of whom, Sarah, married Thomas Needham, Esq. Henry Hastings died in 1786, many years before which, he was best known by the name of Lord Hastings, bestowed upon him through courtesy, and anticipating his near and well-known

claim to the earldom. Ferdinando, the youngest son, died at Lutterworth of a decline in his fourteenth year. The eldest son, Theophilus Henry, was born at Lutterworth, and baptized 7th October, 1728, Theophilus, the ninth earl, being his godfather. He was educated for the church by the Rev. Granville Wheeler, son of the famous traveller, Sir George Wheeler, and husband of Lady Catherine Maria Hastings, 4th daughter of Theophilus, 7th Earl. He was Rector of Great and Little Leke, and of Osgathorpe, and Vicar of Belton. The reverend gentleman married first, a Miss Pratt, who died not many months after their marriage, and 2ndly, in the 70th year of his age, Elizabeth Warner, aged 50; and died in 1804, without issue and intestate. There is a whimsical anecdote connected with his second union, which we cannot resist the temptation of relating for its singularity. While Mr. Hastings was yet young, and residing with the Earl of Huntingdon as his domestic chaplain, he became enamoured of a pretty chambermaid, called Betsy Warner, then living in the family, and to her he promised solemnly that she should be his wife, as soon as he got possession of the living of Great and Little Leke. In the ebbs and flows of human life, and its shifting concerns, early acquaintances are soon separated and forgotten. Thirty years had elapsed. Mr. Hastings, meantime, had married and lost his wife, and gained a second living—that of Great and Little Leke. One day, the venerable old pastor was surprised by the appearance of a strange post-chaise and four driving rapidly up the avenue, to the parsonage-house. An elderly gentlewoman alighted from it, and Miss Warner was ushered into his venerable presence. After an interval of surprise and recognition, she proceeded to tell him, "that she had come to claim the fulfilment of his promise; that he

had long since made the acquisition of fortune, on which his obligation of performance depended; and that, on her part, she had never, by the slightest indiscretion, swerved from an engagement which she considered sacred from the first moment. The result was, that, the reverend gentleman having duly satisfied himself by diligent inquiry concerning his betrothed's conduct and character, which was found to have been strictly correct, the bans were formally announced in the church by himself, and the parties married accordingly. This gentleman was primitive in his notions and manners, as was evinced, among other peculiarities, by a singular custom, punctually observed in his house, of lighting a large fire and candles, and leaving abundant refreshments in his kitchen every night, at the usual hour of the family retiring to rest, for the purpose of cheering and regaling such benighted travellers as might chance to wander that way. For some time after the last Earl's death, the Rev. Mr. Hastings assumed the title of Earl of Huntingdon; and there is a stone pillar standing in front of the parsonage-house at Leke, on which there was a plate bearing a Latin inscription, stating him to be the eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, godson of Theophilus, the ninth Earl, and entitled to the Earldom by descent. In fact, it was notorious that he was the immediate heir. However, accustomed to pastoral duties and literary retirement, he had but little ambition, and was, moreover, strongly averse to litigation. At a more advanced period of life, and after his second marriage, when reproved for this strange neglect and indifference respecting the Earldom, he used to parry the topic by pleading his great age, and by saying that he never would make Betsy, his wife, Countess of Huntingdon.

George Hastings, 2nd son of Henry Hastings, of

Lutterworth, was born in that town, baptized on the 6th of June, 1735, and adopted, with his elder brother, by the then Earl, Theophilus, who eventually placed him in the army, and he attained the rank of Colonel in the 3rd Foot Guards. Colonel Hastings *m.* Sarah, daughter of Colonel Thomas Hodges, and had four sons—

Francis, who died in boyhood,
Henry, } both died officers in the West
Ferdinando, } Indies, unmarried.
HANS-FRANCIS, the claimant.

Colonel Hastings, about the year 1790, had the misfortune, while riding in St. James's Park, to be thrown from his horse, and his head coming in contact with one of the trees or branches, occasioned a fracture of the skull, by which he was subject to periodical fits of insanity for the remainder of his life. After the death of his patron, the Earl of Huntingdon, Colonel Hastings' malady increased, and in this state of things his affairs had naturally fallen into decay. The premature death of his third son, Ferdinando, was soon followed by his own. He died on the 6th February, 1802. Mrs. Hastings survived her husband, a widow for five years, and died in retirement.

The claimant, Hans-Francis Hastings, Esq., Captain Royal Navy, held the situation, for several years, of ordnance store-keeper to the garrison of Enniskillen, and there became intimately acquainted with Mr. Nugent Bell, an attorney, and his family.

"Our acquaintance," says Mr. Bell, "in proper course of time became of such a confidential nature, as to put me in possession of Captain Hastings' views and interests, and I was entrusted with the management of all his concerns. Of the study of heraldry,' he continues, "and more particularly the concomitant

branch of pedigree, I have ever been particularly fond. Indulging this sort of penchant, I acquired a pretty general knowledge of every family of distinction in my native country; and a casual conversation, arising out of a trivial circumstance, first suggested the idea of claiming the dormant Earldom of Huntingdon for my friend. As the story, from its consequences, may not be deemed uninteresting, I will relate it. In the spring of the year 1817, it was whispered about Enniskillen that some serious altercation had occurred between Captain Hastings and a neighbouring nobleman, which compelled the former, according to report, to demand satisfaction, but which was refused by the noble party, on the ground that the challenger was a commoner. To this objection the latter indignantly retorted, that he was his opponent's superior in point of family descent, being eldest lineal male descendant of the house of Hastings, and entitled to the Earldom of Huntingdon; the matter was subsequently adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties, as report further saith." The whole affair turned out a mere fabrication, but it afforded Mr. Bell an opportunity of asking Captain Hastings whether he really had ever entertained serious pretensions to the dormant Earldom? Perceiving the earnest manner in which the question was put, Captain Hastings entered into a brief detail of circumstances, the sum of which was, that in consequence of his having been sent early to sea, and his long absence on foreign service, he knew or remembered but little of his family history or connexions, and that the only information on which he was disposed to place any reliance, was what he obtained from his uncle, Rev. Theophilus Hastings, Rector of Great and Little Leke, who had always sedulously endeavoured to impress upon his mind, that he was the real and undoubted heir to the title. He fur-

ther stated, that some time in the year 1803, he had visited the College of Arms in London, for the purpose of learning the proper steps to be taken, and the probable expenses of the process; but having been told that at least three thousand guineas would be necessary towards his success, he deferred the matter to some more auspicious moment. Mrs. Hastings, on the same occasion, related the story of the Rev. Mr. Hastings's whimsical marriage, together with other interesting facts regarding the family, and particularly the hatred which the reverend gentleman had at all times expressed against the Marquis of Hastings, which she described as irreconcilable. This conversation was enough to induce Mr. Bell to enter earnestly into the affair, but before he did so, the following letters were written, at his desire, by the claimant to him :—

"Enniskillen, July 1, 1817.

"My Dear Bell,—I will pay you all costs in case you succeed in proving me the legal heir to the Earldom of Huntingdon. If not, the risk is your own, and I certainly will not be answerable for any expense you may incur in the course of the investigation. But I pledge myself to assist you by letters, and whatever information I can recollect, to the utmost of my power, and remain, very sincerely, yours,

"F. Hastings.

"Nugent Bell, Esq."

On the back of this letter Captain Hastings wrote "By all that's good, you are mad." In a few days after, Mr. Bell received the second letter from Captain Hastings :—

"Enniskillen, July 9, 1817.

"My Dear Nugent,—Whatever you may prove me to be, I trust you will ever find me an honest man; but

should you establish me in the Earldom, all I can say is that it will be impossible for me or mine (and I hope they will have the heart of their father) to do too much for you and yours. I am not sanguine, but the very names of George, Henry, Ferdinando, and Francis, convince me we are the only true descendants of Francis, the second Earl. Damn it! succeed, and you shall be my *falconer!* If the Countess does not leave Dublin by Tuesday morning, you will certainly see me at No. 3, Morland-street, on Wednesday; therefore, I beg you will provide for the *Earl* at that hour.

"Yours, &c., FRANK."

Mr. Bell proceeded at once, 17th August, 1817, to England, and entered upon his arduous undertaking, accompanied by his friend, Mr. W. Jameson. His first visit was to Castle Donnington, where he had a very unsatisfactory interview with a solicitor named Dalby, who had long been concerned for the noble family of Hastings, and who was in communication with the Marchioness of Hastings, living then at Donnington Park. The next day he met with a Mr. Needham, from whom he acquired much valuable information, but the most valuable he obtained, and that which put him upon the right road, was from an accidental rencounter with an old domestic of the family. While seated on the outside of a coach, in travelling through Leicestershire, and just, he says, as his spirits were about to go to pieces amidst the quicksands of disappointment, a flag hove in sight, which he hastened to hail, and in a few minutes was alongside an old woman in a market-cart, with whom he jocularly made up an acquaintance, and obtained leave to accompany her for some distance on the road, in a vacant chair he espied in the vehicle. This old crone turned out, oddly enough,

to be an ancient dependent of the Hastings family, and on her garrulity Mr. Bell founded the basis of his future success. After Mr. Bell had ingratiated himself with his companion, she thus begun to tell him her own history:—

"You must know, sir," said the old woman, "that some fifty years ago I was considered by the country folks a very pretty girl. I don't say this out of vanity, but it may be necessary for you to know it, that you may better understand what is to follow. At the age of fourteen, I was taken into the service of Lady Anne Hastings, sister of my late lord's father, who, in less than two months after, consigned me over to young Lady Selina, her niece, and second daughter of the late Countess Selina, that doting old Methodist lady, whom God forgive for throwing away her fortune on such bloodsuckers, and leaving those entitled to it by the laws of nature and relationship quite penniless, as one may say. But let me proceed forward. I was caressed by my sweet young lady, whom I attended as her own maid, and I was as happy as the day was long at Donnington Park. Some time before this, my late lord's father had brought to Donnington Park the late Colonel George Hastings, then a boy; and as it may be you never heard of him, I will tell you who he was. His father was Mr. Henry Hastings, of a place not many miles off, called Lutterworth, who, previously to his death, and in his old age, was called Lord Hastings: I'll tell you why, by and by. I have heard say that this Mr. Harry was left an orphan, when he was only fourteen years old, and that his guardian and executors, appointed by his father's will, robbed him of almost all he was worth. It is certain, however, that within my own memory he lived very happily at his house in Lutterworth, and latterly took very well with being called

Lord Hastings, which was no empty title, you may rely on it, his children having as much right to it as I have to the gown on my back. Well, as the Earl thought his boys would be better under his lordship's own eye, he sent the eldest, who was the late rector of Great and Little Leke, to Sir George Wheeler, his brother-in-law, to be educated by him, which he was; and the Colonel, his brother, was brought to the Park altogether."

The old woman's story further proceeded to state that Colonel George Hastings was on the eve of being married to her young mistress, the Lady Selina, when her ladyship died suddenly, in the bloom of youth and beauty. Pending this contracted marriage, she stated that Mr. Dawson, the steward, had been despatched to different places to hunt after the Colonel's pedigree, to which places Mr. Bell subsequently resorted, and found information which proved absolutely essential to his success.

"Colonel Hastings at last married," continued the old gossip, "a very beautiful young lady, as I have heard, and had four sons, who, sorry am I to say, are all dead; and, except the eldest, all came to an unlucky end. Master Frank was the eldest, but he died at Grantham in his sixth year; Master Ferdy, or Ferdinando, and his elder brother Henry, were sent officers to the West Indies, and both died there of the yellow fever; the fourth and youngest son was drowned about three years ago in the Cove of Cork—a circumstance which gave great concern to many well-wishers of his father here, and no small joy to those who have had the iniquity to chouse him and his out of their just inheritance."

"After I had patiently heard her out," says Mr. Bell, "I, in my turn, informed her that the person, according to her account, supposed to be drowned at Cork, was still alive and happy, and that it was by no means im-

probable that she would soon see him in possession of at least the honours of his family."

This extraordinary adventure having furnished the required clue, Mr. Bell pursued it indefatigably through churches and churchyards, examining sextons, consulting registers, and deciphering tomb-stones, until, at length, he was enabled to draw up such a case as produced the following letter from his eminent counsel, Sir Samuel Romilly.

"Oct. 7, 1817.

"SIR,—I have looked over the pedigree and documents, and have read the observations you made respecting the wills, and administration of the several persons mentioned. It appears to me that the evidence which I before thought wanting, has now been supplied by you; and it does not occur to me at the present moment that any further search is necessary to be made by you. I do not conceive that it will be necessary to employ counsel to prepare the petition which is to be presented to the Prince Regent. All that it will be requisite to do in that petition, is to state that the first Earl was created by letters patent, to him and the heirs male of his body; and the fact of the death of the last Earl of Huntingdon having left the petitioner the heir male of the body of the first Earl, surviving him, together with the manner in which he makes out his descent; and to pray that his Royal Highness would be pleased to give directions that a writ of summons should issue to call him up to the House of Lords. This, I think, is the form of the petition that should be presented, though I am not very sure of it. However, it will not be of very material importance if the petition is not according to the usual form. The petition will probably be referred to the Attorney-General, who will require to be attended upon, and to be furnished with the evidence

by which the claim is to be supported. This, however, is not, I believe, the course which is always pursued; but the case is referred, in the first instance, to the House of Lords.

"Though I have been counsel in many claims of peerage, I have never had occasion to consider in what form the claim is first made, and I have here no books I can refer to. You will find, I think, some useful information on the subject in a small work published some years ago by Mr. Cruise, of Lincoln's Inn, on "Dignities;" and if you have any difficulty how to proceed, I apprehend that, at the Parliament Office, Abingdon Street, Westminster, you may receive the information you may be in want of. I have written to Lord Huntingdon respecting his taking the title; and though I do not think it of much importance, I have now rather dissuaded him from using it before his claim is established; not that there exists the slightest doubt of his just claim, but merely in consequence of the unwillingness expressed by several to acknowledge him as such. I shall send you the pedigree, &c., back in a parcel by the coach—it being too heavy to go in a frank without being charged postage.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient and faithful servant,

"SAMUEL ROMILLY."

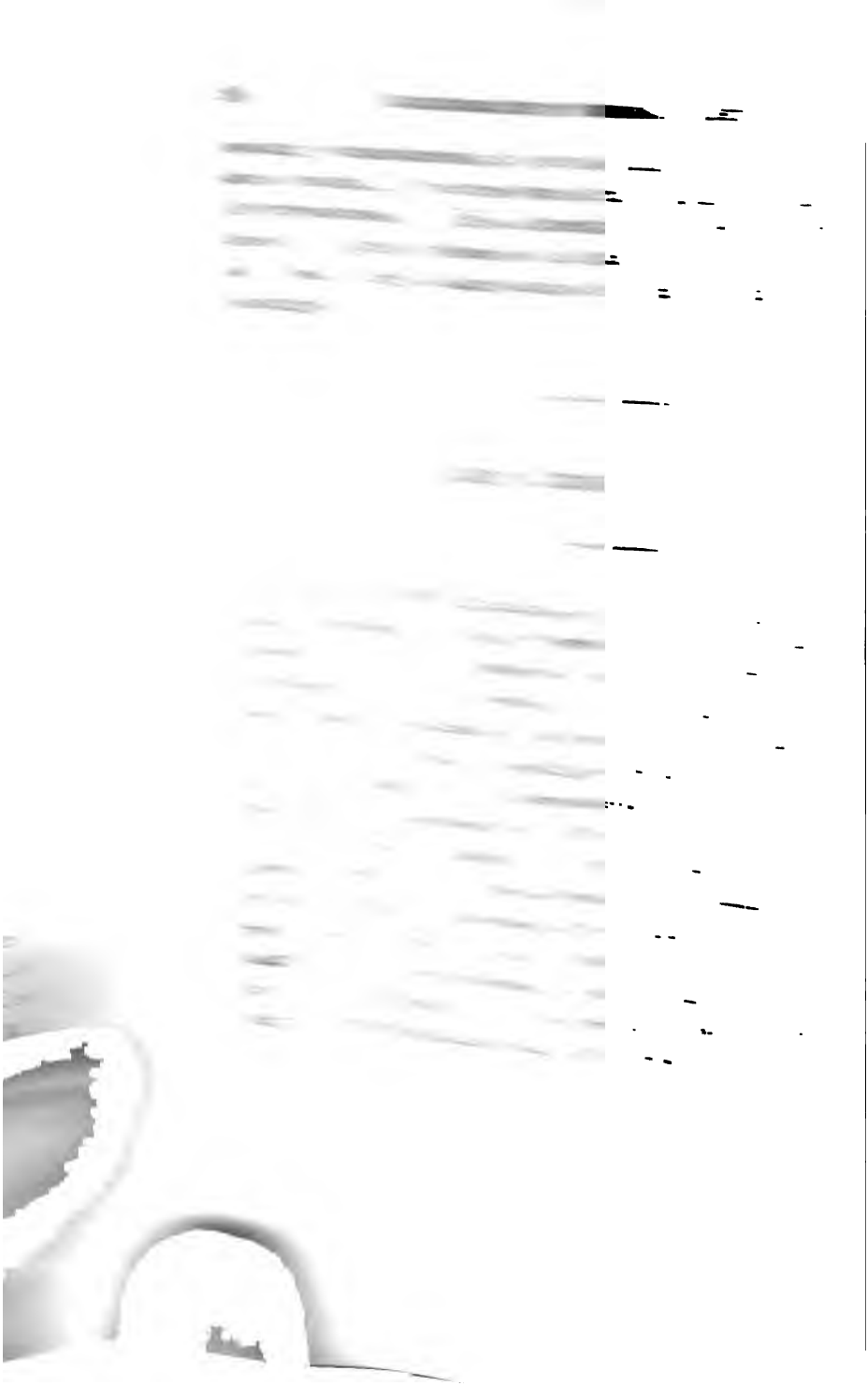
The evidence established showed the descent of the claimant from Sir Edward Hastings, youngest son of Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon, K.G., by Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Henry Pole, Lord Montagu, and grand-daughter of Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, daughter and sole heir of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward the Fourth. The pedigree further brought the line down to Richard

Hastings, Esq., of Walford, in Nottinghamshire, father of one only son, Henry Hastings, Esq., of Lutterworth, who left three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, the Rev. Theophilus Henry Hastings, of whom we have spoken, died in 1804, without issue. The second son, Ferdinando, died in boyhood; whilst the third son, George, was brought up and educated by Theophilus, the ninth Earl. This George became, as we have stated, an officer in the army, and attained the rank of Colonel. He married, in 1769, Sarah, daughter of Colonel Hodges, and left three sons, Henry and Ferdinando, who both died unmarried in the West Indies, and HANS-FRANCIS, who claimed the Earldom of Huntingdon.

Mr. Bell, following the directions of Sir Samuel Romilly, presented a petition to the Crown, which was referred to the Attorney-General, Sir Samuel Shepherd, who, after receiving the various proofs, and hearing the whole matter, made an elaborate report to the Prince Regent on the 29th of October, 1818, which concluded thus:—

"Upon the whole of this case I am humbly of opinion, that the petitioner, Hans-Francis Hastings, has sufficiently proved his right to the title of Earl of Huntingdon; and that it may be advisable, if your Royal Highness be graciously pleased so to do, to order a writ of summons to pass the great seal, to summon the said petitioner to sit in Parliament, and there enjoy the rank and privileges to the said title belonging."

The report, without a moment's unnecessary delay, was referred to the Lord Chancellor, for his consideration and approval; who, in due time, returned it with his entire approbation; and on the 7th of January, 1818, the Prince Regent signed his royal warrant, empowering the proper officer to issue his writ of summons to Hans-Francis Hastings, commanding his attendance in the



LADY DROGHEDA AND WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

SEVERAL years after the appearance of his play of 'The Plain Dealer," Wycherley encountered the Countess of Drogheda,* a young, rich, and beautiful widow, at Tunbridge. They met in a bookseller's shop. The lady came to inquire for "The Plain Dealer," and the master of the shop presently introduced Wycherley to her as the real Plain Dealer. This must have been subsequently to June, 1679, when the Earl died. The Poet and the Countess were soon after privately married. The lady was (probably not without good reason) distractedly jealous. Dennis relates that their lodgings were in Bow-street, Covent-garden, opposite the Cock Tavern, and that, if at any time he entered that place of refreshment with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that she might see there was no woman in the company. Of course, a person of this disposition would feel considerable reluctance to trust her husband at court. The infrequency of Wycherley's appearance there gave umbrage, and lost him the favour of Charles. The Countess did not long survive her marriage. She settled her whole estates upon Wycherley, but the settlement was disputed, and the dramatist, ruined by

* Her ladyship was eldest daughter of John, Earl of Radnor, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

law and extravagance, was thrown into prison. There he lay for several years. It is said he was at last relieved by James II., who, having gone to see "The Plain Dealer" acted, was so delighted, that he was induced to give orders for the payment of the author's debts, and for the grant of a pension of 200*l.* per annum. Wycherley did not profit by the king's liberality to the full extent, for, ashamed to confess the amount of his debts, he understated them. His pension dropped at the Revolution. His father's estate, to which he succeeded some years later, was strictly entailed, and the income fell, under an attachment, for the creditors. The Poet, nevertheless, continued to struggle on till 1715, the year of his death. Eleven days before that event, in the 80th year of his age, he was married to a young woman with a fortune of 1500*l.* What attractions such a match could possess for the lady it is difficult to imagine. He contrived to spend a good deal of her money; but repaid her on his death-bed by the judicious advice, "not to take an old man for her second husband."

THE MYSTERIOUS STORY OF LITTLECOT.

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
  Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
  Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darell is an alter'd man,
  The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
  If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darell's way,
  He'll beard him in his pride—
If he meet a friar of orders gray,
  He droops and turns aside.

About seven or eight miles from Littlecot, in Wiltshire, the mansion of the Darell family, towards the close of the sixteenth century, there dwelt a midwife of great skill and practice, who one night was called up just as she had gone to rest, after having returned from exercising the duties of her profession in another quarter. As soon as she knew the cause of her being disturbed, she endeavoured to excuse herself, on account of fatigue, and wished to send an assistant whom she kept in the house. The messenger, however, being resolved to gain the principal only for his purpose, urged that he had something to ask of her, for a person of consequence, after which the deputy might do. She accordingly came down stairs and opened the door, after which she disappeared, and was absent for many hours.

The deposition she made of what followed before a magistrate, and afterwards upon trial, was to the following effect:—She stated that as soon as she had unfastened the door, and partly opened it, a hand was thrust in, which struck down the candle, and at the same instant pulled her into the road in front of her house, which was detached from the village, or any other dwelling. The person who had used these abrupt means, desired her to tie a handkerchief over her head, and not wait for a hat, as a lady of the first quality in the neighbourhood was in want of immediate assistance. He then led to a stile at a short distance, where there was a horse saddled, and with a pillion on its back; he desired her to seat herself first, and then, mounting immediately, he set off at a brisk trot. After they had travelled about three quarters of an hour, she expressed great alarm; but her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and that she should be well paid, but added, that they had still further to go. He got off his horse several times to open gates, and they crossed many ploughed and corn fields, for though it was quite dark, she could discover that they had quitted the high road within two miles of her own house; she also said they crossed a river *twice*. After they had been about an hour and a half on their journey, they entered a paved court or yard, as she concluded from the clattering of the horse's feet on the stones. Her guide now lifted her off her horse, and conducted her through a long dark passage, in which she only saw a glimmering of light at a distance, which was concealed or put out upon the shutting of a large gate through which they passed. As soon as they arrived at a sort of landing-place, her guide addressed her to the following effect:—"You must now suffer me to put this cap and bandage over your eyes, which will allow you to speak and

breathe but not to see; keep up your presence of mind, it will be wanted, and I again repeat, no harm will happen to you." Then conducting her into a chamber, he continued, "Now you are in a room with a lady in labour, perform your office well and you shall be amply rewarded, but if you attempt to remove the bandage from your eyes, take the consequences of your rashness." Here she said that horror and dread had so benumbed her faculties, that had any assistance been wanted she was rendered incapable of giving it, but nature had effected all that was requisite, and what remained for her to do was little more than to receive a male infant, and to give it into the hands of a female, who by her voice she conceived to be a woman advanced in years. Her patient she was sure was a very young lady, but she was forbidden to ask any questions, or to speak a word. As soon as the event was completely over, she had a glass of wine given her, and was told to prepare to return home by another road, which was not quite so near, but free from gates or stiles. She begged to be allowed to repose herself for a quarter of an hour in the arm-chair, whilst the horse was getting ready, pleading the extreme fatigue she had undergone the preceding day; and under the pretence of sleeping she made those reflections which laid the foundation of that legal inquiry which afterwards took place. She, undiscovered and unsuspected, contrived with her scissors to cut off a small piece of the curtain. This circumstance, added to others of a local nature, was supposed sufficient evidence to fix the transaction on the house pointed out, and, but for the scrutiny and cross-examination on the trial, would have given the law great scope over the lives of several persons, as it appeared improbable that fewer than five or six persons could have been concerned in a business so regularly conducted. In the course of her

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local description given by the midwife of the suspected mansion. The midwife's story, though apparently plausible, was considerably weakened by her swearing positively to so many and doubtful points. First, that of her distinguishing the being carried over corn and ploughed fields, though she only knew, it being so extremely dark, that they had quitted the high road from the sound of the horse's feet. Next, her affirming that when introduced into the chamber she was so benumbed and stupified with horror and dread, that in case of difficulty she could have given no assistance; yet, during this state of horror and dread, she could, though blindfolded, swear positively that her patient was very young; the child a male; and the person to whom it was given advanced in years; and immediately afterwards had the presence of mind to execute the ingenious but hazardous experiment of cutting the curtain. She also said, that she remarked to the guide her *seeing a light*, as well as smelling the burning, yet affirmed immediately afterwards, that the bandage was not taken from her till she was within fifty yards of her own house. But an apparent contradiction, which was supposed to have overturned her whole evidence, was her positively insisting that in their way to the house, where her assistance was wanted, they crossed a ford *twice*, when it was proved that there was only *one straight* river between the two houses. Now, supposing the guide to have made a wheel round, in order to deceive the midwife, and to have again crossed the river, they must have forded it a *third* time to arrive at the suspected house. All these circumstances being pointed out, and commented on by the judge for consideration of the jurymen, they returned a verdict of acquittal without leaving the court.

Whether the suspected parties were or were not guilty of the crime of murder, could only be known to them-

selves and the great Disposer of all things; but no judge or jury would have established a different verdict from such defective evidence. The train of calamity which succeeded the trial may give rise to melancholy reflections, and was, no doubt, considered by the multitude, to have been the effect of Divine visitation. In few words, the owner of Littlecot soon became involved in estate and deranged in mind, and is stated to have died a victim to despondency; and though the fate of the niece is unknown or forgotten, ruin and misery are said to have befallen the family which survived him.

From the Darells, Littlecot passed, by sale, to Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, and had the honour, in the time of Alexander Popham, Esq., the grandson of this learned lawyer, of receiving a royal visit from Charles II., who, at his coronation, created Sir Francis Popham, the heir of Littlecot, a Knight of the Bath. The last male representative of this distinguished branch of the ancient stem of Popham was Francis Popham, Esq. of Littlecot and Hound-street, who *d. s. p.* in 1730, having devised his estates to his nephew Lieut.-Gen. Edward William Leybourne. That gentleman assumed in consequence the surname of Popham, seated himself at Littlecot, and served as High Sheriff of Wiltshire, in 1830. His son and heir, Edward William Popham, Esq., is the present possessor of this ancient manor.

LORD DERWENTWATER'S LIGHTS.

THE tombstone, with its epitaph, half genealogical, half eulogistic, is scarcely so true a record of past greatness and present decay, as the fragments of some ancient edifice, of which enough remains to witness for the grandeur that was, and is no more. Few memorials of this kind are more striking than the ruins of Dilstone Castle, which stand on a well-wooded height overlooking the vale of Hexham, and washed at its base by a rivulet called the Devil's water—the original name, no doubt, of the building itself, although, by after times, corrupted into Dilstone. The rapid little stream is crossed by a bridge of a single arch, shortly after which it unites with the Tyne, and falling from the rocks, about a hundred feet in height, dashes down, all froth and foam, into a deep hollow, completely overshadowed by the trees of the precipice above. Through the arch may be seen a mill, while beyond it, the castle presents a desolate but picturesque contrast to the quiet beauty of the landscape. A considerable extent of mouldering wall remains, and even the painted chambers, with the halls and stairs, may yet be traced amidst the general dilapidation; while from the broken towers, which still afford a footing to the curious, there is a most enchanting prospect.

From the time of the Conquest up to the reign of

Henry III., this castle had been possessed by the family of the Devilstones, though whether they gave their own name to the river, or were so called from living by it, is now uncertain. After having passed through many hands—the Tynedales, the Crafters, and the Claxtons—the property at length devolved upon the Ratcliffes, or Radcliffes, in the person of Sir Nicholas Radcliffe, during the reign of Henry VI., and by him it was much augmented by a marriage with the heiress of Sir John de Derwentwater. With her he received the manors of Castlerigg and Keswick, a dowry for a queen, whether as regarded the exceeding beauty or the value of the combined lands, although the fortress of Castlerigg itself, amidst rocks and mountains, was too old and gloomy to allure the family—for a long time at least—into quitting the far more convenient Dilstone.

Thus favoured by fortune, or their own prudence—perhaps by both, for they generally go together—the family continued to increase in opulence, till, in the year 1688, the eldest son of Sir Francis Radcliffe married Lady Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles II., and the notorious Mary Davis. In consequence of this alliance, the father was created Earl of Derwentwater, Viscount Radcliffe and Langley, and Baron Tyndale; and so proud was the family of this somewhat doubtful honour, that the children of the second Earl assumed the peculiar plume of feathers, which, since the days of the Black Prince, had ever been adopted by the heir apparent to the throne. Their devotion to the Stuarts was confirmed by another circumstance. When James fled, or was driven from the throne of England, to take refuge in France, the heir of Derwentwater and his brother were brought up at St. Germains with the son of the dethroned monarch, in the Catholic faith, and under the immediate superintendence of the

Catholic clergy. This education produced, as might have been expected, so strong an attachment on the part of the young Radcliffes for the exiles, that their consent to join the rebellion was not even asked, it being taken for granted, that when the time came for action, they would, as a matter of course, unite with hand and heart in the enterprise.

This rapid glance at preceding events may serve as the prologue—no longer in fashion—used to serve in ushering in the play that followed; but with this especial difference in our favour—that whereas the prologue had oftentimes no connexion with the piece it was meant to introduce, a brief sketch, such as we have just been giving, was absolutely essential to the right understanding of our story.

In 1705, Francis, Earl of Derwentwater, the second of that name, was gathered to his fathers; and James Radcliffe, brought up as we have shown him to be, succeeded to the estate and title. He was a man generally beloved, and worthy of being so, if we may credit his cotemporaries, and "of so universal a beneficence that he seemed to live for others"—an eulogy as beautiful and comprehensive in fact, as it is simple in expression. We shall add little to it by repeating the details that have been left to us even by his renegade biographer; and yet there is something too delightful in the picture they present to be altogether passed over without notice. Unlike so many other nobles, who neglected their tenants while they followed their pleasures or their fortunes at court, Lord Derwentwater lived upon his estate, discharging the duties of a landowner with a zeal that showed his heart was in the task, and exercising a benevolence that knew not any distinctions of faith or party. His charity was unbounded, dropping like the dews from heaven upon all alike, so

that Dilstone was constantly filled by men of every condition, strangers as well as natives of the place, who had come to seek the aid that was seldom indeed denied them. Had he possessed no other recommendations, such liberality alone would have secured to him the popular favour; for the open hand is that which appeals most directly to the proverbial selfishness of human nature. But in addition to this quality, his character combined honour and justice in an eminent degree, his manners were distinguished by affability and kindness; and, in defiance of the portraits yet remaining of him, we must conclude he had no small share of personal attractions, since he was complimented in his own day with the epithet of "the handsome Derwentwater."

A man so highly favoured by fortune could hardly, one would have thought, be tempted into the thorny paths of rebellion, where he had so little to gain, and so much to lose. The stakes for which the rough and hazardous game must be played, were too unequal, besides that he was yet farther bound over to peace and quiet by having married Anna Maria Webb, one of the five daughters of Sir John Webb, Baronet, of Oldstock, in Wiltshire, and having by that lady two children—a son and a daughter.

During the lifetime of Queen Anne, Lord Derwentwater kept aloof from the intrigues of the Jacobites, which indeed went not to any dangerous extremes, the heads of the faction being satisfied that she intended the crown should revert to the Stuarts upon her death. Her own want of children, and her known partiality for her brother, gave every reasonable ground for such a hope, which, besides, was in full accordance with the wishes of her ministers, and of a large, if not the largest, portion of her nobility. But unfortunately for those who were indulging in such expectations, nothing could have been

more opposed to the ideas of the nation, including under that term not only the bulk of the people, but the more opulent classes, professional as well as mercantile, all of whom had somehow come to consider Catholicism as incompatible with political freedom. Whether the notion was just or unjust is nothing to the present purpose—it is enough that it existed, and that many of the first rank and influence made the best use of it to carry out their own objects. Aided by this popular feeling, and by the sudden death of Anne, before she had carried out her measures in favour of the Stuarts, the Whigs managed in the name of liberty and religion to place the Elector of Hanover upon the British throne. Their disappointed rivals were now quite furious, and the angry passions which had been so long and with so much difficulty repressed, bursting forth with unrestrained fury, they were ripe for any attempt, however desperate. After a year of intrigue and plotting, the insurrection broke out in the latter end of August, 1715, in Perthshire, at a small market town, Kirk Michael, to which place the people had come, called from all the neighbouring country.

Here the Chevalier was first proclaimed, and his standard raised, most probably under the influence of the Earl of Mar, while several other nobles, and men of fortune both in England and Scotland, were drawing together their dependents in various parts, though for a while they attempted to mask their object. It is, however, probable, that this open demonstration might have been delayed for a short time longer, had it not been precipitated by the decisive measures which the government adopted on first getting a clue to the schemes of the Jacobites. London had for somewhile been the hotbed of their plots and conferences; and hence, as from a centre, orders and intelligence were sent forth

in every direction; those who undertook the charge of such dangerous messages riding from place to place in the guise of mere travellers upon a journey of mere curiosity. Although but imperfectly informed of what was going on, and obliged in common prudence to be cautious as to the degree of credit they attached to their spies, the ministers of the day yet knew enough to be aware that an attack of some kind was really meditated; and, to anticipate its action, they issued orders for the arrest of those most suspected of favouring the cause of Jacobitism. In this number it was not likely that the companion of Charles Stuart's boyish days, and the friend of his maturer years, would be overlooked.

Towards the end of September, Lord Derwentwater received a private intimation that the Secretary of State's warrant was out for his apprehension, and that a messenger had actually come down to Durham for carrying it into effect. As, according to all accounts, he had taken no part in the intrigues of the Jacobites, he deemed it most prudent, upon receiving this hint, to disarm suspicion, by repairing to the nearest justice of the peace, and surrendering up his person. Unfortunately for so wise a resolve, the magistrate, being a concealed friend of the Stuarts, would neither receive the voluntary prisoner, nor did he recommend him, as in duty no less than kindness he should have done, to deliver himself up at once to the government messengers, by which step he would have escaped the perils that ever afterwards beset him, till they ended finally in his ruin. Thus, equally impelled by fear and inclination in the same direction, he secreted himself in the cottage of a man named Lambert, till yet farther urged on by the rash counsels of his brother, Charles, he was at last persuaded to join the insurrection with all the

force he could muster,—using, as it is said, something more than fair influence with many of his tenants to compel them into following him.

At this time the party of the Jacobites, whom he proposed joining, had assembled upon a hill, called the Waterfall, not far from Greenrig, under the command of a Mr. Forster, who had neither the craft nor the courage, which is indispensable to the character of a successful conspirator. When united, the whole party mustered about sixty horse, composed for the most part of gentlemen and their attendants; and, after a short consultation, it was agreed to march that evening to Rothbury, a small market town. There they remained all night, and on the following day (October 7), proceeded to Warkworth Castle, upon the river Coquet, about three miles from the sea, a picturesque and interesting relic of ancient times. One tower, seated on the brink of a cliff, above the city, and decorated with the lion of Brabant, is still remembered as "the great tower of the Percys." And well worthy is it of such a distinction in the eyes of all who can admire the beauties of nature; for the prospect seen from it, when a fine day opens up the whole landscape to the far horizon, is such as cannot be easily forgotten. As the eye travels along the coast, it rests upon the castles of Dunstanbrough and Bamborough, while in the distance is the sea, with the Fern Islands, and the port of Alemouth. To the north abounds a highly cultivated tract of land, as far as Alnwick; to the south is a plain, interspersed with villages and woods, and sloping off to a shore, indented with small bays and creeks, where the smoke may be seen rising from the hamlets of the fishermen.

In this place, the Jacobite army, if army it can be called, remained for two days, Mr. Forster assuming

the title of General of the Forces in the North, which had been conferred upon him by the Earl of Mar, and causing King James to be proclaimed with sound of trumpet. From caution, however, or from caprice, the new-made general did not attend the ceremonial openly, but chose to be present in disguise, a line of conduct which was only too well in keeping with all his subsequent absurdities. Hence, he marched to Morpeth, his numbers slowly increasing by the way, till by the time he reached the place itself, his troop amounted to three hundred horsemen, for by another strange fancy he rejected all those who offered to serve on foot, though they would have added not a little to his numerical strength. The excuse for this refusal was the impossibility of finding arms for them, an excuse which, if true, only shows with how little foresight the insurrection had been commenced. At the same time promises were made in abundance of arms and ammunition to be collected, and of regiments to be levied.

At Morpeth they again proclaimed King James, Mr. Buxton, the chaplain to their forces, enacting the part of herald for the occasion, and then marched to surprise Newcastle. But Newcastle was on its defence; its gates were closed against them; and, as cavalry were not altogether the fittest kind of troops for scaling walls and storming cities, they drew off to a moor near Dilstone, where they remained some days. This, we are told, was a feint to throw the people of Newcastle off their guard, when they hoped to take the place through the means of the High Church party, which was known to be powerful there, and which it was expected would rise in favour of the Chevalier. In the meanwhile, they amused themselves with reading prayers for King James in the churches, and proclaiming him in the market-place at Hexham, or were somewhat more usefully em-

ployed in seizing all the arms and horses that fell in their way.

Disappointed in their hopes upon Newcastle, which had been reinforced by the gentry of the neighbourhood, and by a large body of men under Lord Scarborough, the lord lieutenant of the county, they set out on the 19th of October for Rothbury. Here they were joined by the Scotch army, commanded by Lord Kenmure, and the Earls of Nithisdale, Carnwath, and Wintoun, when they resumed their march for Kelso, their forces increasing every day. Indeed, it may now be said, for the first time, that the rebellion assumed something like a formidable shape, the Scotch, as to numbers, military fitness and zeal, being the life and soul of the enterprise. The English, not apt to be easily moved out of their usual habits at any time, were still less so on the present occasion, when there was so much to shock their national prejudices, and, to make matters worse, the Jacobite party consisted of two discordant principles, the High-Churchmen and the Roman-catholics, each almost as jealous of the other as of the common enemy. Other causes, too, of dissension were not long in showing themselves, so that already upon the march, from Kelso to Jedburgh, which took place in a few days, above four hundred Highlanders deserted the army, and hurried back to their own country. Nor was this the only outward sign of the want of harmony prevailing in this ill-assorted body, the elements of which required a master-hand to keep them from falling asunder; another large body of Scots, under Lord Wintoun, withdrew themselves about the same time, but after a short absence were, by some means, induced to return.

It does not appear that Lord Derwentwater, though all along accompanying the party, took any active part

in their proceedings. He was, as he afterwards pleaded in his excuse at the trial, "of a temper and disposition that disposed him to peace," and in truth he had shown himself signally unfitted for the part he had undertaken. With a rashness that seemed almost incredible, he had blundered into rebellion without any previous communication with its leaders, and without having made the slightest preparation in arms, men, horses, or any other warlike necessaries. Nor was he himself long in discovering his own unfitness for command. At a very early stage of the business he had given up the leading of his troop to his brother Charles, who, however, was as little qualified for the office as himself, except that he possessed a more daring and energetic spirit; in all that respected military discipline and duty, he was utterly ignorant, never till then having seen service.

We have already noticed of what discordant materials the Jacobite army consisted, and shown how in the very outset this defect broke up all unity of action. But it was soon to have more serious consequences. After having wandered about from place to place, with no very definite object, the English regiments determined to recross the border and march into Lancashire, which was supposed to abound in Catholics, and to be strongly Jacobitical. In justification of so unwise a measure, it was given out that it had been adopted upon the authority of certain private letters, which promised a general insurrection the moment they appeared in its support. Many of the Highlanders refused to concur in a plan that would have taken them too far from their native fastnesses, but the rest of the army acceding to it, the intended siege of Dumfries was abandoned, and the united forces marched successively, without opposition, to Penrith, Appleby, Kendal, and Kirby Lonsdale, whence, in an evil hour, they directed their course

towards Preston. In their way, they were joined by a party of volunteers, under the Lords Rothes and Torphichen, so that, notwithstanding the desertion of so large a body of Highlanders, their numbers amounted to about two thousand, six hundred of which were horsemen from Northumbria and Dumfries. It, however, mattered little what the force might be, with such a general to command it as Mr. Forster.

Two troops of Stanhope's dragoons had been quartered at Preston, but upon the approach of so superior a force they retired, greatly to the delight of the Jacobites, who, in consequence, became not a little elated, as if they had gained some especial triumph. The next day, according to their usual custom, they proclaimed the Chevalier—a ceremony on which the band of warriors seems to have placed no little reliance, as a means of making partisans. Here, too, they were joined by many country-gentlemen, with their servants and tenants; but they were chiefly Catholics, those of the High Church party continuing to keep themselves aloof. Yet even they might have been eventually induced to embrace the cause of the exile, if the Jacobites, by conducting their military affairs with common prudence, had obtained the slightest glimmer of success. The ground where they now stood, afforded an admirable position for defence, as had been shown, not so very long before, in the time of Cromwell, whose career had well nigh been cut short, in an attempt to force it from the Royalists; and here, if anywhere, the present adventurers might have gained a victory, that would have sounded the tocsin of revolt to half England. No one, who for a moment looks to the nature of the ground, can fail to see how splendid a chance was thrown away by sheer incapacity.

Preston stands upon the river Ribble, which is un-

[redacted]

fence of Ribble Bridge, which, supposing them to be possessed of common sense and courage, they might have held till doomsday, against any force that was likely to be brought to dislodge them. In a short time, the reconnoitring party came in sight of the enemy's dragoons, when, instead of retiring in order, and leaving the bridge, or the pass behind it, to be maintained by those already in possession of both, he withdrew them from their 'vantage-ground, and with all his forces fell back in confusion upon the town, suffering, of course, considerably in his precipitate retreat. His loss would have been yet more severe, but for the over-caution of General Wills, who, aware of Oliver Cromwell's disaster upon the same spot, advanced not a step without causing the fields and hedges to be thoroughly examined by the light troops thrown out in advance, and on either side of him. Finding, much to his surprise, that the way was completely open, he marched towards the town, and disposed his men about it, so as to prevent all chance of escape, and thus held the Jacobites completely in a trap of their own forming.

The siege which followed had little resemblance to what is usually understood by the term, but might be rather likened to the strife that takes place when civil war is raging in the streets of a barricaded city. The assailants had no cannon, and if the beleaguered were better off in this respect, still they had no walls to protect them; so that it was, literally, a fight of barricades, attacked stoutly on one part, and as stoutly defended on the other. The first attempt was made upon the post held by Lord Derwentwater, who repulsed it bravely; and the battle, which then spread through all the other quarters, continued, with some intermission, during the night, but without any decisive advantage gained on either side. The besieged, however,

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The surrender at discretion having been finally agreed upon, no time was lost in carrying it into effect. At an early hour of the morning, the sound of trumpets and the beating of drums announced that the two generals were about to enter the town in form, and presently they rode into the market-place, where the defeated party awaited them in anxious expectation. The lords and gentlemen having been first disarmed and marched off to their separate places of confinement, the Highlanders were next ordered to lay down their arms, when they were led away to the Church, for want of a better prison. Here, in a national spirit of thrift, sadly yet

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ludicrously in contrast with the circumstances of danger in which they stood, these careful heroes employed their time in ripping the lining from the pews, and converting it into wearing apparel.

To the credit of the victors, it should be mentioned that both officers and common men treated the poor Jacobites with decent civility and forbearance. So far as they were concerned, the rage of party had either never existed, or had ceased with the ceasing battle, and captors and prisoners were soon upon as good a footing as was at all compatible with the relative situations in which they stood to each other. The whole wrath, indeed, of the defeated, who, as we have already pointed out, were chiefly Catholics, seemed to be turned against the high-church party, for not having come to their assistance as they had promised. This feeling pervaded all ranks alike of those who had engaged in the rebellion. Even Lord Derwentwater, mild and little prone to passion as he was in general, was roused to anger by this defection, and bitterly observed to one of his friends: "You see what we have brought ourselves to by giving credit to our high-born Tories—to such men as Fenwick, Green, Tate, and Allgood. If you outlive misfortune, and return to live in the North, I desire you never to be seen in converse with such rogues in disguise, who promised to join us, and animated us to rise with them." As to the Highlanders, they vented their indignation to any one who would listen. When the country people flocked out from field and cottage to gaze at them on their way to London, whither they were being led by easy marches, these hardy Celts relieved their wrath by crying out: "Where are all your high-church Tories? If they would not fight with us, let them come and rescue us!" exclamations which only caused them to be guarded

with the greater diligence. Not that there seems to have been any great need for such additional precautions. On the contrary, the by-standers replied to all these taunts by encomiums upon warming-pans, in allusion to the supposed birth of the Chevalier; for, as the reader will doubtless recollect, it was a current notion, at the time, that James's Queen had imposed upon the public by a pretended child-birth, when nothing of the kind had taken place, a warming-pan playing the chief part in the mystification.

As the party drew nearer to London, it soon became evident, from very intelligible signs and tokens, what mercy the defeated Jacobites had to expect from those in power; and yet, as the royal advisers had never come within the reach of danger, supposing there to have been any, they ought, in all reason, to have kept themselves free from the cruelty which grows out of terror. Upon the little bands of victors and captives reaching Barnet, they were met by messengers from town, bearing especial orders that the latter should have their arms tied with cords—more, no doubt, as an indignity than from any idea of escape or danger. Patten, the renegade chronicler, whom we have often had occasion to quote, observes, when writing afterwards upon the subject, in excuse of his new friends, that "this was more for *distinction* than any pain that attended"—an odd idea, truly, of distinction; if, in his clerical capacity, he offered no better consolation to those who came under his care, it may be suspected that his ministry was not very popular.

Hitherto the prisoners had been guarded by Lumley's horse; but at Highgate they were received by a strong detachment of cavalry and infantry from London, and fresh precautions were taken to prevent any attempts at escape or rescue. Such of the prisoners as rode on

horseback were now separated into pairs, a foot-soldier holding the bridle of each horse for greater security, or, as Mr. Patten would say, "for distinction." He himself, however, for he had not yet read his recantation, came in for a full share of these, and the other *distinctions*, lavished upon the party by the mob, who lined the way on either side, and assailed them, as they ran the gauntlet, with cries of "Long live King George!" "Down with the Pretender!" Even Quakers lost the characteristic quietude of their sect in their horror of Popery, and one of them, observing his black garments, gravely addressed him with, "Friend, thou hast been the trumpeter of rebellion to those men; thou must answer for them." A soldier, possessed of less religion, but more humanity, repaid the zealous monitor for his anathema by a blow from the butt-end of his musket, which sent him reeling into a ditch close behind him. But the spirit within honest Broadbrim was not so easily put down as the outward man had been, and sitting up in the ditch with admirable composure, he rebuked his assailant with, "Friend, thou art, I fear, but a faithless servant to King George."

Scenes of this kind sufficiently denote the state of popular feeling in those days, and it is difficult to understand how those most interested in a thorough knowledge of it should have been so utterly unacquainted with the general bias. The sailor who should put to sea in total ignorance of wind and tide, affords the only prototype to this blundering of the Jacobites, who, even to the last, when they might in some sense be said to have come within sight of the axe and scaffold, yet continued to expect they would be released by a Tory mob. The unlucky Mr. Forster was one of those that cleaved the latest and with the most unswerving confidence to this deceitful hope; to be sure, he might plead

in excuse for such a belief, the evident fear of the predominant party, shown as it was by the strong guard with which they surrounded the unarmed captives, and the precautions taken against any chance of escape or rescue in the very heart of the metropolis.

Lord Derwentwater was now taken to the Tower, while his brother, being only a commoner, was confined to the humble walls of Newgate. But though the one road might be more elevated than the other, it was perfectly well understood that they led alike to the same termination. On the 7th January, 1716, the case of the seven lords was brought before the House of Commons by a Mr. Lechmere, who on this occasion had been chosen as the organ for carrying out the vengeance of the triumphant party. In an able and eloquent speech, well adapted to the fears and prejudices of those whom he addressed, he moved that the accused should not be proceeded against in the ordinary way, but should be impeached before their peers, and himself undertook the impeachment of Lord Derwentwater. Six other members then rose with the like charges, and similar offers, in regard to the six nobles, who had been the companions of his enterprise; and these established preliminaries having been gone through, an impeachment of the whole party was carried up to the bar of the House of Lords, with the usual assurance on the part of the movers, "that articles to make good the charge against the Earl of Derwentwater and the other noblemen would be shortly exhibited." Nor did they lose any time in fulfilling this promise. In less than three days, the active industry of the Committee of the House of Commons, ably seconded by their chairman, the Mr. Lechmere already mentioned, had framed the necessary articles, which were then read at the bar of the House of Lords, and, on the 10th, the accused were

called before their peers to hear the charges brought against them, after which, they were allowed a short time to prepare their respective answers.

If there was little of that heroism which so captivates the fancy in the brief outbreak of the Jacobites, there was even less of it exhibited by them, now they were called upon to undergo the penalties of failure. They had evidently not entered into the contest like men, who, playing for a great gain, are willing to stake as largely, and with a mind prepared to lose while it hopes to win; but rather resembled children, who have ignorantly lighted a train of fireworks, in anticipation only of their brilliance, and are frightened out of their wits when they find that such explosions can burn as well as illumine. Even Lord Derwentwater, though he had shown so much gallantry in the field, lost all the spirit that should have animated him, when again called before the House to answer the articles of impeachment. Being brought to the bar by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, he knelt down with much humility, till ordered by the Lord Chancellor to rise, and make such statement as he could in his defence. To deny that he had been in arms for King James would have been useless, since he had been taken *flagrante delicto*—to defend the act might have become a bold and chivalrous spirit, but would hardly have been prudent; Lord Derwentwater took the only course that held out a hope of safety, faint as it was—and, admitting the charges brought against him, expressed the deepest contrition for his conduct. In extenuation, he pleaded his youth and inexperience—the way in which he had been urged into rebellion by the circumstances of the moment, without any previous design or foresight—his generally peaceful habits, and his advice to those who were with him, at Preston, to throw them-

selves upon the royal clemency. In conclusion, he implored the mediation both of their Lordships and of the Commons in his behalf, which, he protested, would lay him under the highest obligation of duty and affection to his Majesty, and perpetual gratitude to both Houses."

Such a man might with great safety have been forgiven; he would scarce have proved dangerous under any circumstances; yet even this conviction—and it must have entered into the minds of all that saw and heard him—was insufficient to soften the rancour of party feelings, or the jealousy of the government. It was already determined that he and his principal associates should die; and all that now remained was to give the greatest effect possible to the pronouncing of the sentence, and to its execution when pronounced. Westminster was duly prepared for the purpose, and thither the Lords repaired in solemn procession from their own House, the Chancellor (Earl Cowper) enacting the temporary part of Lord High Steward, in which character he was styled "your Grace," and was distinguished by other petty observances—so little real difference is there between the ceremonials of life, and the tawdry fictions of the stage. It was, however, a scene well got up for effect, as minds are generally constituted; and even those, the most prone to seek and find the ridiculous, must have felt that disposition considerably tamed by the certainty, that the axe, in this case, was not intended for a plaything.

The business of the day now began with the usual proclamation, the Serjeant-at-Arms commanding silence—"Oyez! oyez! oyez!" A second proclamation followed, ordering the Lieutenant of the Tower to bring forth his prisoners; and, after a few seconds of anxious expectation to all present, the culprits were

ushered in, preceded by the Gentleman-Jailor, with his axe; and, having knelt before the bar, they bowed profoundly to the High Steward and his Peers. The Gentleman-Jailor, in the meanwhile, took his place at their left hand, with the edge of his axe turned from him.

These preliminaries adjusted, the impeachment of Lord Derwentwater and his reply were read, after which, being asked if he still pleaded guilty to the charges brought against him, he answered as before, "I do." He was then ordered to withdraw; but the ministers of the hour seem to have thought, with Macbeth, that—

> "If it were done when 'tis done, 'twere well
> It were done quickly;"

and before the day was over he was again called up, with his companions in misfortune, to receive sentence. The Lord High Steward, according to the usual custom in such cases, which gives the show, but not the reality, of another chance of escape to the accused, demanded if he had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. To this his lordship could only reply by repeating what he had already stated in his written answer to the articles of impeachment, concluding, in a voice scarcely articulate, an affecting, though not very heroic, appeal to their compassion, with "The terrors of your lordships' just sentence, which at once deprives me of my life and estate, and complete the misfortuness of my wife and innocent children, are so heavy upon my mind, I am scarcely able to allege what may extenuate my offence, if anything may do it." He then again implored their mediation, in the same utter ignorance of those he had to deal with that he had all along displayed. What interference was likely to avail with the king or his advisers?

The same ceremonial of question and reply was gone through with the other prisoners, when, proclamation for silence having been again made, to give the greater solemnity to what was to follow, the court pronounced its judgment, condemning them all to the usual penalties for treason. Horrible as such a sentence was, either to hear or to utter, it proved insufficient to satisfy the hatred of those with whom it originated, without an attempt to bereave the condemned of that which they at all events looked upon as their only remaining consolation. The Lord High Steward—acting surely under other influence—gravely recommended them, at this last moment, to abandon the faith they had been bred up in, which, if they could have been persuaded to, the conviction must have made death yet more bitter, by showing them that the very cause for which they had thrown away life was but a shadow. In this respect the English Catholics differed not a little from the Highlanders; religious feeling had much to do with the rising of the former against the established government, whereas the latter were almost entirely influenced by a clannish attachment to the Stuarts.

The prisoners were now reconducted to their old places of confinement in the Tower, there to await the moment when the curtain should again rise for the completion of this tragi-comedy, in which the opposite ingredients of tears and laughter were so strangely mingled. In the meanwhile, the Lord High Steward, standing up in his place, broke his staff of office, and declared the commission ended. The peers then returned to their own house before finally breaking up, and may perhaps remind the reader, who has witnessed a military funeral, of the merry homeward march of the soldier, to the sound of fife and drum, after having deposited a comrade in his grave.

Courage alike to dare and to endure seems to be the quality of all others most indispensable to heroes, whether of history or romance, and Lord Derwentwater will, no doubt, lose much of the interest which would otherwise belong to his sad tale, by his utter deficiency in either. Not that the charge of cowardice could be fairly laid at his door; on the field of battle he had exhibited, as we have seen, an insensibility to personal danger, that did him much credit; but still it was courage without enterprise; and it was now made plain that he was equally deficient in fortitude. He shrank with horror at the contemplation of death, from which there could be no escape, and which filled him with thoughts of pain and violence, to be met not in the excitement of a struggle, or on a sick bed amidst consoling friends, but in cold blood upon a public scaffold, and while the heart was yet full of life and vigorous for resistance. To such a pitch did these moods at last arrive, now of terror, and now again of hopeless despondency, that it was deemed advisable, two warders should remain with him, night and day, lest he should commit suicide. Strange inconsistency of human nature! —that men from the very dread of death by the hand of others, should voluntarily inflict its pains upon themselves! And yet how often has this seeming contradiction been realized.

While he was more than expiating by this mental martyrdom any offences he might have committed, he was not forgotten by his friends, even amongst those who had adopted an opposite side in politics. The Duke of Roxburghe, Keeper of the Privy Seal for Scotland, as well as lord-lieutenant for the counties of Roxburghe and Selkirk, and Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sydney, then Under-Secretary of State, visited him more than once in his dungeon; Sir Richard Steele, in

the House of Commons, warmly advocated the cause of mercy; and as a proof that strong exertions were being made in his favour, the first Lord of the Treasury declared that he had been offered a bribe of sixty thousand pounds to save him. The peers, too, who, as an unavoidable matter of duty, had pronounced the sentence of condemnation upon the accused, had no mind that it should be carried into effect, and petitioned the king in their favour, with the rational hope of being able to save at least some of them. But the reply was such as to destroy these illusions. "The King on this, and all occasions, will do what he thinks consistent with the dignity of the crown, and the safety of his people." To this it might have been answered, that no one ever yet secured his safety by shedding blood; and that, if the dignity of the crown required human victims for its support, it was no better than the Moloch of the old idolators, and the sooner it perished the better.

When everything else had failed, the Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by two female friends, threw herself at the king's feet, to implore mercy for her husband. It was in vain. As a last resource, the Dowager Countess presented a simple and affecting petition in behalf of her sons. But both the king and his minister had made up their minds to exact the full penalty of the law's bond from all the culprits; and when the clamours for mercy became somewhat loud in the House of Commons, Walpole angrily exclaimed, that "he was moved with indignation to see that there should be such unworthy members of this great body, as to open their mouths, without blushing, in favour of rebels and parricides." As, however, the minister found himself unable to stifle the general feeling by anything he could say, he adopted the more decisive measure of adjourning the House until the first of March, it

being well understood how he meant to employ the interval.

The fatal twenty-fourth of February, the day fixed for the execution of Lord Derwentwater and his associates, at length arrived. At the hour of ten in the morning, a hackney-coach was in waiting to convey them to the Transport-office on Tower-hill, where a room had been prepared for their reception, being hung all round with black, while a railed-in gallery led to the place of execution. It had been arranged that Lord Derwentwater should be the first victim. As he walked through the gallery and ascended the steps, the curious eyes of those nearest to him observed that he turned pale, though otherwise he appeared sufficiently composed, and master of his feelings. In his hand he carried a book, from which he prayed awhile, and then, having asked the sheriffs' permission to address the spectators, he advanced to the edge of the scaffold, that he might be the better heard by them. His speech, which he delivered from a written paper, was, in truth, little more than a recantation of his late recantation—a recalling of the penitential expressions he had so recently uttered at the bar of the House of Lords. But large allowances are to be made for the weakness when placed in trying situations. Before the Peers, he had played a saving, though not an heroic, game for his life; and, having lost it, we may believe him sincere in this return to his first principles, however we ourselves may differ from them.

He now turned to the executioner.

"You will find," he said, "something for you in my pocket"—it was two half-guineas—"and that gentleman"—pointing to a person who held his hat and wig—"has something more for you. Let me lie down once to see how the block fits me."

Having satisfied himself upon this point, he knelt down beside it in prayer for a few moments, and, rising again, was assisted by the headsman in undressing himself for execution. When all was ready, he exclaimed, "I forgive my enemies, as I hope that God will forgive me;" and, again laying himself upon the block, he charged the executioner that, after the third time of his crying, "Sweet Jesus!" he should perform his office.

The pause that now followed was brief, but it could not well have been otherwise than awful to every one—and scarcely more so to him who was about to suffer, than to the expectant witnesses of the horrid scene, or to the headsman who was to strike the blow. After a momentary delay, the victim was heard to murmur, "Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit—sweet Jesus, be merciful unto me—sweet Jesus——"

But in this moment came a bright flash of steel—a dull yet crashing sound—and the head was severed from its body. The executioner then lifted it up, and exposing it successively at the four corners of the scaffold, cried out each time, "Behold the head of a traitor! God save King George!"

The mutilated trunk was now, by the sheriff's order, wrapped in black baize, or, as some have told the story, in red cloth, which is still preserved as a relic at Hassop, the seat of the Earl of Newburgh, and retains the evident marks of blood.

As no preparations seem to have been made for receiving the corpse on the spot, it was conveyed in a hackney-coach to his friends, while the head itself was set up as a spectacle above Temple-bar, according to the barbarous custom of those times, which had little respect for the dead when party-feeling was concerned. Here, however, it did not remain long. According to tradition current in the family, the Countess of Derwentwater

had, beforehand, arranged a plan for its removal, which she now carried into effect with equal dexterity and courage. Disguised as a fisherwoman, and accompanied by another female, most probably belonging to that class, she passed under Temple-bar in a cart, when some persons, who had been previously bribed to the undertaking, dropped the head from above into her lap, and, strange as it may seem, she had the good fortune to get off with her prize in safety.

The best authenticated accounts tell us the Earl was buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the altar; but there is also a tradition extant of his having found his last resting-place at Dilstone. The Ettrick Shepherd, Hogg, is a stanch advocate for the more popular belief, observing, in his "Jacobite Relics," that the body "was certainly carried secretly to Dilstone, where it was deposited by the side of the Earl's father, in his chapel. . . . A little porch before the farm-house of Whitesmock is pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's remains rested, avoiding Durham." This last little piece of circumstantial evidence, so ingeniously brought forward by the poet, may possibly remind the reader of a like kind testimony in the "School for Scandal," where the tale of Sir Peter's duel is placed beyond doubt by the bullet that glided off from the mouth-piece at a right angle, and flew close by the postman, who was just then knocking at the door with a double letter from Northampton. It should, however, be remembered, that the "Jacobite Relics" are, for the most part, the production of Hogg's own pen; and he who could amuse himself with such a trick, is not the best or the safest guide through the mazes of antiquity. One thing, however, amidst all these doubts, is certain. Let the Earl's bones rest where they will, his memory is still cherished by the people of these parts, and lives

in many a rude ballad. Even yet, the Auroræ Boreales are known amongst them as "Lord Derwentwater's Lights," because, according to the tradition, they were unusually brilliant on the night that preceded his execution.

Our narrative would to many seem incomplete, without a passing glance at the family of him in whose behalf we have been endeavouring to interest them. The wife of the unfortunate Jacobite died at Brussels, in the August of 1723. His immediate male descendants are extinct, but the direct representative, in the female line, of the unhappy Earl is the present Lord Petre. The Hon. Charles Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater's brother, married a Scottish peeress, and was the ancestor of Francis Eyre, Earl of Newburgh. The title of Derwentwater has never been restored, and the only indulgence shown has been the grant to the Newburgh family, in 1788, of a clear rental, amounting to two thousand five hundred a-year, out of the forfeited property, which was first settled on Greenwich Hospital, and afterwards sold to Mr. Marshall, of Leeds.

PRIVILEGE OF THE LORDS KINGSALE.

Lord Kingsale enjoys the hereditary right of wearing his hat in the royal presence. This singular privilege dates from a very remote period, and originated in the following circumstance:—

Sir John de Courcy, the renowned conqueror of Ulster, created Earl of that province in 1181, performed prodigies of valour in the Irish wars, and stood high in the favour of his royal master, Henry II.; but, upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, governor of Ireland, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized, while performing penance, unarmed and bare-footed, in the churchyard of Downpatrick, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower. After his lordship, however, had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John and Philip Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision was referred to single combat, and King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which the King of France provided his champion; but the English monarch, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when

everything was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the Earl, seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king, however, being informed of Ulster's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and honours, but desired him to ask anything within his gift, and it should be granted. To which Ulster replied, that, having lands and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his highness, and all future kings of England — which request was immediately granted. Thus arose this curious immunity, and generation after generation it has been since enjoyed by the Earl of Ulster's descendants, the successive Lords Kingsale:

And the King, he gave this graceful honour
To the bold De Courcy's race,
That they ever should dare their helms to wear
Before the King's own face;
And the sons of that line of heroes
To this day their right assume;
For, when every head is unbonneted,
They walk in cap and plume!

Almericus, the twenty-third baron, appearing covered in the presence of William III., and that monarch expressing surprise at the circumstance, his lordship thus asserted his hereditary right:—

"Sire, my name is Courcy; I am Lord of Kingsale, in your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland; and the reason

of my appearing covered in your Majesty's presence is to maintain the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England."

William acknowledged the claim, and gave the baron his hand to kiss; whereupon Lord Kingsale paid his obeisance, and continued covered.

A FALSE PEDIGREE.

Rushforth mentions, in his own quaint language, the following curious proceedings in the Earl Marshal's court, temp. Charles II.:—

"About this time, West, Lord Delaware, commenced a suit in the Court of Honour, or Lord Marshal's Court, against one who went by that name. The case was,—a person of a far different name by birth, and but an ostler, having by his skill in wrestling, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, got the name of 'Jack of the West,' coming afterwards to be an innkeeper, and getting a good estate, assumes the name of West, and the arms of the family of the Lord Delaware, and gets from the heralds his pedigree, drawn through three or four generations, from the fourth son of one of the Lords Delaware; and his son, whom he bred at the Inns of Court, presuming upon this pedigree to take place of some gentlemen, his neighbours in Hampshire, they procured him to be cited by the Lord Delaware in this court, where, at the hearing, he produced his patent from the heralds. But so it

fell out, that an ancient gentleman, of the name of West, and family of Delaware, and named in the pedigree, who had been long beyond sea and conceived to be dead, and now newly returned, whose son, as it seems, this young spark would have had his father to have been—appeared in court at the hearing, which dashed the whole business; and the pretended West, the defendant, was fined 500*l.*, ordered to be degraded, and never more to write himself gentleman."

ALLEN, EARL BATHURST.

ALLEN, first Lord Bathurst, was son and heir of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, Governor of the East India Company. He became treasurer to the Prince of Wales in 1757, and continued on the list of Privy Counsellors at his Royal Highness's accession to the throne; but on account of his great age—being then upwards of seventy—his lordship chose to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate.* His lordship's integrity gained him the esteem even of his opponents; and his humanity and benevolence, the affection of all who knew him more intimately. He added to his public virtues the good-breeding, politeness, and elegance of social intercourse. Swift, Prior, Rowe, Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Congreve—in short, all the men of genius of his time, cultivated his friendship, and were proud of his correspondence. Pope, in his epistle "On the Use of Riches," thus addresses his lordship:—

> The sense to value riches, with the art
> T'enjoy them, and the virtue to impart;
> To balance fortune by a just expense,
> Join with economy magnificence;
> With splendour charity, with plenty health.
> O teach us, Bathurst, yet unspoiled by wealth,
> That secret rare between the extremes to move,
> Of mad good nature, and of mean self-love!

Sterne, in his "Letters to Eliza," also speaks of him in the following terms:—

"This nobleman," says he, "is an old friend of mine; he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court—'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should know also who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard,' continued he, 'of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much. I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them, and despairing of ever finding their equals, it is some years since I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die, which I now do: so come home and dine with me.' This nobleman is a prodigy, for at eighty-five, he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to please and to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, he is a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling."

His lordship preserved his natural cheerfulness and vivacity to the very last. To within a month of his death, which happened on the 16th of September, 1775, at the age of ninety-one, he constantly rode out on horseback, two hours before dinner, and constantly drank his bottle of claret or madeira after dinner. He used to repeat often, with a smile, that Dr. Cheyne had assured him, fifty years before, that he would not live seven years longer, unless he abridged himself of his wine. About two years before his death, he invited several of his friends to spend a few cheerful days with him, at his seat near Cirencester; and being, one evening, very loth to part with them, his son, afterwards Lord Chancellor Bathurst, objected to their sitting up any

longer, adding, that health and long life were best secured by regularity. The Earl suffered his son to retire; but as soon as he left the room, exclaimed, "Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle!"

THE POISONED BEAUTY.

Maria, daughter of the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, second son of Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, consort of George II., is the lady whose story is alluded to in "Pope's Satires," in the line—

"Poison from Deloraine;"

and in Mr. Croker's edition of "Lady Suffolk's Letters." The narrative is as follows:—Miss Mackenzie was one of the greatest beauties about the Court, and an attachment subsisted between her and Mr. Price,* at that time an admired man about town, and an especial favourite of the too celebrated Countess of Deloraine, who, to get rid of her rival in beauty, poisoned her. By timely as-

* See "Landed Gentry." Nicholas Price, Esq., of Saintfield, co. Down, M.P. for Lisburn in 1735, married (as his second wife) in 1732, Maria, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Alexander Mackenzie, second son of the Earl of Seaforth, by whom he had issue. Mr. Price, by his first wife, Mary, daughter of Francis, first Lord Conway, of Ragley, was grandfather of Nicholas Price, Esq., of Saintfield House, co. Down, J.P., Deputy Lieutenant, and High Sheriff in 1801.

sistance, antidotes were successful, but the tradition in the family is that the maiden's fine complexion was ruined, and ever after continued of a lemon tint. Queen Caroline, desirous to shield Deloraine from the consequences of her act, persuaded Miss Mackenzie to appear, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, at a supper, either given by Lady Deloraine, or where she was to be. When Miss Mackenzie entered the room, some one exclaimed, "How entirely changed!" Mr. Price, who was seated with Lady Deloraine, looking carelessly over his shoulder, remarked, "In my eyes, she is more beautiful than ever;" and they were married next morning.

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

Who has not heard of Eden Hall, and its fairy-goblet?

The tale, I ween, has oft been told
In minstrel's song and legend old;
And modern bards, with mimic strain,
Have given its echoes back again.

And has that dream of days of yore
  Its influence lost on fancy's ear?
And can its wonders charm no more
  The eye of reason, cold and clear?

Be ours the task, however it be,
To open the book of mystery,
And gather from its decaying page
The signs which are half worn out by age.
Then all attend, and believe the rhyme
Is a voice from out the grave of time.

But the day of song, like the day of so many other things that once made the charm of life, has gone by; the poet's verse has too light and tinkling a sound to be heard amidst the clang of hammers employed in fashioning steam-engines, or beating out copper into wires,—thin, indeed, yet strong enough to curb that mighty giant, electricity, and compel him to do service to his master, man. We therefore hold it best to turn out our Pegasus to graze, or rather to starve, upon the barren common of this worky-day world, amid so many

of his fellows; while—to imitate the extravagance of eastern metaphor—we are content to walk in the wooden shoes of prose.

Eden Hall, in Cumberland, was, and is still, possessed by the Musgraves—a warlike and ancient family, that draws its lineage from one of the conqueror's companions, who obtained a grant of Scalesby Castle. Such a gift is the best testimony to his qualities as a soldier, for in those days the stout heart and ready hand were as necessary to retain, as to win estates; and to bestow lands upon one who could not defend them, would have been about as idle as to put into a child's grasp the heavy sword of a horseman, which, if he used at all, it could only be to the injury of his own person. The high repute of the first Musgrave had suffered no diminution in its descent through many generations; but rather, like some stream, had deepened and widened in its downward course from the fountain-head, till it swelled into a noble river. How far that descent had reached at the period of our tale, it is impossible to fix with any degree of certainty; and when we call its hero William, the reader should be pleased to recollect, that the Christian name has been arbitrarily given, though he must not, on that account, impugn the general truth of our narrative. The most material part of what we are going to relate was indubitably the *belief* of no distant generation; whether it believed wisely or not, is another question: at one time, the sun made a daily journey round the earth, and the dreams of the alchymists were scientific truths.

The Musgrave of our tale, whom, to suit our own purposes, we have thus christened William, when he may have been Henry or Edward, was, as all his ancestors had been since the days of the Norman Conquest, an eager huntsman, and one who often followed

his game from sun-rise to sun-down; at the same time, though of a hot and jealous temper, he possessed some gentler qualities, to which few of them could pretend a title; he could do more than write his name, which, in one who was not a churchman, might be reckoned akin to the marvellous; moreover, he could touch the harp with some degree of skill, was not ignorant of olden chronicles, and could extemporize a romance as readily as any troubadour. Such a character, it was plain, was equally qualified to shine in the field, and in lady's bower; no wonder, then, that he won the heart, and would have obtained the hand, of the fair Eleanor, had her father been as much alive to the value of these unusual gifts as herself, or if he had not been hardened by yet more important considerations against the possessor of them. The bold Baron, whom we shall call the Baron de Roseville—not to designate any actor in our tale too precisely—had settled, when Eleanor was scarcely five years old, that she should, in due time, be married to her cousin, Theodore. To this the child, so long as she was a child, had, of course, offered no objection—ignorance in her case being, as it so often is, the source of a great deal of happiness. It was a very different thing with the maiden. No sooner had she learned to think for herself on such matters, than her thoughts took the opposite direction to the baron's; and, not content with absolutely hating the cousin whom she was commanded to love, she must needs bestow her affections on Sir William Musgrave, whom she had been ordered to regard as the feudal enemy of her house. This contumacy was stigmatized by the Baron as ingratitude of the blackest dye; he had begotten, fed, clothed, and lodged her, during seventeen years, and for her to entertain any wish or idea that had not received his previous sanction—or worse, which was in defiance of

his expressed mandates—was a crime to be punished in any way his paternal lenity might deem proper. He had tried fasting upon bread and water in a lone turret-chamber, but the young lady had chosen to fall so ill in consequence, that he was forced to abandon his plan—another instance of perverseness which excited his especial indignation. Had he possessed a son to inherit his estate, he might have been tempted to push the experiment a little farther, even at the risk of serious mischief to the subject of it; but he had not; and, in the event of her death, there was none to whom he cared to leave his broad lands. In his own opinion, then, no man had ever possessed a more ungrateful daughter, or was more cruelly persecuted by fortune, than himself. What, he argued, could be worse than a child who would not do everything he wished her to do? or, what on earth was the use of gold and lands, if he could not make them a means of punishing those who had offended him?

To get rid of these unpleasant reflections, the moody Baron gave himself up more than ever to the chase—the only amusement of which a mind like his was capable; and as his absence, when he had once set out on these expeditions, might be safely calculated to last the day through, the lovers had frequent opportunities of meeting, and, in their turn, railed against the cruelty of fortune. At such times, the lady would leave her chamber, and descend into the castle gardens, to which the lord of Eden Hall had always ready access by the connivance of the seneschal, whom he had bought over to his interest. The seneschal, however, boasted of a rigid morality; and, while he saw no crime in pocketing a bribe, stipulated, as an indispensable sacrifice to decorum, that the young lady's tire-woman should be present at these clandestine interviews.

The last sound of the baron's hunting-horn had died away in the near forest, when, as usual, Sir William was admitted by his ally at a private door in the garden-wall. At the same time, by a previous understanding, the lady sate in her bower, her favourite hawk upon her wrist, and the tire-woman occupied her wonted post, near enough to see, but not to hear, what was passing. Deprived thus of any benefit she might have derived from a pair of exceedingly sharp ears, she amused herself by speculating on the looks and actions of the lovers; and as they both were more than sufficiently wayward—he, from excess of jealousy, and she, from natural caprice—there was seldom any want of lively scenes to vary the dulness of such a meeting—dull, at least, so far as the mere spectator was concerned. On the present occasion, there was every appearance of this diversion being even carried to greater lengths than usual.

"Now the saints be our speed!" said the tire-woman; "my lady is in a rare mood to-day; for my part, I think she grows more wilful and freakish every hour; and if Sir William be in one of his jealous humours, their meeting will be a pleasant one. Oh, there he comes—humph! to judge now from his face, he's just in a right cue for a quarrel."

Lucy had shown no want of shrewdness in these auguries; the gentleman was—he could not himself have told why—in that particular frame of mind, which induces a man, if not to undervalue himself, at least to suppose he is undervalued by others, and to be suspicious accordingly. The lady's mood, at the moment, was precisely that most calculated to call such a temper into active operation. It pleased her at the time to be exceedingly cold and indifferent, not that her love had in reality suffered the least abatement, nor had she any

purpose or design in it; the character was put on, as she put on so many others, from sheer capriciousness. There are some substances—sodium for instance—that inflame upon coming into contact with water, a chemical fact that may serve to illustrate the way in which the lady's coldness acted upon the excitable condition of the lover.

"Good Heavens, Eleanor!" he exclaimed—"what is the matter with you to-day?"

"Matter!—what should be the matter?" replied the lady, with wonderful indifference, and smoothing all the while the ruffled plumage of the favourite on her wrist. "So, pet!"—this was addressed to the bird—"what disturbs thee, now? Hath thy bright eye seen aught it likes not?"

"Upon my word, Eleanor," said the angry lover, "I shall grow jealous of the falcon presently, if he monopolizes so much of your attention. I can't help recollecting it was given to you by——"

"By the gallant knight of Summerfield," said the lady, interrupting him. "Poor fellow! he died a soldier's death, and for his sake I shall always love the bird."

"Love the bird for his sake?"

"Why not? He ever thought of me with kindness."

The Lord of Eden bit his lips, till the blood flowed from them, in order that his rage might not show itself in words, well knowing from frequent experience, that he might say, in one unlucky moment, what he would repent for weeks. When he had mastered his feelings enough, as he thought, to speak without offending either by the tone or the import of his speech, he again turned to the lady, who continued amusing herself with the falcon.

"Forgive me, Eleanor, if I ask once again, what is the matter? Have I, in any way, had the misfortune to offend you?"

"No—not that I know of—not more than usual."

"Not more than usual! Saints and martyrs! What is it you mean?"

"Did you ever see a nobler creature?" said the lady, gazing with admiration on the falcon, in which it seemed she was too much wrapt up to hear his question. "What an eye he has! as bright almost as his who gave him—alas! that we shall never look upon the gallant knight again!"

"Now, by all the fiends of treachery and falsehood——"

"Plait-il?" said the lady, in a tone of marvellous quiet, seeing that her lover either could not, or would not, go on with his angry speech—"Plait-il?"

"Eleanor!"

"Sir William!"

"It would almost seem that you love that foul kite better than myself."

It was now the lady's turn to be indignant; and indignant she was, so far as her present state allowed her to be.

"Foul, he is not," she replied; "neither is he a kite, but as noble a bird, with as strong a wing and keen an eye, as ever stooped upon its quarry."

"Oh, no doubt—no doubt—a noble bird—and a noble knight who gave him!"

"Certainly."

"And both more worthy of a lady's love, than one so simple as myself can pretend to be."

"Of which are you jealous?" said the lady—"the dead knight, or the living falcon?"

"Of neither," replied Sir William, in a towering rage; "the one is just as worthy to trouble me as the other."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the lady—but in such a manner as left it doubtful whether this compassion was intended for the bird, or her lover.

It may be said of compassion as of truth; they are both things which all men conspire to praise, yet few receive without either feeling humbled, or, as happened with Sir William in the present case, being driven into absolute fury. In a paroxysm of wrath, that scarcely allowed him to distinguish any of the objects before him, he snatched the falcon from her wrist, before she was aware of his intention, and dashed it with such violence against the stones that its head was literally shivered to pieces. In an instant Eleanor turned deadly pale; but it was not fear—not the horror which a young female might have been expected to feel at the sight of blood, but as deep a sense of indignation as ever agitated the breast of woman.

"You have killed him, then?" she said.

"Forgive me, my dear Eleanor," replied the penitent lover; "I am already ashamed of my hasty passion. Believe me, if I have offended——"

"If you have offended!"

"Well, well, I own—I admit the offence, but it was love that——"

"Love!" again interrupted the lady, with bitter scorn; "thus—thus, I trample on it."

And she trampled with her little feet upon the grass, as if it had been the object of her anger.

"But hear me, Eleanor——"

"I will hear nothing, sir. Quit this place directly, or I alarm the castle, and leave you to account for your presence here to my lord, the Baron. What, ho!—

seneschal!—seneschal, I say. Let go my dress, sir; I will not be detained. Help, help!"

"Blessed Virgin! what has happened?" exclaimed the tire-woman, running up in alarm at these cries.

"Help me raise the castle. Seneschal—seneschal!"

"Spare all this exclamation," said Sir William, starting up from the knee, which he had bent to the earth, in the first feeling of humbleness; "if my presence is so hateful to you——"

"It is—it is! The smallest quill in the wing of yon poor bird, the slightest down upon its breast, shall from this moment be nearer to my heart than ever was your worthless self."

"I can easily believe you, madam," retorted the lover, his former passion of jealousy rekindling at these words, and stifling his momentary fit of penitence—"I can easily believe you. Farewell—farewell, for ever."

The tire-woman, though accustomed to their quarrels, was too much alarmed by a dispute of such unusual violence, not to throw herself between the combatants, in the hope of preventing further mischief.

"For the love of all the saints, my lady—Sir William is going—I am sure you did not mean those angry words you used just now! Shall I not call him back again?"

But the indignant Eleanor either did not hear, or did not choose to notice, this appeal, and walked off with a proud step to her lonely chamber.

The devil, it is well known, is a great watcher of opportunity, always seizing the moment when human passions are at the flood to throw such temptations in men's way as may lead them to their ruin. On this occasion he brought the Baron home from the chace at an unusually early hour, and almost at the same time the hated cousin, Theodore, on a chance visit to the

castle, before the wrath of the maiden had abated. It is so common a thing for people, in the language of the coarse old proverb, "to cut off their own noses to be revenged on their own faces," that few will be surprised at a wilful and capricious being, like Lady Eleanor, throwing herself into the arms of her father, sobbing, as if her heart would break, and avowing herself ready to marry cousin Theodore at a moment's notice.

"But mind," she added—"mind, my dear father, it must be on the instant, or I cannot answer for myself."

The Baron, though used to the young lady's freaks, was somewhat surprised at this unexpected demonstration. He was, however, a crafty old fox, though, in general, too indolent to battle out his own projects; and, instead of asking "why or wherefore," immediately replied: "It shall be before the week is over."

"Sooner, my dear father!—sooner!" exclaimed the lady.

"Then sooner be it;—as soon as you please to name the day; I can answer for your cousin's making no objection."

Thus, upon so slight a cause, and in a little more than five minutes, was this match concluded, in defiance of love and hatred. But repentance full surely follows hasty resolution, as a headache is the natural consequence of bad wine. With the next morning, Eleanor began to think she had been too precipitate in her anger, and would have done better had she taken a night's counsel of her pillow before she decided. To all hints, however, of this kind, the Baron turned a deaf ear; she had given her word—voluntarily given it—and now must abide by her promise. To reinforce his own authority, he called in that of the family chaplain, who assured her, in *verbo sacerdotis*, that, to recant now, would be much the same as a breaking of the marriage-

vow, seeing that a mutual consent, once given, and that consent confirmed by the parental approval, was, in effect, a marriage of minds, and therefore holy. Although unconvinced by these subtle and erudite arguments, the lady, headstrong as she was in general, knew not how to extricate herself from the knot of her own tying.

All this had been duly conveyed to the discarded lover by Lucy, who naturally enough sided with her young mistress against her old master. But he reaped little benefit from the knowledge thus obtained, since it neither helped the lady *out* of her father's castle, nor himself into it; the Baron was much too wary to allow himself to be surprised, now that he saw himself so near the realization of all his wishes; and, instead of relaxing his vigilance, multiplied his defences exactly in proportion as he found himself approaching the desired end. It was in vain that the Lord of Eden Hall hovered about his enemy's fortress night and day; the private door which used to admit him so readily, was now double barred and bolted; the seneschal was nowhere to be seen, nor could he catch a glance of Eleanor, albeit he watched her turret chamber for hours together.

It was now Midsummer Eve; the next day, as he learnt from his faithful ally, Lucy, was fixed for the wedding; and though the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and the moon had long since risen, he still held idle commune with his own thoughts as he sate, or rather lay, by the side of St. Cuthbert's Well. At a short distance from him, his good horse, with the bridle loose upon his neck, cropped the green pasture, retained there by nothing but his own choice, for he was untethered, either because the knight was too busy with matters of dearer import to heed such trifles, or because

he trusted to the familiar and almost dog-like habits of the animal. On a sudden, the horse ceased from grazing, pricked up his ears, snuffed the air with his dilated nostrils, and showed other symptoms of anxiety. The Knight saw the change, and addressed him as if he had been an intelligent creature: "How now, Caliph?—what is it you see or hear to frighten you?"

It might have well nigh seemed that the animal understood him, for he snorted as if in answer, pawed the ground impatiently, and showed every symptom of a wish to fly, but could not.

"Tut, tut, old friend! it must be all your fancy; the fields are open for a goodly space about us, and yet I can see nothing."

Still the poor brute remained in the same position, evidently terrified beyond measure, but, from some strange cause, unable to move from the spot. The action of the legs, of the head, and of every swelling muscle of his vigorous frame, showed that he was pulling desperately against something that held him back in spite of all his efforts to get free. Sir William, in amazement, was rising to examine more closely into the mystery, when there arose a low music, of unearthly sweetness, that stole like sleep over his senses—as gentle, yet irresistible, and with the same power of excluding all objects save itself. While he listened to these delicious tones, everything else was forgotten; love, anger, hope, fear, the blue sky above, the woods below, all were as if they were not. Unconscious of what he was doing, he began to pull and chew the little wild flowers that grew in the turf around, when, sight of wonder! there appeared, at no great distance from him, a host of fairies at their midnight revels. At that moment, the spell which had before held his senses prisoner, was broken.

"This, then," he muttered to himself, "is what so frightened my gallant Caliph, who saw it all, no doubt, though I could not. How is it that I am now sensible of their presence? Ha! these flowers, so bitter in my mouth, and which I did not taste before—among them I must have eaten of the mystic leaf, which, they say, opens human eyes to the world of spirits. St. Cuthbert speed us! if they should happen, now, to be as sharp-sighted in spying out myself?"

To avoid discovery by the elfin crew, he cowered down behind the breast-work of the well, where he might watch without being seen in return—no unnecessary precaution, if all were true that was told of them. Tiny as they seemed, they had a power of working mischief that many creatures of larger mould might have envied, and it was generally said that, if offended—and they were prompt enough to take offence—it was no easy matter to escape their malice: loss of sight and blighted limbs, or temporal misfortune, were amongst the most common consequences of incurring their displeasure; and sometimes they went so far as to carry off the culprit to their subterranean abodes, where they would hold him for years in a state of servitude. Yet no one who had beheld these fanciful beings as the Knight now beheld them, could have thought other than good of them. To describe their doings, however, or their appearance, would be difficult; for how can human language, the result of human impressions, be expected to give an adequate idea of things above, or at least beyond, humanity? With no more substance, as it seemed, than the shadows flung around by tree or hill, yet unlike shadows from the rainbow colours that glittered either as a part of themselves or their habits, they defied all comparison with any object of the visible world. Their very laugh was music, such as it sounds

when gayest and sweetest, while their voices had a dangerous fascination with them, that, like the syren-song of old, left the hearer but little mastery over his own will. Some of the merry crew bathed in the liquid beams of the moonlight; some hunted the flitter-mice, or leathern-winged bat, with whoop and with halloo; others shook the acorns from the oaks, and began to mimic war with their companions; many danced in giddy roundrels upon the green sward, and, at every footfall, a daisy or a cowslip started up, as if the tiny feet had sown them; but the greater portion revelled with their king and queen, who might be recognised even more by their surpassing beauty than by their regal diadems. The table, at which these last were seated in goodly order, resembled, so far as it could be said to resemble anything, those long streaks of light which are so often visible upon the sea when all around is dark and sullen. The food and wine before them were, probably, not more substantial, though, had the wine been drawn from the richest grapes of Burgundy or the Rhine, it could not have exercised a more cheering influence on the revellers.

"By my sceptre!" cried the little king, whose eyes began to twinkle merrily, "we are much beholden to our lady Moon; seldom has she brewed, with her summer beams, a richer vintage than what sparkles in our cup to-night."

And so saying, he emptied at a single draught the contents of a glass cup, which, in his dwarfish hands, might have passed for a wine-barrel.

"The debauched little villain!" murmured the Knight, from whom all supernatural awe had by this time passed away—"the debauched little villain! such a cup as that! It is as if I had drained the great tun of Heidelberg!"

"Now, Titania, you must pledge us," said the king, filling up the chalice, and presenting it to his consort, who, nothing loth, obeyed the marital injunctions.

With such excellent examples before their eyes, the elfin courtiers could do no other than enjoy themselves, and the goblet passed round, *regis ad exemplar*, with astonishing rapidity.

"I wonder," said the Knight, whose fancy was mightily tickled by these festal doings—"I wonder what it is they are drinking; it smells not like claret—no, nor Burgundy—nor old hock—yet it should be brave liquor, by the sparkling of the rogues' eyes, and the loudness of their talk. St. Cuthbert! it is to be hoped king Oberon maintains a sober troop of servants in reserve; for, by my faith, they will be wanted soon, to carry both lord and lady to their couches."

Wilder yet grew the fairy frolic, and the longer he looked on, the more did the concealed knight enter into the fun of the scene. His spirits were no less exalted than if he had been draining the goblet in reality instead of imagination, as indeed it is a grievous mistake to suppose that only wine has the power to intoxicate. Duller souls, we grant, may require the more substantial excitement of the cup, but in minds of a better sort, the mountain breeze, the tossing of the sea, or a bright blue sky, are any of them sufficient to produce a similar effect.

"I have a strong fancy to make one among them," said the Knight, under an impulse he was no longer able to withstand. "Saint Cuthbert! but my. blood boils strangely just now. *En avant! en avant!* a Musgrave to the rescue!"

And, starting from his place of concealment, he dashed in amongst them, snatched the goblet from the king, and applied it as eagerly to his mouth as if no

liquid had entered there since morning. Luckily the cup had been drained dry, for had only a single drop remained to pass his lips, he had been lost to earth for ever. No mortal could drink of the fairies' wine, or taste the fairies' food, without becoming their bondsman and being carried off by them to their subterranean dwellings.

The king was astounded, as well he might be, both in right of his royalty and of his elfin birth, at such an outrage. An earthly monarch would have thought the whip and the dungeon too slight a punishment for an offender of this magnitude; what then must have been the feelings of Oberon, and he elevated by wine, or by something that had the same effect, when an insolent mortal had actually the assurance to snatch the goblet from his lips? But the very excess of such presumption proved the means of safety to the rash Knight; it had taken from the king all power of utterance for the moment, and before he could recover himself, Sir William had sprung upon his good steed, cup in hand, and dashed off at a furious gallop. But it was not many instants before the fairies girded themselves up for the pursuit. Helter-skelter they fly—

> O'er stone, through brier,
> O'er the dry land, through the mire,
> Down the cliff and up the hill,
> Faster, faster, faster still.

Well spurred, good Knight! well run, good horse! bravely hunted, fairies! Never did better sportsmen plant foot in stirrup—never did nobler stag fly before ye —hurrah! hurrah! But he gains the bridge—he passes it—it's all of no use, my little friends, and that you know, as well as I do: you have no power to cross yonder running stream.

The baffled fairies drew bridle, and the Knight, feeling himself in safety, did the same, and turned round to look at his pursuers.

> "Bravely done,
> And bravely run,
> The prize is thine, for 'tis fairly won,"

said, or sang the elfin king, with a good humour that, all things considered, did him much credit. Certes, there are few of his mortal compeers who would have borne a like defeat with the same equanimity.

"Will you accept ransom for the goblet?" he continued. "A sack of pearls?—or a ton of gold?—or a diamond brighter than ever glittered in crown or coronet?"

"No," replied the Knight, briefly; "pearls may lose their whiteness, gold may be wasted, and diamonds glad the eye of the beholder, not the heart of the wearer; but this cup will be a memorial to me, and to those who come after me, that I once feasted with king Oberon."

"You say well," replied Oberon, with a gracious smile, that showed even fairies are not insensible to flattery—"you say well, Sir Knight, and well may it be with you in consequence. But remember—

> "If that glass either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

And the whole of the elfin troop took up the strain in chorus, laughing, and stamping with their little feet all the while like mad.

"Strange companions are ye to meet on St. John's Eve," muttered the Knight, half aloud; "and better, perhaps, missed than met with—and yet I know not; I have sat at many a banquet of friends that ended not so kindly as yours has done."

"Again you say well," exclaimed the king, his royal ears catching more than evidently was intended for them. "But remember—

"Remember, and your luck shall be
While shines the sun and flows the sea;
But broken once that magic glass,
The star of Eden Hall shall set,
And in its chambers weeds and grass
Shall spring through marble green and wet,
Unshelter'd from the storms of Heaven
By roofs that Time's neglect has riven,
While owls and bats and unclean things
O'er long-quench'd hearths shall fold their wings."

To this chanted admonition the Knight was about to reply, when Caliph, again growing impatient of his supernatural acquaintance, though divided from them by a river, got the bit firmly between his teeth, and galloped homewards, in defiance of all his rider could do to stop him. The rein, under such circumstances, was manifestly useless, and the spurs, which anger repeatedly buried in his flanks, only made matters worse, by urging his Arab blood to a state little short of frenzy.

Full glad was the Knight, when he got home, to betake himself to his couch; it is true he was too young and hardy to care either for the late hour or the slight fatigue he had undergone, yet the startling scenes to which he had been a party, as well as a witness, by jading the mental faculties, communicated a sympathetic weariness to his body. He slept, therefore, soon and soundly, and when he awoke at a late hour the next morning, he did indeed recollect his adventure with the fairies, but it was to believe they had been a dream, and not a reality. The cup, which met his eye on the table beside him, was the first thing that brought him to a clearer view of matters; a dream could have

left no such substantial proof behind it, and as he examined his prize, it was no longer possible for him to doubt his having seen, with the eyes of the body, the elfin king and his tiny companions. This trophy of his valour was a glass goblet, of fair size, having on the top the letters I.H.S., which modern scepticism has availed itself of to show that it had originally been a sacramental chalice. But we hold hard and fast by the wisdom of our forefathers, that constant theme of eulogy when the spirit of innovation grows too clamorous, and believe as they believed in this matter, since, in so doing, we add to our own gratification.

A more acceptable prize could not have fallen into the hands of the lord of Eden Hall, for certainly, up to the present time, if Fortune had not visited him with any serious evils, the loss of his mistress excepted, neither had she given him any particular cause to be thankful for her bounty. It could not be said of him, as a certain facetious dramatist was wont to say of a fortunate actor, "If he fell into the Thames, instead of being drowned, as in all reason he ought to be, he would rise to the surface with a gold-laced cocked hat upon his head."

It still wanted a good hour of noon, when the Knight, though not in general given to early potations, or indeed to excess of any kind, ordered a flask of Bordeaux wine to be placed before him, and filled his fairy goblet to the brim. In truth, it was no peculiar thirst of wine that made him a drinker at so unseasonable an hour, but rather that feeling which we may all remember to have animated us as children, when we could not rest till the new plaything was put to its proper uses. Perhaps, too, there might mingle with this natural weakness some vague notion that the virtues of the chalice would lie dormant till called out, as Aladdin's lamp

must be rubbed before the genius of it was bound to lend his aid; if so, what spell could be more appropriate to the spirit of a wine-cup, than to bathe him over head and ears in wine? Be this as it may, he filled and drank to the health of king Oberon, but scarcely had he set down the empty wine-cup, before loud cries almost beneath his window announced that something extraordinary had happened. A crowd had gathered there about some object which their numbers hid from view, and when, throwing up the casement, he demanded what was the matter, so many voices answered at once, that it was some time ere he could make out, amidst this hubbub of sounds, that a rider had been thrown from his horse and killed.

"But who, knaves?—who?" exclaimed Sir William, hastily; "do none of you know him?"

"The Lord de Roseville's nephew," replied a dozen voices, in the same breath; "the noble Sir Theodore?"

"Sir Theodore!" echoed the Lord of Eden Hall. "Had the cup, or rather the spirit which inhabits it, any part or portion in this, I marvel? St. Cuthbert! could I believe it aught but mere accident, I would dash the chalice into a thousand pieces!"

He caught up the goblet to make good his words, but even then he heard, or thought he heard, the old warning again ringing in his ears—

> "If that cup either break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

"Now, is this aught but fancy?" he said to himself, as the sounds seemed most strangely to die away into the distance, more like a long-continued vibration than anything else. "It surely is imagination; and yet it were pity to break so rare a talisman upon no surer grounds; for rare it must be, if it is to get me out of all

my troubles. I'll fill it once again; and who knows—perhaps friend Oberon may choose to try his skill upon the iron heart of the Baron? Saint Cuthbert!—no; I had better let alone such help, for if he should find the old gentleman's heart too hard to be wrought upon, he's like enough, out of pure malice, to wring his neck!"

In this dilemma, the Lord of Eden Hall did, what probably many others would have done under the same circumstances—he adopted a middle course; he would neither destroy nor use the chalice; but locking it up carefully amidst other choice relics, left it to act or be passive as the spirit of the talisman should think proper.

We must pass over the next three months, during which nothing happened that could establish the pretensions of the cup to be a giver of good fortune. The Knight, in consequence, began to be a martyr to that sickness of the heart, which is proverbially said to be the concomitant of hope delayed, and spent whole days in the forest, amusing himself, it may be, with the notion that he went there for the purposes of sport; but his bow remained unbent, and the shafts remained useless in his quiver, till the very deer had lost some portion of their shyness at his approach, and would gaze at him for a moment, ere they started off into the deeper recesses.

The day had been hot and sultry—one of those last, brief visitations, which sometimes break upon the close of the year, before winter finally sets in. A little wood-stream that rolled at the feet of the thirsty Knight, with here and there a sparkle on its shadowy surface, as the sunlight found an opening through the overhanging branches, tempted him to stoop and drink.

"By my halidame!" he cried, "the richest Bordeaux

had not been so refreshing. Saint Cuthbert be praised for this and his other bounties! But what do I hear?—the cry of a woman in distress? Again!"

Instantly starting to his feet, he forced a way in the direction of the screams through the thick underwood, till, emerging upon an open glade, he was greeted by a sight that for a moment held him motionless from horror, but in the next, strung every nerve with double energy. The Baron was on one knee, unarmed, and with a face expressive of the liveliest terror, his right hand keeping back Eleanor, and at the same time supporting her head, which drooped upon it. A few yards off was a fierce stag, with huge antlers, who beat the earth angrily, and was evidently lashing himself up to make a rush at them. Unfortunately, the Knight, in his haste, forgot to resume the bow he had laid down when he stooped to drink of the little rivulet; but there was no time to deliberate; he unsheathed his hunting-knife, the only weapon that remained to him, and flung himself between the enraged animal, and his first enemies, although with no better hope than that of deferring their fate for a brief space by his own sacrifice. The stag, with what seemed a single bound, was springing forward—but chance combined with skill, courage, and youthful activity, to save him: at the critical moment, he swayed himself nimbly to one side, the stag's horns just grazing him, and plunged his knife into the very heart of the animal, which, on receiving the mortal thrust, rolled over at his feet, and expired without a struggle.

To describe the scene that followed would be prolonging our tale to little purpose, since every reader can so easily imagine it for himself. It is enough that the Baron, in the joy of his own and his daughter's escape,

forgot all his long-cherished animosities, and was much more reasonable in his transports than he had been in his cooler moments.

"There is my hand," he exclaimed to the Lord of Eden Hall. "I swear, as I am belted Earl, and by the good Saint Cuthbert—blessed be his name!—that I will give you my daughter to wife, whenever you choose to demand her."

"Then," said Sir William, hastily, "I demand her *now*."

"*Now* be it," replied the Baron. "Take her. Nay, never blush for the matter, damsel mine; he should wed you before that cursed brute's blood was dry upon his hands, but that we must needs wait for the return of Father Ambrose; the good man would never forgive us, if any save himself pronounced the marriage blessing."

It was said that the bold Baron somewhat repented him of his haste, when he came to think the affair over, and would gladly have retracted, could he have done so with honour, or even safety; but he had pledged his word, and to break it would be a disgrace that nothing else could equal; he had called on Saint Cuthbert to be his witness, and to trifle with the saint implied perils, not the less to be dreaded because the nature of them was uncertain. It was plain that, like his daughter, on a previous occasion, he had slipped his neck into a noose of his own tying; so, after having been particularly fractious to all about him for several days together, he at last allowed the marriage to take place, and was not a little surprised to find himself quite happy and contented, when the thing was done, and could not be undone.

"By my halidame," he cried, "had I known as much before, I had given her to the young dog long ago. It would have saved me many a heartburn, and I might,

by this time, have been a jovial grandfather. Well, well! better late than never."

When the wine-flask has been emptied of its better contents, there is little use in pouring out the dregs, since few would choose to drink of them. Yet a word or two, by way of *l'envoi*, will hardly come amiss. Know, then, gentle reader, that the fairy chalice may yet be seen at Eden Hall, in Cumberland, by those who have the good fortune to be invited guests at the table of Sir George Musgrave, the present owner of that ancient mansion. On rare occasions, the cup is brought from its sanctuary with all the honours due to so ancient a relic, and being filled to the brim with the choicest vintage, is presented to each guest in succession. Yet would we not advise the uninitiated in Bacchanalian mysteries to lay rash hands upon it, seeing that he who drinks at all is expected to empty the goblet at a single draught, a feat which would puzzle any one who is not blest with untouched lungs. We have but to add, that the chalice still retains its original virtue, and that the luck of Eden Hall remains uninterrupted at the present hour.

AN HEROIC FEAT.

THE family of Croker have, in our own day, made their name illustrious in the senate and in the literary world; and have thus maintained a reputation worthy of their descent from the Lineham house, in the county of Devon, of whom the proverb was—

> "Crocker, Crewys, and Copplestone,
> When the Conqueror came were at home."

Two centuries since, when so many cadets of our western families passed over to the southern districts of Ireland, and there became the progenitors of the leading gentry of Munster of the present day, three or four Crockers (or Crokers, as the name seems to have been then written) followed the stream of adventure. They were the younger sons of Thomas Crocker, of Trevillas, Co. Cornwall, who was second son of the eighth John Crocker of Lineham; and they seem to have all served together in the English army. The gallantry of two of these brothers, the one a lieutenant and the other a non-commissioned officer, at Cromwell's siege of the city of Waterford, in 1650, is in itself a story of romance. Cromwell was reduced to great straits by the obstinate resistance of Clonmel, the shire town of Tipperary, and but for the opportune arrival of Lord Broghill with reinforcements, must have withdrawn from the

place baffled and defeated; for the soldiery were sick, and ill-supplied with clothing and provisions. Clonmel fell before the united efforts of himself and Broghill; and thence the English General straightway proceeded to reduce the strongly fortified city of Waterford. The summons to surrender was indignantly refused by the native defenders, and the cannons opened on the devoted city. Under cover of the smoke, Lieutenant Croker and Serjeant Croker, his brother, with thirty musketeers, were detached from the besieging army, with orders to fire the suburbs, so that the avenues to the city might be more effectually opened. A tempestuous wind was blowing at the time, and, as the straw-thatched cabins of the peasantry, and their stacks of corn and hay were successively set on fire, the dense volumes of smoke rolled in upon the city, penetrating to its remotest quarters, and creating in the minds of the inhabitants the impression that the whole place was on fire. They retreated gradually from the outworks, whence the densest smoke proceeded, and at the same time the two Crokers, with their men, swiftly and stealthily approached the undefended walls. Fortune favours the bold. At the foot of the fortifications were lying a few stout ladders, that had been employed shortly before in the removal of some of the bastions, and the brothers, hearing no sound of the sentinel's tread, nor hum or voice of armed men, resolved on an immediate escalade. They explained their views to their little band, who at once gave their acquiescence. The ladders were raised in a moment to the battlements, and with drawn swords and charged muskets the two-and-thirty heroes mounted the wall. They found but one man at the summit, whom they at once slew, lest he should raise the alarm: and then, forming themselves into a compact body, they rushed into the terrified city. In the streets, as

they passed along, they encountered only a few straggling soldiers, whom without difficulty they cut down; and the smoke from the suburbs, together with that of their muskets, so concealed their numbers, that the Irish believed the whole army had gotten into the town, and therefore made no resistance. They fled on all sides, casting away their arms to facilitate their escape. Still the Crokers pressed on, for their object was to reach the western gate, that they might throw it open to their friends; but the lieutenant and two or three of his men now fell dead, from shots fired from the houses as they went by them. Serjeant Croker, however, and the remainder marched up to the main-guard and seized all the great guns, from which they proceeded safely to the western gate and threw it open. Meanwhile the English, not knowing what had happened, conceived that the Crokers had perished in the flames of the suburbs, since they did not re-appear after their work was accomplished. The army was drawn up at the west of the city, and thence all eyes were directed in amazement at the panic they heard going on within. Suddenly one of the sentinels challenged, and Lord Broghill riding up to him, learned that the nearest gate of the city was set wide open, and a small party was marching out towards the English camp. He rode forward to reconnoitre, and through his perspective-glass recognised Croker and his handful of men, whom he at once galloped out to meet. Without answering his lordship's queries, how he came thither, Croker only waved his sword over his head, and called on the whole army to enter the town, for that Waterford had fallen. The city was evacuated as the English marched in; and the castle only held out a few days, when it likewise surrendered.

When the surviving brother, Hugh Croker, presented

himself to Cromwell, his General welcomed him by a firm grasp of his hand, stooping from the war-horse on which he sat to give the hero his salute. A moment after, Cromwell took from his pocket a slip of paper, and resting it on the pommel of his saddle, he wrote an order for Croker to receive the forfeited estate of Sir Walter Coppinger, near Tallow, in the county of Waterford. Captain Croker soon after proceeded to get possession, and was received and kindly entertained by Sir Walter's fair daughter. He mentioned the unpleasant character of his mission, and displayed his authority. The maiden heard him in speechless grief, but bowed her acquiescence. She only craved leave to remain, with her aged father, within their ancestral walls, until another dwelling, and one more suited to their fallen fortunes, could be provided. Such entreaty could not be refused. He were less than man, and unworthy of a soldier's name, had he denied her supplication. The Irish beauty remained in possession of her castle of Lisnabrin. The dreaded victor was converted into the pleading suitor for her hand and heart. He was accepted, and a long and happy union abundantly confirmed the wisdom of his choice.

Hugh Croker died at his estate at Ballyanker, co. Waterford, in January, 1663. His lineal descendant, in the sixth remove, is the distinguished statesman, The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.A.S., of Moseley Grove, co. Surrey. Another part of the same family is seated at Ballynagarde, co. Limerick; and a third in Dublin, to which belong Anne, daughter and heir of Thomas Croker, Esq., and wife of Sir Edward Crofton, Bart.: created in 1797, Baroness Crofton in her own right; and Thomas Crofton Croker, Esq., the able illustrator of "The Fairy Mythology and Antiquities of Ireland."

MARY, LADY HONYWOOD.

Of this lady, who was daughter and co-heir of Robert Waters, Esq., of Lenham, in Kent, and wife of Sir Robert Honywood, of Pett, in Charing, it is recorded that at her decease she had no less than 367 lawful descendants then living—16 children, 114 grandchildren, 228 great grandchildren, and 9 great great grandchildren.

The following singular story is related of the same remarkable woman:—

Falling at one time in a low desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned, and, exclaiming in a paroxysm of the malady, "I shall be lost, as surely as that glass is broken," she flung thrice, with violence, a glass which she happened to have in her hand, on a marble slab, by which she was standing, but the glass rebounded each time, and did not break. The story adds, that the circumstance wrought a complete cure, and had more effect in composing her mind than the reasoning of all the great divines whom she had consulted. A portrait was painted of her, in the act of flinging the glass.

She died at Markshall, in Essex, in 1620, in the ninety-third year of her age, and in the forty-fourth of widowhood.

AN IRISH WATER FIEND.

The following curious incident is perfectly well authenticated; and, whether it be accounted for on the principle of ocular delusion, or on that of supernatural agency, it is at all events deserving of record from its romantic singularity. The hero of the tale was the Rev. James Crawford, Rector of the parish of Killina, co. Leitrim. He was connected by marriage with the Kilcascan branch of the ancient family of Daunt.*

In the autumn of 1777, Mr Crawford had occasion to cross the estuary called "The Rosses," on the coast of Donegal, in order to avoid a round of several miles. The water was rather deep, but some men on the shore assured him they considered it still fordable. On a pillion behind him sat his sister-in-law, Miss Hannah Wilson. They advanced pretty far into the sea, until the water reached the saddle-laps, when Miss Wilson became so alarmed, that she implored Mr. Crawford to turn bridle, and get back as fast as possible to land.

"I do not think there can be danger," replied Crawford, "for I see a horseman crossing the ford not twenty yards before us."

* His wife, Sarah Wilson, whom he married in 1760, was sister of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, Rector of Ardstraw, co. Tyrone, maternal grandfather of the present Mr. Daunt of Kilcascan, co. Cork. See "Landed Gentry."

Miss Wilson looked in the direction indicated, and also saw the horseman.

"You had better hail him," said she, "and inquire the depth of the intervening water."

Crawford accordingly checked his horse, and hallooed to the other horseman to stop. He *did* stop; and, turning round, displayed a ghastly face, grinning fiendishly at Crawford, who waited for no further parley, but faced about and returned to land as fast as the state of the rapidly rising tide would permit him. On arriving at home he told his wife of the spectral rencontre. He was setting his cravat at a mirror while he spoke; and, when he described the grin of the water-fiend, she observed, from the reflection in the glass, that his face turned white as death from the terror evoked by the recollection.

The popular belief was, that whenever any luckless wight was fore-doomed to be drowned in that estuary, the fatal event was foreshown to the doomed person by some such apparition as Crawford had seen.

Despite this monitory superstition—perhaps to show that he disregarded it—Mr. Crawford again attempted to cross the ford of the Rosses, upon the 27th of Sept., 1777, and was drowned in the attempt. His body was found in about three weeks afterwards, frightfully gnawed and mutilated by the fishes.

The writer of this narrative received his information from several old persons; among the rest, from an ancient lady still living, a member of the Crawford family. On being asked what she thought of the nature of the horseman who appeared to Mr. Crawford, "Oh, man," she answered, very emphatically, "it was the *Deil* himself!—I have no doubt of it."

The fact of the apparition is undoubted. The only question is, whether it was a delusion arising from some

species of ophthalmia. In support of its preternatural character it may be urged—

Firstly, That *two* persons saw it, namely—Mr. Crawford and Miss Wilson; and it is hard to suppose they were both at that moment afflicted with a simultaneous attack of ophthalmia.

Secondly, The "appearance" was not a *bonâ-fide* man on horseback; for the state of the water was such, that flesh and blood, whether human or equine, could not live in it; far less could a human rider display the ghastly *sang-froid* wherewith the mysterious horseman treated Crawford to a grin from his fiendish physiognomy.

Thirdly, The superstition attached by popular credence to the wraith, or kelpy, or whatever it was, the event unhappily verified, inasmuch as Crawford was drowned the next time he ventured into the estuary.

To all this it may be replied, that the nerves of the Rev. James Crawford and of Miss Wilson were in too perturbed a state from terror at the depth and roughness of the water, to permit them to form a calm and accurate judgment respecting the attitudes and actions of the horseman in advance; and, moreover, that if such an apparition were a supernatural indication of a watery grave to the beholder, Miss Wilson ought to have been drowned as well as her brother-in-law, inasmuch as she saw it, too. And with these brief commentaries, *pro* and *con*, we dismiss the tradition to the region of "visions, tales, and fantasies," only repeating, that, so far as concerns the mere *appearance* of the equestrian figure in the water, no fact can be more satisfactorily authenticated.

ARTHUR O'LEARY, ESQ., COMMONLY CALLED "THE OUTLAW."

In the south-east angle of the nave of Kilcrea Friary, in Cork, is an humble tomb, covering the ashes of a gentleman of birth and family, whose melancholy story we shall give in a few words. It is a mournful commentary on the working of the penal-laws in the sister kingdom.

Arthur O'Leary, Esq., of Raleigh, co. Cork, was born in the year 1747, being descended from the O'Learys, lords of Iveleary (in Irish, *Ibh Laoghaire*—The O'Leary's County), a district of that shire now called Muskerry. Being of the Roman-catholic faith, he was debarred from holding a commission in the British army, and he therefore gratified his military genius by passing over to the Continent and entering the Hungarian service. On his return to Ireland, a few years after, he married Ellen, fifth daughter of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Derrynane (grandfather of the late distinguished possessor of that name), and fixed his residence at Raleigh—a place situated as the song aptly designates it, on the "pleasant waters of the river Lee." He became a country gentleman, and held considerable personal property, the laws not then permitting Roman-catholics to have real estates. From his old feudal descent and religious creed, he exercised a kind of

chiefdom over the peasantry, that raised the jealousy of some of his neighbours who were of English blood. One of these, named Morris, took especial pride in a stud of fine horses, on which he spared no expenditure. Great, therefore, was his mortification when, on one occasion, the result of a heavy wager between himself and the "Irish" squire, was the defeat of a favourite racer. A hot teazing argument ensued. One of those busy-bodies that are the plague-spot of society, reminded Morris that the "law"* forbade O'Leary, or any of his faith, having or keeping a horse exceeding 5*l.* in value; and the meddler suggested to him to tender that sum for the winner, and thus take him from his owner. In his excited state, Mr. Morris lent himself to this subterfuge, and publicly claimed the "Papist's" horse. O'Leary, as may be anticipated, refused surrendering the animal, declaring that, let the law be what it might, he would only part with the horse along with his life. A warrant for his arrest was drawn out by the magistrates, and on his resisting it, O'Leary was summarily outlawed. Soon after, a party of military were sent to his residence; and they encountered him and his servant riding on the road well armed. Shots were exchanged between the parties; and the unhappy "outlaw," pierced by a bullet through the brain, fell dead in the road adjoining his mansion.

He was buried among the old ruins of Kilcrea; and his epitaph, though in the English tongue, has something of the native temperament about it, so that we may conjecture it was the work of one of his clan:—

"Lo! Arthur O'Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.
Died May 4th, 1773,
Aged 26 years."

* 7 Will. III., c. 5.

As illustrative, however, of the semi-barbarized thirst for vengeance that disgraces the Irish character, and of their unforgiving and unforgetting hate, we must give the conclusion of Mr. Morris's history. After O'Leary's death, a brother, who passionately loved him, conceived, like the Indian, that a duty now devolved on him to avenge his slain brother. But one thought possessed him, an awful overmastering longing to meet Morris, and to lay him dead at his feet. The other was on his guard, and took lodgings for safety's sake in the city of Cork. Thither O'Leary repaired, and day by day, unwearied, he watched his enemy. He cared not for food or rest; he felt no fatigue while he pursued his deadly scheme. At last, one evening, he marked Mr. Morris standing alone at his open window; and, running for a gun he had concealed near at hand, he fired at the unfortunate gentleman, and wounded him fatally in the side. O'Leary escaped to America, and died there unmolested a few years since.

THE LADY FREEMASON.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the ancient and honourable mystery of Freemasonry.

How she obtained this honour we shall lay before our readers, premising that our information is derived from the best sources.

Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were the masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that, previously to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as lodge-room, but whether the young lady was there by design or accident we cannot confidently state.

This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon.

The young lady, having heard the voices of the freemasons, and being prompted, by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick

from the wall with her scissors, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage well know what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances.

There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, Miss St. Leger had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly *Tiler*, with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said, in the first paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectatress to death, but, at the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother, her life was spared on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed.

This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of masonry.

Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Robert de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that

he, with his own hand, supported the prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Sussex.

Miss St. Leger, was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes.

Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honourable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions.

The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge room of almost every lodge in Ireland.

In the latter's life of the great lexicographer, frequent mention occurs of the Douglas Cause. The decision of the Court of Session, in 1767, led to serious rioting in Edinburgh;* and the final reversal of that judgment by the Lords, two years after, was hailed by the multitude with transports of joy—the advocate, who rode post from London with the news, had the horses taken from his carriage, and was borne in triumph to his lodgings. In allusion to the litigation, Boswell goes so far as to say, that "the Douglas Cause shook the sacred security of birthright in Scotland to its foundation—a cause which, had it happened before the union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins." These are indeed strong terms, and can only be attributed to the zeal of the advocate. After all, the question was simply whether Mr. Douglas was or was not the son of those he *called* his father and mother. There was no attempt at "shaking the sacred security of *birthright*"—merely an investigation as *to whom* the birthright belonged. The wonderful interest the inquiry excited, seems to us almost unaccountable; but it is difficult at all times, and more especially after the lapse of years, to trace to their source the latent

of a vast estate, should suffer the sacred spot where his mother lies interred to be unroofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Dr. Johnson, who, I know not how, had formed an opinion on the Hamilton side, in the Douglas cause, slily answered, 'Sir, Sir, don't be too severe upon the gentleman; don't accuse him of want of filial piety! Lady Jane Douglas was not *his* mother.' He roused my zeal so much that I took the liberty to tell him he knew nothing of the cause, which I do most seriously believe was the case."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

* "It was said, I know not on what authority, that Boswell headed the mob which broke the windows of some of the judges and of Lord Auchinleck, his father, in particular."—*Walter Scott.*

springs of action, and the capricious feelings of the popular mind. Many occurrences, of the most remarkable and striking character, are allowed to pass, almost disregarded, by, while others, ofttimes of much less singularity, catch the people's fancy, and are dwelt on with untiring eagerness. Possibly the veil of mystery that hung round the birth of the youthful heir to the Douglas property was the peculiar charm that added zest to the investigation; and the sufferings and sorrows of the Lady Jane Douglas failed not to win universal commiseration for her position, and to enlist many in her cause.

We will not venture even a glance at the brilliant history of the house of Douglas; the subject is too attractive to our genealogical predilections; and we fear that, once embarked on its resplendent stream, we could not resist the pleasure of following the current. Suffice it, for our present purpose, to say, that, at the opening of the eighteenth century, the honours of the Angus line of the descendants "of Sholto, the Douglas," were centred in Archibald, Duke of Douglas. His Grace's father, James, second Marquess of Douglas, had been twice married: by his first wife, his only child was James, Earl of Angus, who fell at the battle of Steinkirk: of the second, there was issue one son, Archibald, to whom we have just alluded, as inheritor of the family titles; and one daughter, the Lady Jane Douglas,—the heroine of our story. Her Ladyship was one of the handsomest and most accomplished women of her age, and bade fair, in her youth, to have been one of the happiest of her family; but, unfortunately, her fortunes were clouded in early life by the interruption of a nuptial agreement which was all but concluded between her and the Earl of Dalkeith, subsequently Duke of Buccleuch. Long after, till she was

advanced in life, she resolutely rejected all offers of marriage, but in August, 1746, being then forty-eight years of age, she was secretly married to Mr. Stewart, afterwards Sir John Stewart, of Grantully. Mr. Stewart was a younger brother of no fortune, and he had no profession by the fruits of which he could hope to maintain his wife in any degree equal to her high rank. Their whole resources consisted of an allowance of 300*l.* per annum made to Lady Jane by her brother, the Duke, with whom she was, at the time of her marriage, on bad terms.

This misunderstanding with her brother was the reason assigned by Lady Jane for keeping her marriage secret; and, the more effectually to conceal it, she and her husband went abroad a few days after their wedding. They resided on the Continent, principally in France, from 1746 till the end of December, 1749. At the latter date, they returned, and took up their residence in London. They brought with them two male children, of which they gave out that Lady Jane had been delivered in Paris, at a twin-birth, in the month of July, in the year 1748. When they came to England, they were in the deepest distress for want of money, their only resource, the allowance from the Duke of Douglas, having been stopped in the month of July, 1749, before which time, her marriage with Mr. Stewart had been made public. In addition to the misery arising from this, Mr. Stewart was heavily involved in debt, and totally without the means of paying his creditors, who threw him into jail.

In this appalling situation, Lady Jane endeavoured, with all the self-devotion and heroism of her race—

"And Douglases were heroes every age,"

to mitigate the sufferings of her husband; she strove,

though in vain, to regain the favour of her brother, and, at length, quite worn out with distress, she addressed the following letter to Mr. Pelham, then Secretary of State :—

"Sir,—If I meant to importune you, I should ill deserve the generous compassion which I was informed some months ago you expressed, upon being acquainted with my distress. I take this as the least troublesome way of thanking you, and desiring you to lay my application before the King, in such a light as your own humanity will suggest. I cannot tell my story without seeming to complain of one, of whom I never will complain. I am persuaded my brother wishes me well, but, from a mistaken resentment, upon a creditor of mine demanding from him a trifling sum, he has stopt the annuity which he had always paid me—my father having left me, his only younger child, in a manner unprovided for. Till the Duke of Douglas is set right, which I'm confident he will be, I am destitute. Presumptive heiress of a great estate and family, with two children, I want bread. Your own nobleness of mind will make you feel how much it costs me to beg, though from the King. My birth, and the attachment of my family, I flatter myself, his Majesty is not unacquainted with; should he think me an object of his royal bounty, my heart wont suffer any bounds to be set to my gratitude; and, give me leave to say, my spirit wont suffer me to be burdensome to his Majesty, longer than my cruel necessity compels me.

"I little thought of ever being reduced to petition in this way; your goodness will, therefore, excuse me, if I have mistaken the manner, or said anything improper. Though personally unknown to you, I rely upon your intercession: the consciousness of your own mind, in

having done so good and charitable a deed, will be a better return than the perpetual thanks of,

Sir, your most obliged,

Most faithful, and most obedient servant,

JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.

"St. James's Place, 15th May, 1750."

Mr. Pelham humanely interested himself in her ladyship's behalf, and a pension of £300 per annum appears to have been granted by the King.

But, by some cause or other unknown to us, although this munificence on the part of the crown should have secured Lady Jane and her husband from want, and might even have enabled them to live in comparative comfort, yet they still continued to suffer from penury to a deplorable extent, Lady Jane having been obliged, more than once, to sell her clothes and other trifling effects, to support her husband, who remained still a prisoner in the King's Bench. She lived for some time, while Mr. Stewart was in prison, with the two boys, at Chelsea, and from the tenour of numerous letters which passed between the unhappy pair, produced in the legal process afterwards spoken of, they seem to have treated the children most affectionately, and in every respect as the kindest of parents. In 1752, Lady Jane went to Scotland, and attempted to effect a reconciliation with her brother, the Duke, but in vain—she was not even admitted into his presence. She returned again to London, leaving the children at Edinburgh, under the care of a woman who had formerly accompanied her and her husband, as a servant, to the Continent. The youngest of the twins, who was named Sholto Thomas Stewart, died on the 14th May, 1753, which event seems to have deeply afflicted Lady Jane,

who returned, shortly after it, to Edinburgh, and again unsuccessfully tried to effect a reconciliation with her brother. Her health was now completely broken, and, in November following, the unfortunate lady died at Edinburgh, disowned by her relations, and destitute, it is stated, not only of the appurtenances suitable to her high rank, but even of the common necessaries of life.

Subsequently to her ladyship's death, the surviving twin, Archibald, was befriended by Lady Schaw, who, generously pitying his destitute condition, took him under her protection, and supported and educated him. Upon her death, he found an able friend in the person of a noble peer; and, in the year 1759, Mr. Stewart, succeeding, by the death of his brother, to the estate and title of Grantully, executed, as the first act of his administration, a bond of provision in his favour for upwards of 2500*l.*, wherein he designed him as his son by Lady Jane Douglas.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Douglas continued obstinate in his refusal to acknowledge the child as his nephew. The Duke had, during the far greater part of his life, so entirely withdrawn himself from the world, and had lived in such constant retirement at his castle at Douglas, that there was little reason to expect that he would ever think of marriage, though that was an event much wished for by every friend of his family. However, the Duke disappointed the public expectation; for in the year 1758, he entered into a marriage, which, by what followed, proved to have been an event highly favourable to Mr. Stewart. The Duchess, who was eldest daughter of James Douglas, of Maines, seems immediately to have espoused the boy's cause with all that warmth which is natural to those who think they act upon the side of truth and humanity. But perhaps her Grace was rather too eager and keen in endeavouring to

alter the sentiments of the Duke of Douglas, whether these sentiments were the effect of imposition, or of real conviction upon his part. Whichever of these was the truth, it is certain that the Duke and Duchess quarrelled upon the subject, and that their quarrel gave rise to a separation. But this did not continue long; the Duke and Duchess were soon, by the mediation of some friends, brought together, and effectually reconciled.

In the summer of 1761, the Duke of Douglas was seized with a distemper, which, in the opinion of his physicians, would prove mortal. His Grace was of the same opinion himself; and therefore, on the 11th July, 1761, when he was drawing near his end, he executed an entail of his whole estate in favour of the heirs whatsoever of the body of his father, James, Marquess of Douglas, remainder to Lord Douglas Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton, &c. &c. And of the same date, the Duke executed another deed, setting forth, that as, in the event of his death without heirs of his body, Archibald Douglas, *alias* Stewart, a minor, and son of the deceased Lady Jane Douglas, his sister, would succeed him; he therefore, by that deed, appoints the Duchess of Douglas, the Duke of Queensberry, and several other noble and honourable persons, to be his tutors and guardians.

Here was a surprising change in the fortunes of the destitute boy, who had seen her whom he believed to be his mother "expire in a miserable garret, her last moments uncheered by the presence of any of her kindred, and had, after her death, depended for existence upon the bounty of strangers." * His guardians pro-

* Macmillan's "Guide to the Chapel Royal and Palace of Holyrood," a very interesting work, to which we are much indebted in this our summary of the Douglas cause.

ceeded, immediately after the duke's death, to have him put in possession of the estate of Douglas. He was served heir* before a jury, after the examination of a great body of evidence, the inquest having been attended by counsel on the part of the Duke of Hamilton, † who claimed the Douglas estate as heir male.

The guardians of the Duke of Hamilton were not convinced, by the proof exhibited to the jury of the legitimacy of Douglas, and, with the view of eliciting the truth, they dispatched Mr. Andrew Stuart,‡ one of their number, to Paris. Mr. Stuart's discoveries were, in his opinion, of importance, and his colleagues believed that they amounted to no less than a demonstration that the whole story of the pretended delivery, as set forth in the service of Mr. Douglas, was an absolute fiction.

In these circumstances, three actions of reduction of that service were respectively raised at the instance of the Duke of Hamilton's guardians, Lord Douglas Hamilton, and Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, which actions were afterwards conjoined by the Court

* In such proceedings the king's warrant is issued from his chancery to the judge ordinary of the place, desiring him to inquire, by a jury, into certain points mentioned in the brieve, amongst which the principal is, Whether the person claiming to be heir to the defendant is really so connected with him or not? and to report their verdict into the chancery along with the brieve.

† James-George, seventh Duke of Hamilton, (who was descended from Lord William Douglas, eldest son of William, first Marquess of Douglas, by his second wife,) became heir male of the Douglas family at the death of the Duke, and inherited the Marquisate of Douglas and Earldom of Angus. As such he laid claim to the estates.

‡ Mr. Stuart published, in 1773, some very strong letters, addressed to Lord Mansfield, arraigning the conduct of his lordship during the progress of this celebrated litigation, and maintaining the rectitude of the Scottish decision.

of Session. The effect of the conjoined action, if successful, would have been to declare that Mr. Douglas was not the son of Lady Jane, and, consequently, to set him aside from the estate.

This extraordinary law-plea excited so much attention at the time, and has obtained so great a celebrity since, that we venture to think the following summary of the proofs on both sides will not be unacceptable to the non-professional reader.

The proofs for Mr. Douglas consisted of—

1st. The depositions of several witnesses, that Lady Jane appeared to them to be with child while at Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places.

2ndly. The direct and positive testimony of Mrs. Hewit, who accompanied Lady Jane to Paris, to the actual delivery, at Paris, upon the 10th of July, 1748.

3rdly. The depositions of other witnesses with regard to the claimant's being owned and acknowledged by Lady Jane and Sir John Stewart to be their child, and the habit and repute of the country.

4thly. A variety of letters which had passed betwixt Sir John Stewart, Lady Jane Douglas, Mrs. Hewit, and others, respecting the claimant's birth.

5thly. Four letters said to have been written by Pierre La Marre, who, according to the defendant's account, was the accoucheur to the delivery of Lady Jane, and which were presented as so many true and genuine letters.

Add to these, that a few days before his death, which happened in June, 1764, Sir John Stewart made a solemn declaration in presence of two ministers and one justice of the peace, declaring and asserting, as one stepping into eternity, that the defendant and his deceased twin-brother were both born of the body of Lady

Jane Douglas, his lawful spouse, in the year 1748. Mrs. Hewit, who was charged with being an accomplice in the fraud, died during the law-plea of a lingering illness, and to the last persisted that all she had sworn about the birth of the defendant was truth, excepting some mistakes and errors as to names and dates, which she corrected in a letter to a reverend gentleman of the episcopal communion, to whom, when visiting her in the way of his profession, she again and again affirmed solemnly that what she had said as to the birth was true.

We have here a body of evidence which at first sight seems irrefragably to establish the genuineness of Mr. Douglas's claim; but no one can read the counter proof without acknowledging that it is well calculated to make him "perplexed in the extreme."

The pursuers maintained—

1st. That Lady Jane was not delivered upon the 10th of July, 1748, by the evidence of various letters written by Sir John Stewart and Mrs. Hewit upon the 10th, 11th, and 22nd July, 1748.

2ndly. That Lady Jane Douglas was not delivered in the house of a Madame La Brune, nor in the presence of a Madame La Brune or her daughter; under which head they brought various circumstances to show that no such persons as the Madame La Brune in question, or her daughter, ever existed.

3rdly. That Lady Jane Douglas could not have been delivered either upon the 10th of July, or in the house of a Madame La Brune, because that, upon that date, and during several days preceding and subsequent to the 10th of July, Lady Jane Douglas, with her husband and Mrs. Hewit, resided at the Hotel de Chalons, kept by Mons. Godofroi, where it is acknowledged she was not delivered; and this

alibi the plaintiffs asserted to be clearly proved by the testimony of Monsieur and Madame Godofroi, as well as by certain books kept by them, called the *livre d'espense* and *livre logeur* (book of expenses and lodger book.)

4thly. The falsehood of the delivery in the house of a Madame La Brune, upon the 10th of July, is also proved by Lady Jane's situation upon her arrival at the house of Madame Michelle, and by the incidents which happened during her continuance there.

5thly. Is stated the evidence of imposture arising from the studied concealment and mystery at Paris, in July, 1748, when Sir John and Lady Jane, with their confidante, Mrs. Hewit, carried with them from Paris to Rheims one child; and from their repetition of the concealment and mystery, upon their return to Paris, in November, 1749, when the same three persons brought from Paris to Rheims a second child.

Lastly. The plaintiffs brought a proof, that at Paris, in the month of July, 1748, a male child, recently born, was carried off from his parents of the name of Mignion; and that, in the month of November, 1749, another male child, born in the year 1748, was carried off from his parents, of the name of Sanry. That both these children were under false pretences carried off from their parents by British persons then at Paris, and that these British persons were Sir John Stewart, Lady Jane Douglas, and Mrs. Hewit.

To these were added a most critical examination of the defendant's proof of Lady Jane's pregnancy, and a contrary proof brought to redargue it, and the proof of the non-existence of the Pierre La Marre, whom the

defendant affirms to have been the accoucheur, with a proof of the forgery of the letters attributed to him.

On the 7th of July, 1767, the case came before the Court of Session, and so important was the cause deemed, that the judges, fifteen in number, took no less than eight days to deliver their opinions. The result was, that seven of the judges voted to sustain the reasons of reduction, and other seven to assoilize the defender; the Lord President, who has no vote but in such a dilemma, voted for the reduction, by which Douglas, *alias* Stewart, lost both name and estate. An appeal from this decision having been taken to the House of Peers, the judgment of the Court of Session was reversed in the year 1769, and Douglas declared to be the son of Lady Jane, and heir of the Duke of Douglas. Archibald Douglas was created Lord Douglas by George III. in 1796, and his son James, third Lord Douglas, is the present peer.

The printed papers in this great law-plea make up a formidable array of huge volumes, and are in great request for the libraries of Scottish lawyers to this day. It is acknowledged on all sides that never was a more creditable display exhibited on the bench than in the opinions delivered by the judges, many of whom were known by their literary efforts throughout Europe. Among these were Lord Kames, Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, who voted for the defender, and Lord Hailes, who voted for the reduction.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES, ESQ., OF AFFANE CASTLE, CO. WATERFORD.

In these days of Mesmerism it may not be inappropriate to describe a sort of Mesmerism, or, more correctly, a professor of the art of healing by supernatural means—the medicine of magic—two centuries ago.

Our doctor was, of all the people in the world, that most eccentric character, particularly in olden times, an Irish gentleman: to wit, Valentine Greatrakes, Esq., of Affane, in the county of Waterford, born in 1628.

This poor gentleman, whether crazed or not, entertained, or professed to entertain, a perfect assurance that he was gifted with the power of curing all and every disease that mortality is heir to, by simply touching or rubbing the parts affected. His first experiments were tried upon his own family and neighbours; and several persons, it is stated, were cured, to all appearance, of different disorders. He subsequently extended his practice to England, and at the onset obtained a prodigious reputation; but the tide ebbed as fast as it rose, when public expectation became disappointed. Mr. Glanville attributed Greatrakes' cures to a sanative quality, inherent in his constitution; others attributed them to friction; and others, nearer to the fact, to the

force of imagination in his patients. Certain it is, that the great Boyle believed him to be an extraordinary man, and bore testimony to many of his wonderful cures.*

It is well authenticated that Greatrakes laboured gratuitously in his avocation, solely from motives of Christian philanthropy, and was firmly persuaded of his powers of healing. In addition to the testimony of Boyle, we have that of Bishop Rust, of Cudworth,

* Of the force of imagination, as influencing disease, Granger gives the following instance:—"I was myself a witness of the powerful workings of imagination in the populace, when the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring there were supposed to be supernatural, and to have been discovered by a dream to one Matthew Chancellor. The people did not only expect to be cured of such distempers as were in their nature incurable, but even to recover their lost eyes and their mutilated limbs. The following story, which scarcely exceeds what I observed upon the spot, was told me by a gentleman of character: An old woman in the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple, and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her of her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch; and not long after, the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure: but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched the water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform the reader," adds Granger, "that when the force of imagination had spent itself, she repassed into her former infirmity."

In the reign of King Charles I., an accusation was brought before the Court of Star Chamber, and afterwards before the College of Physicians, against one John Leverett, a gardener, who undertook to cure all diseases, but especially the king's evil, "by way of touching or stroking with the hand." He used to speak with great contempt of the royal touch, and grossly imposed upon numbers of credulous people. He asserted he was the seventh son of a seventh son; and profanely said that "he found virtue go out of him," so that he was more weakened by touching thirty or forty in a day, than if he had dug eight roods of ground. He was by the censors of the college adjudged an impostor.

author of the "Intellectual System;" of Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Simon Patrick, the Countess of Devonshire, Sir Wm. Smith, Bart., Sir Nathaniel Hobart, Bart., Sir J. Godolphin, Knt., and many others of unquestionable respectability, including several Fellows and Masters of the Universities. On the point of his ability to cure, the following letter from the Lord Conway, of Ragley Castle, bears strong evidence; it is to be found among the Rawdon papers:—

"Dear Brother,—I have received yours of the 29th January, but the former letter therein mentioned to have been written to me on your coming to Dublin, is not yet come to my hands. Mr. Greatracks hath been here a fortnight to-morrow, and my wife is not the better for him; very few others have failed under his hands, of many hundreds that he hath touched in these parts. I must confess that before his arrival, I did not believe the tenth part of those things which I have been an eye-witness of, and several others of as accurate judgment as any in this kingdom, who are come hither out of curiosity, do acknowledge the truth of his operations. This morning, the Bishop of Gloucester recommended to me a prebend's son in his diocese, to be brought to him for leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly—the youth was transported to admiration. The dean saw this as well as myself; but it is not the *hundredth part*, &c. &c." (The letter, which is much longer, is concluded thus—)

"So I rest yours, &c.

"CONWAY."

"Ragley, 9th Feb. 1665."

The perfect disinterestedness of Valentine Greatrakes,

[redacted]

ROBERT COOKE, ESQ., CALLED "LINEN COOKE."

As connected with the celebrated Valentine Greatrakes, let us now revert to an equally remarkable personage, Robert, *alias* "Linen" Cooke, of Cappoquin, in the same county of Waterford. This Robert Cooke was a very eccentric and wealthy gentleman, and had several estates in both England and Ireland. His first wife was a Bristol lady, and in consequence of his visits to that city he caused a pile of stones to be erected on a rock in the Bristol Channel, which after him was called "Cooke's Folly." The name of his second wife was Cecilia, and he had children, John, of Youghal, Robert, Josiah, and two daughters. He fled to England in the troubles of James the Second's reign, and resided sometimes at Ipswich, in Suffolk, as is related by Archbishop King, in his "State of the Irish Protestants." During his absence, the Parliament held at Dublin, 7th May, 1689, declared him to he attainted as a traitor if he failed in returning to Ireland by the 1st of September following. He died in 1726, upwards of eighty years of age, and by his will directed that he should be interred with his son John's family, in the Cathedral or Church called "Tempul," in Youghal, and that his shroud should be made of "linen." Amongst other particularities he had his coach drawn by white horses, and their harness made of hemp and

linen. His cows were also white. In Smith's History of the county Waterford, this Robert Cooke is reckoned amongst the remarkable personages of that county, and a long account given of him. Smith says of him, "He was a kind of Pythagorean philosopher, and for many years before his death ate neither fish, flesh, butter, nor drank milk or any fermented liquor, nor wore woollen clothes, or any other produce of an animal." From his constantly wearing none but linen garments, and using linen generally for other purposes, he acquired the appellation, "*Linen Cooke.*" He maintained a long controversy with the celebrated Athenian Society, and, in 1691, published a curious explanation of his peculiar religious principles, supporting them by numerous texts from Scripture, and at the end of all was printed a long prayer. It is from Captain Thomas Cooke, an uncle of this "*Linen Cooke,*" that the family of Cooke or Cooke-Collis, now settled at Castle Cooke, county Cork, derives its descent; and from another uncle, Edward Cooke, the families of Kiltynan, Cordangan, and Fortwilliam, &c., in the county Tipperary, and of Parsonstown, in the King's County, are descended.

LADY PRIMROSE.

It is generally assumed that romance no longer exists amongst us as a part of actual life, and that they who would deal in fiction must seek for its fountain head in the remoteness of by-gone times. Unquestionably, science has done much in the way of creating a spirit of "nil admirari" amongst all classes; ghosts are not now permitted to quit their proper homes and visit earth, or if at any time they intrude themselves upon the nursery, the only place likely to receive them—they are quickly expelled again, without the help of bell, book, or candle. Witches, instead of being transferred to their Satanic masters, *more majorum*, through the medium of a tar-barrel, are sent to Bedlam or to Bridewell, as the legal doctors may think their several cases require; and even the fairies show themselves nowhere, except on the stage, where they find indifferent representatives in troops of substantial damsels with gauze wings, and remarkably short petticoats, who would fain persuade us that they fly with the bat, or make their beds in the cowslip-cup. Still, if there is some truth, there is also much falsehood in the prevailing notion; if we have lost the romance of our forefathers, we have got in its place a romance of our own; and so must every age have, till human beings cease to be influenced by human passions; it is only that, like poor Ophelia, we wear our rue with a difference, though

many can imagine no legitimate hero of romance who does not stalk abroad with a helmet on his head, and a battle-axe in his hand, or who is not haunted by ghosts and goblins. The fallacy, however, is natural enough, and easily accounted for; the first romances, as a matter of course, reflected the times in which they originated; men but little acquainted with the language or the history of previous ages, and other localities, were compelled to seek for their subjects in the busy scenes around them, so that, in fact, they held up the mirror to their own times, the most fantastic of their fables being yet portions of the popular belief; and now, because those creeds and customs have passed away, too many, with more haste than wisdom, are apt to conclude that the mirror itself is broken. To such readers, we would recommend the following genuine fragment of family history, not only as being exceedingly curious in itself, but as having afforded to Sir Walter Scott the groundwork of his beautiful little tale, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror."

The scene of our story lies in a short alley, leading from the Lawnmarket, in Edinburgh, to the Earthen Mound, known as Lady Stair's Close. It should be remembered, however, that *alley* in the northern metropolis means something very different from the mean, dirty lanes of London, which were probably at no time the abode of any but the very poorer classes. The buildings in question were, for the most part, large and lofty, and if they wanted the finer proportions of our modern architecture, they were yet respectable from their antique and massive air, which effectually redeemed them from the charge of vulgarity, or even of inelegance. Having a peculiar character of their own, they admitted of no comparison to their own disadvantage with the style now universally accepted as the model of architectural

excellence. But the building to which we would more particularly call the reader's attention, was a substantial old mansion, not, perhaps, much distinguished from those around it, except as it stands in connexion with our present story. Massive it was, but not unusually so for the place and time, and on a stone over the doorway was sculptured a small coat armorial, with the initials, W. G. and G. S., the date, 1622, and the legend, "Fear the Lord, and depart from evil." The initials are considered to have reference to one of the owners of the house, Sir William Gray, of Pittendrum, and his consort. The interior of this antique dwelling, with its lofty ceilings and double staircase, bore marks of having been, from the first, intended for tenants of the higher order, and at one period, had been still more worthy of note, from its possessing a garden that extended towards the North Loch; the waves of time, however, rolling on, had swept away this green and pleasant boundary, much as the sea undermines and carries off either cliff or level field that stands in the way of its advance.

But it is with buildings, the work of human hands, as with many of the more ordinary features of human nature, to which interest often attaches rather from the events or names connected with them, than from any striking peculiarity in themselves. The dwelling in question was, perhaps, one of these, or, at least, it has acquired an interest apart from what merely belongs to an ancient edifice, in having been the abode of Lady Eleanor Campbell, the widow of the celebrated Lord Stair, and grand-daughter of the chancellor, Earl of Loudon, who had so nearly suffered the honour of martyrdom at the hands of Charles I., in dread, or in revenge of his talents and influence with the Covenanters. Her first marriage was with James, Viscount Primrose, a man of dissolute habits and ungovernable passions, whose love for her, if

he ever entertained any, was soon converted into hatred—no uncommon event in matrimony, it must be confessed, only it is not, in general, carried quite so far, nor attended with such results as in this instance.

It was the misfortune of the lady to have what is termed great strength of mind, a quality which, however to be desired otherwise, seldom conduces much to domestic concord. In proportion as she became more acquainted with the real character of her husband, her contempt for him increased, his low debaucheries being at no time redeemed by even a show of occasional affection for herself; on the contrary, the more the lady lectured on the enormity of his proceedings, the less pains the gentleman was at to conceal his growing aversion for her, till at length this feeling came to be so intense, it might well have been set down for a species of monomania. Night and day, she occupied his thoughts, like the troublesome spectre of some goblin tale, whose obstinacy is proof against the usual modes of expelling such intruders. He determined to get rid of her, but still, when the moment came for striking the blow, something had always happened hitherto to prevent it; either the resolution which had suggested the idea failed him at the crisis, or some external hindrance interposed between him and his intended victim. But the devil seldom allows a bad purpose to be lost for want of opportunity, and however barren may be the soil on which the seeds of evil have been sown, he generally manages that they shall ripen at some time. How much more, then, will this be the case, when the ground is favourable, and the subject willing.

It had, by this time, become quite a common thing with Lord James to spend the whole night in drinking, and that, often with no great nicety in the choice of his associates, for, unlike Slender, he had not learnt the

wisdom of getting drunk in none but virtuous company; in fact, he generally selected those whom, in common prudence, he ought to have avoided, so that mere intoxication was seldom the only folly of these meetings, their example and encouragement leading to things of a yet more questionable nature. In addition to all such matters, frays, in which swords were drawn, or, in default of them, chairs and pokers employed, were a common result, so that there really seemed to be a fair prospect of some lucky chance freeing Lady Eleanor from her marital fetters. "Sed diis alitur visum." The fates had determined differently—at least, for the present.

On one of these occasions, the banquet had been prolonged through the whole night, and even for some time after the sun had risen. The greater part of the boon companions were lying under the tables, and, once fallen, they had been utterly unable to rise again; others slept with their heads upon the table, or remained half sliding from their chairs, to which they were held, or clung, as if by some invisible influence; two only, of all their numbers, could sit upright, and make use of their tongues and eyes after the manner of ordinary men; and these were Lord James and one of his nearest cronies, an old experienced toper, who had served both by sea and land, and was as little affected by all the good liquor he had been drinking, as the cask from which it had been drawn. His lordship's sobriety, or intoxication—for it would be difficult to say which it ought to be called—was of a very different kind; the wine had acted upon him as fire acts upon green wood, which it cannot light up into a genial blaze, though it may compel it to burn away under a dull red glow; it had made him sullen and ferocious, but without taking from him the powers of speech or action, or even much diminishing his capacity

for reflecting; in short, he was much in the condition that we sometimes see madmen in, when, notwithstanding their insanity, they see clearly enough the way to their own purposes, though they are precisely what they ought to have avoided. His more jovial companion soon grew impatient of this sullen fit, which left him as much alone as if he had been drinking by himself.

"What the plague's the matter with you?" he said; "hang me, if that gloomy face of yours is not a libel on the good wine. As well drink water from the well-spring, if the claret is only to make you sulkier than usual, for which—so help me Saint Bottle!—there was no occasion."

"Go to the devil!" was the polite rejoinder.

"All in good time," replied the soldier; "hurry no man's cattle."

"I'll tell you what it is, Jamie; I'll sing you 'a little thing of my own *mak*',' as the parish-clerk said when he gave out a new psalm of his own inditing:

"There was a Baron bold of York,
And he led a merry life;
And well he could rule full fourscore men,
But he could not rule his wife."

"What's that you say?" growled Lord James, taking fire at what he conceived must needs be an allusion to his own family affairs. "What's that you say?"

"I *say* nothing," replied the genial compotator; "I only *sing*." And he resumed his ballad:

"Of high birth came the haughty dame,
She was second but to few;
And the Baron felt he must buckle his belt
At the will of his high-born shrew."

Without any more warning his lordship caught up the nearest bottle, and flung it at the songster, but

his hand being somewhat unsteady from his night's potations, he missed his aim, and, instead of breaking the offender's head, only smashed a pane in the window behind him. Altogether unmoved by this warlike demonstration, the singer went on as if nothing had happened:

"The Baron said then to his merry men,
'Oh, how shall I tame this scold?
Whoever reads me the riddle aright,
He shall have a pound of gold.

"'He shall have a pound, good avoirdupois,
It shall not lack a grain;
And, if he thinks I have cheated him,
The gold shall be weigh'd again.'

"Outspoke then Will, a hardy wight,—
'If so be that the case were mine,
I'd hold her fast in a dungeon cast,
And on dry bread should she dine.

"'And there she should live with rats and mice
A lonely life and still;
And if that didn't bring her spirit down,
She might go to the devil for Will.'"

"No bad plan either," muttered Lord James.

"You think so?" said the singer; "only hear the end.

"But the Baron stout shook his head in doubt—
'Pray, who's to *bell the cat?*
For the cat has claws on her velvet paws;
Come, who will aread me that?'

"Who indeed?" again interrupted his lordship.

"You shall hear," replied the toper.

"Then Dickon rose—wise Dick of the hump—
In council still unmatch'd:
'If the cat have claws, I see no cause
Why any one should be scratch'd.

"'I would take my stand with bow in hand
At ten yards, or a score;
And a shaft I'd send, should her mewlings end,
She should never scratch me more.

"'Or, as arrows, I wis, will sometimes miss,
Though hand and eye be true,
I'd steal on the cat, pit a pat, pit a pat,
And run her clean through and through.'"

"Excellent advice!" exclaimed Lord James, catching up another water-bottle.

"Holloa there!" cried the soldier; "no more of that fun; you mayn't miss me a second time, remember!"

But, without making any reply, his lordship emptied the bottle deliberately upon his own head, allowing the water to run down his face till, as the soldier observed, he looked marvellously like a half-drowned rat.

"Ay," he said, after this ablution had been duly performed, "now we shall do; my hand's steady—no, confound it, not steady, but enough so for what I have to do."

"And what have you to do?" said his companion.

"Nothing that wants your help, so the fewer questions you ask the better. I give you fair warning."

"Fair?" replied the soldier; "it's a foul mood you are in to-day. The Baron's cat that I have been singing of could not have been a more awkward brute to deal with——

"And the cat has claws on her velvet paws."

"Then keep out of her reach," said Lord James, "or you may chance to get a scratch that wont heal in a day."

He rose up heavily, and with the caution of one who doubts his own steadiness, and, having wiped the water from his face, stalked forth in all that doggedness of

spirit which only a mind like his, and under such circumstances, could have entertained. He had made up his mind to murder—the murder of his wife; the wine had completely set to rest any restraining qualms of conscience that he might otherwise have felt; and the song of his companion, whether levelled at him or not, had come at that particular moment of all others when he was most likely to be susceptible of its impressions.

The sun, as we have already noticed, had for some time risen, and Lady Eleanor was sitting, only half-dressed, at her toilette, doing her best to make a lovely face seem yet lovelier, that being a care which women seldom neglect, whatever at the time may be their troubles. It should be observed that the room was long, and that her table stood at one extreme end opposite the door, and by the side of a window that she had thrown open on account of the heat of the morning. Before the window hung a white holland blind, wavering to and fro in the wind, just enough, without showing the interior of the apartment to any prying eye opposite, to admit an occasional glimpse of sunshine, which thus flashed, for a moment upon the looking-glass, and then passed off again. What was her terror when there suddenly appeared on the glass, mingling with her own features and the dancing light, the figure of Lord James, a drawn sword in his hand, and his face swollen to blackness with the intensity of evil passions. So gently had he entered that she had not heard his footfall; and it was plain, from the slow, stealthy manner with which he still crept on, that he was totally unaware of her watching every movement of his reflected in the mirror. Always rapid in decision, she at once saw and embraced the only means that could possibly save her; high as the window was from the ground, no other chance of escape remained; and, jumping from it with

the boldness of desperation, she alighted safely on her feet below, and immediately fled for refuge to Lord James's own mother. Nothing could have been more prudent, in her situation, than the choice of such an asylum; it afforded her not only present safety, but shielded her from all unworthy imputations. From that time she renounced her husband's society altogether, and shortly afterwards he went abroad.

With the departure of Lord James ends the first act of our historical drama. Before the curtain rises again, the reader must exercise his fancy so far as to imagine a considerable lapse of time, during which no tidings had been heard of him. Some supposed he was dead; others conceived that he had only flung aside his soiled name, as he might have cast off a threadbare garment, and adopted one of greater respectability; beyond question, a fair name would, in his case, have been the best of disguises, and one that would have sufficiently accounted for the general ignorance of his proceedings.

It was about this time that a foreigner, who had taken up his abode in the Canongate, obtained high repute amongst the good people of Edinburgh for his skill in the necromantic art; above all, it was said, he had a power of showing to the curious what their absent friends were about; and though he was not always, or even often, willing to exercise this gift, yet, whenever he had been tempted to do so, his truth was invariably confirmed by subsequent acquaintance with the scenes and events which he had prefigured. Now, with all her supposed strength of mind, Lady Eleanor had not only a large share of curiosity, which might be forgiven to her as a quality inherent in her sex, but she was also abundantly superstitious; hence it happened that she became, on the sudden, very desirous of learning

whether she was a wife or a widow, and with this view she sallied forth, late one evening, to seek the adept or necromancer of the Canongate, taking with her a female friend, more for the sake of appearances than with any idea of having or needing a protector. With the usual inconsistency of people who embark in such enterprises, they thought to conceal their real characters from the adept, at the very time they were giving him credit for the knowledge of persons and events a thousand miles away, and assumed the tartan screens or plaids of their servants to prevent their rank from being suspected. The weather, too, favoured their desire of escaping notice; for, being cold and stormy, few people were in the streets, and thus they passed unchallenged, till, just as they were about turning into a blind alley, in which they supposed was the adept's dwelling, a deep-toned voice close behind them, brought them suddenly, in great alarm, to a stand-still.

"You are mistaken, ladies; your road does not lie that way."

Both involuntarily turned round upon the speaker, who, seen in that doubtful light, had something to startle them in his appearance: he was a tall, muscular man, dressed in black garments of a foreign and unusual fashion, and of singularly stern and forbidding features; yet there was nothing mean or vulgar either in his face or manners; on the contrary, his carriage was dignified, and a habit of command showed itself in the lofty forehead and iron features. His complexion was a deep olive, and a pair of large black eyes burned like two live coals from under the massive brows that overhung them. Again this strange-looking personage repeated: "You are mistaken, ladies."

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guise, for it hides you not from him whose eye can penetrate the veil of futurity. Think you those bits of tartan are not more easily seen through than the curtain which divides us from the world of spirits?"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Jane; "he must be the conjuror."

"I am he whom you seek," replied the stranger haughtily; "and my abode is yonder, where a light is shining from the windows of the highest floor."

"A very indifferent landmark," said Lady Eleanor; "half a dozen windows are lighted up in the close you point to."

"True, Lady Eleanor; but look again."

"He knows you!" exclaimed Lady Jane.

"I know you!" repeated the adept. "And, once more, I say to you, look again;—tell me if, among all those lights, you see not one which, even to your dim sight, burns brighter, deeper, and purer than all the rest?"

They looked in the direction his hand pointed out to them, and had no difficulty in distinguishing the window meant, for the light in it had certainly something peculiar, though it had escaped their notice till their attention was called to it more particularly; it was remarkably white, unlike the flame of wax or oil, and yet, at the same time, so powerful that it might have passed, in any other situation, for a beacon.

"Are you convinced now?" said the adept.

"I see the light you mean," replied Lady Eleanor.

"So do I," added her companion.

"Then follow me."

"And how are we to be sure that you are the conju— I mean the learned man of whom every one is talking?"

"By this token," said the adept, drawing close to her,

and speaking in so low a voice as not to be overheard by her companion.

Lady Eleanor started, uttering a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise, not altogether unmingled with alarm.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the adept.

"Yes, yes," was the hurried reply; "you are either the man we seek, or the devil."

"Then, beacon, you have done your duty!" exclaimed the adept, and, as if it had heard his voice, the light in his chamber suddenly went out. "Now, then, follow me."

Lady Jane, whose first terrors had been not a little increased by all that passed, would fain have remonstrated against pursuing the adventure any further, but an imperative "Silence! come along!" at once quelled her feeble opposition.

The chamber to which the adept conducted them was at the back of the building, but it had a second door, connecting it, in all probability, with the room they had seen from the street. With an elegance of manners very unusual in the class he belonged to from his occupation, he placed chairs, and begging them to be seated, went, as he said, to prepare all for the intended ceremony.

"In Heaven's name!" cried Lady Jane, the moment the door was fairly closed behind him, "what was it the odious creature whispered to you in the street?"

"That which I have no mind to repeat even to you, my dear Jane, so ask me no more questions. I thought full sure that there was only one person in the world beside myself who knew anything of the matter, and now—it's very strange—he who could tell *that*, can, I well believe, tell anything and everything he chooses."

"I wish we were well out of it," said Lady Jane.

"Nonsense! What is there to fear?"

"My dear Lady Eleanor, this is all very well for you, who have the heart of a lion, but for me, who—"

"Who have not the heart of a mouse——"

"Well, I don't deny it; I am a coward, and where's the harm in saying so? If I were a man, indeed, which, thank Heaven, I am not, for then I should be forced to brawl and fight like the rest of them, I——"

"Hush! hush!—he's here."

The side-door opened as she spoke, and the adept re-entered, fully dressed for the part he had to play. His arms, legs, and feet were naked, except that he had on black velvet sandals bound about the ankles, and fastened with a stud of gold. A tunic of the same colour and material descended a little below the knee, but was so cut down in front as to leave a considerable part of his broad chest exposed to view. Underneath the tunic, again, he wore a stock, or drawers, of twisted silk, which, however, were well nigh hidden by the upper garment. In his hand he carried a small basket of silver filigree-work, holding, as the fears of Lady Jane whispered to her, all sorts of diabolic implements. But the adept seemed to make small count of her, and addressed himself to the more courageous Eleanor.

"Have the goodness, lady, to leave your purse with your friend; gold or silver must not enter yon apartment."

"Why, you don't mean to say I am to remain here by myself?" exclaimed the terrified Lady Jane.

"Unquestionably," replied the adept; "the spirits are a sullen race, and love the company of mortals as little as they do the daylight."

"Oh!—I shall faint!—I know I shall—if you leave me alone here!"

"We must run the risk of that," said the adept, with a smile that by no means tended to make her feel more comfortable. Like Lord Burleigh's celebrated shake of the head, it might be construed to mean a great deal, if the spectator had only wit enough to comprehend it, and nothing very pleasant. But again the decisive spirit of Lady Eleanor silenced the opposition of her more timid companion, and, leaving her purse as the adept had directed, she followed him into the next chamber.

It was a large attic, with no furniture in it except the dark cloth drapery before the windows, and such few articles as were necessary to the coming ceremony. A hasty glance round the room showed Lady Eleanor that these were simply an old-fashioned arm-chair, and an altar of black marble, with a large mirror hanging over it in place of the picture, which, had it been a Catholic chapel, would have occupied the same situation. On the altar, before the glass, was a small brazen furnace, full of some strange substance that burnt with a low blue flame, the only light visible in the chamber.

"Be seated, lady," said the adept, when he had made fast the door at which they entered; "and, as you value life, let not fear or curiosity tempt you to breathe a single syllable; the consequences might be fatal to one or both of us. Be seated, I say, and breathe a silent prayer to the protecting saints, while I guard, as far as may be, the four entrances to evil."

So saying, he took from his basket a yellow wax taper, and, having lighted it at the furnace, proceeded, with a measured step, to the eastern corner of the room, where he fixed it against the wall, and, bowing before it

thrice, recited, in low tones, the mystical verse which called the better spirits to his aid:—

> "Holy fire, born in air
> When the tempest rages there,
> Whatsoever be thy name,
> Lightning, or electric flame,
> Soul of life, and soul of light,
> But for whom were endless night,
> Keep this portal free from sin,
> Let not evil enter in."

As if in answer to this summons, a few wild but plaintive sounds rang or vibrated through the room, and died away again almost immediately. The adept, who listened with much apparent anxiety to this reply, then repeated the same ceremony at each of the remaining corners in succession; and well satisfied, as it seemed, with the result, now knelt with bended head and bare knee before the altar. Great was the lady's longing to break silence; but in good time, the adept rising, observed these refractory symptoms, and placed his finger on his lips with such evident signs of alarm, that she caught a fresh feeling of terror from him, and remained dumb. She even thought his hand trembled as he drew a quantity of red powder from the basket and scattered it over the flames in a chafing-dish; but this might have been her imagination, or, possibly, it was a trick of his craft, and only assumed as a means of increasing the effect he wished to produce upon her mind.

When the powder was flung into the furnace, a very singular change took place; the blue flame turned to a crimson hue, which was instantly reflected on the glass to the exclusion of all the objects that had been visible upon it only a minute before. This, however, did not last for many moments, ere the ruddy glow gave way to

volumes of smoke, or fog, that rolled over the surface of the mirror, wave after wave, and broke into flashes of light and foam as they reached the frame-work, beyond which they never travelled. When this was at the thickest, there came a sharp cracking sound, that made Lady Eleanor fully expect to see the shivered fragments fall on all sides, but, much to her surprise, upon the vapours thinning again, as they soon did, she found the glass was as whole as ever. And now occurred another change yet more extraordinary than the first had been. The haze, or whatever else it should be called, instead of being wholly dissipated, formed itself into a sort of distant picture, representing the interior of a church, the lights and shadows of the scene fluctuating every instant, and the colours being now faint, and now again vivid, like clouds wreathed in fantastic shapes about the setting sun, and perpetually changing under its influence from the palest to the brightest crimson. Presently, a priest appeared with his attendants at the altar, and a wedding train stood before him, for in this picture, if it be not wrong to give it such a name, everything was moving; in fact, it might be rather likened to the shadows of a fantoccini show, the objects seeming distant, and as if seen through a thin veil interposed between them and the spectator. On a sudden, the whole seemed to be lighted up, though by some invisible means, and the figures coming out into bolder relief, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom the exact counterpart of Lord James. Before she could recover from this shock, a stranger entered the church, his face in a great measure concealed by his cloak, and with the hurried step of one who felt he was over late. No one seemed to notice him, and for awhile he looked on without moving, but the moment the priest was about to join the hands of the bridal pair, he dropped his cloak, and rushed for-

ward as if to interrupt the ceremony. In this figure, Lady Eleanor plainly saw her brother, or the likeness of her brother. Swords were drawn by him and the bridegroom, and several passes were exchanged, while all about them seemed too much confounded to interfere. She even heard, or fancied she heard, the very clashing of the steel, although in such a manner as to convey the idea of the sound coming from far off. In her terror she screamed aloud, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "Gracious Heavens! my brother will be killed." No sooner had the words escaped her lips, than the whole scene became confused and broken up, the misty fragments rolling over each other and blending together, till they gradually passed away, and left the glass with no other objects upon it than those reflected from the chamber and dimly seen by the light of the furnace. At the same time, the tapers in the four corners went out with a hissing sound.

"All is over for the night," said the adept, in a hurried voice, as he caught her hand, "and the sooner we leave this room the better. Heaven grant, as it is, that no evil come of it."

Lady Eleanor suffered herself to be led back into the next room, without another word, greatly to the delight of her companion, who had suffered not a little from anxiety in her absence. This joy, however, underwent considerable diminution, if it did not change into something very like actual alarm, when Jane looked more narrowly at her, and found, as she used afterwards to say, that the unlucky ghost-seer had all the appearance of one who had been blasted by lightning; in no other way could she paint the dark, wild change that had come over her features, or the singular impression produced by it upon herself. But to many, no doubt, the strangest part of this strange story will be, the adept's refusing to

accept of any remuneration; to all Lady Eleanor's offers he replied—

"No, Lady; what I have done this night, has not been for the sake of lucre, and had I known beforehand the danger we should incur—I speak for myself as well as for you—it is most likely that I should never have ventured. It is sufficient reward for me, who know more of this matter than you can even guess, that we both stand here alive and uninjured."

"Was the fault mine in speaking?" asked Lady Eleanor, considerably puzzled by a disinterestedness so totally unexpected.

"The fault *was* yours," replied the adept, with a slight shudder; "but the spirits of fire did their duty: and well for us they did. Let me not, however, detain you any longer," he added, hastily, taking up a lamp to light them down; "it is a late hour for ladies of your condition to be walking alone in the streets, even though muffled in their servants' tartan screens; and besides, a storm is fast gathering; it will be much if you reach home before the rain comes down in torrents."

The first care of Lady Eleanor, when safe again in her own room, was to write down the particulars of her adventure, with the date, and even hour, of its occurrence. This document she sealed in her companion's presence, and locked it up in a private drawer, as a testimonial if ever it should be required. Soon afterwards her brother returned from abroad, and, as may naturally be supposed, the very sight of this dear relation reminded her of the Magic Mirror, and made her anxious to put its visions to the test. Adroitly turning the conversation upon Lord Primrose, she inquired if he had seen or heard anything of that nobleman in the course of his travels. To this her brother replied, that he

hoped never again to see a person so truly infamous, seeming anxious at the same time to talk of any other subject. Unsatisfied either with his answer or his manner, both of which bore the evident marks of evasion, she pressed him yet more closely, adding that she did not make the inquiry without good cause. Thus driven into a corner, the brother reluctantly confessed that he had seen Lord Primrose, and under such circumstances as made him most unwilling to mention his name again.

"*That* I can easily believe, if you saw him at all," said Lady Eleanor; "but what were they? Worse than those I already know they can hardly be, and, trust me, mine is no idle curiosity."

"If you must hear the whole," said her brother, still hesitating—"though, if you will take my word, it were better left untold——"

"No, no—go on."

"Well then—during my stay at Amsterdam, I got acquainted with a rich merchant——"

"If he's not material to your story," said Lady Eleanor, "I must pray you to leave him out."

"But he is material."

"Proceed then. This merchant——"

"Had an only daughter, the expected heiress of his fortune, which was immense. One day, when I called upon him, he told me the young lady was about to be married, and, as the accepted lover was a countryman of mine, he hoped I would be present at the nuptials. This, as I had some important business to transact in the early part of the morning, I could not exactly promise, but I readily agreed, if the affair should be settled in time, to join the party in the church before the ceremony was concluded. Why, what's the matter with you, Eleanor?"

"Nothing—nothing! Pray, go on!"

"I was late, as I had expected, but not too late to prevent the triumph of a villain, and the sacrifice of an innocent young girl. When I entered the church, the priest was just about to join their hands.—Again! what the deuce is the matter with you, Eleanor? you start at every word I say, as if you knew the whole beforehand. If that be the case, say so at once, and save me the trouble of repetition. I promise you, it is neither pleasant to tell, nor—Heaven save the mark!—over agreeable to hear."

"Excuse me, my dear brother—I am nervous—foolish, —no matter—go on."

"Whom should I recognise in the intended bridegroom at the altar, but your precious husband, Lord James—that most accomplished of all villains who ever died by axe or rope. I rushed upon him, sword in hand, and, to give the devil his due, in the short bout we had, he showed no want either of skill or courage. But, before we could exchange many passes, or see the colour of each other's blood, they separated us; and when the next day I would have brought the affair to a more decisive conclusion, lo and behold! he was gone—no one could tell whither. So, now that you have heard my story, let me in turn ask, what was it made you so curious? Had you received any intimation of it before?"

"One more question," my dear brother, "and you shall know all, without disguise. Do you recollect the date of this occurrence?—though I can hardly suppose you do."

"You are mistaken, Eleanor; I recollect it well, from its connexion with the other business I mentioned, and which, being of a pecuniary nature, I have the precise date of it set down in my pocket-book."

This led to an explanation of what she had seen

figured upon the mirror; and upon the memorandum being sent for, and opened, everything was found to correspond, even to the minutest circumstance.

"Well!" exclaimed the young man, after having examined this strange document for the hundredth time—"it all seems plain enough, and yet I can't help thinking that your adept was an impostor."

"Ah!" replied Lady Eleanor, "you have not forgotten, surely, what Hamlet says upon as curious a matter?—'There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"True," said her brother; "but I don't pretend to be a philosopher, and know nothing of what philosophy may dream. All I know is, that I can't swallow your tale, cook it as you will, my dear sister. My appetite is very delicate in these matters."

Gladly would we interfere to expound this riddle, but for two reasons: in the first place, we are as much in the dark as any of our readers can be; and, secondly, we hold of stories, as the gallant Sir Lucius O'Trigger did of quarrels—they are only spoilt by explanation. In lieu thereof, we will briefly relate what afterwards befel Lady Eleanor, although totally unconnected with the affair of the Magic Mirror.

In 1706, Lord Primrose died, unregretted by any one, and least of all by his widow, who thus found herself free from a yoke, which, if she had not felt its weight for some time, might yet at any hour be again made a means of much annoyance. Being still both young and handsome, she had no lack of wooers; but a burnt child, they say, dreads the fire; and, wise from past experience, she had no mind to peril her fingers with Hymen's torch a second time. Even the celebrated Lord Stair, who had made a strong impression upon her heart, was unable to convince her mind, and could not

persuade her to encounter the chances of marriage. Finding himself thus baffled, the desperate wooer had recourse to a stratagem, which could hardly be justified by the general coarseness and libertinism of his age; and which, in the present day, if it did not consign him to the pleasant occupation of the tread-mill, would, at least, banish him from all decent society. Singular enough, the very same plot had, at least a century before, made the groundwork of an old comedy, called THE CITY WEDDING, or THE MERCHANT'S WEDDING—we forget which—though it can hardly be supposed that Lord Stair consulted the elder dramatists for the best mode of subduing a reluctant widow. It was simply this. By bribing a faithless domestic, he contrived to get admitted during the night into a small closet in the lady's house, which had a window opening on one of the principal thoroughfares, and which served both as an oratory, and a dressing-room to the apartment wherein she slept. When the morning had somewhat advanced, and the street below began to be thronged, his lordship showed himself, only half-dressed, at the open window—a sight which, of course, attracted the attention and the remarks of the different wayfarers, each commenting upon it after his own fashion. The young and thoughtless laughed, the grave looked still graver, and the scandal-mongers—by far the greater portion of those passing by—were delighted at having such a tale to tell, of one who had hitherto defied their malice. All attempts on the lady's part to make the world comprehend the truth, were utterly fruitless; the more she explained, the more they were not convinced; so that, in the long run, she was forced to give her hand to the offender, though ready to cry all the time from pure vexation.

Notwithstanding this ominous beginning, the honest

chroniclers have insisted that the match was a happy one; the gentleman was perfectly free from vice or blemish—except it was an over-fondness for the bottle, and a propensity to beating his wife when under its influence — a saving clause, which will remind many of the virtuous dame, who protested that, let alone thieving, and one other little fault, she defied any one to say, black was the white of her eye. But, out of evil sometimes cometh good; and so it happened here. His lordship one night got intolerably drunk, and in that state struck the lady so violent a blow in the face, that, in a moment, she was covered with her own blood; having performed which feat of arms, he quietly went off to sleep, with a happy ignorance of what he had been doing. Unable to digest the affront, Lady Eleanor passed the night on a sofa, without making any attempt to stanch the wound, so that when morning came, and the sleeper awoke, she presented a spectacle that was not a little puzzling to a brain not yet quite recovered from the previous night's potations. An explanation ensued; when the nobleman, who, in his better moments, was both sensible and generous, felt so ashamed of himself, that he at once took a solemn vow never to touch any liquor for the future, save that which had been measured out and apportioned to him by her own hand; and, what is more surprising, he kept the oath religiously to his dying day. Never would he join any convivial party to which he could not take his Hebe; and never did he exceed the limit which, in her prudence, she thought fit to allow him; when the time came for her retiring with the other ladies, she would regularly pour out a certain quantity to be drunk in her absence, and no temptation, either by coaxing or ridicule, could induce him to exceed the allotted modicum.

Lady Stair survived her husband twelve years, dying

in 1759, at Edinburgh, where she had long taken the lead in the best society. She was then far advanced in years, was somewhat remarkable for the brusqueness of her manners, and is said to have been the first lady of the northern capital who kept a black servant in her establishment.

And now, if any one should feel inclined to exclaim, with the gentle Desdemona, against the flatness of our conclusion, we can plead an excuse that Iago could not —we have been giving a true narrative, and not a mere fiction.

MURE OF AUCHINDRANE.

There is scarcely an episode in the darksome annals of the sixteenth century that presents features of such complicated horror as that of Auchindrane—a tale of the most fearful guilt and accumulated crime.

The prime mover of the diabolical cruelties we are about to relate was John Mure of Auchindrane, a gentleman by birth, of ancient lineage, and fair estate in the west of Scotland, but of a treacherous and unscrupulous mind, dead alike to pity and remorse. His chief aim was to exalt the grandeur of his family, and, in the accomplishment of that object all human considerations seem to have been forgotten. Auchindrane had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Bargany, the most important landed proprietor, after the Earl of Cassilis, in all Carrick, the district in Ayrshire where he resided; and he determined to raise his father-in-law's influence even beyond that of the noble house of Cassilis itself, whose chief was then a minor, under the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. This worthy knight supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the family so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means. We give the following details, as

narrated by the ablest of story-tellers, the late Sir Walter Scott.

In the year of God, 1597, Auchindrane came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole, where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided, and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a ruinous house, where he lay concealed till the inhabitants of the place came to his assistance.

Sir Thomas Kennedy prosecuted Mure for this assault, who, finding himself in danger from the law, made a sort of apology and agreement with the Laird of Cullayne, to whose daughter he united his eldest son, in testimony of the closest friendship in future. This agreement was sincere on the part of Kennedy, who, after it had been entered into, showed himself Auchindrane's friend and assistant on all occasions. But it was most false and treacherous on that of Mure, who continued to nourish the purpose of murdering his new friend and ally on the first opportunity.

Auchindrane's first attempt to effect this was by means of the young Gilbert Kennedy of Barganie (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassilis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance,

being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about two hundred and fifty men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassilis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire.

Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connexion with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew. For this temperate and honourable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favoured his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Duppill, to the west of the town of Ayr, a place appointed for the purpose of giving him any commissions which he might have for Edinburgh, and assuring his treacherous ally, he would attend to any business which he might have in the Scottish metropolis as anxiously as to his own. Sir Thomas

Kennedy's message was carried to the town of Maybole, where his messenger, for some trivial reason, had the import committed to writing by a schoolmaster in that town, and dispatched it to its destination by means of a poor student, named Dalrymple, instead of carrying it to the house of Auchindrane in person.

This suggested to Mure a diabolical plot. Having thus received tidings of Sir Thomas Kennedy's motions, he conceived the infernal purpose of having the confiding friend who sent the information waylaid and murdered, at the place appointed to meet with him, not only in friendship, but for the purpose of rendering him service. He dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad to carry back the letter to Maybole, and to say that he had not found him, Auchindrane, in his house. Having taken this precaution, he proceeded to instigate the brother of the slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drum-urghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne, at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him, with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.

The revenge due for his uncle's murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassilis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called "being put to the horn, and declared the King's rebel."

secure his safety but taking the lad's life, in which action he requested James Bannatyne's assistance. Bannatyne felt some compunction, and remonstrated against the cruel expedient, saying it would be better to transport Dalrymple to Ireland, and take precautions against his return. While old Auchindrane seemed disposed to listen to this proposal, his son concluded that the time was come for accomplishing the purpose of their meeting, and, without waiting the termination of his father's conference with Bannatyne, he rushed suddenly on Dalrymple, beat him to the ground, and, kneeling on him, with his father's assistance accomplished the crime, by strangling the unhappy object of their fear and jealousy. Bannatyne, the witness, and partly the accomplice of the murder, assisted them in their attempt to make a hole in the sand with a spade which they had brought on purpose, in order to conceal the dead body. But, as the tide was coming in, the holes which they made filled with water before they could get the body buried, and the ground seemed, to their terrified consciences, to refuse to be accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention; and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the

country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence.

It was always said, or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against Auchindrane. It is certain, however, that Auchindrane found himself so much the object of suspicion from this new crime, that he resolved to fly from justice, and suffer himself to be declared a rebel and outlaw rather than face a trial.

But his conduct in preparing to cover his flight with another motive than the real one, is a curious picture of the men and manners of the times. He knew well that if he were to shun his trial for the murder of Dalrymple, the whole country would consider him as a man guilty of a mean and disgraceful crime in putting to death an obscure lad, against whom he had no personal quarrel. He knew besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offence been merely burning a house, or killing a neighbour, would not plead for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding the law with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympa-

thize, and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis.

Should he kill such a one, it would indeed be an unlawful action, but, so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy, of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants, wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he well nigh lost the use of it. But though Auchindrane's purpose did not entirely succeed, he availed himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain a pardon for firing upon his feudal enemy with pistols, weapons declared unlawful by Act of Parliament, he would willingly stand his trial for the death of Dalrymple, respecting which he protested his total innocence. The King, however, was decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Young Auchindrane no sooner learned that his father was in custody than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and

prevailed on him to pass over, for a while, to the neighbouring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging, in the meantime, to take care of his affairs in Scotland.

Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial.

Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security, to return when called for. But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was, accordingly, severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel.

A man of weak resolution, or of a nervous habit, would, probably, have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favourable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive.

James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt; and, by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchin-

drane to be still detained in close custody, till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly, by the king's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy councillors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the meanwhile, old Auchindrane being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulked about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But, though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He, therefore, attempted the life of James Bannatyne, by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennycuick was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connexion of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuick; and thus close up this train of murders by one which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to

take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuick, the agent whom Mure employed. At length, Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed, before the king and council, all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea. When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behaviour seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honour God, by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exhorted Bannatyne, in his turn, to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him. The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne's confession, all three were found guilty. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cul-

THE FIRST EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Sir Patrick Hume, Lord Polwarth and Earl of Marchmont, was raised to the Peerage by King William III., for having taken a leading and active part in opposition to the arbitrary measures of the courts of Charles II. and James II.; for which attempts he was long persecuted with the most unrelenting spirit. His near and dear relative, the high-minded Baillie of Jerviswood, had been seized and incarcerated, and so virulent was the court party, that Sir Patrick deemed it absolutely necessary to secrete himself. The sufferings he subsequently endured, and the heroic conduct of his daughter, Grizzel, a girl about eighteen years old, form an interesting episode in the annals of the Marchmont family. The following details are derived from a MS. written by Sir Patrick's granddaughter, and still preserved by his descendants:

"After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather, Baillie, again in prison, Sir Patrick thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear of his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home, for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter, called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a

mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend; and were not deceived. The frequent examinations, and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house—where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at the one end, through which nobody could see what was below: his daughter went every night by herself at midnight, to carry him food, and stayed with him as long as she could, to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four. All which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily, in that doleful habitation, at different accidents that happened. She, at that time, had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as it is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister the next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang all his dogs. There was also a difficulty of getting victuals to carry him, without the servants suspecting; the only way it was done was, by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap: many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked a

sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap; when her brother, Sand (the second Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grizzel; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head.' This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share in the next.

"His great comfort and constant entertainment (for he had no light to read) was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart, from beginning to end; and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in 1724, he desired my mother to take up that book, and bade her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat; he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions.

"As the gloomy habitation my father was in was not to be long endured but from necessity, they were contriving other places of safety for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed, which drew out, on a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She and the same man worked in the night, making a hole in the earth, after lifting the boards, which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she left not a nail upon her fingers,—she helping the man to carry the earth as they dug it, in a sheet, on his back, out at the window into the garden. He then made a box at his own house, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bedclothes, and bored holes in the boards for air; when all this was finished, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial of a month,

of no water coming into it, which was feared from being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for the air made clear, her father ventured home, having that to trust to. After being at home a week or two, the bed daily examined as usual, one day in lifting the boards the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water; in her life she was never so struck, and had nearly dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer, and that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off, and leave them; in which he was confirmed by the carrier telling for news he had brought from Edinburgh, that the day before Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood, had his life taken from him at the Cross, and that everybody was sorry, though they durst not show it. As all intercourse by letters was dangerous, it was the first notice they had of it; and the more shocking, that it was not expected. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked night and day, in making alterations in his clothes for disguise; they were then obliged to trust John Allen, their grieve, who fainted when he heard that his master was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the rest of the servants that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. Accordingly, my grandfather getting out at a window in the stables, they set out in the dark; though with good reason it was a sorrowful parting, yet after he was fairly gone they rejoiced, and thought themselves happy that he was in the way of being safe, though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own."

Thus far the manuscript carries us. Sir Patrick had not been gone a few hours, when a party of soldiers arrived in pursuit. They fell in with the servant, Allen, but missed the object of their search, who had accidentally separated from him. After this miraculous escape, Sir Patrick contrived to make his way, by unfrequented routes, to London, and thence to accomplish a passage over to Holland, where he was received with open arms by the Prince of Orange. The next year he accompanied the Earl of Argyll in his unfortunate expedition, and suffered the consequences of defeat. His estate was confiscated, and a high reward offered for his apprehension. But the same Providence that had watched over him before, still aided and preserved him. After a brief concealment in the mansion of Lainshaw, the house of his friend, Mr. Montgomery, he found means to escape to France, and to travel, as a physician, through that country to Bordeaux, whence he embarked for his former place of refuge—the court of the Prince of Orange. There he continued three years and a half, devoted to the education of his children. Brighter prospects, however, soon opened. The abdication of James, and the accession of William to the British throne, were the immediate precursors of Sir Patrick's elevation. His forfeiture was rescinded by Parliament; he was sworn a Privy Councillor, nominated a Commissioner for the then projected Union, and created a Peer of Scotland, as Baron Polwarth, the King, at the same time, granting to him "An Orange ppr. ensigned with an Imperial Crown," to be placed in a surtout in his coat of arms. But his greatness did not end here. In 1696, Lord Polwarth became High Chancellor of his native country; and in the following year received an Earl's coronet, with the title of Marchmont. His lord-

ship died 1st August, 1724, in the 84th year of his age, and was buried in the Canongate Churchyard, by the side of his devoted and much-loved wife. Her ladyship had predeceased him twenty years. A page in the Earl's Bible contains a tribute to her memory. "My wife," says his lordship, "was of a middle stature, of a plump, full body, a clear, ruddy complexion, a grave, majestic countenance, a composed, steady, and mild spirit; of a most firm and equal mind; never elevated by prosperity, nor debased or daunted by adversity. She was a wonderful stay and support to me in our exile and trouble, and an humble and thankful partaker with me in our more prosperous condition; in both which, by the blessing of God, she helped much to keep the balance of our deportment even."

Before our narrative is closed, a few words must be added, as to the fate of his lordship's faithful guardian and preserver, his daughter, the Lady Grizzel Hume. Her ladyship is portrayed by Rose, in his observations on Fox, as "an able, prudent, warm-hearted, and affectionate woman." A few years after her father's return from Holland, she became the wife of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood, and lived to the age of eighty, beloved and respected. Her present representative is the Earl of Haddington. Of the Marchmont family itself, the existing heir is Henry, Lord Polwarth.

The pretty ballad of "Grizzel Hume" tells the story with elegance and truth:—

When midnight flung o'er earth and sea
  Her solemn veil of gloom,
All fearless and alone was she,
  The Lady Grizzel Hume—
Lighted beneath that sable sky
By her young heart's fidelity.

With eyes of hope, and peace, and truth—
  Violets half-hid in snow;
Wearing the glory of her youth
  Upon a cloudless brow;
Oh! seldom hath the silent night
Look'd down upon so fair a sight!

She glides along the shadowy copse,
  By field, and hill, and tree,
Light as the noiseless dew, that drops
  When none can hear or see;
Before her home at last she stands,
And lifts the latch with trembling hands.

"Oh! speak my child, the night is dark,
  Thou comest pale and fast!"
"I heard the startled watch-dog's bark,
  As his long lair I past,
And hurried on, in fear lest he
Should rouse some lurking enemy."

"And couldst thou pass the churchyard drear,
  Nor pause in chilly dread?"
"Nay, mother, wherefore should I fear
  The mute and peaceful dead?
I only thought how calm they sleep,
Who neither feel, nor fear, nor weep."

"Did not thy weary footsteps stray?
  The path was dark and long."
"Oh, God was with me on my way,
  And so my heart was strong;
I ever thought the stars did shed
A gracious blessing on my head."

"And didst thou see thy father's face?"
  (But here she paused to weep):
"Ah, mother, yes! I pray for grace
  His sweet behest to keep;
He bade me labour still to make
Thy spirit happy, for his sake."

* * * *

"He bade me pray at morn and eve
That God would make him strong,
Calmly to die, but never leave
The right, nor love the wrong.
I pray,—sweet mother, join me thus,—
'God give my father back to us.'"

* * * *

Full oft, when fairer days were come,
Beside a peaceful hearth,
That father bless'd his God for HOME,—
The happiest place on earth;
And bent his head, and smiled to see
His daughter's first-born climb his knee.

Then, as the wondering child would gaze
Into the old man's face,
He told of dark and troublous days,—
Defeat, despair, disgrace;
Of Sedgemoor's field—oh! bitter word!
And lone Inchinnan's fatal ford.

And how, through many a weary day,
In want, and woe, and gloom,
A hunted fugitive, he lay
The tenant of a tomb,
With one weak girl, so pale and fair,
His ministering spirit there;

How that bold heart and child-like form
Night after night would brave
The blast, the darkness, and the storm,
To seek his lonely cave—
He paused, to show, with grateful pride,
The blushing matron at his side.

MARIA, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

About the year 1730, Mr. Edward Walpole, (afterwards a Knight of the Bath,) returned from his travels on the Continent, where the munificence of his father, the famous statesman, had enabled him to make a brilliant figure; and so very engaging was he found by the ladies, that he had no other appellation in Italy than that of "*the handsome Englishman.*" Mr. Walpole had lodgings taken for him, at his return, at a Mr. Rennie's, a child's coat-maker, at the bottom of Pall Mall. On returning from visits or public places, he often passed a quarter of an hour in chat with the young women of the shop. Among them was one who had it in her power to make him forget the Italians, and all the beauties of the Court. Her name was Clement: her father was at that time, or soon after, postmaster at Darlington, a place of 50*l.* per annum, on which he supported a large family. This young woman had been bound apprentice to Mrs. Rennie, and employed in the usual duties of such a situation, which she discharged (as the old lady used to say) honestly and soberly. Her parents, however, from their extreme poverty, could supply her but very sparingly with clothes or money. Mr. Walpole observed her wants, and had the address to make her little presents in a way not to alarm

the vigilance of her mistress, who exacted the strictest morality from those under her care. Miss Clement was beautiful as an angel, with good, though uncultivated parts. Mrs. Rennie had begun to suspect that a connexion was forming, which would not be to the honour of her apprentice. She apprised Mr. Clement of her suspicions, who immediately came up to town, to carry his daughter out of the vortex of temptation. The good old man met his child with tears; he told her his suspicion, and that he should carry her home, where, by living with sobriety and prudence, she might chance to be married to some decent tradesman. The girl, in appearance, acquiesced; but whilst her father and mistress were conversing in a little dark parlour behind the shop, the object of their cares slipped out, and, without hat or cloak, ran directly through Pall Mall to Sir Edward's house at the top of it, where, the porter knowing her, she was admitted, though his master was absent. She went into the parlour, where the table was covered for dinner, and impatiently waited his return. The moment came; Sir Edward entered, and was heard to exclaim with great joy, "You here!" What explanations took place were of course in private; but the fair fugitive sat down that day at the head of his table, and never after left it.

The fruits of this connexion were three daughters and one son, viz.—Louisa, wife of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter; Maria, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and subsequently Duchess of Gloucester; Charlotte, Countess of Dysart; and Colonel Walpole; in the birth of whom, or soon after, the mother died.

Never could fondness exceed that which Sir Edward cherished for the mother of his children; nor was it confined to her or them only, but extended itself to her relations; for all of whom he some way or other pro-

vided. His grief at her loss was proportioned to his affection. He constantly declined all matrimonial overtures, and gave up his life to the education of his children. He had often been prompted to unite himself to Miss Clement by legal ties, but the marriage was prevented by the threats of his father, Sir Robert, who avowed, that if he married Miss Clement, he would not only deprive him of his political interest, but exert it against him. It was, however, always said, by those who had opportunity of knowing, that had Miss Clement survived Sir Robert, she would then have been Lady Walpole.

About the year 1758, his eldest daughter, Laura, became the wife of the Hon. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The Miss Walpoles now took a rank in society in which they had never before moved. The sisters of the Earl of Albemarle were their constant companions, and introduced them to persons of quality and fashion: they constantly appeared at the first routs and balls, and, in a word, were received everywhere but at court. The shade attending their birth shut them out from the drawing-room, till marriage (as in the case of Mrs. Keppel) had covered the defect, and given them the rank of another family. No one watched their progress upwards with more anxiety than the Earl Waldegrave. This nobleman (one of the proudest in the kingdom) had long cherished an affection for Maria. The struggle between his passion and his pride was not a short one; but ended in the victory of the former. The nuptials took place in 1759; and from that period the Countess's amiable conduct, through the whole life of her lord, added respect and esteem to the warmest admiration. In April, 1763, about five years after, the small-pox attacked his lordship, and proved

fatal. His lady found herself a young widow, of rank and beauty. Had Lord Waldegrave possessed every advantage of youth and person, his death could not have been more sincerely regretted by his relict. At length, she emerged again into the world, and love and admiration everywhere followed her. She refused many offers; amongst others, the Duke of Portland loudly proclaimed his discontent at her rejection. But the daughter of Mary Clement was destined for royalty! The Duke of Gloucester was not to be resisted, and two children, a prince and a princess, were the fruits of her marriage with his Royal Highness: hence it came within the bounds of probability, that the descendants of the postmaster of Darlington might one day have swayed the British sceptre.

THE LATE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

GARRETT, Earl of Mornington (the Duke of Wellington's father) furnished a striking instance of an early disposition to music, as well as early attention to musical instruments.

His father played well, for a gentleman, on the violin, which always delighted the child whilst in the nurse's arms, and long before he could speak. Nor did this proceed merely from a love, common to other children, of a sprightly noise, as may appear by the following proof:—Dubourg, who was, many years ago, a distinguished performer on that instrument, happened to be at the family seat; but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father, till his little hands were held; after having heard Dubourg, however, the case was altered, and there was then much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father. Nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play whilst Dubourg was in the house.

At the same period, he beat time to all measures of music, however difficult; nor was it possible to force him to do otherwise, the most rapid changes producing as rapid an alteration in the child's hands.

Though passionately fond of music, from indolence he never attempted to play any instrument till he was nine years old. At that time, an old portrait painter

came to the family seat, who was a very indifferent performer on the violin, but persuaded the child, that if he tried to play on that instrument, he would soon be able to bear a part in a concert.

With this inducement, he soon learned the two old catches of "Christ Church Bells," and "Sing, one, two, three, come follow me;" after which, his father and the painter accompanying him with the two other parts, he experienced the pleasing effects of a harmony to which he himself contributed.

Soon after this, he was able to play the second violin in Corelli's Sonatas; which gave him a steadiness in time that never deserted him. For the next musical stage he commenced composer, from emulation of the applause given to a country-dance made by a neighbouring clergyman. He accordingly set to work, and by playing the treble on the violin, whilst he sang a bass to it, he formed a minuet, the bass in which he wrote in the treble cleff, and was very profuse in his fifths of octaves, being totally ignorant of the established rules of composition.

This minuet was followed by a duet for two French horns, whilst the piece concluded by an andante movement, thus consisting of three parts; all of which being tacked together, he styled a serenata. At this time, he had never heard any music but from his father, sisters, and the old painter.

He practised on the violin till he was fourteen, but had always a strong inclination to the harpsichord; from which his sister drove him continually, saying that he spoiled the instrument; notwithstanding which he sometimes stole intervals of practice.

About this time the old Lord Mornington declared his intention of having an organ for his chapel; telling his son that he should have been the organist had he been

able to play on the instrument. On this the son undertook to be ready as soon as the organ could be finished: which being accomplished in less than a year and a half, he sat down at the maker's, and executed an extempore fugue, to the astonishment of his father, as well as others, who did not conceive that he could have executed a single bar of any tune.

It is well known that this instrument is more likely to form a composer than any other; and his lordship, in process of time, both read and studied music, whilst he at the same time committed his ideas to writing. As he had, however, never received the least instruction in his abstruse, though pleasing science, he wished to consult both Rosengrave and Geminiani; who, on examining his compositions, said they could not be of the least service to him, as he had himself investigated all the established rules, with their proper exceptions.

Though simple melodies commonly please most in the earlier stage of life, he had always a strong predilection for church music and full harmony, as also for the minor third; in which, for that reason, he made his first composition.

In process of time, his lordship was so distinguished for his musical abilities, that the University of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music.

THE DESCENDANTS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

At the decease of his father, Oliver, Richard Cromwell succeeded to the sovereign power; it has been remarked, as tranquilly and as unopposedly as though he had been the descendant of a long line of princes; yet his reign lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days. He subsequently resided abroad until about 1680; but where his various peregrinations led him is not known with any degree of certainty. On his return to England, he appears to have assumed the name of Clark, and to have resided at Serjeant Pengelly's house at Cheshunt; to the end of his life, courting privacy and retirement, and cautiously avoiding so much as the mention of his former elevation, even to his most intimate acquaintance. He died at Cheshunt, 13th July, 1712, in the 88th year of his age. Pennant mentions, that his father had told him that he used often to see, at the Don Saltero Coffee House at Chelsea, poor Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life." By Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Richard Major, Esq., of Hursley, Hampshire, he had three daughters, the youngest of whom, the wife of John Mortimer, Esq., F.R.S., died at the age of twenty, without issue; of the other two, Miss Elizabeth Cromwell and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Luson says—"I have several times been in com-

pany with these ladies; they were well bred, well dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious; but they seemed, especially Mistress Cromwell, to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it. They had neither the great sense nor the great enthusiasm of Mrs. Bendysh; but, as the daughter of Ireton had dignity without pride, so they had pride without dignity." Their unfilial conduct to their father remains a sad blot on their memory; and the meekness of poor Richard Cromwell makes their want of feeling more especially painful. The male representation of the Lord Protector Oliver's family, vested, at the decease of this his eldest son, in the descendant of his second, HENRY CROMWELL, of Spinney Abbey, at one time Lord Deputy of Ireland, who, at the decease of his father, quietly resigned his government, and returned to England, where he continued afterwards to reside as a country gentleman, at Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, unconcerned in the various changes of the State, and unembittered by the ills of ambition. By Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, he left, at his decease, in 1673, five sons and one daughter. To the latter, Elizabeth, wife of William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, we shall refer in the sequel. Of the sons, all died without issue except the second, HENRY CROMWELL, Esq., who sold Spinney Abbey, and, entering the army, attained the rank of major. His death occurred in 1711. By Hannah, his wife, daughter of Benjamin Hewling, a Turkey merchant, he had a large family, of which the only son, whose descendants still exist, was THOMAS CROMWELL, who, "sic transit gloria mundi," carried on the business of a sugar-baker on Snow Hill, and died in

Bridgwater square, London, Oct. 2, 1748. He married, first, Frances Tidman, and by her was father of a daughter, Anne, the wife of John Field, of London.* He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Nicholas Skinner, a merchant of the city, and had, to leave issue, an only son, OLIVER CROMWELL, a solicitor of eminence, and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, who succeeded under the will of his cousins, the Miss Cromwells, to an estate at Theobalds, Herts, which had been granted by Charles II. to General Monk, for his services in restoring the monarchy. Mr. Oliver Cromwell married, in 1771, Mary, daughter and co-heir of Morgan Morse, Esq., and left an only daughter and heir, ELIZABETH OLIVERIA CROMWELL, of Cheshunt Park, born in 1777, who married, in 1801, Thomas Artemidorus Russell, Esq., and had several children. With this Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1821, the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired. Elizabeth Cromwell (daughter of Henry Cromwell, the Deputy of Ireland) left, by her husband, William Russell, Esq., of Fordham Abbey, seven sons and six daughters. Of the former, Francis Russell, Esq., baptized at Fordham Abbey, 1691, was father of Thomas Russell, Esq., a military officer, whose daughter, Rebecca, married, first, James Harley, Esq., by whom she had no issue, and, secondly, William Dyer, Esq., of Ilford, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, by whom she had William Andrew Dyer, Esq., two other sons, and two daughters. Of the daughters of Elizabeth Cromwell and William Russell, the eldest, Elizabeth, married Mr. Robert D'Aye, of Soham, who became so reduced that he

* The issue of Anne Cromwell and John Field were, 1, Henry, of Woodford, Essex; 2, Oliver; 3, John, an Officer in the Mint; 4, William; 5, Anne, *m.* to Thomas Gwinnell; 6, Elizabeth; 7, Sophia; 8, Mary; and, 9, Letitia, *m.* to the Rev. John Wilkins.

died in a workhouse, and his descendants sank into the lowest grade of life; the fourth, Mary, wedded Martin Wilkins, of Soham, a gentleman of some property; the fifth, Margaret, formed a very humble connexion; and the youngest married Mr. Nelson, of Mildenhall, by whom she had a son, a jeweller, and a daughter, who, after the death of her husband, Mr. Redderock, an attorney, kept a school at Mildenhall. How pointedly does this sad story of the downfall of Oliver Cromwell's family tell of the instability of all human greatness! Within the scope of a single century, and after the lapse of a few generations, we find the descendants of one who in power equalled the mightiest princes of the earth reduced to the depths of poverty, and almost begging their daily bread.

The Lord Protector's daughters were, 1. Bridget, married first to Lieutenant-General Henry Ireton, and secondly to General Charles Fleetwood; 2. Elizabeth, married to John Claypole, Esq.; 3. Mary, married to Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg; and 4. Frances, married first to the Hon. Robert Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick, and secondly to Sir John Russell, Bart., of Chippenham. Of these ladies, the eldest left, by her first husband, one son, Henry, who died *sine prole*, and four daughters, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Polhill, Esq., of Otford, in Kent; Jane, wife of Richard Lloyd, Esq.; Bridget, wife of Thomas Bendyshe, Esq., of Southtown in Sussex; and the youngest, the wife of Mr. Carter. Mrs. Bendyshe, who seems to have been an exact counterpart of her grandfather Oliver's character, is thus described by a contemporary:—"I was young, not more than sixteen, when Mrs. Bendyshe died, in 1727 or 1728; yet she came so often to my father's house, that I remember her person, her dress, her manner, and her

conversation (which were all strikingly peculiar) with great precision; and I have heard much more of her than I have seen; she was certainly, both without and within, in her person and in her spirits, exactly like her grandfather; her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance, all agreed very exactly to the excellent pictures I have seen of Oliver in the Cromwell family." Mrs. Bendyshe had as much of Cromwell's courage as a female constitution could receive, which was often expressed with more ardour than the rules of female decorum could excuse. The following instance is narrated:—Happening to travel in a London stage, in company with two gentlemen who had swords on, she informed them of her descent from Oliver, and, as usual, was extolling him with rapture, when one of her fellow-travellers had the bad taste and feeling to cast reflections on his memory. Mrs. Bendyshe rebutted them with spirit, and on the coach stopping, instantly drew the other gentleman's sword, and challenged the maligner to single combat.

Cromwell's second and favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was, it is recorded, a warm partisan of the royal cause, and did not hesitate, on her death-bed, to remonstrate with her father on the guilt of his ambition. She died at the early age of twenty-eight, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Oliver's third daughter, Mary, who became the second wife of Lord Fauconberg, but died without issue, is described by Burnet as "a wise and worthy woman, more likely to have maintained the post of Protector than either of her brothers." Dean Swift, who knew her, says she was "handsome and like her father." Of the youngest daughter, Frances, we learn that at one time it was contemplated to effect a reconciliation between the exiled Charles II. and Oliver, by

bringing about a marriage between his majesty and this lady; but all advances on the subject, although sanctioned by the king, were rejected by Cromwell. By her first husband, the Hon. Robert Rich, who died at an early age, she had no child; but by her second, Sir John Russell, she was mother of a numerous family.

THE YOUTHFUL BRIDE.

Isabella, Duchess of Grafton, only daughter and sole heiress of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, was the most beautiful woman of her time; but it was in the court of William, and not in that of Charles, that she reigned supreme "lady of hearts," and was celebrated by all the wits and poets of the day. Her picture is among the "Beauties at Hampton Court." She bore to the end of her long life an irreproachable character. The following entries from Evelyn's Diary throw considerable interest round her premature union with the Duke of Grafton; she was then five, and the duke nine years old:—

"1672. Aug. 1.—I was at the marriage of Lord Arlington's lovely daughter (a lovely child, if ever there was any) to the Duke of Grafton, the king's natural son by the Duchess of Cleveland. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated; the king and all the grandees of the court present."

The infant couple were married again in 1679, she being twelve years old, and her husband sixteen.

"I confess," says Evelyn, "I could give my Lady Arlington little joy, and so I plainly told her; but she said the king would have it so, and there was no going back. Thus this sweetest, hopefullest, most beautiful child, and most virtuous, too, was sacrificed to a boy that has been rudely bred, without anything to encourage them but his Majesty's pleasure. I pray God the sweet child find it to her advantage, who, if my augury deceive me not, will in a few years be such a paragon, as were fit to make a wife to the greatest prince in Europe."

"1683.—I went to compliment the Duchess of Grafton, now laying in of her first child, a son, which she called for, that I might see it. She was become more beautiful, if it were possible, than before, and full of virtue and sweetness. She discoursed with me of many particulars with great prudence and gravity beyond her years."

This youthful and lovely mother was then just fifteen. She lived to walk at the coronation of George II., as Countess of Arlington in her own right, and died in 1722.

Eight years after the death of the Duke of Grafton, who was shot at the siege of Cork, in 1690, her Grace wedded, for her second husband, Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., the celebrated Speaker of the House of Commons, but by him had no issue. Her only son, by her first husband, Charles, second Duke of Grafton, K. G., inherited, in right of his mother, the Earldom of Arlington, and Viscounty of Thetford—dignities still enjoyed by the representative of the ducal house of Fitzroy.

VISCOUNT ALLEN.

Of the late Joshua, Viscount Allen, the last of his race, many diverting anecdotes are related, not only as regards his early days, when a young officer of the Guards, but with reference to those eccentricities in which he persevered until the latest period of his life.

Colonel Allen, before he succeeded to the title, was somewhat embarrassed in his circumstances, and was obliged occasionally to undergo the disagreeable ordeal of dunning. One creditor he had put off so frequently with promises which he had been unable to perform, that his moral courage was not sufficient to enable him to face him when he called, and he was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of denying himself. The poor tradesman was always too late: the Colonel was on guard, had just gone out, or would be home in an hour, by which time he was dressed, and really out. One morning Mr. —— took his station at the door of the gallant officer's lodging in Mount-street, at seven o'clock, and intimated to the servant, about ten, that he had watched his master home the previous night, knew he had not yet gone out, and should therefore wait and see him. His pertinacity was so great, that the Colonel was obliged to admit him, and as soon as he was dressed all but his coat, he slipped on his dressing-gown, and placing himself at a table with a very difficult

piece of music before him, he seized his flute, upon which instrument his lordship was a proficient, and desiring that Mr. —— might be admitted, he struck up as the man was ascending the stairs, and, as he entered, hastily bade him take a seat, when, to the astonishment and delight of the creditor, he played the whole piece, remarking all the time the pleasure his listener appeared to derive from his efforts. When he had concluded, he made many excuses for not having attended to him, but observed that in practising music it was difficult to learn any piece, if once he suffered himself to be interrupted. He saw, too, that Mr. —— was fond of music; (which was the fact)—and if so, he would play him one of Beethoven's finest pieces arranged for the flute. The man's civility would not permit him to refuse so kind an offer, and the Colonel went into the next room to get the music, when he adroitly put on his coat and hat, and, descending the backstairs, left the house, and not until several hours had elapsed did the poor man ascertain that his bird was flown.

It is no scandal to observe that the estates of the viscounty were very small, and did not produce more than sufficient for his lordship to keep up the appearance of a gentleman of fashion. Some people, in allusion to his lordship's want of hospitality, had ill-naturedly observed, in reference to his mansion in Merrion-square, Dublin, that the door was enormous, but so few had ever seen the interior, that it was doubtful if there were any house behind it. Upon the death of the fifth viscount, Colonel Allen succeeded to the peerage, and the small patrimonial estates, and it was found expedient to arrange with his creditors, upon the most rigidly economical principles, so much so, indeed, as rather to partake of the character of a composition, which was subsequently the cause of much annoyance to his lord-

ship, whose strong inclination to sarcasm naturally induced his friends, who occasionally laboured under the effects of his cutting satire, to retaliate whenever they found an opportunity. Lord Allen was a very tall, stout, dignified, and pompous person, and when he took a dislike to any man, was far from generous in his attacks. The deeper he cut, the greater was the satisfaction he derived. The world gave him but little credit for feeling, and he appeared to be perfectly indifferent to the feelings of others. If he could raise a laugh in the clubs at the expense of any of his dear friends, his vanity was satisfied; he felt he had achieved a triumph which, in the piping times of peace, was as glorious as a victory over the enemies of his country.

The following anecdote, which so well illustrates his lordship's character upon this point, will, we are sure, be as properly appreciated as the retaliation of the party attacked will be relished, notwithstanding its severity.

Lord Allen, from some cause or other, had taken it into his head to make a butt of a gentleman highly esteemed by all who knew him, who happened to be a member of the same club with his lordship, and hearing that this gentleman, who was a Banker, had petitioned the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to remove a monument which had been placed opposite to his house of business, asked him one day, in a rather imperious manner, his motive for joining the inhabitants of the district in the petition. The Banker replied, that it collected a quantity of idlers and dirty boys about the spot, to the great hindrance of business, and the annoyance of his neighbours.

"Oh," said his lordship, "of course every man knows his own business best, but I should have thought it rather advantageous to you than otherwise."

"How so, my lord?" replied the Banker.

"Because," said his lordship, "while you are standing idle at your own shop door, it would prevent your seeing the crowds of people flocking to the respectable banking-house of Messrs. Bullion and Co., on the opposite side of the road."

Of course his lordship's spleen was gratified, for the whole club was convulsed with laughter; but the triumph was only of short duration, for the Banker soon learned that his lordship — whose peculiarly pompous manner had obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "King, by which title, and no other, was he commonly known amongst his intimate friends—had previously arranged with his creditors by the payment of ten shillings in the pound.

The Banker was determined to be revenged, and within a few hours, before the novelty of "King Allen's last" had subsided, he went to the club, when it was crammed with members, and having claimed their attention, observed, that if "King Allen's" coronation were to take place, and his champion were to throw down his gauntlet in Westminster Hall, he would pick it up.

"Why? why?" observed Lord Allen.

"Why? why?" resounded from all the members of the club.

"Because," said the Banker, "I find he has assumed a title to which he has no claim, for he has compounded with his creditors, and paid them ten shillings in the pound; he is therefore no king, but merely a half-sovereign."

The anger of the Viscount knew no bounds, and many, who were truly delighted with the Roland the Banker had bestowed upon his lordship in return for his Oliver, nevertheless declared that it was too severe, absolutely

cruel—a cruelty, however, which gave exquisite delight to those who most censured the repartee.

One of the eccentricities of Lord Allen was the whiteness of his cravats, which, for the greater portion of his long life, he invariably sent to Shrewsbury to be washed, no matter where he happened to be; as he had often declared that there was but one *blanchisseuse de cravattes dans le monde.*

THE AUTHORSHIP OF ROBIN GRAY.

Lady Ann Barnard, sister of the late Earl of Balcarres, wrote the beautiful ballad of "Robin Gray," but kept the secret so well, that a controversy arose as to the probable date of the production, some asserting that it was of considerable antiquity, and had been composed by David Rizzio. "I was persecuted," says the lady herself in a very interesting letter, dated 1823, "to avow whether I had written it or not, or where I had got it. However, I kept my counsel in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers, to the person who should ascertain the point past doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. I must also mention," continues Lady Anne, "the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-a-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, "To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea," say, to make it twenty merks; for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

We are about to present to our readers one of the great captains of the martial times of King Edward III., the renowned Sir John Hawkwood, so celebrated by the chroniclers for wisdom, valour and prowess, who, though bred an humble fashioner of doublets, achieved high reputation and goodly estate in the brave and boisterous profession of arms—a soldier of fortune, serving sometimes under the standard of a pope, an emperor, or a king, and sometimes beneath his own bold banner: for, under the feudal system, when the legislative as well as executive power vested in the strong arm alone, a freebooter and a man-at-arms were nearly, if not altogether, terms of precise similitude. The soldier had then—should his services not be required by his liege lord—full liberty to wage war wheresoever and against whomsoever his good will and good sword directed him for his own advantage solely, governed by no other principle and amenable to no other law. Of that description of adventurer, Hawkwood is regarded as one of the most eminent and valiant, as he certainly was one of the most fortunate of his times.

The honour of our hero's birth belongs to the county of Essex, where his ancestors are said to have held lands, and to have been of note in the reigns of Kings

John and Henry III.; be that, though, as it may, John Hawkwood was born in the reign of Edward II., at Hedingham-Sible, in Essex, the son of Gilbert Hawkwood, a worthy tanner and leatherseller of that place, and at Hedingham he remained and received the rudiments of education, until of competent age to acquire some handicraft trade, for which purpose he was removed to London, and bound apprentice to a well-doing honest tailor, of East Cheap. Here he soon acquired celebrity for his courageous and daring spirit amongst his fellow-apprentices, a body notorious for turbulency and riot, the dread alike of Court and City in those days. Whether that daring spirit induced Hawkwood voluntarily to exchange the needle for a lance, or whether, as the penalty of some sanguinary brawl, he was forced to become a soldier, we know not; but we do know that, from the tailor's workshop, he embarked to join the King's (Edward III.) armies, then engaged in the French wars, and henceforward adopted the trade of arms. In these wars Hawkwood became soon so famous that he was raised from the position of a common soldier to the rank of captain, and for further services had knighthood conferred upon him by the King himself, he being then accounted the poorest knight of the army. His deeds of valour were highly appreciated by his general, the Black Prince, but more especially his gallant bearing at the battle of Poictiers. On the subsequent conclusion of peace between France and England, Sir John, finding his estate too insignificant to maintain his title and dignity, and "being loth," saith the chronicler, "to return to his trade," associated himself with companies called Late-comers, and continued a soldier of fortune. Froissart says: "At this period there was, in Tuscany, a right valiant English Knight, called Sir John Hawkwood, who had there per-

formed many most gallant deeds of arms; he had left France at the conclusion of the peace of Bretigny, and was at that time a poor knight, who thought it would not be any advantage to him to return home; but when he saw that, by the treaties, all men-at-arms would be forced to leave France, he put himself at the head of those free companions called Late-comers, and marched into Burgundy. Several such companions, composed of English, Gascons, Bretons, Germans, and of men from every nation, were collected there. Hawkwood was one of the principal leaders with Bucquet and Carnello, by whom the battle of Brignais was fought and won, and who aided Bernard de la Salle to take the Pont du St. Esprit." Hawkwood and his companions continued to ravage Champagne, Burgundy, Dauphiny, and other eastern parts of France, and having defeated all that attempted to oppose them, spread terror even to the very gates of Avignon, at that time the residence of the Pope and Cardinals; so that, to get rid of such unwelcome guests, his Holiness was obliged not only to pardon the past, but to pay them a large sum of money beside. From thence he led into Lombardy part of the companions, called the White Band, consisting of about five thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot, for the most part English, with whom he most effectually assisted John, Marquis of Montferrat, against the Dukes of Milan. The Marquis led them over the Alps, after he had paid them sixty thousand francs, of which Hawkwood received for himself and his troops, ten thousand. Hawkwood did not, however, adhere long to the fortunes of the Marquis of Montferrat, but forsook his service when Lionel of Clarence, son of King Edward III., came to celebrate his marriage with Violante, daughter of Galleaccio, Duke of Milan, having

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Hawkwood subsequently, with the permission of the Duke of Clarence, entered the service of the Duke of Milan against the States of Montferrat and Mantua. In this campaign he was so successful, and acquired so much fame and wealth, that his name and valour became renowned and terrible throughout the entire of Italy; and so great was the estimation in which the Duke of Milan and the ducal family held him, that Barnabas, the Duke's brother, gave his natural daughter, the Lady Domitia, with a yearly revenue of 10,000 florins, in marriage to the gallant Englishman; yet, notwithstanding his great alliance, Hawkwood abandoned the standard of Barnabas, and joined that of his enemy; some allege because of the sudden death of his master, the Duke of Clarence, four months after his marriage, which Sir John attributed to poison; others, more correctly, assign Hawkwood's withdrawal from the service of Milan to the single motive which swayed all his actions, a better prospect of making his fortune elsewhere. Subsequently he plundered many towns in Lombardy, and took possession of two, one of which he sold to the Marquis of Este for 20,000 crowns, and the other he retained himself for a considerable time. Having thus augmented his fortune, and his forces increasing with the means of providing for them, Sir John, seeking new adventures and a new scene of action, was retained by Pope Gregory XII. against the papal towns in Provence which had revolted, but were soon restored to obedience by the English general, for which the governorship of five towns was conferred by his Holiness upon him.

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remained in Italy, and were employed by Pope Urban as long as he lived in his wars in the Milanese. Pope Gregory, successor to Urban, engaged him in the same manner;" and he adds, "Sir John had also a profitable employment under the Lord de Coucy, against the Count de Vertus and his barons, in which, some say, Lord de Coucy would have been slain, if Sir John Hawkwood had not come to his assistance with five hundred combatants, which he was solely induced to do because the Lord de Coucy had married one of the King of England's daughters. This Sir John Hawkwood was a knight much inured to war, which he had long followed, and had gained great renown in Italy from his gallantry." These wars being concluded, Hawkwood's aid was courted by several free cities and states of Italy, more especially by the two rival commonwealths of Florence and Pisa, which were then striving for the sovereignty. Florence being at first the higher bidder, Sir John sided, of course, with the Florentines, but for awhile, when he went over to the Pisans, and again returned to the Florentines. Upon this occasion the celebrated lines of Lucan were, with great truth, applied to him:

> Nulla fides pietasque viris qui castra sequuntur,
> Venalesq; manus, ibi fas ubi maxima merces.*

He continued, however, to the last, general of the Florentines, and served them so zealously and so successfully, that he was styled the founder of their republic. "At length (says the chronicler) the valiant knight, loaded with honour and riches, died at a very advanced age, at Florence, in 1394. The senate, out of gratitude

* Nor faith, nor honour, warms the hireling's breast,
For him he fights, whose pay is deemed the best.

for his services, and to perpetuate his exploits, deposited his body in the cathedral of Santa Maria Florida, under a sumptuous monument, over which there is his effigy on horseback, armed at all parts, with hawks flying through a wood in his shield, being a rebus of his name."

A great portion of his wealth was conveyed into England, and his friends and executors erected for him an honorary cenotaph in the church of the parish of Hedingham-Sible, in Essex, beside founding a chantry. From the effigies on the monument, it would seem that he had two wives, by one of whom, the Lady Domitia, he had one son of both his own names, a knight also, who was naturalized in 1406 or 1407.

Sir John Hawkwood was one of the founders of the English hospital at Rome, for the entertainment of indigent travellers. Contemporary and succeeding chroniclers and historians are lavish in his praise, especially Sir John Froissart and T. Walsingham, and, in later times, Paulus Jovius and Nicholas Machiaveli. But they strangely distort his name. Froissart calls him Acton; Jovius, Acuthus; which others have turned into Sharp; and, finally, others call him Gyovanno Agutho (John of the Gules). Julius Feroldus composed four verses in commendation of him, which have been thus translated:

> "O Hawkwood, England's glory, sent to be
> The bulwark and the pride of Italy,
> A tomb just Florence to thy work did raise
> And Jovius rears a statue to thy praise."

The army of Sir John Hawkwood attained the character of being the most perfect school of military discipline, and from it proceeded many great captains of

subsequent renown: in fine, Sir John himself was esteemed, both by friend and foe, one of the greatest captains of the age.

Sir John Hawkwood held the manor of Hawkwood, in the parish of Hedingham-Sible, in Essex, of the Earl of Oxford; and his son, another Sir John Hawkwood, Knight, mentioned above, held it after him.

LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

HENRY, tenth Lord Clifford, and Baron Vesey, son and heir of the famed Lord Clifford, of the wars of the Roses—immortalized by Shakespeare's muse—succeeded to the hereditary honours of his illustrious house at the early age of seven, by the death of his father at the battle of Towton. To protect him from the vengeance of the Yorkists, then in the ascendant, it was deemed necessary to disguise the young Lord in the mean habit of "a Shepherd's Boy," and to consign him to a herdsman's care.

——— he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb was humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien.

In that lowly condition he lived for twenty-five years, without any education, even so much as learning to write, lest it might lead to his discovery. On the accession, however, of Henry VII., he emerged from the Fells of Cumberland, with the manners and ideas of his humble associates. He was altogether illiterate, though

far from deficient in natural understanding: but the consciousness of his own deficiencies depressed his spirits, and he determined on retiring to the solitude of Barden, in Craven. There he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants would suffice him who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds at the present day possess, had given him a taste for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and he now resolved to seek amusement and instruction in the study of astronomy, under the guidance of the good and learned canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science. In these peaceful employments, Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry VII., and the first year of the following. But in 1513, when almost sixty years old, the Shepherd Lord received a principal command in the army which fought at Flodden, and proved that the military genius of the family had not been chilled in him by age, or extinguished by habits of peace:

Now another day is come,
Fitter hope and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
"Quell the Scot," exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd in his power,

Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar—
First shall head the flock of war!

Lord Clifford survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died 23rd April, 1523, aged about seventy. He married, first, Anne, only daughter of Sir John St. John, of Bletshoe, cousin-german to Henry VII.; and, secondly, Florence,* daughter of Henry Pudsey, Esq. By the latter he had one daughter, Dorothy, wife of Sir Hugh Lowther, of Lowther; and by the former, three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Henry, eleventh Lord Clifford, lived upon bad terms with his father for several years, in consequence of his youthful dissipation; to

* The gradual advancement of this lady, is remarkable; her father was an esquire, her first husband a knight, her second a baron, her last the grandson of a queen. She survived her father-in-law, who was slain at Towton, ninety-seven years; and, having conversed with several of the principals in the war between the Houses, must, in the middle of the next century, if her memory remained, have been a living chronicle, fraught with information and entertainment.

Florence Pudsey was daughter of Henry Pudsey, Esq. of Bolton, grandson of Sir Ralph Pudsey, the faithful protector of King Henry VI. after the fatal issue of the battle of Hexham. The first husband she matched with was Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, the heir-apparent of the knightly and historic family of Talbot of Bashall, the senior line of the illustrious house of Shrewsbury. He and his father, Sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall, adhering to the Yorkist party, co-operated with Sir James Harington and Sir John Tempest in capturing Henry VI. Betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, the unhappy monarch was, in the month of June, 1465, taken by the Talbots as he sat at dinner at Waddington Hall, a seat of the Tempests, where he had found an asylum for several months. He escaped for awhile, but was captured by the two Sir Thomas Talbots, near the Bungerly hipping stones, on the Ribble, across which he had fled for concealment in Clitheroe Wood, and he was by them conducted towards London. These events form the subject of one of Roby's Lancashire traditions. Warwick met Henry at Islington, and had the cruelty to subject his

supply the means for which he turned outlaw, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches. He is said, however, to have been reclaimed in good time, and was created, 18th June, 1523, Earl of Cumberland, besides being made a Knight of the Garter. The barony of Clifford is now enjoyed by his lordship's descendant, Sophia, Baroness de Clifford.

We cannot better conclude our reference to the good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, than by adding Sir Egerton Brydges' sonnet:—

To Henry, Lord Clifford.

I wish I could have heard thy long-tried lore,
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! thou couldst well,
From sage experience, that best teacher, tell
How far within the SHEPHERD'S humble door

---

former sovereign to the indignity of having his legs bound with leather straps to the stirrups of his horse. In this degraded state, the King was led through Cheap and Cornhill to the Tower, where he remained for the next five years. Harington received for his services lands belonging to Tunstall of Thurland, and the Talbots and Tempests received annuities out of Bolland and Tickel until they could be provided with lands. A tradition has been preserved that the luckless Prince predicted that there would be nine successive generations of his captors, the knights of Bashall, consisting alternately of a wise and a weak man, after which the name would be lost—a prediction, however, which the result has not verified. Sir Thomas Talbot the younger died 13 Henry VII., and having no issue, was succeeded by his brother Edmund, ancestor of the subsequent Talbots of Bashall, whose late representative and heir-general was Richard Hughes Lloyd, Esq., of Plymog, Gwerclas, and Bashall. Sir Thomas's widow wedded (as mentioned in the text), for her second husband, Henry Lord Clifford, representative of the princely Cliffords. After his death, Florence took for her third husband Lord Richard Grey, younger son of Thomas Marquis of Dorset, and grandson of Margaret Widvile, Queen of Edward IV.

Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor
  Of gay baronial halls disdains to dwell,
  Though deck'd with many a feast,—and many a spell
  Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar
Of pleasure, clamorous round the full-crown'd bowl
  Thou hadst (and who had doubted thee?) exprest
  What empty baubles are the ermined stole,
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,
  And music lulling the sick frame to rest!—
  Bliss only haunts the poor contented soul!

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, K.G.

The Plantagenet kings ruled with despotic sway—their diadem was achieved by the sword, and by the sword they retained it. Yet it was under the sceptre of these arbitrary princes that this green land of ours acquired the care lacking and joy-inspiring appellation of "Merrie England," and that her sons became so famous in the annals of heroism, chivalry, and romance. It was under the sceptre of these arbitrary princes that the fields of Cressy, Poictiers, and Azincourt were fought and won, and it was under the same iron-rod that the great Charters were unrolled on the plain of Runnemede, to be sealed and signed by an absolute monarch. Though the race was despotic and cruel, and heartless many of its princes, the chivalric bearing, high courage, and martial renown of our early sovereigns cast a redeeming light around their memory, sought for in vain in the dark annals of their immediate successors, the Tudors and the Stuarts.

The age of feudalism was pre-eminently the age of chivalry. It lasted for more than four hundred years, from the battle of Hastings to that of Bosworth, from the triumph of the first William to the defeat of the last

Richard, and for the whole of that turbulent and semi-barbarous era, a passion for feats of arms, military pageants, and regal progresses, so entirely engrossed the public mind in England and France, that for the enjoyment of such "sports and pastimes," the people of both countries lavished freely their blood and their treasure, in wars waged solely for the renown and aggrandizement of their sovereign lords and feudal taskmasters, bringing themselves nothing but toil, peril, and indigence. Of these exhibitions, the most splendid and the most popular was the Tournament, or Passage of Arms. —"Were their distresses," says Sir Walter Scott, "ever so great, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of the age, felt as much interest as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast, neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions." It has passed away though, and is now only remembered amongst the gorgeousness of the rude age in which it flourished; more refined, if not more spirit-stirring, exercises prevail instead, and a recent attempt to revive even the shadow of "a passage of arms" proved altogether so abortive, that there can be no apprehension of the lists being again brought into fashion.

The Plantagenet era, as we have already remarked, was essentially the era of the Tournament, but still the gorgeous pastime found favour under the Tudors, and received marked encouragement at the gay court of the Eighth Henry. Of that epoch, the most romantic character was CHARLES BRANDON, the son of Sir William Brandon, Standard Bearer at Bosworth, who fell by the hand of King Richard, on that memorable field. From

his early youth, he was a devoted lover of all martial exercises, and soon rivalled the most renowned heroes of antiquity in his skill and success at the tournay.

In the year 1510, while yet in the bloom of youth, he appeared at Westminster, in the solemn jousts held in honour of Catherine of Arragon, in the dress of a recluse, begging of her highness permission to run a tilt in her presence. The boon he obtained, and then instantly flung off his weeds, and came out well armed. He next signalized himself at the jousts at Tournay, in 1511, instituted by Margaret, Princess of Castile, in compliment to his Royal Master. The place was flagged with black marble, and the horses were shod with felt, to prevent them from slipping. From this encounter, he carried off as a prize the love of Margaret, but the English knight had no heart to return in its place; his was become captive to Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England. Unable to conquer his flame, although the King gave the lady in marriage to Louis XII. of France, Brandon followed her over in character of ambassador. At that time, Francis Duke of Valois, the Dauphin, proclaimed a tournament in honour of the Queen, which was to be held at her coronation in Paris. Brandon, who had been created Duke of Suffolk, heard of the proclamation, and requested of the King permission to be present. Having obtained consent, he went, attended by the Marquis of Dorset and his four brothers—the Lord Clinton, Sir Edward Neville, Sir Giles Capel, and Sir Thomas Cheyney. The Duke of Valois chose Charles Brandon and the Marquis of Dorset as his aids, in all the martial exercises of the time.

Drayton, the poet, thus refers to this celebrated tournay. Mary is supposed to be addressing the gallant Brandon:—

When thou to France conducted was by fame
With many knights, which from all countries came,
To see me on St. Denis, on my throne,
Where Lewis held my coronation;
Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take;
When as the staves upon thy caske did light,
Grieved therewith I turned away my sight.
But when I saw thy proud unconquered lance,
To bear the prize from all the flower of France.

County St. Paul, our best at arms in France,
Would yield himself a squire to beare thy lance.
Galeas and Bounarm, matchlesse for their might,
Uuder thy tow'ring blade have crouched in fight.

Brandon replies—

When Marquis Dorset and the valiant Grayes
To purchase fame, first croste the narrow seas,
With all the knights, that my associates went
In honour of thy nuptial tournament;
When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal had I but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beautie I esteemed no prize
That large lim'd Almaine, of the giant race
Which bare strength in his breast, feare on his face,
Whose sinewed arms with his steel-temper'd blade,
Thro' plate and mail such open passage made;
Upon whose might thy Frenchmen's glorie lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Offering his shield a conquered spoyle to thee.

The incident of "the Almaine," which Drayton records, was this:—

The French, envious of the success of Brandon, introduced into the lists a gigantic German, whom they thought of incomparable strength and prowess, in order

to conquer, by superior force, the British knight. The German encountered him, but the duke appeared so likely to come off conqueror, that the French tried to save their champion. The English combatant made a second essay, caught his opponent round the neck, and beat him so violently with the pommel of his sword, that the blood came out of the side of his casque. The French then interfered again, and conveyed their champion away.

Soon after, the aged husband of the young and beautiful Mary died, and left her at liberty to receive the addresses of the Duke of Suffolk. Their attachment was reciprocal, and the royal widow informed her lover of her predilection for him, by sending word that she gave him four days to consider whether he would marry her or not. Suffolk readily consented. Francis I. favoured his suit, for he wanted Mary to return to England. Charles carried her from France, and at his wedding had a magnificent tournament in honour of his royal bride, at which he himself tilted. The livery and trappings of the duke's horse upon the occasion were half cloth of gold, and half cloth of frieze, with the following lines on them, allusive to his union with the royal bride:—

> Cloth of gold do not despise,
> Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze:
> Cloth of frieze be not too bold,
> Though thou art matched with cloth of gold.

Suffolk, in addition to the advantages of so exalted an alliance, derived immense wealth from this marriage with Mary Tudor. Her jointure was sixty thousand crowns annually, and the personal property which she was allowed to bring to England was estimated at two

hundred thousand, together with a celebrated diamond, of immense price, called "le miroir de Naples."

By his illustrious spouse, his Grace had one son, Henry, Earl of Lincoln, who died young and unmarried, and two daughters—Frances, wife of Henry Grey, Marquess of Dorset, and Eleanor, Countess of Henry Clifford, second Earl of Cumberland. Of the former, the eldest daughter was the incomparable and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, in whom all the high spirit and chivalrous feeling of her grandfather, the gallant Charles Brandon, were combined with the beauty, the wit, and the accomplishments of his royal bride.

In this brief memorial of the gallant Charles Brandon, we have regarded him only in his character of "preu Chevalier"—

> the president
> Of nobleness and chivalrie.

His brilliant services on the battle-fields of France belong more properly to the page of general history: otherwise, we might have dwelt on his daring valour in the desperate action with a French squadron off Brest, in 1513, and on his prowess at the sieges of Therounne and Tournay; we might have told of the renown he won at the Battle of Spurs, in command of the vanguard of the English army, as well by his invasion of France, in 1523, and we might have closed the stirring narrative with his capture of Boulogne, in 1544.

Suffice it for us now to add, that his Grace died 14th August, 1545. By his will, executed in the previous year, he ordered that a cup of gold should be made of his Collar of the Garter and given to the King; that the ceremonies of his funeral should be conducted with a frugality and a plainness very unusual at that time:

to use his own words, "without any pomp or outward pride of the world," and that his body should be buried in the collegiate church of Tatteshall, in Lincolnshire. These injunctions were not, however, followed. The King had his departed favourite interred with sumptuous magnificence, and at his Majesty's sole charge, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

THE MINSTREL COURT OF THE DUTTONS.

Passing the viaduct near the Acton Station, in Cheshire, the traveller on the North-Western Railway may have perceived, at the other side of the river Weever, a farm-house, half hidden in the trees that clothe the summit of the opposite hill. This is the remains of the ancient mansion of the family of Dutton of Dutton. It will amply repay any lover of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century to leave the railway at the above station, and pay a visit to the old house. A narrow paved road, presenting here and there, through its over-hanging trees, beautiful glimpses of the surrounding country, conducts from Acton Station to Acton Bridge. Here, parting from the road, a path winds through the rich "meadows, browsed by deep-uddered kine," that flank the Weever on either side, and leads to the foot of the woody eminence seen from the viaduct, whereon stand the ruins of Dutton Hall. Turning abruptly to the right, the path ascends the hill, and a few hundred paces bring the traveller to the door. Here he is presented with an unusually rich fragment of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, causing a vain regret that so little has been preserved of this venerable pile.

It occupies, as we have already said, the ridge of a steep declivity, commanding a finely-wooded country,

with a surface of beautiful undulation, and some splendid reaches of the river. One side of the site is protected by the slope of the hill, the remaining portion is surrounded by a moat, broad and deep.

But one side of the ancient quadrangle is standing, composed of timber and plaster. The ancient doorway still remains. It consists of a broad arch, over which several fanciful borders are introduced with arabesques and various devices, including S. P. D. K., and the letters P. V., tied together with a true lover's knot, and this inscription in black letters:—

> Syr Peyrs Dutton, Knt., Lorde of Dutton, and my lade dame Julian, hys wiff, made this hall and buyldyng, in the yere of oure Lorde God, MCCCCCXLII, who thanketh God of all.

The door within the porch is studded with nails and divided into six panels, covered with tracery above; over it are several shields, and on each side the arms of Dutton and Halton quarterly, with helmets and crests, and two griphons, parted per fesse or and azure, as supporters. Other figures there are holding a garter and a rose. Under one shield are the letters L. H. S. encircled with a wreath; and under the other, the five wounds of Christ.

This doorway opened into a passage leading through the buildings, the oaken roof of which still remains. On the right side were the buttery and other offices as in college halls; and on the left, the great hall, forty feet by twenty. This apartment was separated from the passage by a screen with ornamented pilasters; but this has been built up. Other pilasters run up the sides, ending in octagonal capitals, supporting a coved ceiling, on the edge of which is a black-letter inscription. As the hall has been divided into several stories for the convenience of farming purposes, partial views only can

be obtained of the proportions and parts of the hall; but the inscription can be easily traced by any one who ascends a trap-door leading into the upper story, which is close to the coved roof. It runs to the effect that the hall was built by the said Sir Piers Dutton, then of Halton, Knt., heir male of the late Lawrence Dutton, of Dutton, to commemorate the successful issue of his long suit against the heir, Genvale of the Duttons; which said suit was closed by an award in Sir Piers' favour, by King Henry the Eighth, under his broad seal.

From this township the ancient family of Duttons obtained their surname. It is spelt in "Domesday" Duntune, signifying a town upon a hill; and was in the possession of a knight, named Odard, in 1086. The above Sir Piers Dutton was the fifteenth in lineal descent from Odard. The hall built by him was adjoined to a chapel, which had been erected by Sir Thomas Dutton, A.D. 1270, and which had heretofore stood separate from the mansion. This chapel was, unhappily, pulled down not long ago, by Mr. Aston, to whom the estate then belonged.

The immediate line of the Duttons of Dutton terminated in 1665, by the death of the Lady Kilmorey, who was, with her daughter Katherine, who died the day before her, buried at Great Budworth, on Friday, the 16th of March in that year. Her father, Thomas Dutton, of Dutton, was a man of dissipated and careless habits. He sold a great part of the vast possessions. of the family; and, through the most wanton negligence, suffered a collection of family and local records, unequalled in the whole county, to be scattered and lost.

Sir Peter Leicester tells us that when he was here in 1665, there was preserved as a heir-loom, handed down from the first proprietor, a sword, reputed to have be-

longed to the said Odard, and always called "Odard's Sword." This, with many other invaluable relics, has perished in the lapse of time.

The Hall and Manor of Dutton passed through various hands after Kilmorey's death, by means of marriages, purchases, &c., and now belongs to Sir Arthur Aston, of Aston. It came to him from Mr. Broke, of Mere, who purchased it from Mr. Lant, of Putney, who himself had been a purchaser.

This gentleman was the last who held the "Minstrel Court," in exercise of a privilege and jurisdiction attached to the Dutton estate; which, from its curious incidents and long assertion, is worthy of notice. It consisted in a right to license all minstrels and players of Cheshire, and none were to use minstrelsy within Cheshire or the city of Chester but by order and licence of the proprietor of the Dutton estate.*

The privilege was originally granted to Roger Lacy, for his rescue of Ranulph, Earl of Chester, when closely besieged by the Welsh, in his Castle of Rhuddlan.

Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburgh's Abbey in that city, had granted to them, who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. The consequence of which privilege was, that multitudes of disorderly people resorted thither. Now, it came to pass that Ranulph, last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his Castle of Rhuddlan, where he was strictly besieged by the Welsh. Finding himself very hard pressed, he contrived to give notice of his

* This right seems originally to have been vested only in the heirs of Dutton, but at length it came to be alienated with the estate.

danger to Roger Lacy, constable of Chester, who, taking advantage of the number of the minstrels and players attending the fair, collected a crowd and marched to Rhuddlan.

"The minstrels," says an old account, "by their music and their songs, so allured and inspirited the multitudes of loose and lawless persons then brought together, that they resolutely marched against the Welsh. Hugh de Dutton, a gallant youth, who was steward to Lacy, put himself at their head. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined soldiers, instantly raised the siege and retired with precipitation."

For this good service, Ranulph granted to the Lacys, by charter, a peculiar patronage over men of their sort, who devolved the same again upon Dutton and his heirs.* This Hugh de Dutton was the third in descent from the above-mentioned Odard, and under him and his descendants, the minstrels who had been his assistants upon this occasion enjoyed for many ages peculiar honour and privileges; and even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the minstrels under the protection of the family of Dutton are expressly excepted out of all acts of Parliament made for their suppression, and have continued to be excepted ever since. See 14 Eliz. c. 5; 39 Eliz. c. 4; 43 Eliz. c. 9; 1 Jac. c. 25; and 17 Geo. I. c. 5.

It appears by a *quo warranto*, brought against Lawrence Dutton, Esq., in 1498, which is found in the records at Chester, that it was the custom for all minstrels in Chester to meet the Lord of Dutton on the day of St. John the Baptist, on which occasion they were to pre-

* See Sir P. Leycester's "Antiquity of Cheshire," p. 141, where the deed of grant from Lacy to Hugh de Dutton is given at length.

sent him with four flagons of wine and a lance, and he was entitled to receive from every minstrel the sum of fourpence-halfpenny and "*de qualibet meretrice,*" in the city of Chester, "*officium suum exercente,*" the sum of fourpence. After this time we hear of no control exercised by the Duttons over any persons but minstrels.

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction were as follow:—A banner bearing the arms of Dutton was hung from the window of the inn where the court was held, and notice given by a drummer proclaiming in the streets and summoning all persons concerned to appear at the court between certain hours. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the procession moved from the inn in this manner—viz., First a band of music, then two trumpeters, then licensed musicians, with white cloths across their shoulders, the banner borne by one of the principal musicians, next the steward on horseback with a white wand in his hand, then a tabarder with a tabard, bearing the arms of Dutton; lastly, the Lord of Dutton (if present), attended by many of the gentry of the county and city on horseback.

On reaching the east gate a proclamation* was made, to give notice of the holding of the court. The procession then moved forward to the church of St. John the

* "Oyez.—This is to give notice to all musicians and minstrels that the court of the Honourable Charles Gerard Fleetwood, Esq. (descendant and heir of Eleanor, sole daughter and heir of Thomas Dutton, of Dutton, in the county of Chester, Esq., by Sir Gilbert Gerard, son and heir of Thomas Lord Gerard, of Gerard Bromley, in the county of Stafford), is this day held at the house of Robert Chuff, at the 'Eagle and Child,' in the Northgate Street, Chester, where all such musicians and minstrels as do intend to play on any instrument of music for gain within the county of Chester, or within the county of the city of Chester, are required to appear and take licence for the year ensuing, otherwise, they will be adjudged and will be taken up as rogues and vagabonds, and punished accordingly. God save the King, and the Lord of the court."

Baptist. On entering the church, the steward made a signal to the musicians, who instantly dropped on their knees, and proceeded to play sundry solemn airs upon their instruments. Divine service was then performed, and the Lord of Dutton was specially prayed for. Service being over, the proclamation* was made, and the procession then returned to the inn, in the same order as it came. Entertainments to the Lord's friends and musicians followed, and in the afternoon a jury was impanneled from among the licensed musicians, when the steward delivered a charge.† The jurors then gave in

* "God save the King, the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Family, and the Honourable Charles Gerard Fleetwood, Esq. (heir descendant of that ancient worthy family of the Duttons, of Dutton, in Cheshire, and of the right honourable family of the Gerards, of Gerards Bromley, in the county of Stafford; and long may he live, and support the honour of the Minstrel Court."

† Lyson (Mag. Brit.) gives the following charge as that delivered by Mr. Lant's steward at one of the last courts:—"Gentlemen of the jury, the oath you have just now taken seems to make it proper to say something by way of charge, otherwise, your own knowledge and experience would have rendered it quite unnecessary; but, as the duty of the office of Steward of this honourable court, and your oath require that a charge should be given to you, I shall beg leave to take up a little of your time, and say something to you concerning this honourable court, the duty and privilege of musicians in this city and county of Chester, and your duty as jurors. The records relating to this honourable court, which are still preserved, show it to have been of great antiquity, and the readiness and zeal which the musicians heretofore shewed in redeeming their prince when he was surrounded by his enemies, have been a means of perpetuating their service, and of establishing this honourable court, which Mr. Lant, the present Lord of the Manor of Dutton, claims, and the privilege thereto belonging from Roger Lacy, constable of the Castle of Chester, who raised the siege at Rhuddlan Castle, and brought the Prince in great triumph to Chester; one of which privileges is that all musicians shall appear and do suit and service at this court, and no musician shall play upon any instrument foreign, without having a licence from the Lord of Dutton, or the Steward of his court; and if any person

their verdicts and presentments, and an oath* was administered to the musicians, and licences granted to all who were judged worthy, authorizing them to play upon their musical instruments within the county and city of Chester for one year.

Such were the solemnities attendant on the holiday of the minstrel court of the Duttons in the eighteenth century, when they ceased to be holden after a constant observance, generally at annual periods, for at least 550 years. The ceremonies were somewhat different in earlier times. In the Tabley MS. c. 143, will be found a detail of the solemnities pursued on the 24th of June, 1642. Some years before the court fell into desuetude,

does presume to play for gain without such licence, he is not only liable to be prosecuted by a due course of law, but also to be punished as a rogue, vagrant, or vagabond. These privileges have been confirmed and allowed by several Acts of Parliament, and Mr. Lant is determined that the power and authority of the court shall be preserved, and that none shall exercise the employment of a musician for gain without a licence from him, or his Steward; and therefore, gentlemen, he expects, and the oath you have just taken requires, that you should inquire of all such persons playing upon any instrument of music for gain, either in the county of Chester, or of the county of the city of Chester, and if you know or are properly informed of any such, you are to present them to this court, that they may be proceeded against and punished according to law, which the Lord and his Steward are determined to do, with the utmost severity."

* The oath was as follows:—"You are to behave yourself lively, as a licensed minstrel of this court ought to do, you shall not at any time play upon any instrument of music within the county Palatine of Chester, nor within the county of the city of Chester, for hire, gain, or reward, not having the licence of the court so to do; but you shall make the Lord of this court acquainted thereof, or his Steward, and in all other respects you shall demean yourself according to the true purport and meaning of your licence; you shall give your early attendance upon the court, so long as you intend to play upon any musical instrument for gain within either of the said counties to take a licence for the same, and are able so to do, so help you God."

they had been held only occasionally at intervals, sometimes of two or three, sometimes of four or five years, and the attendance on these occasions was much diminished. The fee for a licence was two shillings and sixpence. In the last court but one, held in 1754, there were only twenty-one licences granted. The last court was held in 1756, by R. Lant, Esq., being then Lord of Dutton, and possessing the advowry of the minstrels by purchase.

END OF VOL. I.

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