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FAMILY ROMANCE;
OR,
EPISODES IN THE DOMESTIC ANNALS
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY
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FAMILY ROMANCE.

VICISSITUDES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

As highest hills with tempests be most touched,
And tops of trees most subject unto winde
And as great towers with stones strongly couched,
Have heavy falls when they be undermynde,
E'en so by prooffe in worldly thinges we finde,
That such as clime the top of high degree,
From perill of falling never can be free.

It has been well observed that Fortune never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to mendicants, or debases the descendants of nobles into hewers of wood and drawers of water. In a former work we told of the decadence of many a royal line,—of the withering of many a proud stem; and instanced how one co-heir of our Plantagenet kings was, at the very

time we wrote, a shoemaker, carrying on his craft in a suburb of London; another, a butcher at Halesowen; and a third, a toll-bar keeper at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. We mentioned, too, the sufferings of an Earl of Traquair, who, ruined in the great civil war, was reduced to beg alms as the meanest pauper in the streets of Edinburgh; and we instanced the fate of the last Baronet of the O'Neills,—sprung from the ancient Kings of Ireland, who ended his days as "boots" in a little inn at Duleek, in the county of Louth. The subject seems to have attracted so much public attention that we propose in our present chapter to draw yet further on its still unexhausted stores.

Our narrative of vicissitudes shall commence with a great Norman family, the UMFRAVILLES of Northumberland. Their patriarch ROBERT "with the beard," Lord of Tours and Vian, accompanied the Conqueror to England, and, in ten years after the victory of Hastings, obtained from his royal master a grant of the Valley of Redesdale in Northumberland, with all its castles, woods, and franchises, to hold of him and his heirs for ever by the service of defending that part of the country from wolves and the King's enemies by "the sword which the said King William wore at his side when he entered Northumberland, and which he gave to the said Robert." The direct male descendant

of this illustrious family, dignified with the titles of Baron and Earl—a family which was on its wane ere the Russells had sprung into importance by the spoils of the church—was Captain John Brand Umfraville, of the Royal Navy, who died a few years ago without issue. His father, Mr. William Umfraville, kept formerly a chandler's shop in Newcastle, but failed in business, and was glad to accept the situation of keeper of St. Nicholas' workhouse, in that town. In that humble station, the heir of the Umfravilles—once the all-potent Earls of Angus—closed his life, leaving a widow surviving him, and a son and a daughter without any means of support. The Duke of Northumberland, informed of the sad story of the decadence of the Umfravilles, kindly allowed an annuity to the widow, and undertook the education of the boy, for whom, in due time, he procured the appointment of Midshipman in the Royal Navy, and whom we have just mentioned as Captain John Brand Umfraville, the last of his famous line.

The wars of the Roses effected the ruin of many of the old Plantagenet nobles. Fearful was the heart-rending dissensions which that terrible quarrel sowed amongst the nearest and dearest connections, and fearful the misery and wretchedness it entailed on a great majority of the most illustrious families

in England. Philip de Comines, in his quaint yet lively style, has given a brief account of the fall of several potent houses, which will no doubt amuse every reader who does not allow himself to be startled by a language somewhat antique, or by the historian's strange transformations of English names and titles. From Comines' pages we learn that the exiled Peers of England were in such abject poverty before the Duke of Burgundy received them, that "those who beg alms are not so poor." One powerful prince, Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter, who had married King Edward IV.'s sister, "I have seen," (we quote the old chronicler), "running a-foot, bare-legged, begging his bread from house to house, for God's sake." The poor outcast mentioned not his name, but when he was known, the Duke of Burgundy conferred on him a small pension.

The Dukes of BUCKINGHAM afford one of the most singular pages in the Misfortunes of Great Families; the title, by whatever race it was borne, uniformly ending in the same disastrous result. To begin with the Staffords, the earliest bearers of the ill-omened but honourable distinction;—Humphrey de Stafford, the sixth earl of that name, and first Duke of Buckingham, closely allied to the royal house

of Lancaster, may be said to have opened that tragedy, which deepened as it progressed towards a catastrophe with his successors. His eldest son was killed at the fatal battle of St. Albans, in which the Yorkists so signally defeated their opponents, and he himself fell gallantly fighting for the Lancastrians at the battle of Northampton. Such a death, however, was much too common in those times of civil warfare, to have deserved of itself any particular notice; but it acquires a deep significance from after circumstances, as if being an omen of misfortune.

The second Duke of Buckingham, Henry de Stafford, thus becoming, according to the custom of the times, a ward to the reigning monarch, was naturally brought up, so far as education could influence him, in attachment to the house of York. He was even a main instrument in elevating to the throne King Richard III., who made him a Knight of the Garter and Constable of England. But, as every reader of Shakspeare knows,—

“High-reaching Buckingham grew circumspect.
The deep, revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels;
Hath he so long held out with me untired
And stops he now for breath?”

Whatever might be the cause—whether the old family attachment, or the neglect of King Richard—the Duke collected a force to join Richmond; but

his army being defeated, he himself fled, and was finally taken, when, all old services forgotten, it was,—

“ Off with his head ! so much for Buckingham.”

The success of the Lancastrians restored the next heir of this house, Edward de Stafford, to the family honours, and he became the third Duke of Buckingham. The favour this nobleman found with Henry VII., was rather increased than diminished with his despotic successor. But he had the misfortune to offend the all-powerful Wolsey—who, if Buckingham was proud, was yet prouder. The first occasion of dispute between them, according to the gossip of the day, was this:— It chanced on one occasion, that Buckingham held a basin for the King to wash his hands, when Henry, having completed his ablutions, the Prelate dipt his fingers into the water. Buckingham was so offended at this, which he considered derogatory to his rank, that he flung the contents of the basin into the Cardinal's shoes ; and the latter, being no less incensed in his turn, declared aloud, that he “ would stick in the Duke's skirts.” To show his contempt for such a menace, the Duke came to court soon afterwards richly dressed, but without any skirts ; and the King demanding the reason of so strange a

costume, he replied, it was "to prevent the Cardinal from sticking, as he had threatened, in his skirts." How the bluff monarch received this jest we are not told, but, from subsequent events, we may only too well infer how little palatable it was to the haughty Cardinal, who had long before resolved that—

" Buckingham
Should lessen his big looks."

It seems the Duke had dismissed from his employ a steward, named Knevet,—not, as Shakspeare has it, a surveyor,—the man having oppressed the tenants. Wolsey made use of this renegade's agency to accuse Buckingham of a design against King Henry's life; and, being tried at Westminster, before Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who sat as Lord High Steward of England for the occasion, the Duke was found guilty, and beheaded upon Tower Hill. When the Emperor, Charles V., of Austria, heard of this atrocious murder, he is said to have exclaimed, "A butcher's dog has killed the finest *Buck* in England," the allusion being to the occupation of Wolsey's father.

The title of Duke of Buckingham thus fell into abeyance; but, in the reign of Edward VI., an act passed, by which the then heir of the house was "taken and reputed as Lord

Stafford, with a seat and voice in Parliament as a Baron. The original curse, however, of the Ducal family slept only for a few generations. In Roger Stafford, born at Malpas, in 1572, the old disasters of this house broke out, and with him the male line of the Staffords became extinct. "This unfortunate man," says Banks, "in his youth, went by the name of Fludd, or Floyde; for what reason has not yet been explained; perhaps, with the indignant pride that the very name of Stafford should not be associated with the obscurity of such a lot. However, one Floyde, a servant of Mr. George Corbett, of Cowlesmore, near Lee, in Shropshire, his mother's brother, is recorded in a manuscript, which was once part of the collections of the Stafford family; and it is not improbable, that this was some faithful servant, under whose roof he might have been reared, or found a shelter from misfortunes, when all his great alliances, with a cowardly and detestable selfishness, might have forsaken him; and that he might have preferred the generous, though humble name of Floyde, to one that had brought him nothing but a keener memorial of his misfortunes."

At the age of sixty-five, the sun of fortune seemed for a moment to shine upon him; but it was only for a moment. By the early death of Henry, Lord Stafford—the great-grandson of his

father's elder brother,—in 1637, he became the heir male of the family, and petitioned Parliament accordingly. With his usual ill-luck, he was persuaded to refer his claim to King Charles, who decided, “that the said Roger Stafford, having no part of the inheritance of the said Lord Stafford, nor any other lands nor means whatever, should make a resignation of all claims and title to the said Barony of Stafford, for his Majesty to dispose of as he should see fit.” With this mandate the unfortunate Roger complied, and the King, by patent, dated 7th December, 1640, created Sir William Howard, and Mary Stafford, his wife, Baron and Baroness Stafford.

Jane Stafford, the sister of the luckless Roger, married a joiner, and had a son, a cobbler, living at Newport, in Shropshire, in 1637!

The title of Duke of Buckingham, which we have thus seen sleeping for so many years, was once again revived in the person of George Villiers, the son of Sir George Villiers, Knight, of Brokesby. Although the favourite of two monarchs, he was heartily detested by the nation, and seems to have been under the usual malignant star of all who had hitherto borne the same title. His expedition to the island of Rhee, for the relief of the Rochellers, proved a most inglorious failure, from the consequences of which he was only

saved by the ill-judged favour of the sovereign. He then endeavoured to regain his lost credit with the nation by a second and more fortunate attempt. With this view he repaired to Portsmouth, to hasten the necessary preparations by his presence. Here, while passing through a lobby after breakfast, with Sir Thomas Fryer, and other persons of distinction, he was stabbed to the heart with a penknife, by one John Felton, a lieutenant in Sir John Ramsey's regiment. He died almost instantly of the wound, being then only in his thirty-sixth year.

The son of this unfortunate man was no less remarkable for the absolute perfection of his form, than for the extent and variety of his talents. He had a command in the royal army at the battle of Worcester, and, upon the King's defeat, made his escape to Holland. When, through the agency of Monk, royalty once again became the order of the day, he returned to England, and, by his admirable versatility, mingled, no doubt, with some degree of falsehood, he managed, at one and the same time, to ingratiate himself with Charles and the Presbyterians. But his vices would seem to have been more than equal to his abilities. He formed one of the unpopular administration called the *Cabal*, from the initials of the names of those composing it; and,

having first seduced the wife of Francis Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, he killed that nobleman in a duel. It is said that the no less profligate Countess was a looker-on at this bloody scene, and held the Duke's horse by the bridle while he killed her husband.

This singular compound of vice and talent has thus been characterised by Walpole, in his Catalogue of Noble Authors:—"When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the Presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed the witty King and his solemn Chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country by a cabal of bad ministers, or equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that a man of such parts should be devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolish ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."

Such a career could hardly terminate otherwise than it did. He forfeited his friends, wasted his estate, completely lost his reputation with the world, and died, it is said, as miserably and as destitute as the meanest beggar. Pope thus describes his death, which he affirms to have

taken place at a remote inn somewhere in Yorkshire :—

“ Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
 And see what comfort it affords our end.
 In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
 The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung ;
 On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
 With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw ;
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies ! alas ! how changed from him
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim ;
 Gallant and gay in Clivedon's proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king.
 No wit to flatter left of all his store ;
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”

John Villiers, who assumed, on questionable right, the dignities of Viscount Purbeck and Earl of Buckingham, had his share of the evil destinies that seem for ever attached to the name of Buckingham. He became the associate of gamblers, and having lived a life of debauchery and squandered his fortune, he married Frances, the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Moyser, and widow of George Heneage Esq., of Lincolnshire ; a woman of dissolute character, whose only recommendation was her large jointure. By her he had two daughters, who,

pursuing the course of their mother, sank to the lowest state of degradation. The last survivor, "Lady Elizabeth Villiers," died in a disreputable purlieu, Tavistock Court, near Covent Garden, 4th July, 1786.

The next possessor of the Dukedom of Buckingham was John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, who attained that dignity in the second year of Queen Anne's reign. He was both a soldier and a statesman, and affected also the character of a poet.

His race did not escape the doom of Buckingham; his Grace's successor, Edmund, second Duke, died at Rome, of a rapid consumption, before attaining his majority. With him the honours and male line of the Ducal house of Sheffield expired.

The last family on whom the Ducal coronet of Buckingham has been conferred, adds the final link to the chain of this dukedom's disasters. The sale at princely Stowe, the alienation of so many of the broad lands thereunto appendant, the filial duty and chivalrous devotion of its youthful heir, are too fresh in the public mind to require more than a mere mention here. May we not be allowed to express our fervent prayer that the long stream of misfortune has now run its course, and that a bright future may henceforward attend the fortunes of this illustrious title?

The great house of PERCY was strikingly unfortunate during the reign of the Tudors, and, indeed, long before. Henry, 1st Earl of Northumberland, was slain at Bramham Moor. His son, the gallant Hotspur, had already fallen at Shrewsbury; and his grandson, Henry, second Earl of Northumberland, fell at the battle of St. Alban's, in 1455. The next and third possessor of the title was slain at Towton, and his son, the fourth Earl, was murdered by a mob at Thirsk in 1480. Henry, the fifth Earl, died a natural death, but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed in 1537 for his concern in Ask's rebellion. Henry, the sixth Earl, the first lover of Anna Boleyn, died issueless in 1537, and the family were deprived of the honours of the peerage by Sir Thomas Percy's attainder. During this period the rightful heirs had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. This nobleman, however, being attainted, the Earldom was restored to Thomas Percy, who became seventh Earl, and eventually ended his life on the scaffold, August, 1572. His brother Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, still blind to the hereditary sufferings of his race, intrigued in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, being imprisoned in the Tower, there committed suicide. His son Henry, ninth Earl, was con-

victed on a groundless suspicion of being connected with the Gunpowder Plot, stripped of all his offices, adjudged by the Star Chamber to pay a fine of £30,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Tower. His grandson, Joceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, left an only daughter, and thus ended the male line of the greatest, perhaps, of all our English families.

The fall of the HUNGERFORDS excites little compassion, as it arose from wilful extravagance and unbounded profuseness.

Sir Edward Hungerford, the spendthrift, has obtained almost as much celebrity by ruining his descendants as others have by raising theirs to opulence and honour. The property to which he succeeded was immense, as appears from the fact of his having sold at one time eight-and-twenty manors, his income not being less than £30,000 per annum—a provision which, it would seem, well nigh impossible to have dissipated by any of the ordinary modes of extravagance. To him is also attributed the demolition of the family house in London, upon the site of which now stands Hungerford Market. His bust did, and, perhaps, still does exist under a niche in the wall, with the following inscription:—

“ Forum utilitatæ publicæ perquam necessarium,
Regis Caroli secundi innuente Majestate propriis
Sumptibus erexit, perfecitque D. Edvardus
Hungerford, Balnei Miles, Anno MDCLXXXII.”

So far, then, as the public is concerned, Sir Edward should be held in some esteem, for his extravagance concerns us not—though he is said to have given five hundred guineas for a wig to figure in at some ball—while his liberality in building Hungerford Market at his own expense, conferred a lasting benefit on the public. Of course this remark applies only to the old, and not to the present market, which is indebted to him for nothing more than the site.

Sir Edward Hungerford had a seat in Parliament for three-and-thirty years, but at the end of that time, he had completely wasted his splendid inheritance, and was reduced to live for nearly as long a term on the charity of his relatives and friends. It has indeed been said that he was made one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, but his name does not appear to have been enrolled amongst them. He attained the advanced age of 115, and died in 1711. In this instance the total wreck of his worldly fortunes seems to have produced no detrimental effect on his health or happiness.

Thus set for ever the glory of the Hungerford

family, which had commenced so brilliantly. The male line has become extinct in England, and can now only be met with in the sister island.

In Ireland, the recent alienation of property has effected a fearful revolution among its old aristocracy—tearing asunder those associations between “the local habitation and the name,” which have for centuries wound round each other. The gentry of Ireland are now *dis-located*: new manners, and new men are filling the country, and the old time-honoured houses are crumbling rapidly away.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world where such violent and incessant internal convulsions have disorganised society, and overturned all social happiness and prosperity, as in Ireland. From the earliest period of its history, that fine country has been the scene of civil discord, and for more than ten centuries it can scarcely be said to have enjoyed fifty consecutive years of peace. As a necessary consequence, the annals of Ireland present a series of the most striking vicissitudes, and there is scarcely a family or a seat that has not shared deeply in the feverish changes and calamities of the times. Among these, and foremost, stands the illustrious family of the MacCarthys. They were a princely house, and, on the arrival of the English

invaders in the twelfth century, were styled the kings of Desmond and Cork. No family claims a higher ancestry than this. The curious in long genealogies will find in Keating's "History of Ireland," the whole pedigree, derived, through Heber, the fair son of Milesius, the Spanish hero, from the patriarch Noah himself. In all those civil contests and warlike encounters which shed so melancholy a hue over the annals of their ever-distracted country, the MacCarthys bore a distinguished part. From Cormac More, who lived in the beginning of the twelfth century, sprang two sons: Daniel, the elder, succeeded his father as "the MacCarthy More," and Diarmid, the younger, founded the powerful house of Muskerry. The descendant of Daniel was created Earl of Glencare by Queen Elizabeth in 1565, but as he died without legitimate issue, his honours died with him. His last direct male representative was Charles MacCarthy More, an officer in the Guards, who died in 1770. The dwindled possessions of this branch of the family became vested in his cousin Herbert, of Mucruss. We have somewhere seen a curious anecdote regarding a late descendant of this illustrious race. One MacCarthy, a poor farmer in the county of Cork, who deemed himself, and perhaps correctly, the rightful heir of the Kings of Desmond, kept up, in his humble

homestead, all the semblance of royal state that his lowly condition would permit. His simple meals were supplied to him at a table apart from the rest of his family, a custom invariably followed in the olden time, when the MacCarthy More held regal sway in his Castle of Kilcoleman.

The descendants of Diarmid MacCarthy had a longer existence, as magnates of the land. They held Blarney and a large portion of the county of Cork. The fourth lord, Cormac, was a nobleman of distinguished valour, and a munificent patron of the church, of art, and of learning. The Castle of Blarney was erected by him, as also the splendid Abbey of Kilcrea. His successor, Cormac, had a fearful feud with James, Earl of Desmond, whom he defeated with great slaughter near Mourne Abbey, in 1521. The eighth lord, Cormac MacTeige, according to Sir Henry Sidney, "the rarest man that was ever born among the Irishry," was appointed Sheriff of the county of Cork, after he had defeated Sir James, brother of the Earl of Desmond.

The power of the MacCarthys at this period may be conjectured from the fact that a force of 3,000 fighting men were always at the call of the chieftain. This Cormac was politic enough to keep in favour with the English. To him

James the First granted for ever the lordship, Town, and lands of Blarney. Donogh, the tenth Lord, took an early and decided part in the dreadful civil war which broke out in 1641. He was appointed one of the leaders of the confederated Catholics, and Lord Castlehaven reports that he used all his influence to bring the nation back to their obedience to the King and laws. In 1642, he appeared in Carberry at the head of a large force, led by his own feudatories, MacCarthy Reagh, O'Donovan, O'Sullivan, &c. He was opposed by Inchiquin, the chief of the O'Briens of Thomond, who defeated him. Soon afterwards, however, the King created him President of Munster. On the Restoration, he was created Earl of Clancarty, and a bill was passed which restored a large portion of his forfeited estates. Donogh, the third Earl, joined James II. on his landing at Kinsale, and with the fortunes of James fell those of Clancarty. His property, which, on a loose calculation made in the middle of the last century, was supposed to be worth £150,000 per annum, was confiscated, and he was taken prisoner on the surrender of Cork, and driven into exile. The fourth Earl, Robert, indignant at the treatment his family had received, deserted the King's service as captain of the ship *Adventure*, and joining the Stuarts, never after returned to England. The

French King granted him a pension of £1,000 a year, and he lived and died at his Château near Boulogne, leaving two sons, who, dying without issue, the family in the direct line expired. So ended the chief line of this distinguished but turbulent race; like many others of their princely compeers—they sowed to the storm, and reaped the whirlwind.

One eminent and recognised offshoot—MacCarthy of Carrignavar—continued to flourish long after the parent stem had withered away; but the ruthless spoliation of the Encumbered Estates' Court has doomed even this last scion to destruction, and within the past year condemned to sale the small remaining remnant of the vast territorial possessions of the Lords of Muskerry. Male heirs still, however, survive; and, though thus severed from their ancient patrimony, they will not soon be forgotten in the land of their ancestors. The veneration of the Irish peasantry for "the rale ould gentry" will long cling to the cherished name of MacCarthy.

Scotland has not escaped her share of family vicissitudes. Her national and civil wars, her religious strifes, and her devotion to the feeling of loyalty, produced, in many instances, results similar to those so prevalent in the sister island.

The royal house of STUART has, indeed, no precedent in misfortune. What story of fiction can rival

All a true Stuart's heritage of woe?

The first of the James's of Scotland suffered eighteen years' captivity in England, and was at last murdered by his uncle Walter, Earl of Atholl, at Perth. James II., his son, fell, at the early age of twenty-nine, in war with the English. James III., thrown into prison by his rebellious subjects, was assassinated by the confederated nobility, involuntarily headed by his son, the Duke of Rothsay, who became, in consequence, King James IV. The hereditary mischance of his race attended him to Flodden, where he perished with the flower of the Scottish chivalry. His grand-daughter—the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Stuart—after nineteen years of unjustifiable and unmitigated captivity, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle; and her grandson, the royal martyr, Charles I., perished in like manner on the scaffold. Charles's son, James II., forfeited the proudest crown in Christendom, and his son's attempt to regain it brought only death and destruction to the gallant and loyal men that ventured life and fortune in the cause, and involved his heir, "Bonny Prince Charlie," in

perils almost incredible. A few lines more are all that are required to close the record of this unfortunate race. The right line of the royal Stuarts terminated with the late Cardinal York. He was the second son of the old "Pretender," and was born at Rome, 26th March, 1725, where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens. In 1745, he went to France to head an army of 15,000 men assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England, but the news of Culloden's fatal contest counteracted the proposed plan. Henry Benedict returned to Rome, and exchanging the sword for the priest's stole, was made a Cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV.

Eventually, after the expulsion of Pius VI. by the French, Cardinal York fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and borne down by the weight of seventy-five years. For awhile he subsisted on the produce of some silver plate, which he had rescued from the ruin of his property, but soon privation and poverty pressed upon him, and his situation became so deplorable, that Sir John Cox Hippisley deemed it right to have it made known to the King of England. George III. immediately gave orders that a present of £2,000 should be remitted to the last of the Stuarts, with an intimation that he might

draw for a similar amount in the following July, and that an annuity of £4,000 would be at his service so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was accepted, and acknowledged by the Cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a deep impression on the Papal court. The pension Cardinal York continued to receive until his decease in 1807, at the age of 82. From the time he entered into holy orders, his eminence took no part in politics, and seems to have laid aside all worldly views. The only exception to this line of conduct was his having medals struck at his brother's death, in 1788, bearing on the face a representation of his head, with this inscription,—“*Henricus Nonus Angliæ Rex ; Gratiâ Dei sed non voluntate Hominum.*”

However much the Stuarts may be blamed—and that there is abundant cause of censure, none will deny—their misfortunes lend their history a saddened interest. And now, after the lapse of many years, when men can think and talk quietly about them, pity must enter largely into our feelings respecting these outcast princes. They erred grievously, and they were punished heavily ; and if suffering can in any way atone for imprudence, then surely the meed of commiseration cannot long be withheld from them, whose tears should have effaced all traces of their transgression.

Second only to the Royal Stuarts were the LINDSAYS, Earls of Crawford. Their Earldom, like those of Orkney, Douglas, March, &c., formed a petty principality, an "imperium in imperio." The Earls affected a royal state, held their Courts, had their Heralds, and assumed the style of Princes. The magnificence kept up in the Castle of Finhaven befitted a great potentate. The Earl was waited on by pages of noble birth, trained up under his eye as aspirants for the honours of chivalry. He had his domestic officers, all of them gentlemen of quality; his chamberlain, chaplains, secretary, chief marischal, and armour bearer. The property that supported this expense was very considerable. The Earls of Crawford possessed more than twenty great baronies and lordships, and many other lands in the counties of Forfar, Perth, Kincardine, Fife, Aberdeen, Inverness, Banff, Lanark, Dumfries, Kircudbright, and Wigton. The family alliances were of a dignity suited to this high estate. Thrice did the head of this great house match immediately with the royal blood.

Such was the dignity of the Earl of Crawford, and such the extent of his power and the grandeur of his alliances in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Let us now contemplate the fortunes of two of the principal members of this

illustrious race, in the course of revolving generations :

On the 9th of February, in the year 1621, died, a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, David, twelfth Earl of Crawford. Reckless, prodigal, and desperate, he had alienated the possessions of his Earldom, so as to reduce the family to the brink of ruin. He had no sons, and, to prevent further dilapidation, the magnates of the house determined in solemn council, to imprison him for life. He was accordingly confined, the victim of his own folly and of this family conspiracy, in the Castle of Edinburgh until his death. He left an only orphan child, the Lady Jean, heiress of line of the Earl of Crawford. This wretched girl, destitute and uncared for, was doomed to undergo the deepest humiliation. She received no education, and was allowed to run about little better than a tinker or gypsy; she eloped with a common crier, and at one period lived entirely by mendicancy, as a sturdy beggar or "tramp." The case of this high-born pauper was made known to King Charles II., soon after the Restoration, and that monarch very kindly granted her a pension of a hundred a year—then a very considerable sum, in consideration of her illustrious birth, so that she must have ended her days in pecuniary comfort, at all events; though it is probable, that the

miserable habits she had acquired precluded the possibility of the enjoyment of her amended position.

In little more than a century after the death of the spendthrift, imprisoned Lord—in the year 1744, died at the age of eighty, in the capacity of *hostler* in an inn at Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands, David Lindsay, late of Edzell, unquestionably head of the great House of Lindsay; and Lord Lindsay, as representative of David and Ludovic, Earls of Crawford. It would be tedious to explain how the Earldom had gone to another branch, but such is the fact; and, provided the claim to the Dukedom of Montrose brought forward by the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres be admitted, the poor hostler will be one in the series of the premier Dukes of Scotland.

One day, this David Lindsay, ruined and broken-hearted, departed from Edzell Castle, unobserved and unattended. He said farewell to no one, and turning round to take a last look at the old towers, he drew a long sigh and wept. He was never more seen in the place of his ancestors. With the wreck of his fortune, he bought a small estate on which he resided for some years: but this, too, was spent ere long, and the landless and houseless outcast retired to the Orkney Islands, where he became hostler in the Kirkwall Inn!

The Earldom of Crawford is now most worthily possessed by the true head of the great House of Lindsay, the Earl of Balcarres, whose ample fortune enables him to maintain the splendour of its dignity, while his worth and high character add lustre to its name. His learned and accomplished son, Lord Lindsay, has recorded the heroic deeds and varying fortunes of his race in a work, every page of which reflects his pure and chivalrous nature, and which is enlivened by his charming fancy and playful wit, while his historical research has made it a most valuable or rather indispensable acquisition to the library of every Scottish gentleman.

In the foregoing narrative, we have confined ourselves to such instances alone as have an historic halo around them. The "vicissitudes" of families less eminently distinguished would extend the subject far beyond our limits. Among the Peerage Houses of lesser note, many curious examples occur, and the baronetage supplies several melancholy episodes in the drama of real life. The Lords Roche and Fermoy were a great and illustrious race of peers, eminent for their public spirit and devoted loyalty. Yet a Lady Roche, of the second or third generation from Maurice, Lord Roche and Fermoy—the gallant Cavalier—was seen soliciting alms in the

streets of Cork ! William M'Clellan, Lord Kirkcudbright, father of John, seventh Lord, whose right was confirmed by a decision of the House of Lords in 1773, followed the occupation of a glover in Edinburgh, and for many years used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms in the Old Town, selling gloves to gentlemen frequenting that place of amusement, who, according to the fashionable etiquette of the period, required a new pair at every new dance. His lordship never absented himself from his post upon any occasion, except at the ball which followed the election of a representative peer, and then only did he assume the garb of a gentleman, and, doffing his apron, became one of a company, the most of whom he usually served with his merchandise the rest of the year.

Sir William Reresby, Bart., of Thrybergh, in Yorkshire, son and heir of the celebrated Sir John Reresby, the author of the well known Memoirs of his own times, was, at one time, a tapster in the King's Bench prison, and was imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He had dissipated his splendid inheritance in the lowest profligacy. Not long after, a Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal, and pleaded poverty as his excuse. Still more recently, at the beginning

of the present century, the heir of the eminent and ancient family of Castleton, and the twelfth baronet of the name in succession, was a breeches-maker at Lynn, in Norfolk. The "Universal Magazine," of 1810, thus records his decease:—

"Died at Lynn, aged fifty-eight, Mr. Edward Castleton. He was the last lineal descendant of Sir William Castleton, of Hingham, Norfolk, who was created a Bart. in 1641: the family and title are therefore now become extinct. He died a bachelor, and never assumed the Baronetcy. He for many years followed the very humble employment of a breeches-maker in Lynn, but latterly lived on a small patrimonial inheritance."

But our space restricts us from entering more minutely on this curious subject. One memorable story must close these strange eventful histories:—

On a marble monument in the Church of St. Anne's, Soho, the following inscription, written by Horace Walpole, appears to the memory of the "King of Corsica," whose vicissitudes form one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the eighteenth century:

"Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica
Who died in this Parish, Dec. 11,
1756,
Immediately after leaving
The King's Bench Prison,

By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency.
In consequence of which
He registered his Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

“The grave, great teacher, to a level brings,
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings ;
But Theodore this moral learned, e'er dead,
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.”

“The King of Corsica” was by birth a Prussian, and by name Theodore Anthony Neuhoff. Early in the spring of 1736, an unknown adventurer, he was landed in Corsica, from an English vessel, with a considerable supply of arms and money, and he placed himself immediately at the head of the islanders, then in revolt against the Genoese. A successful campaign ensued, and on the 15th of the April following, Theodore was crowned King of Corsica, with the consent, and amid the acclamations, of the whole people. He held his court at Bastea, and distributed honours and rewards amongst his followers. The calm endured, however, but for a short period: the Genoese gaining ground again, it became necessary to seek for foreign supplies and foreign aid, and Theodore undertook, at once, the mission. Laying aside his kingly character, he assumed the habit of an Abbé, and proceeded to Livonia; but what success attended his efforts, we are unable

to state; for, during several months after his arrival in that country, no one knew what had become of him. The next year he appeared at Paris, but, being instantly ordered out of France, he journeyed to Amsterdam, and was there enabled, by the assistance of some merchants, to equip a frigate of thirty-two guns and 150 men. But an evil destiny seems to have thwarted all his plans. Arrested by the Neapolitan government, he was detained a prisoner in the Fortress of Cueta; and though eventually liberated, he does not seem ever to have made way afterwards. His exertions to assist his Island subjects were unremitting: but disappointment and ruin were the only results. At last, broken down by fate, he retired to England—then, as now, the refuge of fallen politicians—but here too, suffering and misery awaited him. Day by day his situation became more deplorable, and the closing years of his unhappy life were passed in the King's Bench prison, from which a general Act of Insolvency, only released him to die. He left one son, known by the name of Colonel Frederick, and much esteemed for his accomplished mind and gentlemanly feeling. He accompanied his father to England, and soon after obtained a commission in foreign service; but the star of ill omen, which appears to have been inseparable from his race, blighted his hopes, and at

last reduced him to so low a condition that, unable to support the pressure of want and depression of a broken spirit, he put an end to his existence near the gate of Westminster Abbey, 1st February, 1797. He possessed some literary acquirements, and was the author of a "History of Corsica."

THE FALSE TESTIMONY.

JAMES STIRLING, of Keir, great-grandfather of the present member of Parliament for the county of Perth, married the eldest daughter of the fifth Lord Blantyre. He was a Jacobite, compromised in the rising of 1715. Though he is said to have taken an active share in that unfortunate enterprise, yet, when brought to trial, it happened that the indictment against him was limited to one point, his appearance at a certain treasonable meeting. The charge only amounted to this, but still this was sufficient to entail on him, if convicted, the full penalty of treason. His life and fortune depended, consequently, upon this one fact. If he could prove an *alibi*, he was safe; but, otherwise, he was sure to be condemned, with little hope of mercy. The principal evidence was an

old and attached servant who had attended his master to the treasonable meeting. This man was an extremely reluctant witness, but there was no remedy. He had been with Mr. Stirling at the Jacobite gathering and he was brought forward to give his unwilling testimony. The Laird of Keir well knew that this man's evidence must be conclusive against him, and he resigned himself to his fate. His surprise was, therefore, great, and only equalled by the disappointment of the Judge-Advocate, when the old servant, being put on oath, solemnly swore that his master was not at the Jacobite meeting, but was at the time in a place so far distant that his presence there was quite impossible on the day set forth in the indictment. The witness, questioned and cross-questioned, maintained his statement with the most unblushing effrontery, and told his story with such wonderful consistency that nothing more could be said. Keir was acquitted, and, instead of being shut up in a condemned cell, was permitted to mount his horse and depart in peace for Perthshire. When fairly on the road with his faithful servant riding behind him, he reined in his steed, and the following dialogue took place between master and man :—

KEIR—" I, no doubt, owe my life to your testimony, John ; but, Lord preserve me, how could you tell such an awful lie ? How could you for-

swear yourself in that barefaced manner? You knew very well that I was at that meeting, for you were riding behind me as you are doing this day."

JOHN—"Weel do I ken that your honour was at the meeting, and frankly do I confess that I did forswear myself; but, then, I thought it far safer for me to trust my soul to the mercy of God, than your honour's life in the hands of your enemies."

ACTRESSES RAISED TO RANK BY MARRIAGE.

It is not a little singular that, maugre the attacks made by religious purists upon Stage Morality, there is not one instance of extreme turpitude proved against an actor. Vices indeed occur amongst players, but they are not of the worst order, and these are for the most part redeemed by the practice of many virtues, that are by no means common in the world. It is seldom that a tale of distress reaches the ear of an actor without, at the same time, reaching his heart. Let us add, moreover, to the honour of the female part of the profession—and that is more german to the matter in hand—no actress was ever advanced from the theatrical ranks, and married to a husband in the higher walks of life, who did not thenceforth conduct herself with unerring pro-

priety, a praise that cannot always be awarded to those, who in the phrase of the Eastern empire, have been "born in the purple;" or, to use a plainer language, have been bred to such distinction. In illustration of this fact we shall now proceed to give a hurried glance at some of the ladies who have been taken from the stage to grace the ranks of the nobility.

One of the first persons, amongst the gentry, who chose a wife from the stage, was Martin Folkes, the antiquary. He was a man of fortune, and not carrying his love of antiquity into the affairs of the heart, he married Lucretia Bradshaw, the representative of Farquhar's heroine, and a popular actress in her day. The date of this union has not perhaps been obtained with minute accuracy, but it was somewhere about the year 1713. A contemporary writer styles her, "one of the greatest and most promising genii of her time," and assigns, "her prudent and exemplary conduct," as the attraction that chiefly won the antiquary. Something, however, must be set down to the attractions of youth, and perhaps we shall not much err in adding to them beauty and fascinating manners.

Anastasia Robinson, the singer, attained to yet higher distinction. She captivated Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough, the hero

of the Spanish war, scarcely less celebrated as the friend of Swift and Pope. The latter of these eminent men thus speaks of her in one of his letters to the well-known Martha Blount. It bears date, August the 17th, 1735, and was written by the poet when on a visit to Bevis Mount, close to the town of Southampton.

“I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice but spirited. He next told me he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law that gave him as much torment of mind as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression (Anastasia Robinson). That he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations, but since the person who married them was dead, to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he never can travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself.”

Thus far Pope—Anastasia, who was publicly acknowledged for his countess in 1735, and was his second wife, survived him many years, having

had no children by him, so that the title descended to his grandson. Her unblemished conduct, and the elegance of her manners, obtained for her the intimacy of some of the highest personages of the day in which she lived.

Another striking instance of elevation from the theatrical ranks is the original representative of Polly Peachum in Gay's "Beggar's Opera,"—Lavinia Fenton, as she has generally been called, but who, in fact, was the daughter of a Mr. Beswick, a lieutenant in the royal navy. She was born in 1708, and, not long after her birth, her mother married Mr. Fenton, the keeper of a coffee-house at Charing-Cross. From motives of delicacy that would have done credit to one in a higher station, he gave his adopted daughter his own name, by which she was ever afterwards distinguished till the day of her marriage. Indeed he seems to have uniformly treated her with no less care] and kindness than if he had been her actual father, and when, at an early age, she evinced a natural talent for singing, he did not fail to give her what, for an English girl, was considered a respectable musical education. Italian singing, it should be remembered, was not then much cultivated amongst us; to give effect to a simple ballad was all that an audience required, and as Miss Fenton had a fine melodious voice,

this was precisely what she was most calculated to excel in.

With such talents, and, perhaps, from her situation in a coffee-house frequented by wits and actors, she had little or no difficulty in finding her way into a theatre. Still it was not her musical powers that were first called into requisition. Being engaged by the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, she made her debut as Monimia in the "Orphan," when she was but eighteen years of age. This was in 1726. If her performance was not of that extraordinary kind which electrifies and at once takes hold of the public, still her success was unequivocal, and from that moment she was considered to be a rising actress. Her reputation attracted many licentious admirers. One libertine of high rank would fain have had her give up public fame and private character for the pleasure of leading with him an isolated life in the country, in return for which he pledged himself to resign the dissipations of the capital, in which he had hitherto played a distinguished part. But though this proposal was accompanied by liberal offers of money—by everything, indeed, short of marriage—she had the good sense and the right feeling to repulse this passionate adorer.

Soon after this, Miss Fenton appeared as *Cherry*, in the "Beaux' Stratagem." Such was her success in the arch daughter of the country Boniface that Rich, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, tempted her from her allegiance to the Haymarket potentate by the seductive offer of fifteen shillings a-week, upon which magnificent salary—being much less than is now-a-days given to a chorus-singer—she continued until she conquered fame and fortune in *Polly Peachum*. This was in 1728, when Gay's celebrated opera was first brought out at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the same building of which there is a pious and popular tradition that one night, upon the representation of "Doctor Faustus," the devil mingled with his human imitators, and finally made his exit, after the most approved mode, in a flash of sulphur, carrying away with him the roof.

Of the "Beggar's Opera" itself, its first perils, and eventual triumph, this is not the place to speak; but we may perhaps be allowed to go so far out of our prescribed road as to mention one curious fact upon the authority of Macklin's biographer. Originally there was no music intended to accompany this opera, till Rich, the manager, with more judgment than either the

poet or his friends, suggested its introduction at the time of the last rehearsals. The junto of wits, who regularly attended upon these occasions, unanimously objected to anything of the kind. The manager, though unconvinced, surrendered his better judgment to such overwhelming authority. Luckily, however, for the author and his bantling, this dispute was carried into another court, being submitted to the Duchess of Queensbury, Gay's staunch patroness, who resolved to attend in person the next rehearsal. Her opinion was in favour of the music, and from such a fiat there was no appeal—and most fortunate that it was so.

The success of Miss Fenton in Polly was so great, that to secure her future services to his theatre, Rich at once raised her salary to thirty shillings a-week, which, after all, amounted but to five and forty pounds a year, upon a calculation of the number of playing weeks in the theatrical season of those days. To make some amends for this scanty pay, it was the custom of the time for the rich and noble to make liberal presents to the popular actresses, nor did the frank receiving of them convey any imputation on their character. In the present case, these were not the only marks of public approbation: the engraved likeness of Miss Fenton was to be found in every

print-shop, and was a general ornament upon the ladies' fans, the good conduct of the individual in private making it their common cause to honour one who did so much honour to the sex.

A momentary shadow was soon to pass over this bright picture, which is thus recorded by Dean Swift, in a letter dated 6th July, 1728—"The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year upon her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, two hundred more." Swift, however, only wrote from the current reports of the day; but, whether his story be true or not in his whole extent, one thing is certain: during the twenty-three years of her unmarried connection with this nobleman she conducted herself with such undeviating propriety, that, upon the death of his wife, he made her his duchess, a distinction which she enjoyed for nine years, dying in 1760, at the age of fifty-two, when she was buried at Greenwich with appropriate honours.

Of all the accounts that have come down to us, there is not one but is in the highest degree favourable to her memory. Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note subjoined to one of Swift's letters to Gay, thus speaks of her—"She was a very accomplished and agreeable companion; had much wit, good strong sense, and a just taste in polite

literature. Her person was agreeable and well made, though, I think, she could never be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville.

As a hint to future Polly Peachums, we may add, that Macklin used to say her dress, in Polly, was very like the simplicity of a modern quaker,— a remark that is fully borne out by the prints from her portrait.

The next upon record is Eliza Linley, the daughter of the celebrated composer, whose talents and personal attractions obtained for her the soubriquet of “the young Maid of Bath.” At the early age of sixteen her hand had been promised, under parental authority, to a Mr. Long, an old gentleman of considerable fortune in Wiltshire. The idea of such an union was of course distasteful to the young lady. She had the candour to avow as much in private to her admirer, and he, with a rare magnanimity, took upon himself the whole blame of breaking off the alliance, and even indemnified her father, who threatened to commence an action, by settling three thousand pounds upon the daughter.

It was about the middle of the year 1770, that

the Sheridans established themselves in Bath, when they soon formed an intimacy with the neighbouring family of the Linleys. Both the brothers became enamoured of the young lady, who being then occupied by a previous passion, gave ear to neither of them for a time; but at length Richard Brinsley obtained the preference, although he conducted matters with so much caution, that even his brother did not for some time suspect his attachment. Surrounded as Miss Linley was by admirers, poor Sheridan was tormented by unceasing jealousies; and it is said, that in drawing Falkland he drew himself.

In due course of time Charles, who was the eldest and most prudent of the brothers, gave up the pursuit. The field was now left open to the future dramatist, and chance yet farther came to his assistance. A married man, of the name of Mathews, thought proper to absolutely persecute Miss Linley with his infamous addresses. She communicated this to Sheridan, who immediately entered into a serious expostulation with the libertine. Of course these remonstrances produced no effect, and, to avoid what she felt to be a cruel persecution, Miss Linley determined to take refuge in a French convent, having first settled a part of her fortune, as an indemnification,

she having been bound to him by articles till the age of twenty-one. Sheridan, it was agreed, should be the partner of her flight, and the result was what every one might have anticipated—their marriage. This took place at a little village near Calais, about the latter end of March, 1772. Events now moved with the rapid pace of a well-told romance. The bride fell ill; her father came to France to reclaim his stolen lamb, and, without being informed of her marriage—which the principal parties had agreed to keep secret for awhile—he suffered himself to be reconciled to the fair runaway, but insisted upon her returning to England, and fulfilling the musical engagement he had entered into on her behalf. Mr. Mathews, disappointed in his view upon the lady, grew outrageous, vowing to take the life of Sheridan, and publicly showing bills on parties in France, to which country he intended retiring upon the satisfaction of his revenge. In the meantime, he contrived, by well-aimed calumnies, to sow dissension between the two brothers. These being at length unravelled, Mr. Sheridan determined to call Mr. Mathews to account, and a duel was the result, in which the latter, being vanquished, was fain to obtain his life by a recantation and full apology for his slanders. He then retired to Wales, but this transaction having brought him

into bad odour with nearly all around him, a compassionate friend advised him to wipe the stains off his character by a second duel with Mr. Sheridan. He agreed, and the proposed combat took place on the downs at Bath, when Sheridan, less successful than the first time, was taken from the ground severely wounded.

He recovered from his wounds after a long illness, though even now, and for some time afterwards, neither of the fathers knew of their children's union. Both, however, suspected it, and at length Mr. Linley, finding farther opposition useless, consented to their union, and Sheridan was again married to the lady, but this time by license, and in the April of 1773.

In 1792 Mrs. Sheridan's health had been long declining, and in that year the closing scene took place, after a confinement to her bed of two days only. There is something exceedingly touching in this death-bed scene. Sheridan had been sitting up all night by the bed-side of his wife, who continued perfectly sensible to the last, though suffering great pain. About four o'clock in the morning, an alarming change was observed in her, and the physician, Dr. Bain, being sent for, was speedily in attendance. Upon his arrival, as Dr. Bain relates the melancholy story, she begged of Sheridan and her

female friend to leave the room, and then desiring him to lock the door after them, said, "You have never deceived me; tell me truly, shall I live over this night?" He immediately felt her pulse, and finding that she was dying, answered, "I recommend you to take some laudanum." Upon which she replied, "I understand you; then give it me." At five o'clock of the same morning she expired, leaving behind her two children. She was buried in Wells Cathedral, by the side of her sister.

The first actress, after the time of Miss Fenton, that rose from the stage to the peerage, was Miss Farren, who subsequently became Countess of Derby. This lady was the daughter of an Irishman, who practised as a surgeon and apothecary in the city of Cork, and was a descendant of a respectable, though not an opulent family. Early in life he married the daughter of a brewer in Liverpool, but his hospitable habits ruined his medical prospects, which were, perhaps, not much improved by a passion for the stage. Abandoning his professional pursuits, he became a country actor.

Elizabeth Farren was born in the year 1759, and while yet a child, had the misfortune to lose her father. The mother, however, was an excellent woman, and taxed her powers to the utmost

for the support and education of her family, which unhappily was too numerous. Every circumstance thus conspired to make an actress of the young Elizabeth, and in the year 1773 she made her first appearance, at Liverpool in the character of Rosetta, in Bickerstaff's opera of "Love in a Village." Her success was, from the very first, decided, and, as every season raised her reputation yet higher and higher, she ventured upon a more daring flight, and in the summer of 1771 played, for the first time in London, at the Haymarket Theatre, then under the management of the elder Colman. The character chosen for her *debut*, which took place on the 10th of June, was Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy of "She stoops to Conquer," and here again her success was no less marked than it had previously been at Liverpool. Yet it is amusing enough to read the contradictory criticisms of the day upon the new favourite—she is too tall, too thin, not equal to Mrs. Abington, too playful, lets her face express too much, and her voice is not powerful. This is the debtor side of the critical ledger, but there is a per-contra account, which leaves a very considerable balance in her favour. That her manners were elegant, may be safely inferred from the fact of her being at once adopted into the fashionable

circles. Her fortune naturally enough kept pace with her growing reputation, and she now took up her abode in a part of the town that was suitable to this change of circumstance, much to the annoyance of her enemies, and the shedding of much angry ink. But these poor attacks have no longer any interest, and are likely to slumber in the dust of old libraries until the worms and neglect have destroyed them. Most assuredly they will be no loss.

Amongst the most ardent of her admirers was the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, but her own affections, as the result proved, inclined to Lord Derby, who, shortly after the death of his countess, made her the offer of his hand in marriage, an offer which she accepted. On April the 8th, 1797, she took her leave of the stage in the character of Lady Teazle in the "School for Scandal;" and on the 8th of the following May she was married to Lord Derby by special license, at his lordship's house in Grosvenor Square.

That the character of this lady was unimpeachable, is evident from the fact of her having been received at court by George the Third, and by his consort, Queen Charlotte, who was well-known to have been sufficiently strict in these matters. Lady Derby died in 1829.

In 1807, Miss Searle, who was remarkable for

her beauty, became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.

In the same year, Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven. This lady was the daughter of Mr. Brunton, who, for years, was the manager of what, in theatrical parlance, was then called the Norwich circuit; this said circuit comprised Norwich, Ipswich, Yarmouth, Bury St. Edmunds, and Colchester, the company, like swallows, migrating with the change of season from one place to the other. When the sun of popular favour ceased to shine upon them at Norwich, they incontinently flew to Yarmouth; and when winter—that is, empty houses—came upon them at Yarmouth, they were off for Colchester, or Bury St. Edmunds.

Mr. Brunton had been an actor at Covent Garden Theatre, as early as the year 1774, but, amidst so much talent as then existed there, he could hardly hope to fill anything more than a second rank, if, indeed, he might aspire to so much. If, however, few men are Cæsars in talent, many men are Cæsars in ambition, and he began to think with the old Roman, “better be first in a village than second in Rome;” accordingly, he left London, to become, as we have just seen, a country manager, the potentate of Not-

wich, and the states thereon depending. Miss Brunton was the sixth child of a family that consisted of six daughters and two sons. As generally happens in such cases, all her relatives, even to the third and fourth degree, were in the same profession—all children of Thespis.

Miss Brunton was born in 1785, with every personal and mental requisite for the stage. So decided were her talents, that after a very short probation on his own stages, Mr. Brunton considered that it would be quite safe to trust his daughter to the ordeal of a London audience, which, in those days, when sober criticism used to arrange itself on the first benches of the pit, was no trifling matter. Availing himself of the influence that naturally attached to his situation, he obtained for her an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, where she appeared, for the first time, on the 5th of October, 1803. She was then only eighteen years of age, and the part chosen for her debut was Lady Townley, in the comedy of the "Provoked Husband." It was the general opinion, that no actress, since the retirement of Miss Farren, had given such satisfaction to the play-going public, and her subsequent attempts confirmed and extended this favourable opinion.

One so talented, and so beautiful withal, was not likely to remain without admirers. Many offers were made to her of marriage, but "she felt her value, and still kept aloof," till the Earl of Craven proposed. The lady consented, subject only to a reference to her father, who, of course, could see no objection, and the marriage accordingly took place.

The figure of Miss Brunton was tall, commanding, and exhibited the most perfect symmetry. Her features combined sweetness, with the most perfect expression.

The character of Polly Peachum was again destined to confer a coronet, and this time it fell upon the brow of Miss Mary Catharine Bolton. She is said to have been a native of London, and born in Long Acre, somewhere about the year 1790. From an early age, she studied music and singing, having had in succession some of the best masters,—Lanza, Bellamy, the celebrated bass singer, Signor Naldi, of the Italian Opera House, and Madame Bianchi, whose husband came to so untimely an end, and, as it is said, from idle jealousy.

From the first, Miss Bolton was brought up for the stage, her whole education being directed for that view, and no other. On the 12th of August, 1806, when only sixteen years of age,

she made her *debut* as Polly, and with such decided success, that she repeated the part fourteen times in the course of the season. After this, the fair *debutante* might well reckon upon a permanent engagement; but, *dis aliter visum*, the manager thought otherwise, and, at the end of the season, the *Pretty Polly* of the poet, and the talented Polly of the composer, was dismissed, as having ceased to be attractive. But let us be just to all parties. Though fascinating in manners, and exceedingly pleasing, both as an actress and a singer, Miss Bolton hardly reached to the height of such a character. That the manager had precisely this estimate of her talents is plain enough, for he was quite ready to engage her at a lower salary, and she, or her friends in her behalf had the good sense to accept the offer.

Her career from this time, both in town and country, was one of uninterrupted success. In Shakspeare's Ariel she was excellence itself; the most fervent imagination could find nothing wanting. So pretty and winning in her pouting wilfulness, so caressing in her better mood, her voice, even when speaking, having the flow and sweetness of music, and, bounding along with so light a foot, that it scarcely seemed to rest upon the stage, she seemed to realise one of the most delightful creations of the great poet.

Miss Bolton's engagement at Covent Garden had now expired, and she was about to enter into a new one for a term of three years, when the poetical Lord Thurlow stepped in with an offer of marriage. It was accepted, and, to borrow the pompous phrase of Johnson, her removal from the stage "eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

A yet brighter star was now to rise in the theatrical horizon, and thence, in due course of time, to be removed to the higher sphere of the aristocracy, a noble and fitting tribute paid to distinguished talent, joined to the most unspotted virtue.

Eliza O'Neill was born in Ireland. Her father, Mr. John O'Neill, was, at the time of her birth, the manager of a locomotive company, whose wanderings were pretty extensive, being bounded on the south by the ocean at Kinsale, and on the north by the Giant's Causeway. Her mother's maiden name was Featherstone, and to her care the future tragedian was chiefly indebted for her education. With such parents, it would seem that the inevitable destiny of the young O'Neill must be the stage; the father's condition was not one that allowed, if it could be avoided, of consumers who were not, at the same time, producers. Accordingly, when the company was at Drogheda,

the future tragedian made her first essay as the little Duke of York in Shakspeare's "King Richard the Third, her father playing the part of the crook-backed tyrant. Such was the admiration excited by her precocious talent, that she proved of no small service to the treasury of the O'Neills, which, at the time, was anything but flourishing.

As Miss O'Neill grew, her fame grew with her, and we next find her engaged in what was called the northern circuit, comprising Belfast, Londonderry, and Newry. The consequence of her success there was an engagement at Dublin, though the number of her relations upon the stage—no less than seven, and without whom she was not to be had, for some time proved a bar to any final settlement. In the end, such was the fame of this new star, that the manager was fain to compound matters by receiving a selection of her attachès.

At first Miss O'Neill had some difficulties to contend with, the ground being much occupied by established favourites. But she fought her way through all obstacles, till at length she received the offer of a London engagement. Here, as before with the Dublin manager, the family proved a stumbling-block. The committee of Drury Lane would gladly have engaged Miss

O'Neill herself at an enormous salary, but they would not find places for her attachès.

John Kemble now happened to visit Dublin, and he has left the following record of his opinions in a letter to his brother manager, Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden.

“ There is a very pretty Irish girl here, with a small touch of the brogue on her tongue ; she has much quiet talent, and some genius. With a little expense, and some trouble, we might make her an ‘ object ’ for John Bull’s admiration, in the juvenile tragedy. They call her here—for they are all poets—all Tom Moores here!—the *Dove*, in contra-distinction to her rival, a Miss Walstein, whom they designate as the *Eagle*. I recommend the *Dove* to you, as more likely to please John Bull than the Irish *Eagle*, who, in fact, is merely a Siddons diluted, and would only be tolerated when Siddons is forgotten.

“ I have sounded the fair lady on the subject of a London engagement. She proposes to append a very long family, to which I have given a decided negative. If she accept the offered terms, I shall sign, seal, and ship herself and clan off from Cork direct. She is very pretty, and so, in fact, is her brogue ; which, by-the-bye, she only uses in conversation ; she totally forgets when with Shakspeare, and other illustrious companions.”

The young actress accepted John Kemble's offer, at a salary of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen pounds a week. The result, so far as a London audience was concerned, fully justified the manager's two-fold criticism. The *Dove* made a triumphant flight at Covent Garden, soaring to the highest realms of popular favour; the *Eagle*, though a fine bird, and with strong pinions, by no means played the "eagle in a dove-cot," nor was she able to "flutter the Volscians in Corioli." Had there never been a Siddons, and could Miss Walstein have been what she was, without such an example for imitation, her success must have proved decisive.

Miss O'Neill made her first appearance before a London audience on the 6th of October, 1814, in the character of Juliet. So highly was she appreciated by the audience, that when, upon the fall of the curtain, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was announced for the next evening, the cry was loud and general for the repetition of *Romeo and Juliet*.

The day of the young actress remained, from this time, one perpetual sunshine; her career was chequered by no reverses, nor even any incidents worth notice, till, on December 18th, 1819, she was married to William Wrixon Becher, Esq., M.P., for Mallow. The ceremony was performed

at Kilfane Church, by the Dean of Ossory, the whole of her theatrical fortune having been previously settled upon her family

Mr. Becher was eventually created a baronet, and, consequently, the once popular favourite, is now Lady Wrixon Becher.

The next in chronological order is the lovely and accomplished Maria Foote, said to be a descendant of Samuel Foote, the English Aristophanes. She was born July 24th, 1797, at a time when her father (Samuel Foote, originally a military officer) was manager of a country company. At the early age of twelve, she appeared at Plymouth as Juliet, and continued to act a variety of characters. Maria Foote was only sixteen when she appeared at Covent Garden, in the character of Amanthis, in "The Child of Nature." Her personal attractions, her fascinating manners, and her piquant acting, secured her success, and she was engaged at a liberal salary. After an eventful career, Miss Foote took her last farewell of the stage at Birmingham, on the 11th of March, 1831, and, on the 7th of April following, she was united to the Earl of Harrington.

We now come to Miss Catherine Stephens, a name dear to recollection, not only for her talents as a vocalist, but for the unsullied purity of her private character.

“ A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at itself.”

Catherine Stephens was the daughter of a respectable carver and gilder, and was born, at the west end of the metropolis, on the 18th of September, 1794. From her earliest years her voice gave tokens of remarkable sweetness ; and, in due course of time, she was placed under the musical tuition of Lanza, who brought her out, as his pupil, at Bath and many other towns of more or less importance. Subsequently, she became the pupil of the well-known Thomas Welsh, a change which gave rise to an angry war of paper, between the rival masters ; but as this dispute has long ceased to have any interest for the public, we may pass it over without any farther notice.

Welsh brought out his pupil at Covent Garden, in September, 1813. The part chosen for her debut was Mandane, in *Artaxerxes*, the character almost uniformly selected by this master for the first appearance of his pupils. Her success answered, to the full, all the expectations that had been formed of her, and the master demanded and obtained a high salary, half of which he ap-

propriated to himself during the time of her being articulated to him.

It is said that Miss Stephens received many offers of marriage during her engagement at Drury Lane. A droll anecdote has been told by Mrs. C. B. Wilson,—we know not how true it may be,—of the fate experienced by one of her admirers. “During her early pupilage, a musical professor fell in love with her, proposed, and was accepted by her relations, but was received with coldness by the lady herself, as though she could not exactly make up her mind; (so goes the tale, which we give as we receive it.) However, the day was fixed, and the wedding guests invited. On arriving at the church porch the bride hesitated, looked archly, though timidly, in the visage of the would-be bridegroom, then suddenly bursting into a laugh, she sprang from his side, took to her heels, and did not stop till she arrived, almost breathless, at her father’s house.” Certes, this tale may be true, but it is not very probable as it is here set down.

After a long career of success, Miss Stephens finally quitted the profession when she had attained the ripe age of forty, and then became, by marriage, Countess of Essex, doing as much honour to her new rank as she had previously done to the stage.

The last on our list, and with whom

“Ends this strange, eventful history,”

is Louisa Cranstoun Nisbett. She was of a good Irish family, and distantly related to the celebrated Captain Macnamara, who shot Colonel Montgomery in consequence of a dispute arising out of a fight between their dogs. Her father having dissipated his fortune, took to the stage when he assumed the name of Mordaunt, and would probably have succeeded, could he have confined his living within proper bounds. Of his gay, thoughtless disposition, the following anecdote may be taken as a fair specimen. A tradesman to whom he was indebted, addressed him thus :

“SIR,—Your bill having been standing a very long time, I beg to have it settled forthwith.

“Yours, &c., J. THWAITES.

“Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.”

To this the comedian replied :

“SIR,—When your bill is tired of *standing*, it is welcome to sit down.

“Yours, &c., T. H. M.”

Miss Mordaunt, as we must now call her, evinced much precocious talent, and may be fairly written down amongst the child-wonders, the “infant phenomena,” as Dickens’s manager, Crumles, styled his daughter. When only ten years old, she played Jane Shore at the Lyceum, with

much applause. At sixteen, she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of an American lawyer, by name Stephen Price, when she made her first appearance as the Widow Cheerly in the "Soldier's Daughter," a forgotten comedy by Cherry.

After a successful season under the American management, Miss Mordaunt was engaged at the Haymarket, and soon afterwards she became the wife of John Alexander Nisbett, Esq., of the 1st Life Guards, and of Bretenham Hall, in the county of Suffolk. The marriage took place in January, 1831, when the bride retired from the stage. But her husband was soon afterwards killed by a vicious horse, and the estate being thrown into Chancery by some relatives, who contested the rights of inheritance, she returned to the stage, and again appeared at Drury Lane, 1832.

It would be tedious to follow the brilliant widow through the rest of her theatrical career, from Drury Lane to the little Queen's Theatre, from the little Queen's to the less Strand Theatre, from the Strand to the Haymarket, and from the Haymarket to Covent Garden. Eventually she married Sir William Boothby, Bart., but upon his death she, for a short time, resumed her professional avocations under her former name of Nisbett.

GENERAL DALZELL'S DINNER AT DUD-
DINGSTON.

LORD DUNDEE has found many admirers, but no voice has ever yet been raised in favour of another noted persecutor of the Covenanters, General Thomas Dalzell. Yet, in this stern executor of the behests of his sovereign, there were gleams of kindly and amiable feeling, with which the exercise of his authority was occasionally tempered.

Thomas Dalzell was the son of the Laird of Binns, an estate which had not been long in his family. It was more anciently possessed by the House of Meldrum, and belonged to the "Esquire Meldrum," who is the hero of one of the poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, of which there is an interesting account in Lord Lindsay's

charming family biography. The father of Thomas Dalzell must have been a country gentleman of good fortune, to judge from the mansion-house of Binns, which was built, or at least re-modelled, by him. In the old drawing-room, a chamber of spacious dimensions, there is a beautiful ornamented plaster ceiling, with heraldic devices, in which the arms of the father and mother of the General are often repeated. The former are those of Dalzell, Earl of Carnwath, without any difference; so that it is probable that the family of Binns were cadets of that house; while the latter being those of Bruce of Kinloss, show that the reddest blood in Scotland flowed in the veins of the General. Thomas Dalzell was early imbued with the most devoted sentiments of loyalty to the King, and all his influence as a country gentleman, was exerted in behalf of Charles the First. After the murder of that monarch, he allowed his beard to grow, in token of mourning; and until the close of his life, he never suffered it to be shaved or trimmed, but used a large comb, which is still preserved as a relic in the family. Disgusted with the Commonwealth, Dalzell sought military service abroad. He entered into the Russian army, and soon obtained high rank. He was Lieutenant-General to the Czar Ivan, and distinguished himself in the

wars which that monarch waged against the Tartars. He was a stern, commanding old soldier, with high notions of military discipline, strict and conscientious views of what he considered his duty, and loyalty to his master, which could not be shaken. Although his rank was high, and his power was great at the court of the Czar, he could not resist the impulse of his loyal feelings, which urged his return to his native country on the restoration of the Stuart line; and he came back to Scotland an old and war-worn veteran, to consecrate his latter days to the service of the son of that master whom he had dutifully defended when alive, and for whom he had never ceased to mourn. The diploma which General Dalzell received from the Czar, shows the value which was entertained for his services, and how much he was appreciated by that sovereign. He also accumulated considerable wealth in the Russian service, and his descendants still preserve the inventories of the rich and costly plate with which he replenished the buffet at Binns—cups of gold, and vessels of silver in profuse abundance. Those were days when the Scottish soldier of fortune became the companion of princes. A curious story is related of General Dalzell, which is noticed by a popular historian of the present day. In the course of his continental

service, he had been brought into the immediate circle of the Court of the Emperor of Germany, possibly having been despatched on some diplomatic mission by the Czar to the successor of the Cæsars. He had the honour to be a guest at a splendid Imperial banquet, where, as a part of his state, the German Emperor was waited on by the great feudal dignitaries of the empire, one of whom was the Duke of Modena, the head of the illustrious house of Este. Thus the veteran Scot was seated at a table, which, for form's sake, was served by princes. After his appointment by King Charles the Second, as Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, he was one day invited by the Duke of York, (afterwards James II., and then living at Holyrood,) to dine with him and the Duchess, Princess Mary, of Modena. As this was what might be called a family dinner, the Duchess manifested some degree of repugnance to admit the General to such an honour; whereupon the veteran remarked that this was not his first introduction to the house of Este, for that he had formerly known her Royal Highness's father, the Duke of Modena, and that his Highness had stood behind his chair, while he sat by the Emperor's side!

After his period of foreign service, Dalzell returned with great wealth and honour to Scotland, where, during the remainder of his life, he united

the functions of a country gentleman and improver of his paternal estate, with those of a stern and severe military commander. King Charles II. appointed him commander-in-chief in Scotland. He exercised this authority strictly, perhaps unmercifully; while he resided at his beautiful seat of Binns, which he embellished with handsome buildings, and fine woods and gardens. His long residence in foreign countries, his outlandish appearance and habits, his venerable, white, flowing beard, and a certain reserve and mystery in his manners and deportment, contributed to environ him with a superstitious awe; and he was noted, far and wide, as a necromancer and wizard. He himself enjoyed the wonder and dread with which this reputation inspired his country neighbours. He surrounded his pleasure-grounds with walls, in which he had formed secret passages, which enabled him to overhear much that went on, while he was supposed to be at a distance; and, in the house of Binns, there are hidden stairs and corridors, and concealed doors, which enabled the general to maintain a character for ubiquity, as well as preternatural knowledge. There are portraits of him preserved at Binns. In one he is beardless, clothed in complete armour, with a battle-field in the distance. In this he is represented as fighting for King Charles I., and has

already the appearance of a man advanced in middle life. In another, he is represented as dead, with his white beard long, flowing, and descending far down his breast, covering his coat of mail. It is difficult to look upon this portrait of the wizard, painted after death, without a shudder of awe.

Binns House is a beautiful specimen of an old Scottish mansion. It was probably built by the father of the General, in the reign of King James I., of Great Britain, and much enlarged and adorned by the General himself, with the spoils of his Tartar campaigns; and it remained very much in this state until about thirty years since, when it was greatly improved, the house being enlarged, and the grounds beautified, by the excellent taste of the late Sir James Dalzell, Bart., the great-great-grandson of the first baronet, who was the General's son.

Much has been said of the cruel persecution of his countrymen by the old Russian General, and we will not here inquire whether or not this charge is generally well founded. It may be, that warfare with the Turk and Tartar taught this Scottish soldier of fortune to entertain a low estimate of human life and limb, and he may have exercised upon the rebellious Puritans some of the discipline which it was his habit to inflict on his

mutinous soldiers, or the conquered enemies of the Czar. But it is our pleasing duty here to record an instance of his kindness and good feeling, which is, moreover, interesting, as it is, in some measure, illustrative of the habits and manners of the Scottish aristocracy during the seventeenth century. One of the nearest neighbours of General Dalzell, was the Laird of Duddingston, George Dundas, a gentleman of very ancient family, being a cadet of the old and distinguished line of Dundas. His immediate ancestor had been created an earl by King James III., with whom he was a great favourite; but the honour was rescinded by his rebellious son, like all the other titles conferred by that unhappy monarch during the last years of his reign, and Dundas remained a laird.

George Dundas was proprietor of an extensive estate, and dwelt in an ancient manor-house standing on the outskirts of a beautiful wood, about two miles above the Frith of Forth, and four miles and a half from Binns House. The old mansion of Duddingston was burnt to the ground seventy years ago. Mr. Dundas was not only well descended; he was nearly allied to distinguished houses. He was cousin to the Lord Panmure, his mother having been Isabella Maule, a daughter of that noble house, of the most ancient

Norman blood ; which unites the great pedigrees of Maule, de Valonüs and Barclay—and his wife was Katherine Moneypenny of the ancient line of Pitmilly, in Fifeshire, a family known by every one, conversant with Scotch or French heraldry, to be most noble : whether as Lords of Bothwell or as Seigneurs de Concessault. The mother of Cardinal Beatoun was a daughter of this house, and Katherine's great grand-aunt. These honourable persons, the laird and lady of Duddingston, were most pious and devout, according to the tone of religion then prevalent in Scotland ; being devoted to the cause of the covenant, and worshipping God according to the strictest rules of puritanical observance. And truly, in those unhappy times, there was little else of what could be called religion in the country. The Episcopalian party give us very scanty evidence of piety, and though that of the Covenanters was gloomy and fanatical, it was apparently sincere, and the severity and moroseness of its character may have been in some degree owing to the cruel treatment they received.

George Dundas and Katherine Moneypenny were most exact in the punctual performance of their devotional duties. And the *exercise*, as it was called, of prayer, praise, and reading of God's word, was regularly *engaged in*, three times every day, before breakfast, before dinner, and before

supper. On these occasions every member of the family, without exception, was expected to attend. And a goodly sight it was to see the numerous children of the laird and lady, their large body of domestic servants, and the guests who were in the habit of surrounding their hospitable board, kneeling in godly sincerity and singleness of heart, before the throne of grace, and lifting up their voices with one accord in the praise of their heavenly father.

Though Dundas was a strict religionist, he was anxious to perform the dutiful offices of a country gentleman ; and, as one of them, he considered the keeping up a friendly and neighbourly intercourse. Much, therefore, as he disapproved of General Dalzell's severity in the exercise of his office of Commander-in-chief, and sincerely as he deplored the working of the measures of government, he was anxious to be, as much as possible, on a footing of kindness and civility with him, as one of his nearest neighbours, and one with whom his family had always kept up intimacy, notwithstanding an hereditary opposition of principles. For Duddingston's father, like all the members of that branch of the Dundas's (Dundas, Arniston, and Duddingston) were zealous covenanters, and keen asserters of liberty of worship. However, no sooner was Dalzell returned from Moscow, than

Dundas sought to renew his old family friendship with him, and the General gladly met him half way ; so that the puritan Laird surprised many of his covenanting friends by the familiar intercourse which subsisted between him and the king's lieutenant-general. But when persecution broke out, this intercourse slackened somewhat, though it did not altogether cease. It happened one day, during a visit which the Commander-in-chief paid to Binns House, to enjoy a little relaxation from the fatigues of duty among his groves and gardens, that he sent to say to Dundas that he would go to Duddingston to dine with him. With a heavy heart the Lady Duddingston heard her lord return a favourable answer to this proposal. She had learnt to look upon her old neighbour as a wicked persecutor and enemy of God's people—and on that account alone she would have shunned his society. But she was moved with immediate fears for the safety of her husband and family. She knew that the daily mid-day prayers would not be omitted before the Commander-in-chief ; and she was well aware that many expressions occurred in them which might offend Dalzell, and perhaps bring his vengeance upon her husband and children. She, therefore, secretly gave orders to her old grey-headed butler, to cause dinner to be served up in the hall without the usual preliminary

exercise of prayer and praise. Dalzell and the other guests were assembled; Duddingston, his lady and family had done the honour of reception with due courtesy to their distinguished guest. The great bell was rung, Dundas's countenance wore for the moment an expression of stern solemnity. He had a duty to his God to perform, which he knew might involve him in a world of trouble, for he would not omit one iota of his usual services before the king's lieutenant; even although that implied prayer in behalf of those who were accounted the king's enemies, and supplications that God would soften his majesty's heart and shorten the arm of his persecuting general!

Dundas, being thus prepared to brave the lion in the pride of his power, was much displeased when his train of servants appeared in the hall, not bearing his usual cushions for prayer, bibles, and psalm-books; but the smoking trenchers, capacious vessels, and portly flagons for the noon-tide meal. He immediately ordered all these preparations to be delayed, and the cushions, psalm-books, and bibles to be brought in their place. The Lady Duddingston's heart sank within her when she saw the firm purpose of the laird. She thought of the fate of many of the heroes of the covenant, and expected to see her

husband, as soon as prayers were over, ordered down to his own hall door, and that by the double row of dragoons who had waited on the General, and who were, at that moment, regaled with the best that the larder and cellars afforded. But there was no help for the laird's constancy to his cause and his custom, and all that she could do was to pray God to soften the persecutor's heart.

The religious services were accordingly performed as usual. The prayers were said, the psalms were sung, God's mercy was invoked for his suffering servants, the king's cruel purposes were deprecated, and especial allusion was made to the general himself, whose hard and stony heart the Lord was entreated to soften. Dalzell quietly took his part in all the exercises, knelt, listened, and stood up with the rest; and when all was over, he went up to Dundas, embraced him, and congratulated him upon being an honest, high-principled, and courageous man, who did before his face exactly that which he would have done behind his back. He said that he honoured his sincerity, and would scorn to take advantage of the opportunity which his hospitality had afforded, of letting his real sentiments be known. He then sat down to dinner with much cordiality, and pledged a cup of wine to the roof-tree of Duddingston and to the good neighbourhood and

friendship of their families. Next morning he sent a score of pikes and halberts to Duddingston with which the laird might arm his servants to defend him or his house in case of any sudden attack during those times of trouble.

After many generations, and during peaceful times, the blades of some of these pikes were turned into carving knives, with which the descendants of the old persecuting general were often plentifully helped at Duddingston's hospitable board.

THE BEWSEY TRAGEDY.

“ Unarmed, and, in his bed surprised,
 Vilely they butchered the devoted Lord !
 Meanwhile, a servant maid, with pious guile,
 Bore in her apron, artfully conceal'd,
 The infant heir; and, many a danger brav'd,
 Sav'd him uninjur'd from the ruffian's sword,
 The Negro's valour favouring her escape.”

BEWSEY : *a Poem.*

A TERRIBLE legend attaches to the eminent family of Boteler, or Butler, of Bewsey, in Lancashire, some of whose early members were summoned to Parliament as Barons of Warrington. The hero of this tale is Sir John Boteler, representative of the family in the reigns of Henry VI. and VII. His wife, whose Christian name was Anna, was a daughter of Sir John Savile.

King Henry was about to pay a visit to Lathom House, when Lord Derby, anxious to do honour to his royal guest, and, perhaps, also to show the power and number of his friends, sent a message to all connected with him, to make their appearance at Lathom on a certain day. His missives also bore that every one should appear in his livery, a custom of the time, and which inferred no menial degradation. Amongst other places, a demand of this nature was sent to Bewsey Hall, greatly to the indignation of Lady Boteler, who, her husband being absent, returned for answer, "that she considered her lord as fit to entertain the king as any earl."

Lord Derby took fire at this curt and not very courteous reply, but, as it admitted of no higher or more immediate revenge, he was forced to limit the expression of his feelings to a system of petty annoyances, not the less galling, perhaps, because they were trifling. A thorn may fester and rankle as much as any sword. On his part, Sir John was not slow to retaliate, and one day, when the earl, being on his way to London, wished to cross the ferry over the Mersey, at Warrington, Sir John, in whose right it was, refused to allow his passing. The earl was thus compelled to go round by Manchester, at which he was so much exasperated that, to prevent a repetition, as well

as to punish Sir John, by depriving him of his tolls—they amounted to about one hundred marks per annum—he built a bridge across the river, and made it free to all passengers. Sir John refused to allow any such encroachment upon his vested rights; the passage of the river, he maintained, was exclusively his own, and cross by the ferry, or cross by the bridge, the traveller should equally disburse what was due to the ferry. The earl applied to the king, who gave his authority for making the bridge free, a decision which, if it satisfied one party, was no less distasteful to the other. The feud, therefore, continued as violent as ever, and the fires of discord, first lighted by Dame Anna, and, for awhile no more than a little spark, now threatened to swell into consuming flames.

It would seem as if in this war of mutual annoyance, the earl had somehow got the worst, for he now planned a mode of revenge not at all consonant with his usual character. He determined to get rid of his enemy by the short, sharp remedy of murder, using for his agents in the business Sir Piers Legh and William Savage, both gentlemen of family, in Cheshire. To carry out their project, it was necessary to bribe the porter, and a servant within the hall, both of whom they appear to have found little difficulty

in corrupting. By these confederates, the most fitting time for the deed was marked by placing a lighted taper in a certain window, when they crossed the moat in a coracle, a small tub-like boat formed of hides, and were silently introduced to the chamber of their victim. Even then the deed of blood was not accomplished without a hard struggle. A faithful chamberlain, who slept in the ante-room, would fain have opposed their entrance, but he was killed, and Sir John was murdered in his bed.

The infant heir of the estate would probably have shared the same fate, but for the presence of mind of a Negress, who bore away the child in her apron unperceived.

Even now the horrors of the night were not ended. The murderers took away with them one of the treacherous servants, and for reward hanged him upon a tree, that he might not turn king's evidence against them. What became of the other servant is not said, and therein the legend may be thought to somewhat halt. It must also seem strange, that the perpetrators of so barbarous a deed were never brought to justice. Lady Boteler did, indeed, institute proceedings, but it would seem the law's delay was long, as the prosecution was not completed when she had taken a second husband, Lord Grey, who

disallowed her suit—in consequence of which she separated from him, and returned to Lancashire. “If,” said she, “my lord will not let me have my will of my husband’s enemies, yet shall my body be buried by him.”

According to some accounts, Sir Piers Legh, being an ecclesiastic, and, therefore, not so easily brought to a severer punishment, was condemned to build Disley Church, as a penance for the share he had in this transaction. This task he performed in 1527.*

In the Bewsey chapel at Warrington church is a splendidly decorated tomb of Sir Thomas Boteler and his lady, enclosed within railings. Their recumbent effigies, hand-in-hand, are placed upon an altar tomb; he in armour, she in a remarkable mitre-shaped cap, surrounded by various sculptured saints, but there is no inscription. Under an arch in the wall, near this monument, was formerly the figure of the faithful black servant noticed in the legend.

The family of Boteler is now extinct, and the Bewsey estate has descended, through female heirs, successively to the families of Ireland,

* Disley Church, near Stockport, in Cheshire, is still in the patronage of the Legh family, and now vests in Thomas Legh, Esq., of Lyme.

Atherton, and Powys, and is now enjoyed by Thomas Atherton Powys, third Lord Lilford.

Bewsey Hall, the scene of the tragedy, is still to be seen about a mile north-west of Warrington. It is an irregular fabric, built principally of brick. The moat also remains, and is in tolerable preservation.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TALISMAN.

THE story that we are about to narrate, being not only founded on fact, but closely confined to it, will, of necessity, be brief; yet, brief as it is, it will require a somewhat long preamble to make it perfectly comprehended. In the language of the field, we must try back, and take a view of matters long anterior to the actual commencement of our tale.

Sir John Perrot derived his name and estate from an ancient and illustrious family in Pembrokeshire. Popular report, however, gave him a much higher origin, and would fain have planted the bend sinister in his arms, making him to have been a natural son of Henry the Eighth: "If," says Naunton, "we compare his picture, his qualities, his gesture, and voyce with that of the king, whose memory yet remains amongst us, they

will plead strongly that he was a surreptitious scion of the blood royal."

He was unusually tall, and of immense bodily strength, his eyes quick and piercing, his hair auburn, or, as his biographer styles it in his old-fashioned language, *alborne*. He was of an undaunted spirit, skilful in military matters, and of a sound judgment, though he could not pretend to much learning. Moreover, he had a wonderful proneness to choler, and when in choler would swear as fearfully as my uncle Toby's troops in Flanders. When he was only eighteen years old, which was about the thirty-sixth year of Henry the Eighth's reign, he was sent up to London to the house of the Marquess of Winchester, then Lord Treasurer of England. Here he found two other young men, the Earl of Oxford and the Lord Abergavenny, it being the custom of those times for well-born youths to be brought up in the families of noblemen. The Earl chanced to be effeminate; the Lord, on the contrary, was of so fierce and quarrelsome a temper, that the household dreaded him, and welcomed the advent of the stranger from Pembrokeshire, as one who was likely to tame him. "Is there such a one?" said he, "let me see him." And being introduced to young Perrot, he exclaimed, "what, Sir! are you the kill-cow that must match me."—"No,"

replied the other, "I am no butcher, but if you use me not the better, you shall find I can give a butcher's blow." A combat was the immediate result, when the turbulent Lord got himself well drubbed, not only into civility but into friendship. The league, however, did not last long between these fiery spirits. Upon one occasion they determined to give a banquet to their friends, but falling into some dispute, and thence to blows, they broke the glasses about one another's ears, so that by the time the guests arrived, not a goblet was left, and the floor was running with blood instead of claret.

His next adventure, though it began ominously enough, promised well for his future fortunes. He had gone to Southwark—every reader of our old plays knows the ill-repute of the city suburbs in those days—accompanied by a page, when he was set upon by two yeomen of the crown, against whom he defended himself with much courage. This story coming to King Henry's ears, he was so much delighted with his bravery and personal appearance, that he promised him a speedy advancement. This intention was frustrated by the Monarch's death, which happened soon after.

Becoming a great favourite with Edward the Sixth, he was made a Knight of the Bath at his coronation. In 1551 he accompanied the Marquess

of Northampton in his embassy to treat of a marriage between Edward and a daughter of the French king; and while in that country he gained much reputation by his strength and prowess. Of this, the following story affords a lively instance:—

“The marquess, being a nobleman that delighted much in all activitie, and did keep always the most excellent men that could be found in most kindes of activitie and desportes, which the King of France understanding, and being willing to shew hym such pleasure as was used in that countrie—on a time he brought the Marquis to hunt the wild boare, it fell out that a gentleman charging of the boare with his chasing staff, did not hitt right, and so the boare was ready to run in upon hym. Sir John Perrot perceiving hym to be in perill, came in to his rescue, and with a broad sword, which he then wore, gave the boare such a blow that he did well neare part the head from the shoulders. The King of France, who stooke in sight of this, came presently unto hym, took hym by about the mydle, and imbracing hym, called hym Beaufoile; whereat he supposed that the kinge came to trie his strength, and taking the kinge also about the midel, lifted hym somewhat high from the ground; with which the

kinge was nothing displeased, but proffered a good pension to serve hym." This was politely declined by the patriotic and burly Englishman.

Upon his return to England, Sir John lived so extravagantly that his large estates became involved. The game he played on this occasion—for it wears but little of the appearance of mere chance—was crafty enough. Retiring to a place, which he knew was frequented by the king about that hour, he began to complain aloud, but as if to himself, of his own follies. "Must I," he exclaimed, "be the man that shall overthrow mine own house, which hath continued so long? Better I had never been born. What shall I do to recover my estate?" And then he went on, still arguing aloud, to consider that although the king might wish him well, still being young and under the control of ministers, he could do him no essential service. Hence he inferred that it would be better for him to quit the court, where he would only spend more money, and betake himself to the country, for the purpose of nursing his estate.

The king overheard, as Sir John no doubt intended he should do, the whole of this self-accusation. He indignantly repelled the notion of his not having the power to serve where he had the will, and in proof of this he relieved him from

all his difficulties, though in what way, whether by place or hard cash, his biographer has omitted to mention.

The King having died, and Mary having ascended the throne, it was quite natural that the protestant Sir John, should find himself at times in peril. The Queen had ordered the Earl of Pembroke to clear Wales of heretics,, and the Earl in turn laid claim to Sir John's assistance in carrying out this purifying. The latter refused with his usual bluntness, and the matter coming to the Queen's ears, she was exceedingly indignant and refused his suit for the Castle of Carew, which she had before promised, observing that " he smelt of the smoke," an allusion to the burning of heretics, somewhat dangerous when coming from such lips. But it may be doubtful, whether Mary was naturally cruel, though too easily led by those who were. On this occasion she was soon pacified, and becoming reconciled to Sir John, notwithstanding his avowed difference of faith, bestowed upon him the castle and lands she had promised. It should, moreover, be mentioned to the honour of the Earl of Pembroke, that when Sir John was hard pressed by his enemies, that he came forward nobly to the rescue. " My lords," said the generous Earl, " I must tell you my opinion of this man, and of this matter. For the man, I

think he would at this time, if he could, eat my heart with salt, but yet, notwithstanding his stomach towards me, I will give him his due. I hold him to be a man of good worth, and one who hath deserved of her Majesty in his service, as good a matter as this which he seeketh, and will no doubt deserve better, if he will reform his religion; therefore, since the Queen has passed her gracious promise, I see no reason but he should have that which he seeketh."

Upon the death of Mary, the fortunes of Sir John naturally rose higher than ever. He had always been a favourite with Elizabeth, and now upon her coming to the throne, was employed in affairs implying the highest confidence in his abilities both as a soldier and a statesman. He was sent into Ireland as President of Munster, and, having gained signal successes over Fitzmorris and other rebels, he returned, after an absence of two years, to England.

Such was the early career of our hero, as it appears in the chronicles of his times, and, with this necessary preface, we now proceed to the tradition of the Queen's talisman, which might otherwise have appeared abrupt and unintelligible.

It was high tide at Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was then holding her court, and by the

general bustle, as well as by the concourse of barges below the palace, it was evident that something more than usual was in agitation. Strange rumours were in circulation amongst the crowd of an intended invasion of England by the Spaniards, while others, who claimed to be better informed, declared that the invasion did not regard England but Ireland, to which country the Spanish King was about to send a large force to assist the Irish rebel, Fitzmorris, in his revolt.

“But,” said the maintainer of this last notion, “the Queen has sent for stout Sir John Perrot, who, no doubt, will give a good account both of the Dons and of the rebels. By my faith, yonder he comes, and with a brave set of followers. One, two, three—as I live, twelve barges, and at least fifty men in orange-coloured cloaks; many of them, I’ll be sworn for them, are of birth and quality.”

“But which,” inquired another, “is Sir John Perrot?”

“He in the stern of the fourth barge—that tall, broad-shouldered giant, that looks as if he could carry the Tower on his back without help.”

The subject of these remarks now stepped out of his boat, and was speedily followed by his companions. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the quay than he turned round to one of them, ex-

claiming, "Cogswouns, Arden, you must do an errand for me to Mistress Blanch Parry; in my hurry I had forgotten it. Take this diamond to her, and say from me, that a diamond coming unlooked for, always brings good luck with it. I will see her in the evening, if I get away from the Queen time enough."

In relating a brief tradition like this, it would be out of place to enter into any long description, or to add anything to what we find plainly written down in the old chronicles. Sir John was received most graciously by Queen Elizabeth, and with some surprise at the speed in obeying her summons.

"God's light, Sir John!" she exclaimed, "I looked not for you as yet, albeit I thank you heartily for your speedy repair hither. Is it not two hundred miles from here to Pembrokeshire?"

Sir John allowed that it was much about that distance.

"And how have you done to settle your estate in the country?" demanded the Queen.

"An it like your majesty" replied Sir John, "I have taken this care for all; that, setting all private business aside, in respect of your majesty's service, I have in the country appointed the white sheep to keep the black; for I may well enough adventure them when I am willing to adventure my life in your majesty's service."

With this reply, Elizabeth expressed herself well satisfied, and was proceeding in her commendations, when Sir Christopher Hatton, who was no friend to Sir John, and who had entered the presence-chamber only a few minutes after him, said, with a bland smile,

“Sir John’s zeal and loyalty are well-known, yet I doubt whether Mistress Blanch Parry may not claim some share in his speed upon this occasion.”

A visible shade passed over the Queen’s brow, and she bit her lips as if to suppress the words that came to them.

“What mean you, Sir Christopher? I understand you not.”

Sir Christopher, in the same subdued tone, and as if he were relating an acceptable tale, proceeded to repeat the message he had overheard Sir John giving to his follower Arden. For a moment the whole court looked upon the lover as a lost man; but well and wisely sang the poet—

“*varium et mutabile semper femina*”

The dark cloud passed away as rapidly as it had appeared, and she presented him “with a fair jewel, hanged by a white cypress, signifying withal that as long as he wore them for her sake, she did believe, with God’s help, he should have no

harm." Sir John, in no little surprise at this sudden turn of fortune, knelt down, and having kissed her hand exclaimed, "I will ever wear this jewel for your Majesty's sake, and doubt not, with God's favour, to return your ships in safety, and either to bring the Spaniards—if they come in my way—as prisoners, or else to sink them in the seas."

Whether it was owing to the Queen's talisman, or was merely the result of accident, his visit to Ireland was as fortunate as it had been on the preceding occasion. He was not longer in pacifying or suppressing the discontented; friends and enemies alike professed to be contented with his rule; and the bad weather, or some other untold cause, prevented the Spaniards from even attempting their threatened landing. He therefore resolved to return to England, and had just reached the Downs, when he came upon a piratical ship under the command of one Dereyfold, who had obtained considerable notoriety by his successful daring in the channel. To this ship he immediately gave chase, pursuing it to the coast of Flanders, when, his good fortune still continuing, he made a prize of the pirate, and bent his course back again to the Downs. Here his ship grounded on the sands called the *Kentish Knocks*, and while she lay beating upon her side a storm came on,

and they were in imminent danger of being cast away. In this state they continued during the whole night ; but at daybreak the wind shifted, and drove them out to sea. To make their condition yet worse a dense fog arose, so that for four days they were tossed about without knowing where they were, till at last they took the pirate into their council. Under his direction, for it appears he was a much better seaman than his captors, they at length reached the Thames in safety.

It might have been thought that one so successful in his enterprises would have been loaded with honours upon his return. But the frank, and, it must be owned, rough humour of Sir John had made him many enemies. The most active and persevering of these was a certain Thomas Wryriott, a justice of the peace, who, from some unexplained cause, would never allow him a moment's respite. First he set on the pilot of his ship to prefer a charge against him for having put his ship in unnecessary peril, and the Queen to uncalled-for expenses ; but though the latter was almost as great a fault in Elizabeth's eyes as could well be committed, the accuser got reproach instead of credit. Then Wryriott preferred a petition of his own against Sir John, but this also failed ; the Master of the Requests,

to whom the Queen had sent the case for examination, reporting the knight's innocence. Hereupon Wryriott complained to the Queen against the master, and this accusation being referred to the privy council was by them declared malicious. Other schemes were tried by the justice with no better success, and he was now at his wit's end,—determined not to abandon his plans against Sir John, yet totally at a loss what to do next; when one day a courtier said to him,—“You may as well shoot your arrows against the moon as try anything against Sir John Perrot; know you not, man, that the Queen long since gave him an amulet to keep him from all harm?”

The age of Elizabeth, as every one knows, was pre-eminently an age of superstitions, and Wryriott had his full share of the general weakness. He had heard before of the Queen's talisman, but somehow it had slipt from his memory, but now that it was brought thus vividly to his mind, with so much, as he imagined, to confirm its powers, he began seriously to debate with himself how he might best deprive his enemy of this supernatural safeguard. All at once the knight's passion for Blanche Parry occurred to him: could she not in some way be made the instrument for carrying out his purpose.

It is seldom that the Devil fails to suggest the

way of evil to those who are disposed to tread it. Upon this occasion the busy fiend—as busy as when he tormented the ear of the dying Bishop of Winchester—suggested that it would be no bad plan to excite the jealousy of Blanche by persuading her that the talisman was a love-token, in which case she might be induced to coax the knight out of it; or, failing in that, to rob him of it. No sooner had the thought entered his head—however it came there, whether diabolicé or otherwise—than he set about carrying it into effect.

It was no difficult matter to excite the jealousy of Blanche, who well knew the inconstancy of her admirer, and when he hinted that Sir John might pretend it was a present from the queen, she at once declared her resolution not to be duped by a mask of that kind—the easiest resolution in the world for a woman to adhere to—and she did adhere to it most firmly, alternately scolding and coaxing, now threatening to poison both herself and her lover, and the next day—oftentimes the next hour—assuming the most winning airs to attain her object. But all to no purpose; whether she played the angel or the devil, Sir John remained inexorable, swearing most shockingly when she stormed, and in a somewhat lower key when she had recourse to the female arts of cajolery. Blanche plainly saw at last, that if she

meant to possess the talisman, there was nothing left for her but to steal it, and in this moral conception she was greatly strengthened by her friend the Justice.

How Blanche managed to possess herself of the talisman does not appear from any existing record, or whether indeed it was lost or stolen. All that can be said with certainty is, that just before Sir John was despatched to Ireland, for the third time, and now as Lord Lieutenant, or as it was then called, Lord Deputy—the amulet was missing. But in the bustle of preparation, that followed upon his appointment, little thought could be given for its recovery; if not forgotten, the matter was neglected; and now behold the good knight once again upon his way to Ireland, much against the advice of his half brother, Sir Henry Jones, who foresaw what envy and hatred he was likely to draw upon himself by undertaking the employment. The result proved the truth of his predictions. Although successful alike in peace and in war, his honest severity in repressing abuses procured for him a multitude of maligners, who found able supporters in his ancient enemies, Wryriott, and Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he had bitterly offended by ridiculing his love for dancing, an occupation held by the rough spoken soldier in profound con-

tempt. As the old chronicler quaintly phrases it, "Ever since Sir John reflected on *his dancing*, he lost *own footing*, and never stood on his legs." Both of these, and more particularly the latter, did their best to incense the Queen, and they so far succeeded that she wrote several angry letters to him upon his conduct. When, however, there were renewed signs of a Spanish invasion, Elizabeth, who well knew his military excellence, wrote to him in a very opposite strain, but her cajoleries produced no other effect upon him than contempt, which he had not prudence enough to keep to himself. In the great chamber at Dublin, he gave vent to his feelings, in the presence of friends and enemies, with equal indifference. "Lo! you now," he exclaimed, "she's out of her wits for fear of the Spaniards, and now I am again one of her white boys." The first part of his exclamation was, indeed, much coarser than we can venture to write, and, coming to the ears of Elizabeth, no doubt made her more inclined to listen to his enemies than she might otherwise have been. He was recalled to England, and his opponents so far prevailed, that he was committed to the Tower upon the charge of high treason.

Here he was visited by the faithful Blanche, —faithful at least in her attachment, though she

had wronged him in the affair of the talisman, to the loss of which he attributed his present misfortunes. Blanche, on hearing this, was too much terrified to own that she had abstracted it, and, the more so, as it was no longer in her own possession. Wyrriott had contrived to make her surrender the talisman to himself, by threatening, in case of non-compliance, to betray the secret to Sir John, whose wrath upon such a discovery was a thing to be dreaded. How should one, by nature so timid, dare to brave a man, of whom it was popularly said, "he was so like a son of Henry VIII., that he would not be Queen Elizabeth's subject." No, the talisman must be recovered; but how? Wyrriott was not the person to listen to any, or to do anything, that could in the least compromise the gratification of his own peculiar interests or passions, and these were now all enlisted on the side most opposite to her wishes. Unluckily, Wyrriott was fully tainted with the superstitions of his age; he had observed that Sir John, till the loss of the talisman, had been invariably prosperous in all his undertakings, and, instead of attributing this result to natural causes, he at once settled it in his own mind that it arose from his possession of the jewel. Blanche soon found that solicitations availed nothing, and she had recourse to threats,

—she would betray all to the Queen, even though in so doing she must, at the same time, confess her having been the original thief. Wryriott turned pale at this menace; it was full of danger to him, for love, in those days, had much the elastic properties of indian-rubber, and might safely be stretched, by a powerful hand, into a rope to hang him. Sir John, though illegitimate, was the Queen's own brother; he had besides done her good service in Ireland and elsewhere, and was warmly befriended by the great Burleigh. There was no knowing what might happen.

In this dilemma, Wryriott used every argument he could devise to make Blanche abandon what he termed an insane desire to save a man who did not care for her. Was it not as notorious as the sun at noon-day, that Sir John, besides having a wife, possessed a score of female favourites? "It might be true—indeed it was true," she replied; "but this was no time to think of such things when his life was in peril." Finding that persuasions availed nothing, Wryriott, with a face that was almost livid with suppressed passion at last consented, and was about to leave the room, as he said, to fetch the jewels. Blanche stopped him; there was something in his look that had fully aroused her suspicions, and she insisted on not letting him

go out of her sight until he had given up the talisman. At this demand he smiled, as one might suppose the fiend to smile, and beckoning her to follow, led the way without more words. They traversed several rooms, and passed now up-stairs, and now down, according to the fashion which prevailed in most English houses of the olden time, until at last they came into a cellar, or vault of some kind, dimly lighted, though without any visible outlet. No sooner had they entered than Wyrriott flung the door to with sudden violence. Almost at the same instant, his hand was upon her throat, grasping it so strongly as to prevent her uttering a single cry; and in the next, after a short struggle, he had hurled her into a well, excavated probably before the building of the house, but which had for many years been disused, and passed out of general recollection. Such is one of the various current traditions of the end of poor Blanche, and which is said to have been a secret to all, till divulged in confession by the perpetrator upon his death-bed. The less romantic account which attributes to her a natural death, and which does not mix up Wyrriott with the talisman, may no doubt be the true one; but in a matter like this, belief, as in the case of Lubin Log's drink-money, is "all optional."

In those days, the Beauchamp Tower was one

of the principal state-prisons. Upon the first floor of this part of the building was a spacious apartment, with two small cells adjoining, in one of which it would appear from Sir John's complaint to his judge he had been confined. "His lodging," he said, "was a short chamber, only room for his bed and a table, and he never went out of doors, nor had any air to comfort him." Here he was left to meditate upon his fallen fortunes, until his enemies having raked together everything that could be found against him, he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before Lord Hunsdon, and other special commissioners. The charges were, "that he had sought the subversion of the state, and the overthrow of her Majesty's dominions, by bringing in foreign forces; that he had corresponded with the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma, as well as with divers other traitors beyond the seas, promising them aid; that, contrary to his allegiance, he had confederated with, and abetted traitors; that he bore a cruel heart and malice towards her Majesty; that he had committed divers murders to stop the disclosure of his treasons; had been guilty of sorcery and witchcrafts; and finally, that he had conspired the destruction of her Majesty's person." Although nothing could be proved against him, except the use of intemperate language, to which he was at

all times too prone, he was in the teeth of law and justice found guilty, the trial having lasted till eleven o'clock at night; when he was taken back to his old cell in the Tower, for even his petition for a better room had met with a rough denial. His haughty temper was rather inflamed than subdued by this treatment, and as if he had not already given enough advantage to his enemies by his bursts of passion during the trial, he now exclaimed to Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "What! will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of his frisking adversaries?"—a speech that was duly reported to the Queen, who seems to have taken it in a very different way from what his enemies had hoped and expected. "Her Majesty," says the old chronicler, replied with that rescript of Theodosius, Honorius, and Arcadius,—"*if any person speak ill of the emperor through a foolish rashness and inadvertency, it is to be despised; if out of madness it deserves pity; if from malice and aversion, it calls for mercy.*"

Notwithstanding this favourable disposition on the Queen's part, Sir John, after some delay, was brought up for judgment. It was a fine morning, towards the close of June, when he was conveyed in a coach from the Tower to the Old Swan, and

thence by water to Westminster Bridge. Having landed there between eight and nine, he was conducted to the Hall, strongly guarded by divers of the yeomen of the guard with halberds, and the Lieutenant's men with weapons all round about him, "and in that sort he was brought up to the Queen's Bench bar, where he stood for a quarter of an hour bare-headed, expecting the coming of the commissioners." He was dressed, says the same authority, in a doublet and hose of black satin plain, and a gown of wrought velvet furred, and a square or flat-crowned black felt hat, with a small band, and a plain white ruff.

The scene which now passed was, if possible, more atrocious even than that which had occurred upon the day of trial. Not only was every fair construction denied him, but insult was heaped upon insult, his most moderate petitions rejected with scorn, and the usual horrible doom of traitors was pronounced upon him—he was to be hung, drawn, and quartered.

It is said that Elizabeth had resolved this sentence should never be carried into effect, being herself convinced of his perfect innocence. But it would appear at the same time, that she had not forgotten the verbal affronts he had offered her, and was resolved, in a spirit of female vengeance, to let him taste the full bitterness of death. Nearly

six months had passed, and he was still a condemned prisoner, in hourly expectation of the axe; yet even this dreadful suspense does not seem to have had for him any particular terrors. On the contrary, he was often heard to say, "I do not ask to live. My name and blood are now corrupted; they were never before spotted, and woe be to me that am the first of my house and name that ever was attained or suspected. I do not wish to live."

And the end at length came as he had desired—he died of a broken heart, in the sixty-fourth year of his age; "his haughtiness of spirit," says Naunton, "accompanying him to the last, and still without any diminution of courage therein, it burst the cords of his magnanimity."

This event took place in September, 1592. All that can be said for Queen Elizabeth is, that having sacrificed a faithful subject and gallant soldier to the enmity of her dancing favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton, she did a tardy justice to his memory by restoring his estates to his son, who had married a sister of the Earl of Essex.

SPAINS HALL.

ROMANTIC as this name may sound, it is really and truly the proper designation of a fine old Gothic mansion, still existing in the county of Essex.

It was so called from a certain Hervey de Ispania, who held the manor under Count Alan Fergent, second son of Eudo, Earl of Bretagne, and who, as his name imports, was of Spanish origin. Our tradition, however, relates to a much more recent possessor of the estate, although from its romantic nature—bordering, indeed, upon the improbable—it might well have belonged to the time of Hervey the Spaniard.

Spains Hall had, by marriage with a sole surviving heiress, passed into the family of the Kempes; and about the year 1589, the date of our story, was held by William Kempe, the loving and loved husband of a very beautiful wife. In fact, he doted upon her, not with the dotage of a

weak mind that is yet further debilitated and made ridiculous by its passion, but with the ardour of one of those firm, and almost iron tempers, which, having once taken up either a liking or a hatred, cling to their adoption with irremovable pertinacity. With him, to talk of a thing was to do it, and although not often led away by hasty ebullitions of temper, still this firmness—if we may call it firmness—would at times lead him into unpleasant straits that never could have befallen any one who held less tenaciously by his purposes. Such was the case in the present instance.

William Kempe had not long been married, and like most ardent lovers had a more than reasonable share of jealousy. It so happened that in the neighbourhood there resided a young man of sufficient external attractions to win any female heart that was not otherwise engaged, and therefore, a very fit subject for the suspicions of a husband. Of him, though without the least cause, it pleased our William to be jealous in the extreme of that amiable disease, so much so that one day—

“Passion having his best judgment collied,”

he bestowed upon her that word which sounded so offensively to the ears that she did not choose to repeat it; neither do we; enough, the word

was spoken, and as immediately repented of, with the same degree of fury that had attended its utterance. Before the lady could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to make a reply, he had darted off like a maniac into the near woods, and thither we must follow him, leaving the offended party to take counsel with herself at leisure.

The cool evening ought in all reason to have brought down our hero's self-indignation to a more decent temperature, but though he had continued roaming through the woods till nightfall, the fiery crater within his bosom was still boiling over and sending forth both flame and smoke. To drop all metaphor, which, perhaps, does not make the matter much clearer, he could not reconcile himself to himself; the fatal monosyllable which he had dropt in his fury, continued to hunt him like a spectre, and sundry were the terms of invective, that, in consequence, he launched against his own head.

"I wonder," he at length exclaimed, "I wonder why man is cursed with that unruly member, the tongue. The brute-beasts are ten times happier in their dumbness; with them the tongue serves only for good and useful purposes, and not to do mischief to themselves or others. They talk no slander, they make no enemies by angry words, they poison none by flattery. Had my lucky stars

made a dog of me, I had never been able to give utterance to my idle jealousy,—had never breathed that filthy imputation—never struck to the heart the best, the kindest, the purest! 'Sdeath! I could tear my tongue out by the roots, and fling it to the swine that are picking up the acorns and the beech-nuts. Speech! by Heavens, I'll not speak again for the next seven years! For so long I'll be dumb as the brute-beast, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, in passion and in calm; and if I break the vow, may canker root out my lying tongue, and prevent the sin's repetition at the same time that it punishes it!"

He had scarcely said this, when forth stepped from the bushes a man of the next village, well known to him, as to every one in the neighbourhood, under the name of Raven Foster. And what sort of being was he who rejoiced in this singular baptism? According to the best informed opinions he was an impostor and a vagabond, who pretended to astrology and necromantic arts, only because he was too idle to work, and found it less labour to cheat the credulous than to put his hand to any useful occupation; according to the popular belief he could read the stars, converse with the birds—each in its own peculiar dialect, and charm away diseases that all the doctors in the neighbourhood could not cure. These gifts,

it was said, he derived from the circumstances of his birth, being the seventh son of a seventh son, for his ancestors during seven generations were noted for large families—seldom less than nine in number—and for long lives, as any one might, and still may, convince himself by studying the tombstones in their parish church-yard. From these indisputable witnesses it appears that in no case had any of them, male or female, died under the unusual age of ninety, while some had actually passed their hundredth year. But, in addition to all this, there was a peculiar circumstance attending the birth of this seventh son of a seventh son, which in the popular opinion invested him with a supernatural halo, and plainly indicated that he was not a man like other men, but one who, if not actually a spirit, was, at least, akin to spirits. During the whole night of his mother's pains, three ravens had perched themselves upon a tree that spread its branches close to the groaning woman's bed-room, where, contrary to the wont of such birds, they kept up a continual croaking until day-break. Hence the new-born child, when taken to the font, received the somewhat ominous name for a Christian, of Raven—Raven Foster—though he was generally known in popular parlance as *the Raven*.

This doubtful personage now stood before

William Kempe, his features, at all times cunning enough, expressing an unusual degree of craft. William, feeling convinced that his self-dialogue had been overheard, put a couple of guineas into the fellow's hand, and by placing his fingers upon his lips, signified that it was thereby intended to purchase his silence.

"I know what you mean," said the Raven in answer to these dumb signs, and pocketing the money; "I know what you mean, and not a word shall pass my lips, unless I happen to forget it. To prevent that, you must refresh my memory now and then with one of these golden boys."

The eyes of William Kempe flashed with indignation at the vagabond's cool effrontery, and, though he spoke not, it was evident that he had some difficulty in keeping his hands off him. But all this did not for a moment disturb the self-composure of the Raven. He went on in the cool, impudent tone, saying, "I do not want to take any advantage of you, quite the contrary; for though I shall gain by your dumbness, seeing I should have a secret to keep, and secrets must be paid for, yet, for all that, I would advise you to think no more of your oath than I should—and that's' just nothing at all!"

William shook his head, his anger not being proof against the man's excessive assurance,

mingled as it seemed to be with some touch of good feeling towards himself.

“You may shake your head,” continued the fortune-teller; “but take my advice, Master Kempe, and give up your dumb scheme altogether. I can’t help saying so much, though I shall lose many a red guinea if you do.”

The legend has come down to us in so fragmentary a shape that it is impossible to say what effect this conversation produced at the time upon the pseudo-dumb, or whether it produced any; most assuredly, as the result shows, it nowise altered his purpose. Returning home when the evening set in, he flung his whole family into confusion by his sudden, and to them unaccountable malady. Some supposed that he was under the influence of witchcraft, as more than one suspected witch lived in the neighbourhood, and these interpreters were for calling in the priest; others, who had little faith in demonology, and a great deal in the pharmacopæia, were no less clamorous for the doctor. Eventually both expedients were resorted to; the priests prayed, and they did no good; the doctors prescribed, and they did just as much—no more. Pills and prayers, elixirs and exorcisms, were all tried in succession, but only to prove the inefficiency of

the operators ; dumb the patient was, and, as may easily be imagined, dumb he remained.

Again the legend, defective from the wear and tear of time, wants continuity. We find, after the lapse of months, our hero, greatly weary of his dumbness, though by no means shaken in his resolution, endeavouring to amuse his ennui by making a fish-pond in his grounds. This occupation carried him pretty well over the first twelvemonth ; but the work by that time being accomplished, in a month or two he again became subject to the paralyzing effects of ennui ; he was even tired of admiring what had at first given him so much pleasure in contemplating, as having been effected under his own immediate superintendence. What was next to be done? Nearly six long years of silence lay before him, and how were they to be filled up so that he might neither be tempted to infringe his vow, nor yet to drown himself in the new-made sheet of water? His invention could suggest nothing better than the forming of a second fish-pond, which was accordingly commenced without delay and with the happiest results. Early and late he superintended the workmen, who by this time had grown acquainted with the dumb language of his signs, and understood them with more or less intelligence.

So passed a second year. In the third he commenced a third fish-pond, with the same happy result as before, so far as regarded his having something to do that both occupied and amused him. And now it was that the Raven's prognostic, hitherto almost entirely forgotten, would often intrude itself upon his thoughts, with a force and distinctness at which he himself was astonished. Still, nothing particular occurred to verify his prophecy, and it only wanted seven days to the end of the year. But seven days in this world are quite enough for a great deal of mischief.

He was riding home one warm, but cloudy, night—for his year ended with midsummer, reckoning from the time of his vow—when upon entering a wood, about two miles from his own house, the horse stumbled over the root of a newly felled tree, and threw him to the ground with such violence that when he attempted to rise he found himself unable to move, from the severe injury done to his right leg. In this dilemma nothing was left for him but to wait patiently till chance brought either friend or stranger that way ; but as he had gone rather out of the beaten track, the probabilities of such an event were not greatly in his favour. Sitting up, as well as he could, he listened long and anxiously for the sound of any one approaching, till at length he fancied he heard

voices in a clump of trees at no great distance. His first impulse was to call out, but recollecting his vow of silence, he checked himself, the rather that the speakers, whoever they might be, seemed to be coming towards him. In this, however, he had deceived himself, or else they must have changed their minds, for again the sounds grew more and more indistinct, till after a few minutes they had died away altogether. To make matters worse, the clouds that had hitherto floated in small pieces, and like silvery veils, athwart a deep blue sky, now gathered in masses and, with portentous speed, the wind rising at the same time, and bringing with it a coldness quite out of season.

As might have been expected from these tokens, in less than half an hour the rain began to fall with a steadiness that left no hope of its soon leaving off again. Nor did the issue falsify this promise. It rained constantly the whole night long, freezing him to the very marrow of his bones. Yet, in spite of this, and the pain he endured from the bruised or broken leg—he was doubtful which to believe it—he positively slept at intervals. But it was sleep that was even worse than his waking moments. It was not profound enough to completely exclude the reality; the pain that his body was actually undergoing still impressed itself upon the brain in a multitude of

harassing visions, and when at daybreak he was found by some passing labourers he was in a high state of fever and delirium. For this he had altogether to thank his own obstinacy. The limb, upon examination, though severely bruised, was yet unbroken, and in all human probability little inconvenience would have arisen from it beyond a few days' confinement, had he availed himself of the help within his reach, and been carried home, as he might have been, at once. But a night spent upon the ground in the open part of a wood, and under a continual fall of heavy rain, had converted a trivial accident into a very serious matter.

Some days elapsed before the sick man had recovered from his delirium, many weeks before he could leave his chamber. And had this abated his determination to continue dumb until the expiry of the seven years? Not in the least; he laughed to scorn the fortune-teller, and took no little credit to himself for so doing. "Most people," said he, in thought, though not in words, "most people, now, in my place, would be gulled by this coincidence into a fantastic belief that the old impostor was actually a prophet, and would abandon a set purpose in fear of the dangers he predicted. Out upon it! the world for the most part, is made up of fools, gudgeons for the jacks and pikes—the knaves and crafty ones, that is, to

prey upon. Thank Heaven that I am none of these ! if there be one thing on earth that I more utterly despise and contemn than another, it is these noses of wax that can be turned this way or that way, or any way, by the breath of accident. I verily believe that if I had promised myself to do a murder, I should do it. No man was ever yet great, or deserved to be, whose will was not iron—absolutely inflexible.”

With all this resolution, however, William Kempe found that he was not proof against the demon of ennui ; the every-day avocations of an idle life were not sufficient to keep at the staff's end a visitor whose especial delight is to plague those who have nothing else to trouble them, and when a month or two of the fourth year had elapsed, he was fain to take up his old amusement, and commenced a fourth fish-pond. Strange to say, this expedient, though so often repeated, had lost none of its wonted efficacy. He directed here, and directed here, always by signs, digging or delving—or, what amounted to the same thing, ordering others to dig and delve. Often, while so employed, he would call to mind the seven fish-ponds in the grounds of Chertsey Abbey, which still remain to testify for the delicate appetites of the brothers, who devoted each little canal to a separate sort of fish, and he resolved to follow so good an

example. "One," said he to himself, "shall contain carp and tench; another, bream; a third, roach and dace; a fourth, eels; a fifth, pike and jack; a sixth, roach and dace; a seventh, I'll make an experiment, and see if trout will flourish in still water." With such thoughts, and such occupations,

"How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by."

The fifth year saw him, true to his self-made promise, busy in forming another reservoir for fishes. All this may seem palling to the reader in its constant iteration, but there is no help for it; like the Last Minstrel,

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me,"

and must not run the risk of spoiling my old narrator's legend by any attempts to make it more pithy and concise. In so doing there might be some danger of leaving a necessary link in the chain of the story, which we are the less inclined to do from well remembering how exact the old man was in his narration, how anxious not to leave a single circumstance of it untold, and how, when he had omitted some trifling detail, he would retrace his steps, and go a second time over the whole ground again, from the point he had omitted. The most truth-loving chronicler could not have been more precise in these respects.

The fifth year was almost ended, when some legal affairs,—the nature of them is not essential to the business in hand,—made it necessary for Kempe to pay a visit to his lawyer, in a town about twelve miles off. The consultation lasted till nightfall, having been of course much protracted from its being carried on in writing, instead of by the more rapid means of verbal communication. The client rose to go, when, as a heavy and even fearful storm seemed impending, the man of law would fain have persuaded him to remain till the next day, being moved to this unwonted show of hospitality by consideration for one of so much reputed wealth. With his usual obstinacy, even in small matters, Kempe pertinaciously rejected the offer, and forthwith set out for home on horseback, attended by his groom, who by long habit had been brought to understand his signs as well as if he had spoken. In other respects he was not particularly remarkable for acuteness.

Our homeward-bound traveller had gone little more than a mile, when the weather did ample justice to the prognostics of the lawyer, and made Kempe half repent of having declined his hospitality. The storm came down in all its violence, the hail and rain beating the earth till it smoked again, and the wind blowing right in his face with so much fury as almost to take away the power

of breathing. His horse was so much distressed by it as to become almost unmanageable, requiring a tight hand and no small share of dexterity on the part of his rider to keep him at all within bounds. At this crisis our traveller came, at a sudden bend of the road, upon the ruins of an old castle. A single tower was all that remained of what, at one time, must have covered an acre of ground, if any judgment might be formed from the broken masses of foundation-wall that peeped out in various places from the ground, amidst weeds and nettles, to the extent mentioned. The place, it is true, laboured under an ill report, as being the resort of thieves, poachers, and other dangerous characters, who were said to meet there for purposes best known to themselves; "But," said, or rather thought our benighted traveller, "to encounter the worst of these vagabonds can hardly be so bad as facing this tremendous hurricane that almost blows the teeth down my throat, with every chance of my horse in his fright breaking either his own neck or mine before we can reach home. In any case I am well armed, and a good pair of pistols may go far to do away with any advantage of numbers on their side, if they should happen to come this way with mischief in their heads. After all, that does not seem very likely; a wolf would keep his den in a night like

this, though he had been starving for a fortnight." Having thus settled the affair in his own mind, he made straight for the tower, and rode in beneath the open archway, which had formerly been closed and secured by a massive door; but this had long since disappeared, leaving nothing to witness that there ever had been such a thing, unless it was the rusty iron staples upon which the hinges used to turn. The groom seeing this movement,—and by no means sorry to see it,—lost not a moment in following his master.

For a time our traveller rejoiced not a little in this welcome place of refuge, but the experience of a few minutes considerably damped his first feelings of satisfaction. Opposite the archway through which he had entered was another opening, almost as large,—most probably a devastating result of time; so that, although tolerably well sheltered from the hail and rain, he found himself as much, if not more annoyed by the cold cutting wind than if he had remained in the open air. What was to be done? A small broken staircase caught his eye as he looked around, which obviously led to an upper room, and seemed to invite his trying what sort of refuge was to be found above. Acting upon this sudden suggestion of his fancy, he at once dismounted, and leaving his horse to his own guidance, in the full conviction that there was

nothing in the night to tempt any quadruped of common sense and discretion to stray from his present shelter. As to the groom, neither word nor sign seemed necessary to direct him; no sooner did he see his master begin to ascend the narrow stone staircase, than, without waiting for any further bidding, he followed his example.

The upper floor, which consisted of a single room, was unquestionably a change for the better, so far as related to immediate personal comfort; but there were signs and tokens at hand, which to a prudent man might well suggest ideas of a very opposite nature. Upon the hearth the embers were still glowing of what a very short time before must have been a large wood-fire. Now, as fires are not made without the help of hands, it followed to the dullest understanding, that a party of some kind must have been here very recently. Who could they be but one of the numerous classes that were known to infest the neighbourhood?—perhaps thieves—perhaps poachers—perhaps beggars—perhaps some of those nondescript animals in the catalogues of roguery, that have a smack of all three occupations, without exactly belonging to any one of them. Supposing the best of these cases to be true, it held out nothing particularly inviting.

While Kempe was yet debating these matters

in his own mind, and considering what it might be best for him to do,—to stay at all risks, or to brave the fury of the tempest; he heard, or thought he heard, the sound of irons. No; it was no imagination, they came to him upon the wind more and more distinctly. Taking it for granted, that the object of the new-comers must be anything but good, he took advantage of a second flight of stairs, narrower and steeper than the first, to ascend into the room immediately above where he then was, and which proved to be the top-most apartment of the building.

This new place of refuge was dark enough, not from any want of communication with the external light, had there been any, for time had made a rent in the wall sufficient for Falstaff himself to have crept through; but from the utter gloom of the night, which had not a single ray at the moment from moon or star, to dispel the shadows that arose from the absence of either lamp or fire. This, however, was an argument of safety, which might not else have been found even in so remote a nook, for the floor was full of large crevices, and had there been any light it is likely enough that the men, whose voices they now heard in the room below, might by some accident have discovered them. The only fear, under circumstances as they now were, appertained to the groom; he

might by moving or talking betray them, and it never once entered into Kempe's head, that he might obviate this peril by a single whisper.

An undefined, yet very natural, feeling of curiosity made him, though with much caution, apply his ear to one of the many gaping crevices in the floor. The very first words he overheard—and this was no difficult matter, for they talked loudly—were sufficient to convince him that the party below was a desperate gang of thieves; men who, if not familiar with bloodshed, were at least not likely to boggle at murder if it came in their way. A little further attention to what was passing, made him aware that their conversation actually concerned himself. The first mention of his name sent a thrill of horror through his veins, as thinking they were upon his traces, and had come there with the expression of murdering him. Again he listened, and found that the danger, though still quite near enough, was yet more remote than he had first apprehended. They were discussing, with the freedom of men who thought themselves safe from all listeners, a plan for robbing his house that very night, and waited only for some slight abatement of the storm to carry it into execution. It was evident, too, that this moment was not far off, for though the wind continued to sob and wail, and the rain to fall, yet the moon would at times

look out mistily from the broken clouds, and gave evident signs that the weather was like to change. Taking advantage of one of these brief intervals of partial light, he signed to the groom that he was immediately to do as he did, and forthwith he began to clamber down the outside of the tower, in which he was not a little assisted by the holes and gaps which decay had made in the wall, leaving projections for the hands and feet, where in the better days of the ruin there had only been a smooth, impracticable surface.

It so chanced that both master and man reached the ground in safety, and unperceived by the robbers; who, indeed, were much too busy carousing to pay any attention to what was passing beyond their immediate circle. Without losing another moment, the fugitives commenced their retreat homewards, and, to shorten the way, made for a ford in the river that they must necessarily pass to reach Spains Hall. True, there was a bridge across the stream, but then this was at least two miles farther on, and the great object was to get home before the robbers, that the whole household might be put upon their guard to receive them. Fate, however, had resolved, as it seemed, to defeat this prudent disposition. On reaching the water, which upon ordinary occasions was only a few feet wide, proved to be so much swollen by

the rain that the ford was no longer passable. The groom saw his master's doubtful looks, and replied to them without hesitation :

“ I can swim it, sir.”

Kempe, of course, said nothing—he was dumb—but his face expressed plainly enough, “ That's more than I can do.”

The groom, who was attentively watching him, understood this dumb reply, but not having overheard a single word of the robbers' plans, he had no key that could help him to interpret where the real difficulty lay. He answered at once to so much as he had comprehended :

“ If you can't swim, you had better go forwards to the bridge—it's not three miles about—while I take the short cut home, and rouse up some of our people to meet you, in case those rascals should happen to take the same way you do.”

Kempe for a few minutes turned the thing over in his own mind. There might be danger to his family, if they were not warned in time. The safest and most obvious plan would have been to give the groom a verbal explanation—for he was unable to read, and no signs that Kempe was able to devise could make him understand the real point of danger. Instead of this simple expedient, he tore a blank page from his pocket-book, scribbled a few hasty lines by the uncertain light of the

moon, which just then glanced for a minute or two from the clouds, and gave the paper to the groom, with signs implying that it was to be delivered with all speed. This was understood by the man readily enough, and having secured the paper, as he thought, in his belt, he dashed at once into the torrent—for torrent it was now—while his master watched his progress with no little anxiety. The danger, however, was soon passed; the man reached the opposite bank in safety, and Kempe sighing deeply, as one relieved from a heavy burthen, immediately afterwards speeded off towards the bridge.

“Man proposes, God disposes,” says the old proverb; and so it turned out on the present occasion. The groom had indeed reached the Hall in good time, and found all safe; but the water had rendered the pencil-writing altogether illegible. Acting, therefore, upon his pre-conceived notion that if there was danger to any one it must be to his master, he collected all the male part of the establishment, and set out with them to meet and protect him.

So long had been the circuit, or so rough the way, upon the farther side of the river, that Kempe was barely in sight of the bridge when his servants joined him. A few words from the groom sufficed to explain how his missive had

been rendered useless, and it was with serious misgivings that he now hurried forward at their head to anticipate, if that were yet possible, the expected attack of the thieves upon his unguarded dwelling.

His worst fears, and even worse than those worst, were destined to be realised. On reaching Spains Hall, he found that the thieves had not only been there, but, short as the time had been, had accomplished their purpose and got safely off. Their plans exhibited equal skill in their formation and activity in the execution, almost seeming to indicate that they must have derived their perfect knowledge of the house from some one of the inmates. Nothing that was of value, and, at the same time light and portable, had escaped them; gold, jewels, and plate, all were carried off, while other articles of scarcely less worth, but of greater weight, were left untouched; no doubt they considered a moderate and safe booty as preferable to a larger spoil, which, by requiring more time, would certainly have exposed them to more danger. Had they done nothing else, the loss, though considerable, might have been endured without much grief; but, either from the wantonness of cruelty, or from some other inexplicable reason, they had murdered a fine little boy, between seven and eight years old, the son of a

distant relation, and then upon a visit at Spains Hall.

If the accomplishment of the robbery in so short a space seemed wonderful, their subsequent defiance of the search made for them was still more so. Short as the time must have been that occurred betwixt the robbery and the thieves' escape, they yet managed to hide themselves from the pursuit which was instantly set afoot. Some were inclined to say with Banquo, when speaking of the witches,—

“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.”

Neither did after enquiries tend to throw the least light upon the matter, although directed by lawyers and magistrates, well able to thread their way through such labyrinths. Divers low characters, whose general habits of life seemed to justify suspicion, were taken up and closely examined, but nothing could be elicited that might authorise their being sent to trial.

So closed the fifth year. The prophet was again right—or had chance taken the affair into its own hands, and brought about so remarkable a coincidence with his words? Our readers must settle this knotty point for themselves, and will, no doubt, do so according to their different ages and tempers.

The sixth year passed over without any particular occurrence, unless the forming of a sixth fish-pond, as he had promised himself, may be called such.

The seventh year came ; a seventh canal was begun and finished, and the term of imposed silence was rapidly drawing towards a close. Months dwindled into weeks, weeks were beginning to contract into days. The joy of heart, which Kempe now began to feel, might almost have been considered a full compensation for the pains of his self-inflicted penance ; and so it, no doubt, would have been but for the death of the poor child ; the thought that this victim might have escaped, had he sent a verbal instead of written message, would at times intrude itself upon brighter visions. Still, upon the whole, he was pre-eminently happy—so happy indeed that a Scotchman would at once have pronounced him, *fiè*, or in that state of over-excitement which the people, and sometimes wiser folks, hold to be a presage of coming death—

“ Against ill chances men are ever merry,”

says Shakspeare's Archbishop of York ; and the same notion is repeated by the poet, who of all men had the deepest insight into human nature—

“ My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.”

It was the last night of the seven years, and never had William Kempe abandoned himself to sleep with lighter spirits. But towards day-break a change came over him. His slumber began to be disturbed by frightful dreams.

So intense was the pain that he awoke, and saw the grey light of morning dimly striving with the night-shadows, but he was unable to move hand or foot. Fain would he have cried out for help, but his tongue refused to form a single syllable. He had been struck by palsy.

When at a late hour of the day no Mr. Kempe made his appearance, the family became so much alarmed that they broke open the door of his bedroom, when they found him in a truly pitiable plight. He had evidently some weighty secret upon his mind, and the efforts he made to speak convulsed him frightfully, yet still without producing anything more than imperfect sounds. Seeing that he was so anxious to make some communication, they brought him pen, ink, and paper, and then first perceived that he had lost the use of both hands, as well of his feet. The physicians, though they exhausted all reasonable and unreasonable remedies, could do nothing. On the night of the third day he died.

“Very wonderful,” said I, when the old peasant had finished his tale; “very wonderful—if it

were only true." "I'll be sworn it's true," he answered, somewhat sharply; "you may see the seven fish-ponds with your own eyes, if you choose it. Besides, isn't it said so on his tomb in Kempe Chapel?"

To dissipate our doubts, we wandered to the parish church of Finchingfield, and there, true enough, in the south aisle, a handsome monument, over William Kempe and his wife Philippa, records the vow of the seven years' voluntary silence.

PORTRAIT AT BRAHAN CASTLE.

AMONG the numerous family portraits in the ancient castle of Brahan, the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, there is one, concerning which a tale exists which is not more strange than true.

It represents Lady Frances Herbert, second daughter of William Herbert, Marquess of Powis (created Duke by the abdicated James), wife of Kenneth Mackenzie, fourth Earl of Seaforth (created Marquess by the same monarch). This lady died at Paris in December, 1732.

It may be proper to explain that the descendants of the Marquess of Seaforth, the elder line of that noble family, are extinct in the male line ; and

the estates and headship of the clan devolved on Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, created Baron Seaforth in the peerage of England, whose daughter and sole heiress is the present Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie. Among the descendants in the female line of the elder branch, was the late Viscount Kenmure, whose mother, Lady Frances Mackenzie, was daughter of the fifth Earl, titular marquess of Seaforth, and grand-daughter of the Lady Frances Herbert. One of the brothers of the Lady Frances Gordon of Kenmure, was Lord Nicolas Mackenzie, in holy orders in the church of Rome, to whom the education of his nephew, the late Viscount Kenmure, was, in his early years, confided.

Some years ago Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, then residing in Edinburgh, received a note from the late Viscount Kenmure, requesting permission to call on her and introduce himself to her as a cousin. At the appointed time he came; and in the course of conversation, he informed the chief of Seaforth that he had just returned from a tour in the north, and that his regard for his maternal ancestors had induced him to devote a day to a visit to Brahan Castle, over which an old house-keeper had shown him with much attention.

“I was especially struck by one picture,” said his lordship, “that of my great grandmother,

Frances Herbert, Marchioness of Seaforth ; and what is very curious, I at once recognised her !”

“How can that be ?” said Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, “for she died upwards of a century ago ?”

“Notwithstanding,” said Lord Kenmure, “I have seen her, and the impression which she made on me could never be effaced, and I at once recognised her portrait in your gallery at Brahan.

“I was educated in Flanders by my uncle, Lord Nicolas Mackenzie, a pious ecclesiastic of the church of Rome ; and I well remember that, one evening, while we were alone together saying our prayers before retiring to rest, a most venerable benignant-looking lady entered the room, and glided behind the *prie Dieu*, on which my uncle was kneeling ; and continued looking mildly and kindly upon us until our prayers were ended. Then she disappeared. I immediately asked my uncle if he had remarked we were not alone ? Certainly, said he, we were not alone : the spirit of my grandmother was with us. But her presence did not disturb me, it rather gave me encouragement to pray. The presence of a saint like her could only bring peace and joy. This incident made a deep and lasting impression on

me. I never forgot the remarkable old lady, and her air and dress were peculiar and striking. So that the other day I had no sooner entered your picture gallery at Brahan than I recognised her, although sixty years had elapsed since she appeared to my uncle and me."

VISIT OF JAMES III., OF SCOTLAND, TO OHN,
THIRD LORD SOMERVILLE.

ONE of the most ancient and considerable of the Anglo-Norman families settled in Scotland, was that of Somerville. Their original ancestor was Walter de Somerville, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. His grandson, William de Somerville, attached himself to King David I., and established himself in Scotland, where he maintained a baronial rank, and where his descendants have since flourished, and have been illustrated by alliances with the noblest houses in that country. They never indeed attained to the same pinnacle of splendour with the Dunbars, Comyns, Douglasses, and St. Clairs, but they have always held a high place among the baronetage of Scotland.

Thomas de Somerville, of Linten and Carn-

wath, was created a peer of Parliament in 1430, and his matrimonial alliances sufficiently show the position that he held; one of his wives having been a Stewart of Darnley, and the other a St. Clair of Orkney and Rosslyn. No family seems to have enjoyed a more frequent or familiar intercourse with royalty than that of Somerville: and the following short narrative will recount the visit paid to them by one of the Scottish Kings, which happens still to be on record, viz: that of King James the Third, to John, 3rd Lord Somerville, who married first, Helen Hepburn, sister to the Earl of Bothwell; and secondly, Marietta Baillie, daughter of the Knight of Lamington.

In the month of July, 1474, King James the Third was disposed to recreate himself with his favourite diversion of hawking in Calder and Carnwath moors. Lord Somerville was at that time at Court, in attendance upon his Majesty, who informed him that, while enjoying the sport on the moors of Lanarkshire, he meant to honour him with his company at his castle of Cowthally. Lord Somerville was doubtless highly pleased with the proposed compliment; and he immediately despatched a courier to Cowthally, with a letter to his lady, Dame Marietta Baillie, to apprise her of the royal guest for whom it was needful to prepare. Lord Somerville, though a courtier

and a warrior, was but an indifferent scholar ; and his letters were consequently as brief as possible. Moreover, his lady was unable to read, which rendered long epistles superfluous. It was his usual custom, when, being from home, he had occasion to intimate to his lady that he was, on his return, to be accompanied by any person of quality, to use a very short expression, which he wrote on a sheet of paper ; and which conveyed his hospitable intent to the full as well as a longer letter could have done. The words that he was in the habit of using were *speats and raxes* ; which, being interpreted into modern English, mean *spits and ranges* ; the latter being the appendage to the kitchen grate, on which the spit turns. This was his custom on all occasions of intended hospitality. And now on account of the singular dignity of his intended guest, and in order to shew to Lady Somerville how necessary it was that every thing in the castle should be in high order, and that there should be the greatest plenty of provisions, he repeated his admonition three times over, and wrote *Speats and raxes, speats and raxes, speats and raxes.*

The messenger who was sent with the missive was ignorant of the royal purpose, so that Lady Somerville had no means of knowing anything beyond what her lord thus briefly announced to

her. In due time, the express reached Cowthally Castle, and delivered the letter into the hands of the lady, informing her, at the same time, that his lord was extremely anxious that it might be securely received, and speedily read, for it contained news of importance. She lost no time in breaking the seal, and, being herself unable to read, she summoned the steward, and commanded him to inform her of the purport of the letter. This official, having but recently entered Lord Somerville's service, was not yet well acquainted with his hand-writing and mode of expression. He, consequently, was puzzled by the uncommon nature of the letter, and did not know what to make of it. Although he thought that he had very cleverly discovered the meaning; and he misinterpreted *speats and raxes* to mean *spears and jacks*, the latter being doublets of leather, quilted with plates of iron, the common armour of the irregular cavalry of that period. "*Spears and jacks, spears and jacks, spears and jacks!*" repeated the steward, shaking his head. "This is, indeed, a very bad business. My lord has, without doubt, got into some trouble, and here he sends an order to have as many retainers as possible armed, and to march to his aid. Such must be the meaning of this extraordinary expression,

and, as it is thrice repeated, it shows the great urgency of the case.

Hereupon, Lady Somerville, all amazed, and never considering her husband's ordinary form of writing, began to weep bitterly, supposing that her lord had fallen at variance with some powerful person about the court, and that his life was in jeopardy. This was not improbable, because, about that time, the King began to look coldly upon the ancient nobility of the realm, and to raise upstart favourites to places of trust and power. Lord Somerville was known to be highly indignant at this, and, therefore, a quarrel between him and some court minion was very likely.

The distressed lady immediately sent for her trusty adviser, James Inglis, of East Shiell; and orders were given to him, and the officers of the Baronies of Carnwath, Camnethan, and Carstairs, to raise all the vassals and able tenants, fully armed, equipped, and mounted, and to have them ready at eight o'clock on the following morning, under the command of William Clelland, of Clelland, to march straight upon Edinburgh in hostile array. This order was punctually obeyed. At the specified time, the retainers of the house of Somerville, several hundreds in number, were

ready under the command of the Laird of Clelland, and Chancellor, Laird of Quathquhan, the steady friends and allies of the Lord of Carnwath, and, by eleven o'clock, they were advanced two thirds of the way towards Edinburgh.

His Majesty having breakfasted at nine in the morning, mounted immediately after, and had proceeded to within a short distance of the point which the little band had reached. He was, even then, intent on his sport of hawking, when the advanced guard of the small number of attendants that accompanied him descried at the distance of less than a mile, the advance of an armed troop, with their lances glittering in the sun. The King being informed of this—full of astonishment not unmingled with alarm, called hastily for Lord Somerville, who, being behind, spurred on his horse and came to his Majesty. The King, being very passionate, furiously demanded the meaning of this hostile array, and whether he meant to betray him and seize upon his royal person? swearing at the same time that his head should speedily pay for his treachery, if he himself should escape free out of the hands of these armed traitors, who could be no other than vassals and retainers of the house of Somerville, brought together with an evil design.

Lord Somerville immediately cast himself from

his horse on the ground and fell upon his knees, protesting with solemn oaths that he was ignorant of the matter, and knew not who the armed men were, or why they had advanced so near the royal person; but he humbly begged his Majesty to let him go and see whether they were friends or foes, and for security he left his son and heir, William, Baron of Carnwath, and if all were not well and the royal person were not safe from all danger, he desired that his son's head might be cut off on the spot. To this the King agreed, and commanded him to ride on and discover who they were, and why they were there in martial array?

In the meantime the royal suite, in number twenty horsemen, placed themselves on the highest part of the moor, so as to see the meeting between Lord Somerville and the armed band, who, when they first observed the King's company, made a halt, apprehending that they were enemies. When Lord Somerville had advanced near to them, he perceived, to his great surprise, that they were his own vassals and retainers, and they in like manner recognised their lord. Whereupon the lairds of Clelland and Quathquahan galloped forward to meet him. He was not a little surprised when he saw them, and demanded the occasion that had brought them together in such numbers. To which they answered that it was by his Lordship's

direction and his lady's command that they were coming to Edinburgh to wait upon him, hearing that he was at variance with some persons in power about the court. He desired to see the letter, which, having cast his eye upon, he could perceive in it no directions or orders such as to justify their extraordinary movement. He enquired who read the letter to his lady. They answered his new steward, who, being present, was commanded to read it again, which he did, repeating as before, "Spears and jacks, spears and jacks, spears and jacks!"

The mistake was now perfectly evident, and Lord Somerville knew not whether to laugh or to be angry. But, remembering the anxiety in which he left the King, and fearing the apprehension and jealousy which his Majesty might entertain, if he remained too long thus parleying with his followers, he commanded that they should depart, every man to his own dwelling. He himself, with the laird of Clelland, and several other gentlemen, returned to the king, whom he found standing on the same spot where he had left him. Presenting himself before the King, he related the whole story, at which his Majesty laughed heartily, and calling for the letter, he looked at it, and swore that, after all, it was no great mistake, for the writing was so bad that he

himself might easily have misinterpreted the meaning. The letter went from hand to hand amongst the attendant courtiers, who all laughed at the joke, and made themselves merry about it during the remainder of the journey.

The King arrived before dinner at Cowthally Castle, where a hearty welcome and noble cheer awaited him, though Lady Somerville was a little disconcerted at the jests which passed from one to the other, and was out of countenance at the story of the spears and jacks, which the King could not forget, and to which he again and again referred, thinking it both a good sport and an easy mistake, because the similarity in the spelling and and pronunciation of the words. Above all, he highly commended Lady Somerville's love and respect for her husband, in being so active and diligent in getting together quickly his retainers and vassals, in case there had been any necessity for them; and he told her ladyship that he hoped she would use the same diligence in assembling her lord's vassals, whenever he should have occasion to summon him and them to join the royal standard.

As soon as it was known that the King was at Cowthally, all the gentry of the country came to wait upon his Majesty, and all the people flocked together in order to see him. This produced

such an assemblage that between three and four hundred persons sat down every day to dinner at the Castle; which caused the renown of Lord Somerville's generous housekeeping to be celebrated throughout Scotland. The King's visit on this occasion lasted for a week, and he greatly enjoyed his sport of hawking, which could be carried on better at no place within the kingdom of Scotland than in Carnwath moors, which were then a wilderness of heather. After his visit of a week, the king removed to his Palace of Linlithgow, having, at his departure, warmly thanked Lady Somerville for her noble entertainment and loyal welcome; and he complimented her on the good use which had been made of her *speats and raxes* since he entered her house. And he requested that she would send her eldest son John, then a promising boy, to court, where he would take care of him, and promote his fortunes, and advance him to honour. All these hopes were cut short by the cruel fate which so soon after involved the King in ruin. But John Somerville was, in after-life, a potent Baron, and founder of the great house of Camnethan, and fell with King James IV. at Flodden.

Lord Somerville attended the King to Linlithgow, where he was dismissed with many marks of

royal favour ; and for these he showed a due sense of gratitude. For though he was a near and intimate friend of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus, yet he never could be persuaded by him or by any other of the great nobility to desert the royal cause. It is true he shared with the ancient nobility in their dislike of the king's conduct, and he scorned the mean persons who, in this reign, were raised to the highest offices ; yet he held it as a sure and inviolable maxim, never to be departed from, that both a prince's person and a prince's government are sacred.

THE SCOTTISH CAPUCIN.

THIRTY years ago, there was, and there probably still is, at Castle Forbes in Aberdeenshire, a very remarkable picture, placed among the family portraits, but very unlike the usual contents of the ancestral gallery of a British gentleman. The portrait is that of a very handsome young man, with a noble but emaciated countenance, and a large, dark, impassioned eye. He is dressed in the habit of St. Francis, and there is, beside him, a crucifix and a skull. The inscription on the side of the picture is in Latin, and sets forth that the original of the portrait was John Forbes, descended paternally from the *Dukes* of Forbes in Scotland, and maternally from the Scottish royal family; that he renounced his birthright, and a wealthy marriage which his father had arranged for him;

that he embraced the monastic life, and entered the order of St. Francis, as Father Seraphicus; and that, at an early age, he died of the plague in Flanders, having caught the disease while nursing the sick in an hospital. This remarkable young man, who abandoned, for the sake of religion, the fairest prospects which this world could bestow, was John, Master of Forbes, the only son of John, the eighth Lord Forbes, by his first wife, the Lady Margaret Gordon, eldest daughter of George, fourth Earl of Huntley. The portrait is, as we shall see, a foreign painting, and the mistake of substituting Duke for Baron, was not unnatural in a continental country, where the rank of a Baron does not correspond with that rank in the nobility of Britain; and where the dignity of a Duke may be considered as about tantamount to that of an English or Scottish Peer. And it is quite true that Father Seraphicus was maternally descended from the royal family; the Earls of Huntly, his mother's ancestors, having sprung from Princess Anabella, daughter of King James I. The eighth Lord Forbes, who was a decidedly protestant nobleman, was second in command of the King's forces, under the Earl of Argyle, against the popish Earls of Huntly and Erroll at the battle of Glenlivet, in 1594, and the next year, he joined the King against these rebellious noblemen. Notwithstand-

ing this, his first lady was a Roman Catholic, and a daughter of the very Huntly against whom Lord Forbes was in arms. Possibly her hand might have been the bond of reconciliation between the families. It would appear that she was divorced from Lord Forbes, who married secondly Janet, daughter of James Seton of Touch, by whom he had Arthur, who succeeded him as ninth Lord Forbes. The inscription on the tombstone of this lady, as discovered by the late Lord Forbes in Aberdeenshire, leads to the conclusion that she must have for some time survived her separation from her husband; at least, she lived to see her two sons members of the order of St. Francis. The epitaph states that, though most unhappy as a wife, in consequence of disagreement in religion with her husband, she had the extreme happiness of seeing two sons become converts to the true faith, and follow the rule of St. Francis, as members of his order. *Two* sons are mentioned in the epitaph; whereas, in the genealogical notices of the House of Forbes, we know of but one John, the Master of Forbes, the subject of this brief statement.

The history of the portrait is peculiar. The late Lord Forbes was a general officer of distinguished merit, and during the great European war he had a command in Sicily. On one occa-

sion he was quartered in a Franciscan convent ; and the Superior, after he had ascertained who he was, and had been won by the most amiable and pleasing manners of his distinguished guest, informed him that the convent possessed a portrait of one of his family, or at least of his name, which he would be glad to present to him. Lord Forbes immediately recognised the portrait as that of his remote collateral ancestor, the elder brother of his great-great-great-grandfather, and the heir apparent to the honours of his house, which he had abandoned for the sake of a life of religion and poverty. The Prior of the Franciscan convent told Lord Forbes that the Scottish father, Seraphicus, had been a person of considerable note in the order, and was highly renowned for his piety and charity. Lord Forbes joyfully received the portrait, and brought it home to Castle Forbes.

About the same period, or rather a little later, Aberdeenshire produced another convert to the Church of Rome, who gained great renown in the order of St. Francis. This was George Leslie, eldest son and heir of Leslie of Balquhain, who was also a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Young Leslie was converted during a continental tour, and soon after, he embraced the religious life, and entered the order of St. Francis at Rome.

He was known by the name of Father Archangel. He afterwards became a zealous missionary in his own country during the reign of Charles the First, and had great success, as it is said, in Aberdeenshire. He died on the borders, between England and Scotland, while on one of his missionary tours. His life was written in Italian by the Bishop of Fermo. The family of Leslie of Balquhain is a distinguished branch of the great Scottish house of Leslie. It still enjoys the dignity of Count of the Empire, and its present representative, is Colonel Charles Leslie, K. H., of Balquhain.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF VALENTINE
GREATRAK'S.

THE seventeenth century in these islands was one of strange excitement. Apart from politics, enthusiasm had reached its zenith. Witches were believed to exercise a deadly power, like the *veneficæ* of old, over all who incurred their hate. Astrologers abounded in every locality; prophets uttered their predictions; multitudes saw visions, and dreamed dreams. Sects multiplied past counting, and by their fanatical extravagance brought the name of Religion into disrepute. Common sense and the common usages of the world were discarded. All things were beheld through the distorted speculum of a heated fancy. The majority became possessed with a restless craving for insight into things unseen; and eagerly

listened to every assumption of power beyond human imagination. Imagination—that wildest, most wondrous endowment of man, was suffered to run riot, and never exhibited it more strange vagaries.

No wonder, then, that in quiet, rural homesteads, squires themselves forgot horse and hound, while they fell a-thinking of the uncommon events which had fallen upon their own times. Little marvel, too, that some, in whom the religious element predominated, lost themselves in musing upon the supernatural events recorded in the Book of Revelations; and from considering what had been achieved by the inspired Messengers of Heaven, passed on to the conclusion that a revival of these miraculous cures was a thing neither impossible or improbable with themselves. And, least of all should it excite our wonder, that, caught up thus in the spirit of religious speculation, the mind of the enthusiast, about whom we are to speak, should be unresistingly borne along the torrent of its own credulity, overleaping the bounds of prudence and common-sense, until, gathering swiftness by the momentum of its own fate, it finally poured itself away on the quicksands of superstition.

Yet was it a gentle and a tender credence!—one to be spoken of always kindly; and now, after

the lapse of so many years, to be written about, making due allowance for the individual and the age. When we stand by the dusty grave of one who came out from the body of his fellows, not claiming an ambitious pre-eminence of authority, but a singularity in the possession of a power to do good, and when we follow him, mentally, from that day forward, seeking out the repulsiveness of disease that he might remove it—resigning the comforts of home, that he might gratuitously benefit those afar off as well as those who were near—making the long journey and boisterous sea voyage—enduring the threats of legal prosecution for pity's sake to the sick Poor,—we know that the sleeper beneath was no common man. Our admiration is excited; our love is kindled. His mental constitution might have differed from ours; but on which side is the disparity? The reply may not, after all, be so flattering to self.

In our *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, Vol. I. pp. 351, 354, we have given an outline of the history of the once celebrated VALENTINE GREATRAK's, the claimant to "gifts of healing" in the seventeenth century. We return to the subject because of the new and exceedingly interesting information about him, which has recently reached our hands, through the kindness of one of his lineal descendants. Little of what we subjoin has hitherto been

published ; and our present paper will, we doubt not, exhibit this remarkable personage in a fuller, clearer light than he has been hitherto beheld in, save by his own contemporaries.

VALENTINE GREATRAK'S, as he subscribed himself, was born at his ancestral residence, Affane Castle, county Waterford, Ireland, on the 14th of February, 1628. His birthday conferred on him his baptismal name. William Greatrak's, his father, was Clerk of the Crown and Clerk of the Peace for the whole province of Munster from 1592 to 1605, as we learn from the *Council Book of Munster*.* He is described by his eminent son as "one that had a liberal education, and a competent estate left him by his father (who was known to be a worthy person and well-esteemed in his country) a man looked upon to be of a generous spirit, but one that had a mind above his

* Harleian MSS. No. 697, p. 40. A Commission was issued, 5th August, 1610, by Sir Richard Morryson, Knt., Vice-President of Munster, appointing Sir John Jephson, Knt., Sir Edward Harris, Chief Justice, and Sir Richard Boyle, Knt., Commissioners to inquire into the fees allowed and received by his, or her late, Majesty's Attorney or Attornies in the province of Munster. Mr. Greatrak's was examined by the Commissioners, and deposed that he filled the above offices from the 35th year of Elizabeth to the 2nd or 3rd year of James I., but "now doth not exercise either of them or any other." He declared himself to be "of the age of 37 or thereabouts."

fortune.* His mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt., one of the Justices of the King's Bench, Ireland, "a virtuous and discreet woman, an excellent neighbour, and a most indulgent and provident parent." Mr. Greatrak's, sen., dying while his children were tender in years, their education was superintended by their mother, who, as soon as Valentine, the eldest, was able to read, placed him at the Free School of Lismore, where he remained until he was thirteen. He was designed for the University of Dublin the ensuing year; but the dreadful rebellion of 1641 broke out, and his mother was compelled to flee with him and several other little children to England. They were kindly received and protected in Devon by his uncle, Edward Harris, of whom, in his autobiographical letter to Robert Boyle, Mr. Greatrak's gives a noble character. After some few years, Mr. Harris died, leaving to his sister the third part of his estate, and to her eldest son, whose merits he recognised in a most

* "A brief account of Mr. Valentine Greatrak's, and divers of the strange cures by him lately performed. Written by himself in a letter addressed to the Honourable Robert Boyle, Esq. Whereunto are annexed the testimonials of several eminent and worthy persons of the chief matters of fact therein related. London: printed for J. Starkey, at the Mitre, in Fleet Street, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar. 1666."

solemn manner, his prayers and blessing. The young lad was placed, on his uncle's decease, under John Daniel Getsius, "an high German minister of Stock-gabriel, county Devon, with whom he spent some years studying humanity, and found from his hands much favour and love."† Owing to his mother's narrow means, which were "very small, to maintain herself and so many children as she had, who grew daily more expensive as we grew in years," he returned to Ireland in 1647, "resolving to lose his life with his fortune there, or regain it."

He found the country, he writes, "in a most miserable and deplorable state;" but seems to have succeeded, without difficulty, in establishing his claim to the property. Resolving not to intermeddle with the "unnatural" contentions going on, "till the mist of confusion was over," he, for refuge, retired to the Castle of Cappoquin, which adjoined the family residence, "where," writes Mr. Greatrak's to Robert Boyle, "I spent a year's time, in contemplation, and saw so much of the madness and wickedness of the world, that my life became a burthen to me, and my soul was as weary of this habitation of clay, as ever the

† Wood (*Athensæ Oxon*, Vol. III., p. 975) mentions, that when Mr. Greatrak's sold his Devon property, he reserved an annuity for his old tutor Getsius.

galley-slave was of the oar, which brought my life even to the threshold of death ; so that my legs had hardly strength to carry my enfeebled body about ; all company seemed irksome and distasteful to me ; so epidemically lewd, blasphemous, and sottish, were many become—that I saw the many and great judgments of the Lord that the kingdom groaned under, had not reclaimed, but Pharaoh-like, had hardened our Egyptian hearts ; which caused me seldom to leave my cell."

In 1649, on the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell, the command of the horse in Munster, was given to Lord Broghill, and Mr. Greatrak's was made a lieutenant of Ludlow's troop, in that nobleman's own regiment. In these military duties he continued six years, " during all which time," he writes, " I will boldly say I never suffered quarter to be broken, or violence offered to any that were in protection ; nor did I suffer any one under my command to oppress or injure any that were in quarter without bringing them to condign punishment ; nor did I permit any women or children to be killed, though out of protection, where I had a power to restrain the fury of the soldier."

A great part of the army in Ireland was disbanded in 1656, when Mr. Greatrak's, with many

other gentlemen, withdrew from active service. "And then," proceeds his Autobiographical sketch, "I took myself to a country life, and lived at Affane, the habitation of my ancestors, where I have continued ever since, and got, by my industry, a livelihood out of the bowels of the earth, and daily employed many poor people to work, and improved that little estate which I had, so that I bless God I lived as comfortably as he that had thousands, and daily relieved those that were in want, and gave my friends and strangers a hearty welcome to what God in mercy had bestowed upon me, who never coveted much, nor denied myself and others the enjoyment of what I had." He was now, by the kindness and respect of the then Governor (Lord Broghill) made Clerk of the Peace of the county of Cork, Register for Transplantation, and a Justice of the Peace. At this time also, he entered into the married estate, as we shall see hereafter.

About the year 1662 an extraordinary change came over him, which we give in his own words. "About four years since, I had an impulse, or a strange persuasion in my own mind (of which I am not able to give any rational account to another) which did very frequently suggest to me that there was bestowed on me the gift of curing the King's Evil, which, for the extra-

ordinariness of it, I thought fit to conceal for some time; but at length I communicated this to my wife, and told her that I did verily believe that God had given me the blessing to cure the King's Evil; for whether I were in private or public, sleeping or waking, still I had the impulse." His wife not crediting him, one William Maher, of Salterbridge, brought his son, William Maher, to his house, and, within a month, the child was perfectly cured. The next person touched was one Margaret Mac Shane, of Ballinechy, in the parish of Lismore, who was given over by Doctor Anthony, "a famous physician," but was restored in six weeks. After this, people infected with the Evil came to him from several counties, and being touched in the same way* were, for the most part, cured. Mr. Greatrak's was moved to try his powers on an Epidemical Ague, and was equally successful.

In 1665, on the Sunday after Easter day, the 2nd of April, he felt that these powers were much enlarged, and that "the gift of healing" was communicated to him by God, for the removal of

* The simple method employed by Mr. Greatrak's was rubbing the affected place with his hand, whence he was called by his contemporaries the "Stroker," and offering, at the same time, prayer to Jesus that the sufferer might be healed.

other sicknesses. On the Wednesday following, he healed a poor man of an ulcerous leg ; and on the next day, Thursday, he went to Colonel Phaire, at Cahirmony, county Cork, who was very ill of ague, which was immediately taken away by stroking. "When Mr. Greatraks came to my father's," writes Mr. Alexander Herbert Phaire,* the Colonel's son, "the court was crowded with patients, whom he attended all the afternoon. Many were perfectly cured, without any return of their disorders, and most received benefit ; but in my time his virtue was much abated. I have heard my two eldest sisters (who were women grown), and my eldest brother, and my father and mother, and many other honourable people, that would speak nothing but truth, often say, that they have many times seen him stroke

* British Museum. "Add. MSS., No. 4,291, Art. 7," (Dr. Birch's Collection). "Three Letters from Alexander Herbert Phaire, relating to Mr. Greatrakes, the Irish Stroker." In "Add. MSS., No. 4,293," is a second copy of these letters, which are dated respectively "Feb. 29th, 1,743(4)," "March 3rd, 1,743(4)," and "March 10th, 1743(4)," with this superscription added, "*Mr. Phaire resides at St. John's, near Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford.*"

We are happy to draw public attention, for the first time, to these curious communications, from which we extract, subsequently, some interesting illustrations of our subject.

a violent pain, from the shoulder to the elbow, and so to the wrist, and thence to the tip of the thumb, and by holding it strongly there for some time, it had evaporated. There are many wonders of this kind, which, though assuredly true, have so much the air of romance, that I have no pleasure in relating them."

Such crowds of the sick now resorted to the demesne of Affane, that its remarkable owner found himself left "no time to follow his own occasions, nor enjoy the company of his family and friends." He set three days in the week apart, from six in the morning till six at night, to lay hands on all who came; and so continued some months at home. "But the multitudes which came daily were so great, that the neighbouring towns were not able to accommodate them; whereupon, for the good of others," writes Mr. Greatrak's, "I left my home, and went to Youghal, where great multitudes resorted to me, not only of the inhabitants, but also out of England; so that the magistrates of the town told me that they were afraid that some of the sick people that came to me out of England might bring the infection† into the place: whereon I retired again to my house at Affane, where (as at Youghal), I

† This was the year (1665), it will be remembered, of the great Plague of London.

observed three days by laying my hands on all that came, whatsoever the diseases were (and many were cured, and many were not); so that my stable, barn, and malt-house, were filled with sick people of all diseases almost, yet so great was the providence of God, that I do not remember that all that time any one of my family (though I touched them in my house) was ever infected by them; neither did any of them, though they herded all together, infect one the other."

"Many demand of me," continues Mr. Greatrak's, "why some are cured and not all? To which question I answer, that God may please to make use of such means, by me, as shall operate according to the dispositions of the patient, and, therefore, cannot be expected to be alike effectual in all. They also demand further of me, why some are cured *at once*, and not all? and why the pains should fly immediately out of some, and take such *ambages* in others? and why it should go out of some at their eyes, some at their fingers, some at their ears or mouths? To which I say, if all these things could have a plain account given of them, there would be no cause to count them strange. Let them tell me what substance that is which removes and goes out with so great expedition, and it will be more easy to resolve their questions. Some will know of me, why or

how I do pursue some pains from place to place till I have chased them out of the body, by laying my hands outside of the clothes only (as is usual), and not *all* pains. To which I answer that, and others have been abundantly satisfied that it is so—though I am not able to give a reason, yet I am apt to believe there are some pains which afflict men after the manner of evil spirits, which kind of pains cannot endure my hand, nay, not my gloves, but fly immediately, though six or eight coats or cloaks be put between the persons and my hand, as at the Lady Ranelagh's, at York House, in London, as well as in Ireland, has been manifested. Now another question will arise, whether the operation of my hand proceeds from the temperature of my body, or from a Divine gift, or from both? To which I say, that I have reason to believe that there is some extraordinary gift of God."

The Dean of Lismore, by the order of the bishop, now summoned Mr. Greatrak's to appear in his court, and prohibited him from laying hands on any sick people for the future. This order Mr. Greatrak's obeyed for two days; but going into the village of Cappelquin, he met many poor and sick persons come to him out of England, and he could not, in compassion to their misery, stay his hand from them. The bishop himself now

sent for him, and, upon his obeying the summons, demanded, "Where was his licence for curing, as all physicians ought to have from the Ordinary of the diocese?" To which he replied, "That though he had no such licence, he knew no law which prohibited any person from doing what good he could to his neighbour." The bishop renewed the prohibition in yet stricter terms; but Mr. Greatrak's refused complying with the order, and at home, in Dublin, and wheresoever his occasions called him, he continued the exercise of, what he believed to be, his "gift."

Lord Conway, an English nobleman, having heard of the wonderful Irish doctor, sent his friend, George Rust, Dean of Connor, to him, in January 1665-6, to intreat his coming to Ragley, in Warwickshire, for the purpose of relieving Lady Conway of a violent headache. Mr. Greatrak's accordingly embarked at Youghal, and tried to land at Kingroad, near Bristol, but was compelled to put into Minehead harbour, in Somersetshire, where he was met by many whom he had cured in Ireland. He went from place to place, curing by the way, until he arrived at Ragley, on the 16th of January. He did not succeed with the noble patient for whose sake he had made the long journey, as he candidly acknowledges in his Autobiographical letter; but was,

notwithstanding, treated with marked attention by Lord Conway, who now wrote to his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, the following remarkable letter :—

“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, has not yet come to my hands. Mr. Greatrak's 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 hundred 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 a leprosy from head to foot, which hath been judged incurable above ten years, and in my chamber he cured him perfectly, that is, from a moist humour ; 'twas immediately dried up, and began to fall off ; the itching was quite gone, and the heat of it taken away. The youth was transported to admiration.

The Dean saw this as well as myself, but it is not the hundredth part, and I am confident at the least of forty that we have seen, among which are many pleasant passages done purposely to satisfy our curiosity and experience. So I wonder that he had not a greater esteem in Ireland; but, after all this, I am far from thinking them miracles, or that his cures are at all miraculous; but I believe it is by a *sanative virtue* and a *natural efficiency*, which extends not to all diseases, but is much more proper and effectual to some than to others, as he doth also despatch some with a great deal of ease, and others not without a great deal of pains. This inclosed is a letter of his to his wife, which I desire may be carefully sent to her; and as to his concernments in Ireland, I fear he doth not mind them so well as he ought to do; probably Sir Thomas Stanley may inform you how they stand, and if you can do him any service, I shall take it extremely kindly, for he takes a great deal of pains about my wife, and is very affectionate to do all that lies in his power. I had also a letter from my brother Francis. I am confident Mr. Greatrak's would recover him or the Bishop of Down, for I pretty well know what distempers he can cure, and what he cannot.

“ So I rest yours, etc., CONWAY.

“ Ragley, 9th February, 1665.”

Mr. Greatrak's remained at Ragley about three weeks or a month, in the enjoyment of Lord Conway's hospitality, and went thence to Worcester, at the entreaty of the Mayor and Aldermen of that city. He had resolved to stay at Worcester some four or five days, but on his arrival a letter from Lord Arlington reached him, conveying the royal mandate to Mr. Greatrak's, to appear at Whitehall. Obeying this summons, he proceeded to London, where he took up his residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and, having been presented at court, he returned to his lodgings, where he publicly cured the sick, and filled the whole city with amazement.

A lively account of the appearance of Mr. Greatrak's in the metropolis is given by the sarcastic St. Evremond, in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*: "When M. de Comminges," writes this witty Frenchman, "was ambassador from his most Christian Majesty to the King of Great Britain, there came to London an Irish prophet, who passed himself off as a great worker of miracles. Some persons of quality having begged of M. de Comminges to invite him to his house, that they might be witnesses of some of his miracles, the ambassador promised to satisfy them, as much to gratify his own curiosity as from courtesy to his friends, and gave notice to Greatrak's that he would be glad to see him.

“ A rumour of the prophet's coming soon spread all over the town, and the hotel of M. de Comminges was crowded by sick persons, who came full of confidence in their speedy cure. The Irishman made them wait a considerable time for him, but came at last, in the midst of their impatience for him, with a grave and simple countenance, that showed no signs of his being a cheat. M. de Comminges prepared to question him strictly, hoping to discourse with him on the matters that he had read of in Van Helmont and Bodinus; but he was not able to do so, much to his regret, for the crowd became so great, and cripples and others pressed round so impatiently to be the first cured, that the servants were obliged to use threats and even force, before they could establish order among them, or place them in proper ranks.

“ The prophet affirmed that all diseases were caused by evil spirits. Every infirmity with him was a case of diabolical possession. The first that was presented to him was a man suffering from gout and rheumatism, and so severely, that the physicians had been unable to cure him. ‘ Ah,’ said the miracle-worker, ‘ I have seen a good deal of this sort of spirits when I was in Ireland. They are watery spirits, who bring on cold shivering, and excite an overflow of aqueous

humours in our poor bodies.' Then addressing the man, he said, 'Evil spirit, who hast quitted thy dwelling in the waters to come and afflict this miserable body, I command thee to quit thy new abode, and return to thine ancient habitation!' This said, the sick man was ordered to withdraw, and another brought forward in his place. This new comer said he was tormented by the melancholy vapours. In fact, he looked like a hypochondriac,—one of those persons diseased in imagination, and who but too often become so in reality. 'Aerial spirit,' said the Irishman, 'return, I command thee, into the air; exercise thy natural vocation of raising tempests, and do not excite any more wind in this sad unlucky body!' This man was immediately turned away, to make room for a third patient, who, in the Irishman's opinion, was only tormented by a little bit of a sprite, who could not withstand his command for an instant. He pretended that he recognised this sprite by some marks, which were invisible to the company, to whom he turned with a smile, and said, 'This sort of spirit does not often do much harm, and is always very diverting. To hear him talk, one would have imagined that he knew all about spirits, their names, their rank, their numbers, their employment, and all the functions they were destined to; and he boasted

of being much better acquainted with the intrigues of demons than he was with the affairs of men. You can hardly imagine what a reputation he gained in a short time. Catholics and Protestants visited him from every part, all believing that power from Heaven was in his hands."

Having narrated, with much quiet humour, the joint application to Mr. Greatrak's of a husband and wife, who besought him to cast out the demon of discord that troubled them, St. Evremond concludes by setting forth the influence gained on the popular mind. "So great was the confidence in him, that the blind fancied they saw the light, which they did not see; the deaf imagined that that they heard; the lame, that they walked straight; and the paralytic that they had recovered the use of their limbs. An idea of health made the sick forget, for awhile, their maladies; and imagination, which was not less active in those merely drawn by curiosity than in the sick, gave a false view in the one class, from the desire of seeing, as it operated a false cure on the other, from the strong desire of being healed. Such was the power of the Irishman over the mind, and such was the influence of the mind over the body. Nothing was spoken of in London but his prodigies, and these prodigies were supported by such great authorities, that the bewildered

multitude believed them, almost without examination, while more enlightened people did not care to reject them from their own knowledge. The public opinion, timid and enslaved, respected this imperious and, apparently, well-authenticated error. Those who saw through the delusion kept their opinion to themselves, knowing how useless it was to declare their disbelief to a people filled with prejudice and admiration."

Another satirical opponent of Mr. Greatrak's was Dr. Lloyd, the chaplain of the Charter-house, who, in a work entitled, "Wonders no Miracles,"* descended to the lowest personal abuse of "The Stroker." It was in answer to this treatise, that Mr. Greatrak's wrote his "Brief Account," which he inscribed to the philosophic Robert Boyle. This distinguished man did not hesitate to throw the shield of his high authority over Mr. Greatrak's; in which he was followed by Cudworth, another of the "Intellectual System;" Bishop Rust, Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Lewis Patrick, and many of the Fellows of the

* "Wonders no Miracles; or, Mr. Valentine Greatrak's Gift of Healing examined, upon occasion of a sad effect of his Stroking, March the 7th, 1665, at one Mr. Crepet's house, in Charter-house Yard. In a letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place. London; Printed for Sam. Speed, at the Rainbow, in Fleet Street, 1666."

Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The pen was likewise taken up in his defence by Henry Stubbe,* a physician of Stratford-on-Avon, who had been his fellow-guest at Lord Conway's table, Ragley, and had there witnessed many of his marvellous cures. A Mr. Love, who had, on a former occasion, unjustly ridiculed Mr. Greatrak's, also now stepped forth to assure the world that he had been witness to his curing epilepsy, in a way beyond ordinary credibility; and, in a letter to the Earl of Orrery, declared "that the Royal Society, and other modern philosophers, unable to dispute the fact, found words to define it, and called the strange effects, 'A sanative contagion in the body, which had an antipathy to some particular diseases, and not to others.'" Indeed this learned society has done its part in preserving memorials of Mr. Greatrak's; for Mr. Thoresby, in their *Transactions*,

* "The Miraculous Conformist; or An Account of several Marvailous Cures performed by the Stroking of the Hands of Mr. Valentine Greatarick; with a Physical Discourse thereupon. In a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq.; with a Letter relating some other of his Miraculous Cures, attested by E. Foxcroft, M.A., and Fellow of King's College, in Cambridge. By Henry Stubbe, Physician at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the County of Warwick. Oxford: Printed by H. Hall, Printer to the University, for Ric. Davis, 1666."

has recorded some remarkable instances of his relieving sickness, and, among others, in the case of his own brother. When we call to mind the marvels of mesmerism in our own day, we must hesitate against pronouncing these cures impossible or ridiculous. How long Mr. Greatrak's remained in London, or when he returned home, does not appear. He was in Dublin in 1681, which appears to have been his last public appearance; and he expired in peace at his residence, Affane Castle, in November, 1683.* His last will is registered in Dublin.

* Lodge. Vol. ii. page 248—*note*.

Mr. Greatrak's was twice married. His first wife was sister of Sir William Godolphin, ambassador from Charles II. to the Court of Madrid,* by whom he had issue:—

I. WILLIAM GREATRAK's, who *m.*, in Dec., 1683, Mary, third dau. (by Dorcas, his wife, third dau. of the famous Sir Philip Perceval, ancestor of the Earls of Egmont) of Jonah Wheeler, Esq., of Greenan, co. Kilkenny, who was son and heir of Dr. Jonah Wheeler, Bishop of Ossory. Mr Greatrak's *d.* 27 Sept. 1686, having had an only son, who *d.* in infancy. His widow re-married with Dr. William Palliser, Abp. of Cashel, and *d.* in June, 1735 having had, by the Archbishop, an only son, William Palliser, Esq., of Rathfarnham.

II. Edmund, so named after Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. ("my honoured and worthy riend," as his distinguished father calls him, in his letter to Robert Boyle), mentioned as "of Affane," in a work entitled "The

Of the personal appearance of this remarkable man we have some interesting notices, preserved by his contemporaries. Granger gives an admir-

State of the Protestants of Ireland, under the late King James' Government, &c. : London, 1691," and there recorded as one of the attainted Protestants who were obliged to flee to England; he *m.* the daughter of a glass-man at Bristol; but *d.s.p.*

I. Mary, *m.* Major Edmund [or William] Browning, of the Parliamentary Army, and had issue :

1. Richard, *d.s.p.*

2. Valentine, *m.*, 31 August, 1732, Jane, eldest dau. of Samuel Hayman, Esq., of Cloynepriest and Myrtle Grove, (see HAYMAN OF SOUTH ABBEY, *Landed Gentry*), and with a son who *d.* abroad *unm.*, had issue

Samuel, *d. unm*

Elizabeth, heiress to her father and eventually to her uncle, Richard Brownrigg, *m.* Pierce Poer, of Ballyhane, Esq., High Sheriff of co. Waterford in 1789, a lineal descendant of the LORDS LE POER of Curraghmore, by whom she had issue;

Nicholas Poer., *d.* young.

Samuel Poer, late of Belleville Park (see *Landed Gentry*).

Pierce Poer.

William Poer, in holy orders, Incumbent of Affane.

John Poer, of Mount Rivers, and afterwards of Belle Vue.

able portrait, representing him in the act of shutting the eyes of a blind youth. Dr. Stubbe says of him, "He is a man of a gracefull personage and presence, and if my phantasy betrayed not my judgment, I observed in his eyes and meene a vivacitie and spritlinesse that is nothing common." Mr. A. H. Phaire describes him as a man "of large stature and surprising strength. He has often," he writes, "taken a handfull of hazel-nuts and cracked most of them with one gripe of his hand, and has often divided a single hazel-nut by his thumb and fore-finger. He had the largest, heaviest, and softest hand, I believe, of any man of his time; to which I do attribute the

Alicia Poer, *m.* in 1786, John Drew, Esq., of Listry, and Rockfield, co. of Kerry, and of Frogmore, near Youghal, co. Cork, and (with others) had issue, a son, Pierce William Drew, in holy orders, of Brooklodge, Rector of Youghal.

Catherine Poer, *m.* Sir Christopher Musgrave, of Myrtle Grove, Bart.

Jane Poer, *m.* the Rev. George Miles.

Mr. Greatraks *m.* 2ndly the relict of Rotheram, Esq., of Camolin, co. Wexford, but does not appear to have had further issue. His brother William carried on the male line, now believed to be extinct; and his only sister Mary *m.* John Nettles, Esq., of Tourin, by whom she had numerous issue, (see NETTLES of NETTLEVILLE, *Landed Gentry*).

natural reason of the great virtue of his hand above other men." This "largeness" of the Stroker's hand has been always mentioned in the traditions of the family; and Mr. Greatraks' collateral descendants, both male and female, were remarkable for size and stature.

THE EARLS OF MAR.

THERE is no title in Great Britain, perhaps no title in Europe, so ancient as that of the Earl of Mar. It is, in fact, an extraordinary relic handed down to us from the most remote period of history; for we can trace this illustrious line, in uninterrupted succession, to the old Pictish period, when the predecessor and ancestor of the present Earl of Mar held the same designation, but with a higher dignity, and a title which has been obsolete for a thousand years, and is now known only as a curious matter of antiquarian research. The title in question was *Maormor*, a Pictish dignity, inferior only to that of King, and, which, many centuries ere the ducal rank had been heard of in Britain, was exchanged for the modern title of Earl.

Three great princes, who, under the ancient Pictish sovereigns, governed Scotland, with the title of Maormor, were the hereditary chiefs of the great tribes into which the people of the North of Scotland were divided. They were exclusively the native great rulers of the Pictish or Gælic races which peopled the northern districts of Britain; and to which races and districts the title of Maormor was confined. And although many Saxon and Roman barons obtained extensive territories in Scotland, soon after the Norman conquest, and even in some cases succeeded, by marriage, to the power and territories of some of the ancient Maormors, yet we never find them appearing under that title

Among the principal Maormorships of the north of Scotland were Fife, Moray, Ross, Athole, Mar, Sutherland, and Argyle. Of the great hereditary chiefs who ruled over them, the races have long been extinct. That of Mar alone survives; a remarkable instance of a title of which we know not the beginning, as the first of the race appears in history a potent native chief, holding a rank only inferior to the sovereign.

In the very end of the ninth century, a remarkable adventure befell the Maormor of Mar: he valiantly opposed Sigurd, the first Scandinavian Earl of Orkney, who had conquered the greatest por-

tion of the north of Scotland, but was slain in battle by the invader. The death of this great chief, whose name was Melbrigda, was revenged upon Sigurd in a most remarkable manner. This Maormor possessed a very prominent tooth; and Sigurd, having cut off his head, suspended it to his saddle bow, and galloped in triumph over the field of his victory. The violence of the motion caused the head of Melbrigda to knock about, and his prominent tooth inflicted a wound in Sigurd's thigh, which festered, mortified, and caused his death.

In course of time the Gælic Maormors became Earls, and all of them became extinct, except the Earl of Mar, whose title has been handed down, though in the female line, to our day. The accurate and learned Lord Hailes remarks on the title of Mar,—“This is one of the Earldoms whose origin is lost in antiquity. It existed before our records, and before the era of genuine history.”

Thomas, thirteenth Earl of Mar, was the last of his race in direct male descent. He was succeeded by his sister, Margaret, Countess of Mar, the wife of William, Earl of Douglas, by whom she had a son, James, Earl of Douglas, and fourteenth Earl of Mar, slain at Otterburn in 1388, and a daughter, Isabella, heiress to her brother, as

Countess of Mar, on the romantic incidents of whose life we cannot now dwell. In 1404, she granted to her husband, Alexander Stewart, a natural son of the royal house, the Earldom of Mar. This marriage being without issue, the Earldom was justly claimed, in 1435, by Robert, Lord Erskine, the undoubted heir of the Mar family, being the only son of Janet Keith, Lady Erskine, whose mother, Christian Monteith, was daughter of Sir John Monteith, by Lady Ellen Mar, daughter of Gratney, eleventh Earl of Mar, and niece of King Robert Bruce. Robert, Lord Erskine, was thus, *de jure*, the fifteenth Earl of Mar; but King James the Third would not acknowledge his claim, and gave this great Earldom to his own brother, and after his condemnation and death, to his favourite, Cochrane, who was hanged at Sanders' bridge, in 1482. This Earldom was next conferred on Alexander, son of King James the Third, and, afterwards, Queen Mary granted a charter of it to James Stewart, Prior of St. Andrew's, afterwards Earl of Moray. But at length it was restored to its rightful proprietor, John, Lord Erskine, after the family had been unjustly kept out of it for more than a century. This nobleman, in 1565, took his seat in Parliament as Earl of Mar, and he was, properly speaking, the twentieth Earl. He was Regent of

Scotland during the minority of King James the Sixth. His son, John, Earl of Mar, was the playmate and early companion of that monarch, and was Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. His second wife was the beautiful Mary Stewart, cousin to the King, and daughter of Esme Stewart, Duke of Lenox.

The family of Mar continued in honour and power until the fatal year 1715, when the Earl having been disgusted with the uncourteous treatment which he received from King George the First, and cherishing an attachment to the exiled royal race, raised the standard of the Stuarts in Bræmar, and was leader of that ill-advised insurrection. On the failure of this enterprise his estates were forfeited, and his titles attainted. A portion of the former were bought in for his son, Lord Erskine ; but the attainder of the titles was not reversed until 1824, when George the Fourth restored them to Mr. Erskine of Mar, the grandson of the attainted peer.

There is a very singular prophecy in this family, attributed by some to Thomas the Rhymer, by some to the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, who was ejected in the reign of Queen Mary, and by some to the Bard of the House at that epoch. But whoever was the author of it, the prophecy itself is sure, and the time of its delivery was prior to the

elevation of the Earl, in 1571, to be the Regent of Scotland. The original is said to have been delivered in Gaelic verse, but it is doubtful if it was ever written down; and the family themselves have always been averse to giving any details concerning it. The contributor of the details we are recording knew intimately the restored earl, John Francis, and all his children, but could never induce them to do more than attest its truth. His father repeated it in 1799; and may have known it many years earlier. Thus it is not a prediction after the event.

“ Proud Chief of Mar : Thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of the king. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy *work* shall be called after thy name ; but thy *work* shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind, that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy *work* shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy Sovereign, and shalt raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest—when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall ; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of thy people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool.*

* Scottish for sorrow.

Thy lands shall be given to the stranger ; and thy titles shall lie amongst the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a king was nursed,—his wife a sacrifice in that same flame ; his children numerous, but of little honour ; and three born and grown, who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient tower stand ; for the brave and the true cannot be wholly forsaken. Thou proud head and daggered hand must *dree thy weird*, until horses shall be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of state. Thine ancient tower—a woman's dower—shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honors shall be restored ; the kiss of peace shall be given to thy Countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken ; but not until its honors are doubled, and its doom is ended."

In explanation of this long prophecy, which has worked through 300 years, we have to tell that the Earl of 1571 was raised to be Regent of Scotland, and guardian of James VI., whose cradle belongs to the family. He, as regent, commanded

the destruction of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and took its stones to build himself a palace in Stirling, which never advanced further than the façade, and which has always been called "Marr's *Work*."

The Earl of Mar, in 1715, raised the banner, in Scotland, of *his* sovereign, the Chevalier James Stuart, son of James the Second or Seventh; and was defeated at the bloody battle of Sherriff Muir. His title was forfeited, and his lands of Mar were confiscated, and sold by the government to the Earl of Fife,

His grandson, and representative, John Francis, lived at Alloa Tower, which had been for some time the abode of James the Sixth, as an infant. This tower was burnt in 1801, by a candle being left near a bed by a careless servant. Miss Erskine, afterwards Lady Frances, had passed this room to her own every night for twelve years, but that night, being ill, she had gone up by a private stair. Mrs. Erskine was burnt, and died; leaving, besides others, three children, who were born blind, and who all lived to old age. The family being thus driven away from Alloa Tower, it was left as a ruin, and used to be a show from the neighbouring gentlemen's houses.

In the beginning of this century, upon a general and violent alarm of the French invasion, all the cavalry of the district, and all the yeomanry, poured

into Alloa, a small poor town, in which they could not find accommodation. A troop accordingly took possession of the tower, and fifty horses were stabled for a week in its lordly hall. In, or about, 1810, a party of visitors found, to their astonishment, a weaver very composedly plying his loom in the grand old chamber of state. He had been there a fortnight, and the keeper of the tower professed to know nothing of it. He had been dislodged in Alloa for rent.

Between 1815 and 1820, the contributor of this article has often formed one of a party who have shaken the ash saplin in the topmost stone, and clasped it in the palm of their hands; wondering if it was really the twig of destiny, and if *they* should ever live to see the prophecy fulfilled.

In 1822, King George the Fourth came to Scotland, and searched out the families who had suffered by supporting the Princes of the Stuart line. Foremost of them all was Erskine of Mar, grandson of the Mar who had raised the Chevalier's standard, and to him, accordingly, he restored his earldom. John Francis, the present peer, and the grandson of the restored Earl, boasts the double earldoms of Mar and Kelly. His Countess was never presented at St. James's, but she *accidentally* met Queen Victoria in a small room in Stirling Castle, and the Queen immediately asked who she

was, detained her, and kissed her. The Earl and Countess are now living in affluence and peace at Alloa Park, and many, who knew the family in its days of deepest depression, have lived to see "the weird dreed out, and the doom of Mar ended."


"Alloa Tower—a woman's dower"—was the jointure-house of the Lady Frances Erskine, the mother of the restored Peer. The present Earl has no children, and his successor in the peerage, accordingly, will not be an Erskine but a Goodeve, the child of his eldest sister, the Lady Jemima; the old line being thus broken.

THE HEART OF MONTROSE.

Few of our readers will require to be reminded that the great Montrose, having fallen into the hands of the covenanters, after all his victories, was condemned to die the death of a traitor. Neither is it our intention to dwell upon the bloody and painful details of the execution. It is enough for the purpose in hand to state that the Marquess having been put to death, his severed head "was fixed upon the Tolbooth, over against the Earl of Gowrie's, with an iron cross over it, lest by any of his friends it should have been taken down."

To fill up the measure of an ignominious revenge after death, his body was thrown into a hole at the public place of execution, called the Borough-

muir, and answering to the London Tyburn. It would have been too mild, too much an act of grace, for the stern Calvinistic spirit to have allowed his remains to sleep in hallowed ground and in the gay garments of martyrdom prepared for him by his friends,—the costly pearly, the fine linen, the carnation stockings, and the delicate white gloves," all of which, at a later period, were found in the Napier charter-chest, all stained with the faded marks of blood, and accompanied with other reliques of a similar nature. These indignities offered to the remains of the great Marquess were felt by none more acutely than by Lady Napier, who had married his nephew, and who had been so especial a favourite with him, that in his prosperous days he had always promised to leave his heart to her when he died, in token of affection, It is likely enough that this promise was not without effect in stimulating her to the deed which she now meditated. She resolved to get possession of his heart, and succeeded in persuading a confidential friend to undertake the enterprise, and in Belfour's phrase "to extract sweetness from the maw of the devourer." It was a perilous attempt, most probably implying death to the bold adventurer, if he failed, for mercy was by no means the order of the day. The friend, however, had the good fortune, against all chances, to succeed in his



enterprise, and having wrapt up the heart in the shroud intended for the body, conveyed his prize in triumph to Lady Napier, who immediately caused it to be embalmed. She next had a small steel case made of the blade of Montrose's sword, in which she enclosed it, and then placed the case in a gold filagree-box, that had been given by a Doge of Venice to John Napier, the inventor of Logarithms, while travelling in Italy. This box again she deposited in a large silver urn, presented some years before, by the Marquess to her husband, Lord Napier. Her first intention was to retain this valued relique by her own bed-side, in lasting memorial of the object of her veneration, but for some unknown reason she abandoned the purpose, and sent the gold box with Montrose's heart in it to the young Marquess of Montrose, who was then abroad with her husband in exile. Strange to say, the box with its contents was afterwards lost sight of for a long time by both families, that of Montrose and that of Napier. At length it was met with and recognised by a gentleman of Guelderland, in the antiquarian collection of a Dutch virtuoso, and he being a friend of Lord Napier, who was then making a sojourn in that country, got possession of the relique and presented it to him. What became eventually of the silver urn is not known, nor does it appear certain

that Lady Napier herself ever parted with it. Having been a gift from Montrose, the contrary supposition would seem to be the most probable.

The casket with the heart was now in the possession of Francis, the fifth Lord Napier, by the generosity of his Dutch acquaintance. Having, by his speculations in the Caledonian Canal, lost much of the family estate, already diminished from its ancient splendour by sequestrations in the time of Cromwell; and fearing that he might have nothing more substantial to leave his daughter Hesther, he gave her, in his life-time, Montrose's casket, trusting "that it would be valuable to her as the only token of his affection which he might be able to leave her; and that it might hereafter remind her of the many happy hours which he had spent in instructing her, while a child, in the tower of Merchiston; and that, whatever vicissitudes of fortune might befall her, it might always afford the satisfaction of being able to show that she was descended from persons who were distinguished in the history of Scotland, by their piety, their science, their courage, and their patriotism."

Hesther Napier having married Alexander Johnston, Esq., of Carnsalloch, went with her husband and son, then a child of five years old, to India, and carried with her on the voyage the precious relique. When off the Cape de Verde

Islands, Commodore Johnston's fleet, in which they were sailing, was attacked by a French squadron under Admiral Suffrein. One of the enemy's frigates attacked the Indiaman, aboard which was Hesther, with her child and husband; and the latter, by the Captain's permission, having assumed the command of four of the quarter-deck guns, she positively refused to leave the deck. "It was," she said, "the duty of the wife and child to live or die with the husband and father;" and accordingly, during the fight she grasped the boy tight with one hand, while in the other she held a large thick velvet reticule, in which she had some of the things she most valued, including the miniatures of her father and mother, and the gold filagree-case that contained the heart of the great Marquis. Her idea was—and probably most about her were of the same opinion—that the French might succeed in capturing the Indiaman, in which case it was quite certain they would be plundered of everything.

The action, as may be supposed from the inequality of forces and determination of the weaker side, was a hot one. A shot from the frigate struck one of the four guns under Mr. Johnston, knocking him down by the splinters it tore off the deck, wounding his lady in the arm, and bruising the muscles of the child's right hand so severely,

that in after-life it was often difficult for him to write, or even to hold a pen. The splinter must have first struck the reticule which hung loose in her hand, for, to her great distress, the gold filagree box in it was shivered to pieces; but fortunately, the steel case resisted the blow, and its contents, therefore, remained uninjured. Any farther danger was removed by the frigate's sheering off, either as called off by the French Admiral, or from a feeling that the contest was hopeless with so resolute an opponent. The next day Commodore Johnston and Sir John Macpherson, who was with him in the flag-ship, came aboard the Indiaman, and complimented the high-spirited lady and her husband upon the encouragement they had given by their example to the ship's crew.

When residing at Madeira, in India, Mrs Johnston met with a celebrated native goldsmith, who, partly from the fragments she had saved, and partly from her description, made a gold filagree box, in imitation of the one destroyed, and rivalling it in beauty. At the same time, she caused him to fashion for her a silver urn like that in the family picture of the Lady Napier, who had rescued Montrose's heart from the Boroughmuir, in fact, like that vase which had so unaccountably disappeared. Upon this new vessel she had

engraved, in Tamil and Telugoo—the two languages most generally understood throughout the southern peninsula of India—a short narrative of the most remarkable incidents in Montrose's life, and the circumstances of his death under the hands of the Covenanters. Within it she enclosed the filagree box, the fragments of the former case, and a certificate by the gentleman of Guelderland before mentioned, and an explanation of the various grounds for believing the heart to have been that of the gallant Montrose. The urn was placed upon an ebony table in the drawing-room of Mr. Johnston's house at Madeira ; but, unluckily, the great care and anxiety, which the lady at all times expressed for its preservation, aroused the superstition of the natives, seldom restrained by any moral feelings from so trifling a crime in their code as theft, so it could be managed without discovery. A general idea had got abroad amongst them that this was a talisman, the possessor of which would never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner, and under such impression, some ingenious native Autolycus, more mindful of his skin than of his honesty, contrived to abstract it ; nor was the relique heard of for a long time afterwards, when Hesther got information that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had given for it a large sum of money.

Some few years must be supposed to have elapsed since the battle between the Indian and the French frigate. The child was fast advancing towards manhood, and his father was in the habit of sending him every year during the hunting and shooting season to some of the native chiefs in the neighbourhood of Madeira for four months at a time, in order that he might acquire the native dialects and practise the gymnastic exercises of the people. It so chanced one day, that while hunting with the chief, who was said to have purchased the urn, the boar they had in pursuit made a dash at young Johnston's horse. By great good fortune he wounded the infuriated animal with his hunting-pike, when the chief coming up, despatched it. The courage and address of the lad so pleased the chief that he publicly demanded in the presence of all his attendants, "In what way would you that I should show my respect and regard?" He answered, that if it were true the chief had bought the silver urn belonging to Mrs. Johnston, he would feel that no greater favour could be bestowed upon him than by returning it. As a farther inducement to the Hindoo to comply with this request, he explained all the circumstances connected with the supposed talisman. The chief, having listened attentively to these details, replied, "It is quite true that I

have bought the urn you speak of for a large sum, but I knew not that it had been stolen from your mother. Independently of this, the brave should have sympathy with the brave, whatever may be the difference of nation or religion. I consider it, therefore, my duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart is in the urn, and whose desire it is that it should be possessed by his descendants. For that reason I shall willingly restore it to your mother."

The next day, the Indian chief, having first presented his visitor with six of his finest dogs and two of his best match-locks, dismissed him with the urn and a gift to Mrs. Johnston of some shawls, and a dress of golden tissue. These were accompanied by a letter expressing his great regret that he had innocently been the cause of her distress by purchasing the urn, which he would not have done, had he known that it had been stolen from her. The chief who acted in this noble and delicate way, was the same who rebelled against the authority of his supposed sovereign, the Nabob of Arcot, and who, after having behaved with the most undaunted courage, was defeated and made prisoner by a body of English troops. Being delivered over to his enemies, he was, as a matter of course, condemned to death, and the sentence was to be carried into immediate effect.

Upon hearing this, the story of Montrose's urn came upon his memory, and he expressed a hope to some of his attendants that those who had loved and admired him would preserve his heart in the same way that the heart of the European warrior had been preserved in the silver urn.

The adventures of the vase were not yet over. In 1792, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston returned to Europe, and visited France at a time when the revolutionary government required all persons to give up their plate, as well as gold and silver ornaments, to the State. As the only means of saving the urn, Mrs. Johnston entrusted it to the care of an Englishwoman at Boulogne of the name of Knowles; but this person died soon afterwards, and it was never heard of more.

The treasure has been thus described by Sir Alexander Johnston, in a letter to his daughters:—

“ The steel case was of the size and shape of knob, as is done in opening a watch-case. Inside an egg. It was opened by pressing down a little was a little parcel, supposed to contain all that remained of Montrose's heart, wrapped up in a piece of coarse cloth, and done over with a substance like glue. The gold filagree case was similar in workmanship to the gilt worked vases in which the Venetian flasks at Warwick Castle are enclosed.”

THE SWANS OF CLOSEBURN.

It must seem strange to any one reflecting on the past, how Louis Napoleon ever made his way to the throne of France, but it seems to be a yet more singular event that the wife of his choice should be of British origin. Yet such is the fact. Eugenie, Empress of the French, the Spanish Countess of Theba, may claim a descent, though a remote one, from the family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, in the county of Dumfries, to whose Castle of Closeburn a singular legend is attached, which acquires a peculiar interest under existing circumstances.

At a remote period, Closeburn Castle was surrounded, or nearly surrounded by a large lake, which probably served the double purpose of defence as well as ornament,—no indifferent consideration at a time when no man was safe for

long together, whose hand could not protect his head. The building itself was a vaulted, quadrilateral tower, the walls of which, as high as the ground-floor, were of prodigious strength, being no less than twelve feet thick. In it were three series of apartments, all separated from each other by arched roofs; and, though there is no inscription in any part of the tower to decide its precise date, yet from the general appearance and the mouldings of the doors it cannot be less, and may be more, than eight hundred years old. Near it at one time was a chapel dedicated to St. Patrick, which gave the name of Kirkpatrick to the farm whereon it stood, and hence, no doubt, the family appellation of Kirkpatrick. But even the ruins of this venerable pile, that existed only a few years ago, have now entirely disappeared.

The lake to which we have alluded, was not only beautiful in itself, but it was doubly interesting to the inhabitants of the castle from the legend attached to it; a legend not without its counterpart in other localities, and even in more than one district of England. Whenever any member of the Kirkpatrick family was about to die, either by accident or disease, a swan that was never seen but on such occasions, was sure to make its appearance upon the lake, coming—no one knew whence, and passing away as mysteriously when the pre-

dicted death had taken place. And who, or what was this swan? The following legend may afford an elucidation:—

The lake of Closeburn Castle was at one time the favourite resort during the brief summer season of a pair of swans; their number was never more, and never less. As we know not the utmost age to which the swan may live, we cannot pretend to say that these annual visitants continued to be the same birds for a hundred and fifty years,—and so long, at least, our legend goes back; it is possible they might have had descendants, who inherited their peculiar habits, and who being equally favoured by the inhabitants of the castle, found their way instinctively to the same spot at the same season. Be this as it may, their appearance was always welcome to the family at the castle, an idea very generally prevailing in the neighbourhood that they were ominous of good fortune to the Kirkpatricks. No matter what mischance might have before impended, it was sure to cease at their coming, and so suddenly as well as constantly, that it required no very ardent superstition to connect the two events into cause and effect. Was not the Lady of one Kirkpatrick at the point of death, and had not the disease left her at the first flutter of their wings? Had not the same thing happened at

another period with the heir of the house?—the physicians had left him, as they thought, at the last gasp; the broken-hearted mother knelt by the bed-side of her child, who lay there whiter than his pillow, without motion, without any visible breathing. Hope!—what hope could there be?—and yet she hoped!

It was near midnight—a fine summer midnight, when the flowers slept softly—ah! so softly!—and the air was full of sweet odours, and there was in all nature a calm that might well be called holy, for it filled the heart with gentle, loving thoughts. There was not a cloud in the blue sky, not a ripple upon the lake which seemed to be spread out there as a mirror for the beautiful world around it.

And yet never did night appear half so dark to the poor mother. She could no longer bear to witness the last struggles of the parting spirit, and turned her head away, when—sight of joy! the two swans descended as if from some world above, and the next moment were sailing majestically upon the lake. With a beating heart, as the old legend rushed upon her memory, she again turned towards the death-bed—it was a death-bed no longer; the fatal hour had passed, and the child recovered.

And many similar tales were told by the aged

to their youthful auditors, of the good brought to Closeburn Castle by the two swans. New opinions had, indeed, found their way into this neighbourhood, as into other parts; the old darkness, it was said, had given way to new light—was any one the happier or the better for it?—and superstition had lost many of its strongholds; yet, still there were few who did not continue to believe in the kindly influence of the swans, and they were 'cherished and loved accordingly.

One hundred and fifty years had passed away; 'tis a long, and yet a short time to talk of. Strange contradiction! but one that has been felt by all in those moments when good or evil forces the mind back upon the past. One hundred and fifty years had passed away, and Closeburn Castle rejoiced much in its future lord, a promising youth, not quite thirteen years of age, whose name has been variously given by tradition, as James and as Robert. The choice, therefore, being manifestly left in our own discretion, we will adopt the latter, for no particular reason that we are aware of, beyond the fancy of the moment.

Robert was of a romantic nature, and so bent upon carrying out any purpose which had once entered his head, that few considerations could

turn him from it. Mischievous he was, as most boys of his age are, and probably ever will be; and, though ready enough to feel for the pain of others, never unwilling to inflict it. Now it so chanced, in one of his visits to Edinburgh, during the holydays, he was allowed to visit the theatre. The play was the "Merchant of Venice," and greatly was he surprised to hear Portia say of Bassanio, that he should

"Make a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

This creed to him was not only new, but startling, and he referred his doubts, naturally enough, to his lady mother, who informed him that it was generally believed the swan always sang when it was dying, and never till then. Robert did not for a moment doubt the fact thus announced, but he became particularly anxious to verify it for himself. How was this to be done? He had never yet seen a swan die, and, according to all probabilities, he was as little likely to come across such a sight as across that other Delilah of his imagination, an aloe in its hundredth year's bloom. But the devil rarely fails to provide opportunity when the human heart is set on evil. Not long after his holyday trip to Edinburgh, Master Robert returned home, and was

one fine day walking by the lake with his cross-bow in his hand, with the benevolent intention of killing sparrows, when, unluckily, the prophetic swans came sailing majestically towards him. Here was an opportunity to test his newly-acquired knowledge. Whiz! went the bolt from the cross-bow, without a moment's thought, and lodged in the breast of the foremost swan, killing him much too soon and surely to allow of his singing, had such indeed been his custom. At this catastrophe, the survivor fled with a lamentable scream; while the water, under the influence of the wind, gently drifted the dead body towards the shore.

Robert was filled with remorse for his own cruelty, and the rather, perhaps, as it had turned out so unprofitable. He began, moreover, to be alarmed for the probable consequences to himself, it being quite certain, that the murder of the favourite bird, when known, would draw upon his devoted head a general storm of indignation. But he determined it should not be known; and, to ensure a thing so desirable, he buried the body deep in the ground, at a short distance from the lake.

Great was the surprise of all, when, the next midsummer, no swans made their appearance. But Robert kept his own counsel. A second,



and a third year came, and it was still the same, till at length it became the general opinion that the birds must have died in their native home, wherever that might chance to be. Just as they had come to this very natural conclusion, the whole neighbourhood was surprised by seeing a single swan return; and still more were they surprised when they observed a deep blood-red stain upon his breast. The curious would fain have examined this phenomenon more closely, but the bird, unlike his usual habits—if, indeed, he was one of the old swans—was shy even to wildness, and could not be tempted to come near any one. The superstitious—and they were the multitude—looked grave, and shook their heads, fully convinced that if the two birds had brought good, the single one with the bleeding breast as certainly prognosticated evil. A few, who had no great faith in anything, laughed; but even their laughter was hushed, when in less than a week, the Lord of Closeburn Castle died on the sudden without any previous symptoms of disease. The bird then vanished, and was seen no more for some years, till he came to prognosticate a new calamity in the loss of one of the house by shipwreck.

The last appearance of the bird upon record was at the third nuptials of Sir Thomas Kirk-

patrick, the first baronet of that name. On the wedding-day, his son, Roger, happened to be walking by the lake, when on a sudden, as if it had emerged from the waters, he beheld the swan with the bleeding breast. Roger knew and believed the legend, and returned sad and sorrowful to the castle, with the full conviction that some near evil impended over him. His father rallied him on this despondency, so out of character with the business in hand, and told him jestingly that it proceeded from a jealous dislike of his new step-mother; to which the young man only answered, "Perhaps before long you also may be sorrowful." On the night of that very day, the son died. Here in truth ends our legend, but we cannot let slip this occasion of repeating an old anecdote with reference to the same house.

In those good old times,—when every man had, or thought he had, as a principle of freedom, the right of pillaging his neighbour, provided only he were strong enough to do so—the doors of every house were guarded with more than modern vigilance. A singular degree of strictness upon this point cost one of the family of Closeburn a large estate. It was the custom of this gentleman, for his better security, to have the great gate barred and bolted, and the keys brought to him when he sat down to dinner, at which time admission was

rigorously denied to all comers without exception. No law of the Medes and Persians could be held more inviolably ; neither rank, wealth, nor relationship, being permitted to interfere with its observance. Now it so happened that a near kinsman, the Laird of Carmichael, on his way to Drumlanrig, rode up at a time when the draw-bridge had been raised, and the door bolted ; and to no expostulations would or could the warder give ear ; his orders were peremptory, and so was he. Off then flew the excluded visitor in high indignation ; and, to mark his resentment of what he considered an unpardonable affront, instead of settling his estate in Ross, as he had previously intended, upon his relative, he bequeathed it to an ancestor of the Duke of Queensbury.

In the latter part of last century, the estate of Closeburn was sold to the Rev. James Stuart Menteach, whose son Charles was created a baronet in 1838, and his son Sir James sold the ancient inheritance of the Kirkpatrick's to Mr. Baird, an ironmaster. It is very remarkable that within a couple of years, two of the most ancient family estates in Scotland have been purchased by brothers of the name of Baird, partners in the same wealthy iron firm ; Closeburn in Dumfriesshire, for which £220,000 was paid, and Elie in Fifeshire, for which £145,000 was paid. The

latter estate had been still longer in the possession of the baronial and knightly family of Anstruther of that ilk, than Closeburn had been in the possession of the Kirkpatricks. And now both belong to men who, by honest industry, have raised themselves from a very humble position of society, within the last twenty-five years, by ability, judgment, honesty, and frugality,—to which has been added a rare combination of good fortune,—to the rank of the richest commoners of Scotland! The present generation have reason to be proud of their poor and humble origin. Possibly their grand-children may wish to cover it with the blazon of pedigree; but the fabricators of a colossal fortune have good cause to glory, with thankfulness, in a rise which has been owing mainly to their own merit. Thus in Dumfriesshire have the Bairds supplanted the Kirkpatricks.

Perhaps the following details of the Kirkpatrick ancestors of the Empress Eugenie, may not be inappropriate:—

It is an error to suppose that her Majesty is an immediate scion of the Closeburn line. Her mother was a Kirkpatrick, it is true, and her family was from Dumfriesshire; but there is no reason to suppose that her ancestors were related to the house of Closeburn, otherwise than as remote cadets. Indeed, it may be difficult to trace

even this very distant connexion. It is probable that the Kirkpatricks, from whom the Empress is descended, were originally a branch of Closeburn, but it is unascertained when and how they diverged from the parent stem. They held the rank of second-rate provincial Scottish gentry, and all their alliances that can be traced are with families of name and station much inferior to those with whom the Closeburn Kirkpatricks intermarried, until very recently. The grandfather of the grandfather of the Empress Eugenie's mother was Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Knock, in Dumfries-shire, who claimed to be an offshoot of Closeburn, but in what degree is unknown. His second son, Robert Kirkpatrick, of Glenkiln, also in Dumfries-shire, married Henrietta, daughter of John Gillespie of Craigshields, and was father of WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK of Conheath, county of Dumfries, who married Mary, daughter of John Wilson, of Kirkcudbright, and had three children, viz:—

- I. JOHN KIRKPATRICK, who got a Patent of Arms from the Heralds' Office in 1791, wherein it is set forth, that he was a descendant of Kirkpatrick of Knock and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn; but the line of descent from the latter family is not stated. John Kirkpatrick married Janet, daughter of Thomas Stoddart of Arkland,

and had several sons, of whom the eldest is now the representative of the Conheath family; another was lately a merchant in Havre.

II. A daughter, who is still alive in the town of Dumfries. It is a curious fact that the Empress of the French has a grand-aunt residing in a small house in a third-rate Scottish county-town!

III. William Kirkpatrick, a merchant in Malaga, who married a lady of, it is stated, noble family, and had by her three daughters, of whom the second married her cousin-german, Thomas Kirkpatrick, and the third was the wife of the Count de Cabarus, of Malaga. The eldest daughter wedded the Count de Theba, a younger son of the great family of Montijo, Grandees of Spain of the first class. The husband of Miss Kirkpatrick eventually inherited the titles and estates of his brother, the Count de Montijo, and left two daughters, of whom the elder espoused the Duke of Berwick and Alva, representative of the Marechal Duc de Berwick, natural son of King James II.; and the younger is EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAMBTONS.

AMONGST the many celebrated individuals to be found in the records of the Lambton family, one of the most remarkable was Sir John Lambton, a Knight of Rhodes, who flourished in the time of the Crusades. In his early years, he lived on indifferent terms with holy Mother Church, paying very little regard to her ordinances, and giving great scandal to the more pious part of the community. He was, however, a man of wealth, and of too bold a spirit to be lightly meddled with, being, as the old chronicler tells us, "so brave that he feared neither man nor God." His neighbours, therefore, both priest and layman, contented themselves with shrugging up their shoulders, in intimation of the grievous offence done to them in the spirit, but without presuming

upon any of those measures for his reform which they certainly would have adopted in the case of one less favoured by fortune.

It was a fine Sunday morning, and the bells were ringing out cheerily for mass, when the Knight, according to his usual profane custom, stood fishing in the Wear; the spot he had chosen, whether by chance or of purpose, being right in the way of the people who were then trooping in their holyday clothes to the next chapel. Now it so chanced that the fishing was by no means prosperous. The float swam passively upon the stream without giving the slightest indication, whereat he began to curse and swear in such a fashion that the mass-goers, one and all, hurried on at their utmost speed to escape the profanation. In a few minutes the field, which before had swarmed with people, was as still and as empty as if the world had died out. Just then the float began to dip, there was a violent tugging at the line, and the slender rod bent as it had been a piece of green willow.

“This must be a noble fellow,” said the Knight, exerting himself with equal vigour and dexterity to secure his prize. The resistance was no less pertinacious; and when, at length, he managed to land the supposed fish, it turned out to be a serpent, or, as they called it in those days, a

worm. Highly wroth at this disappointment of his expectations, he tore the creature from the hook, and having flung it into a near well, resumed his fishing. While he was thus employed, a stranger of a grave and venerable aspect came that way, and stopping, inquired "What sport, Sir?" "Why, truly," replied the Knight, "I think I must have caught the devil. Look at that strange creature in the well."

The stranger did as he had been desired, and having peered earnestly in the water for several minutes, he shook his head, and exclaimed, "The like of this I have never seen before. It has something the appearance of an eft; but then it has nine holes at each side of the mouth, and I much fear me it tokens no good."

We are not told what share this singular affair had in the reformation of Sir John, or whether indeed it had any; but shortly afterwards he was seized with remorse for his sins, and, by way of expiation, he took the cross, like so many others, and set out for Palestine. There we must leave him, beating, of course, and being beaten most Saracenicly, for his adventures in the Holy Land have no necessary connexion with the story in hand.

In the meanwhile the eft, or serpent rather, grew rapidly to an enormous size, till at length he

became too large for his well. It hereupon betook itself to the Wear, and would lie in the river for a considerable part of the day, coiled about a rock in the middle of the river. At night it frequented a neighbouring hill, and, still continuing to increase in bulk, it could at last twine itself nine times round the base of the hill which stands on the north bank of the Weir, about a mile and a half from old Lambton Hall. It is an artificial mound of an oval shape, about three hundred and fifty yards in circumference, composed of river earth and common gravel.

The serpent now became the terror of the adjacent country, devouring lambs, sucking the cows' milk, and not scrupling to feast upon men, women, and children, if they had the misfortune to come in his way at any time when there was any lack of cattle to satisfy his appetite. At length the north side of the river could no longer supply him with sufficient means of sustenance, although his forages had extended to a considerable distance; upon which he crossed over to Lambton Hall, where the old Lord was mourning the absence of his son, who, as we have already seen, had gone to wage war against the Infidels. Greatly was the whole household alarmed at the appearance of this unpleasant visitor; and having assembled in council to debate the matter, it was proposed by the steward,

an ancient man and of great experience, that the large trough which stood in the court-yard should be filled with the milk of nine kye, and placed for the serpent's use in one or other of his favourite haunts, the green hill or the crag in the middle of the river. This plan answered most completely. The monster came every day for his allotted portion, and having emptied the trough, retired, without molesting any one, to his usual place of abode. But never was presbyter more strict in exacting his teinds than was the serpent of Lambton in requiring his full allowance. If the family presumed to subtract ever so small a quantity, the monster would instantly put himself into a furious passion, lash his tail round the trees in the park and tear them up by the roots, a warning of what was to be expected in the event of any future defalcations.

For seven years the serpent continued to enjoy this pleasant life, daily emptying his milk-trough, and basking in the sunshine like some overgorged anaconda. But then the good Knight, Sir John, returned from Palestine, and greatly was he shocked at the story of this strange monster, who had been brought amongst them by his youthful folly. Forthwith he sallied forth to observe the serpent who was then lying curled about his hill in formidable security. How was such a monster

to be attacked with any chance of success? Many stout Knights, as the neighbours assured him, had fallen in the attempt, and none had escaped without bearing serious marks of the encounter, while their terrible opponent was, to all appearance, as sound as ever. Being at his wit's end, Sir John had recourse to a witch or wise woman, who counselled him to have his best suit of mail studded with razor-blades, and take up his post on the island crag, sword in hand.

"But," added the witch, "you must make a solemn vow to slay, if successful, the first living thing you meet. Should you fail to keep this oath, the Lords of Lambton, for nine generations, will never die in their beds."

Sir John took the prescribed oath, but to prevent fatal consequences to any of his friends, he told his father, that in the event of his gaining the victory he would sound three blasts upon his bugle, which should be the signal for releasing his favourite greyhound, who would immediately fly to him, and thus become the sacrifice. Having made these necessary preparations he took his stand upon the island rock, committing himself to the care of Providence.

In due time the serpent having emptied the milk-trough as usual, made his appearance at the rock.

“ The worm shot down from the middle stream,
 Like a flash of living light,
 And the waters kindled around his path,
 In rainbow colours bright.

But when he saw the armed Knight,
 He gathered all his pride,
 And, coil'd in many a radiant spire,
 Rode buoyant o'er the tide.

When he darted at length his dragon strength,
 An earthquake shook the rock ;
 And the fire-flakes bright fell around the Knight,
 As unmov'd he met the shock.

Tho' his heart was stout, it quiver'd no doubt,
 His very life-blood ran cold,
 As around and around, the wild worm wound,
 In many a grappling fold.”

The witch's contrivance, however, of the razors sadly distressed the monster, his own efforts telling against himself. The river ran red with his blood, yet still he managed to keep up the terrible contest, for as fast as he was cut to pieces by the blades, the severed parts re-united themselves. The Knight began to grow weary of his unprofitable success, when by a powerful blow of his good sword he cut the monster in two, and, as luck would have it, the stream floated away the dismembered portion. Thus deprived of his better-half, the serpent was easily dispatched by his antagonist.

During this long and desperate contest the

family had been engaged in prayer. Suddenly the three victorious blasts of the bugle came upon them, when, forgetting everything else in his joy, the father, instead of releasing the greyhound, rushed forward to embrace and congratulate his son. What was to be done now? Sir John could not, and would not, dip his hands in the blood of his own father. Again he blew three loud blasts upon his bugle, and at the well-known sound, the greyhound, who had by this time been released, came bounding towards him. The Knight instantly plunged his sword into the heart of his faithful companion, hoping that this might be received as the accomplishment of his vow; but destiny was not to be so eluded; and, strange to say, for nine generations, no Lord of Lambton died quietly in his bed. Never, indeed, was a legend better supported by the evidence of circumstances. In the garden-house at Lambton Castle are still preserved two stone figures, illustrative of this story. A Knight, armed from head to foot, his visor raised, and the back of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear or razor-blades, with his left hand holds the head of the serpent by the ear, while with his right he appears to be drawing his sword out of its throat into which it has sunk up to the very hilt. The monster resembles an extremely elongated lizard, with ears and

four legs not very unlike those singular reptiles, the Protei of Germany, so delightfully treated of by Sir Humphrey Davy. The other figure is a female wearing an ancient corset, much mutilated, with bosom in the style of Charles the Second's beauties. The upper part of her dress is carefully preserved, yet the lower part of her robe appears to be either unfinished, or, perhaps, agitated by the wind; and a part of her right foot is visible, without shoe or sandal. A wound in her bosom, and an accidental mutilation of the hand, are attributed by popular belief to the serpent. Lastly, in corroboration of the legend, the shell of the little Chapel of Bridgeford, where Sir John made his vow, was still standing in 1800. Its site was near the new bridge, on the left of the road, immediately within the entrance of Lambton Park and adjoining a farm-house. The tracery of the east window was even then perfect.

Sharp and some others have endeavoured to extract an allegorical meaning from this legend, just as certain commentators have endeavoured to rationalise Mohammed's Koran by making it out to be an allegory. The same process might be applied with equal success to Blue Beard, or Robinson Crusoe; but the elements of fable are much too fine and immaterial to be tampered with in this way. It always reminds us of that sparkling

little poem by Moore in which Reason awkwardly endeavours to imitate the graceful trifling of young Folly.

“ Then Reason grew jealous of Folly’s gay cap,
Had he that on, he her heart would entrap—
 ‘ Here it is,’
 Said Folly, ‘ old quiz ;’
 Under the sun
 Is no such fun
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head. ”

“ But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty then liked him still less than befor
 While folly took
 Old Reason’s book
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such tone
 That beauty vow’d,
 Though not aloud
She liked him still better in that than his own. ”

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF CLEWORTH HALL.

IN no county of England are so many decaying old mansions to be met with as in Lancashire, and amongst these, few are more remarkable, from the traditions clinging to it, than Kempnall Hall. Not that the mansion is recommended either by its grandeur or by its architectural pretensions ; on the contrary, it is a plain building of brick, wood, and plaister, and the country around has no particular interest.

The estate of Cleworth, anciently called Kempnough, was in the olden days possessed by a family who took their name from the land, a very common custom at the time ; but the male issue of this house becoming extinct, the heiress conveyed it in marriage to Roger, youngest son of Geoffrey Worsley of Worsley.

They, too, had no son, and thus Kempnall passed once more to another name, their daughter and heiress, Ellen, marrying Richard Parr, whose son took to wife Emma, daughter of William Tutgill, of Cleworth, in the parish of Leigh. From this alliance proceeded—fifth in descent—John Parr, Esq., of Kempnough and Cleworth, who by his wife, Margaret, left an only daughter and heiress, the male line being again broken off, an event which seems to have been of more frequent occurrence than in most families. This heiress, by name Anne, was twice married; first to Thurston Barton, and secondly, in 1578, to Nicholas Starkie, of Huntroyd, who thus acquired the estates of Kempnall and Cleworth. Such genealogical details are, it must be allowed, dry enough, but they are essential to the verification of our story; besides that, we cannot expect to get at the kernel of a nut without having first cracked its shell.

From some unassigned motives of preference, Mr. Starkie took up his residence at Cleworth Hall, in 1594, and here it was that the events of our story happened, as recorded by the Rev. John Darrel, himself being one of the principal actors in it. At this period Mr. Starkie had two children, John and Anne, of the respective ages of ten and nine years, who, according to our autho-

rity, became possessed by evil spirits. As this was a malady for which the pharmacopæia contained no remedies, and was entirely beyond the practice of any regular physician, a noted conjuror was called in, by name John Hartley, who had recourse to various demonifugues, and at the same time drew a magical circle about the house. But the demons were unusually stubborn; for three years they manfully—or, perhaps, we should rather say, diabolically—maintained their ground, in despite of charms and fumigations, greatly to the benefit of the exorcisor, who all this while lived in Mr. Starkie's house in comfort and ease.

Unfortunately for our conjuror he was one of those who never can leave well alone. As he found his presence seeming to grow more and more essential to the quiet of his benefactor's family, so did he constantly rise in his demands, till at length the patience of Mr. Starkie was quite exhausted, the rather as he began to suspect the conjuror of playing the same part that Tom Thumb does in the tragedy that bears his heroic name,—

“ He made his giants first, and then he killed them.”

Or to descend to a less magnificent comparison, he was thought to make business for himself by introducing more devils into the house, just as the wily rat-catcher brings in a few rats to supply the

place of those he has killed, that there may be no lack of business for him at some future day. Certainly, whether by the conjuror's agency or not, five other of the inmates of the house became possessed, when the servants and neighbours all sturdily persisted in attributing to him this increase of the demoniacal crop. To use the words of the old narrator,—“It was judged in the house that whosoever he kissed, in them he breathed the devil,” and he further tells us, “all the seven demons sent forth strange and supernatural voices and loud shoutings.” The result was the dismissal of our conjuror from his warm and comfortable office, the chief duties of which appeared to consist in eating, drinking, and enjoying himself.

But it was soon discovered that the ejection of honest John, though it might benefit Mr. Starkie's larder, did by no means tend to lessen the great evil. The devils maintained their post, and were as troublesome as ever. In this strait the family consulted the celebrated astrologer, Dr. Dee, who gave it as his advice that they should call in the aid of certain godly preachers, and try what could be done by fasting and praying. But alas!

“No comfort ensued from this wondrous specific,
All their fasting and pray'rs made the fiends more terrific.”

The devils, it is true, were at first taken some-

what aback by their godly assailants; but they soon returned to the charge with redoubled vigour, till Mr. Starkie's house became a perfect bedlam. The young Starkies grew fierce as two young maniacs; the Miss Hollands, who were nieces to Mr. Starkie, were also possessed, as was Margaret Bryson of Salford, then on a visit at Cleworth. And no wonder; an empty stomach is always an inviter of the devil, and it may be feared that a continuance of prayer, at such a time, is not likely to mend the matter. They come then

“As tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowsy man.”

The preachers, no less obstinate than their fiendish enemies, renewed their attacks after a most scientific fashion. They first proceeded to examine the demoniacs and give them spiritual advice, but the very sight of the Bible produced a tempest of scoffs and blasphemies. They then collected all the demoniacs in one room, and had them laid on couches, Mr. Moore, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Darrel, and about thirty other persons being present, that the demons might have no opportunity of taking any unfair advantages. Fasting and praying were once more the order of the day, and whether it was that the fiends wearied of the contest, or were alarmed by having such godly

members opposed to them, they at length gave way, but they did not quit the possessed without handling them so roughly at parting, that the blood flowed in purple streams from their mouths and nostrils. Even now, though defeated, they were not subdued. In three days they returned and would have re-occupied their lost ground, but the church militant made a stout defence, and completely prevented them from re-entering those they had before possessed. Incensed at being thus baffled, they tossed their former victims about as if they had been shuttlecocks sent to and fro by a host of battledores, dashing some with violence to the ground, and laming others in their limbs so that they lost the use of them. At length a final and complete victory was obtained by the human combatants, and the devils were banished once and for ever from the household, their ejection being as decided as if a bill had been filed against them in a court of chancery.

The ejection of John Hartley from his comfortable quarters, would, in all probability, have been considered sufficient by the parties, had they looked upon him, as that which he really was, an impudent impostor, with a dash, perhaps, of superstitious confidence in his own deceptions. This, however, was not in the character of the age, and more particularly as it showed itself in Lancashire,

which had long been notorious for its excessive credulity in all matters of witchcraft. The general belief condemned him for one in league with evil spirits, and to give to that belief a judicial confirmation, he was now dragged before two magistrates that he might be examined, touching his diabolical practices. The wise Solons of the law found him quite suspicious enough to be committed to Lancaster gaol for trial, when the judge and jury, to their eternal disgrace found him guilty, and sentenced him between them to the gallows. At the appointed time he was hanged, having on the scaffold protested his innocence. The rope snapt, and he fell long before life was extinct. Bewildered, as we may easily imagine, by this unusual situation of pain and terror, he now confessed his impossible guilt, no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of his judges and of the multitude, and he was again strung up to the gallows, the rope this time doing its duty most effectually. A curious and instructing essay might be written upon the thesis of "what is murder?"

Some light is attempted to be thrown on this transaction by a "discourse concerning the possession and dispossession of seven persons in one family in Lancashire, written by George More, one of the persons engaged in exorcising the

legion." This "discourse" confirms Mr. Darrel's narrative; but adds that "Mr. Starkie having married an inheritrix, some of whose kindred were papists, these partly for religion, and partly because the estate descended not to heirs male, prayed for the perishing of her issue, and that four sons pined away in a strange manner; but that Mrs. Starkie, learning the circumstance, estated her lands in her husband and his heirs, failing issue of her own body, after which a son and daughter were born, who prospered well till they arrived at the age of ten or twelve years."

Now, without stopping to enquire how far the unlucky papists may be addicted to the practice of arts diabolic, this story may be so easily explained without them, that we must altogether reject their intervention. That there were fraud and very extensive collusion in its practice, no one in his senses can doubt; but who was to gain by the deceit?—the answer is given to us in the words, "she estated her lands to her husband and his heirs." Justice in her most solemn courts could not desire stronger evidence—circumstantial evidence—to a fact.

Cleworth Hall, the scene of this momentous affair, was standing at the commencement of the present century, when it presented the appearance of a decent timber building, with bay windows and

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gables; but it was all taken down about thirty years ago. The estate of Cleworth, together with that of Kempnall, and Huntroyd, has descended to the present Le Gendre Nicholas Starkie, Esq.

ST CLAIR OF ROSSLYN.

THE ancestor of this family, a Norman noble of high birth, settled in Scotland in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and obtained from that king extensive grants of land in Midlothian. Succeeding monarchs extended the domains of his descendants, and the way in which one of these territorial grants was acquired, shall be the subject of the following narrative :—

One day, King Robert Bruce, hunting on the Pentland hills, told his attendant nobles, that he had frequently, while pursuing the chase in that district, been baffled by a white deer, which had invariably got the start of his hounds, and beat them; and yet, he thought his own the best dogs that he had ever seen! He then asked his followers if any of them had hounds which they would venture to

say would be more successful? As the King was evidently in an evil mood, and as this question was asked with the air of bravado, it may be supposed that few courtiers would willingly affirm their hounds to be swifter than those of the King.

However, William St. Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, presuming upon his high birth and power, and trusting to his intimacy with the King, somewhat bluntly called out that he would wager his head that his two favourite dogs, "Help" and "Hold," would kill the white deer before she could clear the March Burn. The king, whose ill-humour was chafed by St. Clair's unceremonious assertion of the superior worth of his dogs, immediately laid hold of the hasty proposal, and wagered the Forest of Pentland against the life of the bold Baron of Rosslyn.

All the hounds were tied up, except a few slow hounds to put up the deer. The Baron of Rosslyn posted himself in the best position for slipping "Help and Hold," and devoutly praying, he commended himself to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. It was not long before the famous white deer was raised, St. Clair loosed his hounds and followed them on his swift steed to cheer them on. The deer, however, outstripped their speed, and had already got before them so far as to the middle of the fatal March

Burn, which seemed destined to be the boundary of the Baron of Rosslyn's life. Upon this, St. Clair threw himself from his horse in despair. Yet all was not over. At this critical moment, "Hold" came up with the white deer, in the middle of the brook, and stopped her; while "Help," no less true to his name, turned her back; and she was killed by the two brave dogs on St. Clair's side of the March Burn. So his life was saved, and his wager won!

King Robert, descending from the hill, embraced St. Clair, congratulated him with a good grace on the successful issue of his bet, and bestowed on him, as he had promised, extensive lands, which were, in that day, called Pentland Forest, and which made a great addition to that proud Baron's already overgrown estates. It is difficult to give a more complete specimen of feudal barbarism than that which is proved by the circumstances of this tale. Seldom has a life been more recklessly perilled, and never were lands more worthlessly won. It would be more satisfactory to our feelings, if this silly wager had been made by any one of the Scottish monarchs rather than by King Robert the Bruce.

This reckless better and adventurous huntsman, Sir William St. Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, raised his family to still higher honours by an illustrious

marriage. He wedded the daughter and eventual heiress of Malise, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, and thence the princely Earldom of Orkney and its dependencies, came, in time, to be inherited by his son, Henry St. Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, who, in 1379, was created Earl of Orkney by Haco, King of Norway, or, it may be more correct to say, that he was invested by the Norwegian monarch with the Earldom, which he inherited in right of his mother.

The illustrious race of Earls, of which Henry St. Clair thus became heir of line, was founded by Earl Rogenwald in the ninth century. Their descent was one of the most ancient and princely in Scandinavia, and was traced to a common ancestor with the Dukes of Normandy—Rollo having been a son of Earl Rogenwald, and William the Conqueror, and his contemporary, Earl of Orkney, having been cousins in the direct male line, in no very distant degree. Henry, the first Earl of Orkney of the line of St. Clair, is said to have married Florentia, a Danish princess.

His son and grandson, successively Earls of Orkney and Lords of Rosslyn, married granddaughters of two Scottish kings; Egidia, daughter of Douglas, Lord of Nithsdale, by a daughter of King Robert II., and Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Douglas and Duke of Tourraine, by a

daughter of King Robert III. The St. Clairs continued to be Norwegian Earls of Orkney until 1471, when that earldom was annexed to the Scottish crown after the marriage of King James III. with Princess Margaret of Denmark.

The object of that monarch was to humble the pride, and diminish the overgrown power of William, third Earl of Orkney, of the line of St. Clair. He accordingly compelled him to exchange the Earldom of Orkney and the Lordship of Nithsdale, for the Earldom of Caithness, and the Lordship of Ravensheugh and Dysart, in the county of Fife.

The beautiful chapel of Rosslyn, which is still in good preservation, was built, and the chapter to which it was attached was founded by this powerful noble, William St. Clair, Lord of Rosslyn, Prince of Orkney, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord of Nithsdale, Lord Admiral and Lord Justice General of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three marches, High Chancellor and Great Chamberlain of Scotland. This lofty person also built the castle of Rosslyn, where he resided in great splendour. At the time of the building of Rosslyn chapel, it is said that all ranks and degrees of visitors flocked to wait on him at his castle, where he kept princely state; and was almost royally served at his table in vessels of gold and silver. Lord Dirleton was master of his household, Lord

Borthwick his cupbearer, and Lord Fleming his carver. And in their absence, their functions were performed by knightly personages not less noble than themselves, viz., Stewart of Drumlanrig, Tweedie of Drumelzear, and Sandilands of Calder.

This Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, grand-daughter to King Robert III., was waited on by seventy fine gentlewomen, of whom fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvet and silk, with chains of gold. She was attended in all her journies by two hundred gentlemen on horseback ; and when she happened to arrive in the dark at her lodgings, at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, in Edinburgh, eighty lighted torches were carried before her.

The last Earl of Orkney, of the great house of St. Clair, had three sons, and a daughter who married the turbulent Duke of Albany, brother of King James III. He disinherited his eldest son, William, the ancestor of the Lords Sinclair. He left the bulk of his possessions to Sir Oliver St. Clair, the eldest son of his second marriage, who became Lord of Rosslyn, and whose male line became extinct nearly a century ago, when Rosslyn Castle and Chapel devolved on the heir of the eldest brother, the Lord Sinclair, while he bequeathed the earldom of Caithness to his youngest son, also named William, from whom are descended

the Earls of Caithness, who are now the undoubted heirs male of the lofty race of St. Clair; the Lords Sinclair and the Barons of Rosslyn being both extinct in the male line.

While Lord Caithness is heir male of the house of St. Clair, the heir general and representative of the Scandinavian Counts of Orkney, as well as of the Earls of the family of St. Clair, and of the Lords Sinclair, is Mr. Anstruther Thomson, of Charleton, in right of his great-grandmother, Grizel, eldest daughter of Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair; while the proprietor of the Ravensheugh, Dysart, and Rosslyn estates is the Earl of Rosslyn, to whom they were left by a special entail. His great-grandmother, Catherine, was second daughter of Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair. The present Lord Sinclair is not, in the most remote degree, connected with the Earls of Orkney or the old Lords Sinclair; but claimed the peerage in consequence of a special remainder in a new patent.

Before we conclude, we must say a few words of Rosslyn Castle and Chapel. The ruins of the castle are situated on a lofty peninsula, overhanging the river Esk, and they are separated from the adjacent country by a deep ravine, over which the only access is by an noble stone-bridge. The situation is extremely romantic, on a steep rock rising out of the bed of the river, with precipitous

banks covered with natural wood. The ruins are on a scale of princely grandeur. It is uncertain how early they were commenced, probably in the twelfth century. But the castle was completed in the fifteenth century, by William, third Earl of Orkney, the founder of the chapel.

This most beautiful structure crowns the hill above the castle. It was originally founded for a Provost and six Prebendaries. Its design, which is singularly rich and beautiful, is said to have been drawn at Rome, and it was not completed until towards the end of the fifteenth century. The architecture is of the most rich and florid style, and the carvings are in the greatest profusion and of the most delicate beauty.

There is a superstition connected with this chapel. It is said to be brilliantly illuminated immediately before the death of a member of the Sinclair family. To this, Sir Walter Scott alludes in his beautiful ballad of Rosabelle :—

“ Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn’s chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

“ Blazed battlement and summit high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.”

At the south-east corner of the chapel there is

a descent, by twenty steps, into a crypt, partly subterranean. The whole chapel, within and without, is decorated with sculpture. The interior is divided into a middle and two side aisles, by seven columns on each side, supporting arches. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves are all covered with sculptures. There are several curious monuments: one is said to mark the tomb of Sir William St. Clair, the huntsman and better. He is sculptured in armour, with one of his greyhounds at his feet. At the front of the third and fourth pillars, there is a large flagstone, covering the opening into the family vault, where the Barons of Rosslyn, descendants of Sir Oliver, of the younger race (now extinct in the male line), are laid. This vault is so dry, that their bodies have been found entire, after eighty years, and as fresh as when first buried. These barons were anciently interred in their armour, without any coffin. The last corpse deposited in Rosslyn Chapel was that of Lord Loughborough, the eldest son of the present Earl of Rosslyn.

BESS HARDWICK.

ON the borders of the ancient Forest of Sherwood, on the south of the road leading from Mansfield to Chesterfield, stands a mansion of imposing aspect and elevated site. It is Hardwick Hall, and thereon hangs many a tale, some of which have been beautifully told, some very badly told, and some that have never been told at all. Here was born, *Anno* 1519, the remarkable lady who is about to form the subject of our romance—we were going to say, but it were wrong to say so, for what we have to state of her is sober truth, though stranger, perhaps, than romance itself. She was one of the many daughters of John Hardwick of Hardwick, and was famous in her girlhood for great personal beauty, and for the indications of a spirit somewhat unusual in her

sex. Before she had completed her fourteenth year she was wife and widow of Robert Barley of Barley, son and heir apparent of Arthur Barley, Esq., by the daughter of Sir John Chaworth of Wyverton. Whether the match was one of love or policy is not known—most likely the latter—the choice of the parties most interested in such matters not being deemed of much importance in those times. Well-jointured, and having, by the death of her brother, become the heiress of the Hardwick estates, she was wooed if not won by as many lovers as Penelope. After a widowhood of twelve years, she attracted the attention of Sir William Cavendish, a gentleman of Suffolk, one of the persons employed by Henry the Eighth in the suppression of monasteries, and already enriched by that monarch with the spoils of many of the monastic institutions which his own report had caused to be dissolved. The marriage ceremony was celebrated at Bradgate Park, the seat of the Marquis of Dorset, in 1547, the bride being then in her twenty-seventh year. The bridal was attended by such a groupe of historically interesting persons as rarely ever graced such a ceremony. Sir William had been twice married before, and, by both these marriages, had issue. Shortly after his union with Mrs. Barley, he was induced, by her wishes, to purchase the estate of Chatsworth,

of her relative Mr. Leech, and thus began the first connexion of the Cavendishes with that now celebrated domain. During the ten years of her married life with Sir William, Lady Cavendish had three sons and three daughters, at the christenings of whom, some of the most distinguished of the land stood sponsors. Among these, were the Queen herself, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Pembroke and Warwick, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. This marriage had greatly augmented the already large fortunes of the lady, and it was not long after Sir William's death, in 1557, that she contracted another alliance with Sir William St. Loe, of an ancient knightly family in Somersetshire. Her influence over her third husband was so unbounded (for her beauty and art were pre-eminent) that she induced him to settle a large portion of his extensive property upon her, and to bequeath her the rest, to the great impoverishment of his own relations. Lady St. Loe lost her third husband some time before 1568, for in that year, then in her forty-eighth, she gave her hand to her fourth husband, George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, premier Earl of England, and K. G. His Lordship had only lost his former Countess, Gertrude Manners, a few months, when he became captivated with the Lady St. Loe, still radiant in

matronly beauty, and having other *weighty* attractions. Lady Gertrude was the daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, of that house. She had brought the Earl a numerous progeny, of whom we shall hereafter have to make mention. She was interred in the Talbot burying-place at Sheffield, and though no inscription marks the spot, Howell has preserved one which was probably at one time suspended over her tomb :—

“ An epitaph made uppon the death of the Right Hon. the Ladye Gartrid, late Countesse of Shrewisbur ie :

She of grace, the garlande gay,
In godly giftes did weare,
Where flowrs do now in children wise
Of Talbot's line appeare.

Of Rutland's race she noblie sprang,
And linked with peerlesse pearle
Of Shrewesburie, who bore the name
A noble worthy Earle.

Whom she hath left behinde among
The blessed branches five,
The working imps that sprang of them
As of a vertuous vine.”

As every previous alliance of Bess Hardwick had been entered into with an eye to the aggrandisement of her own fortunes, so was this to that of her family. The Earl sighed like a furnace at

her feet; but, though she would consent to be wooed, she would not consent to be won, till certain preliminaries, on which she had set her mind, were agreed on. She proudly told the Earl "I would liever be Bess Hardwick again than the Countess of Shrewesburie, if ye will not what I will." What that was may be guessed from the marriage covenants between the Earl's son, Gilbert Talbot, and her youngest daughter, Mary Cavendish—and the Earl's daughter, Grace, and the Lady St. Loe's eldest son, Henry Cavendish, being immediately drawn out. At the time of these double nuptials, which were solemnized with great pomp at Sheffield, February 9, 1567-8, Gilbert Talbot's wife was only twelve years of age. Though second son he succeeded to the earldom. When or where the Earl of Shrewsbury's marriage with Lady St. Loe was celebrated has not been ascertained, but it is presumed it was very shortly after those of their children. She had previously matched her eldest daughter to Sir Henry Pierrepont, and her youngest subsequently married the Earl of Lenox, by whom she had the beautiful and justly celebrated Arabella Stuart. Of Bess Hardwick's two other sons, one was created Earl of Devonshire, and the other, Charles, became father to the first Duke of Newcastle.

A letter from a relative of the new Countess,

who was a person about court, conveys some complimentary remarks of Queen Elizabeth's on the marriage of the Earl with Lady St. Loe.

“ May it please you to undearstand, that Mr. Wyngfeld hath delevered your veneson to the Quene's Majeste, with my lordes most humbill comencyons, and your La. with humbill thanks frome both your honors for her henes grayt goodnes. [I] assure your La. of my fayth, her Majeste did talke one longe oure with Mr. Wyngfeld of my Lorde and you, so carefully that, as my God ys my juge, I thinke your honors have no frende levyng that coulde have more conseraderacyon nor more shew love and grayt afficyon. Yn the ende she asked when my Lorde ment to come to the court. He answered he knew not: then sayd she, ‘ I am assured yf she myght have her oune wyll she woulde not be longe before she woulde se me.’ Then said she, ‘ I have been glade to se my Lady Saynt Loo, but now more dessyrous to se my Lady Shrewsbury.’ ‘ I hope,’ sayd she, ‘ my Lady hath knoune my good opennen of her; and thus muche I assure you, there ys no lady yn thys lande that I beter love and lyke.’ Mr. Batteman can more at large declare unto your honor. And so, with most humbill comendicyons to my very good Lorde, I wesh to you both as the Quene's Majesty dothe desyre ;

and so take my leave yn humbill wyse. From Senjins, the XXI of October.

“ Your honurs to comeand,

“ E. WYNGFELDE.”*

A very short time had elapsed after this marriage, when it was intimated to the Earl that his royal mistress would shortly give him a fresh proof of her exceeding confidence in his loyalty and zeal. This was the custody of the Scottish Queen. The Earl's personal honour, his large fortune, and the number and strength of his castles peculiarly fitted him for this most delicate trust. That he should have accepted it is not a matter of surprise, but that he should have fulfilled it for seventeen years at great costs and charges, and at a degree of domestic inconvenience that can hardly be estimated, is almost inconceivable. It was a specimen of the subservient loyalty of the times.

It was on the 2nd of February, 1569, that Mary was conveyed from Bolton to Tutbury Castle, where the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury were waiting to receive her. From Tutbury the Queen was removed to Wingfield Manor, then to Chatsworth—then, for a short time, it is believed, to Hardwick, and lastly to Sheffield Castle, all seats

* From the original papers of John Wilson, Esq., of Bromhead Hall, quoted by Hunter, in his “History of Sheffield.”

of the Earl. The last was his usual residence and best fitted, perhaps, for the comfort and secure keeping of this most interesting captive. She entered it at Christmas, 1570, and with a train of thirty-five persons, and so strict had been the *surveillance* of her lordly custodian that for two years he had never left her. The rigour of Mary's confinement at this period may be inferred from the following letter from Shrewsbury to Burghley :—

“ MY VERY GOOD L.,—After I had dispeched this berer, this quene made eftsones great complaynt unto me of her sickly estat, and that she loked verily to perishe thereby : and used diverse melancholy words that yt is ment yt shuld so com to passe w'out helpe of medicine, and all because I was not redy to send up her Phisician's l'res unto yo^r L. which in dede I refused, for that I perceved her principall drifte was and is to have some libertie out of these gates, which in nowise I will consent unto bicause I see no small perill therein. Notwithstanding, lest she shuld think that the Quene's Ma^{tye} had comanded me to denye her suche reasonable meanes as might save her life by order of phisick, I thought yt not amysse upon her said complaynt and instaunce to send up the said l'res hereinclosed to be considered on as shall stand w^t the Quene's Ma^{tyes} pleasur. But truly I wold be very lothe that any libertie or exercise

shuld be graunted unto her or any of hers out of these gates, for fear of many daungers nedeless to be remembered unto yo^r L. I do suffer her *to walk upon the lead* here in open ayre [and] in my large dining chamber, and also in this court-yard *so as both I myself or my wife be alwaies in her company*, for avoiding all others talk either to herself or any of hers: And suer watch is kept wⁱn and w^tout the walles both night and day, and shall so co^tynue God willing so long as I shall have the charge. Thus I commit yo^r good L. unto God.

From Shefeld Castle this xiith of December, 1571.

POSTSCRIPT.—I cannot perceyve that she is in any present perill of sicknes. If any ensue I will not faile to advertise the same unto yo^r L. w^t all diligence, but I must here eftsones advertise unto yo^r L. that I am utterly against any further libertie unto her.

Yo^r L. ever assured,

G. SHREWSBURY.

Dacre's and Norfolk's attempts had, no doubt, been the cause of this rigour.

Early in 1572, however, the Earl left Mary in the charge of Sir Ralph Sadler, in order that he might go to Loudon to preside at the trial of the Duke of Norfolk. It is said he pronounced the

sentence in a flood of tears. Little, however, could he foresee the future union of his line with that of the high-minded Duke in the persons of their grand-children ; as little that his castle, which contained the cause of Norfolk's fall, would become the inheritance of that very Duke's descendant when the name of Talbot would have passed away !

In 1574, either romantic affection or the schemes of the match-making Countess of Shrewsbury, led to an alliance between the blood of Bess Hardwick and that of the royal captive. Charles Stuart, younger brother of Mary's late husband, and her own cousin, happened to spend a few days at Rufford Abbey, a seat of Lord Shrewsbury, along with his mother, the Countess of Lenox. A few days sufficed to fan a warm flame between young Lenox and Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's only unmarried daughter ! How far the Queen of Scots was a party to this is not known. Probably she might consider such an alliance would help to mitigate the rigour of her confinement. The Earl of Shrewsbury, however, who appears to have been unapprised of the matter till after the nuptials, soon saw that his position required some exculpating statement to his royal mistress. In a letter to Elizabeth he thus exonerates himself from all privity or connivance. " Yt

was delte soe sodenly and wytheut my knowledge; w^h, as I dare undertake and ensure to your mat^{ie}, for my wyfe she fyndyng hyr dawghter dysapointed of yong Bartê, *where she hoped*; and that th'oder yong gentyman was inclyned to love wyth a few days acquyntans, *dyd hyr beste* to furthur hyr dawghter to thys matche wytheute havynge therein any other inten^t or respect than wyth reverent dutee towards your ma^{ty} she owght." *

The real truth is, the Countess had long been on the look-out for a splendid match for her daughter, and she was only too happy to catch the young Earl of Lenox in her meshes. Another letter of the Earl's shows her antecedent scheming. "There is feu nobillmens sonns in Englund that she hath not praid me to dele forre at one tyme or other; so did I forre my lord of Rutland, with my lord Sussex, for my lord Wharton and sundrye others, and now this comes unloked for witheut thanks to me." But if the Earl cleared himself of any participation in getting up this match, the Countess did not, for both she and Lady Lenox, the young Earl's mother, were, for a time, placed under restraint. Even the poor Queen of Scots, who was on ill terms with the Lenox family, was accused of "plotting" in the matter by the ever-

* Lodge, vol. ii. p. 123

jealous Elizabeth, whose bitter persecution of the young couple was in perfect keeping with her character. The only issue of this marriage was the Lady Arabella Stuart, who was left an orphan at four years of age, and whose melancholy and romantic history forms such an interesting feature of the times of James I. In February, 1575, the wife of Gilbert Talbot was delivered of a child in Sheffield Castle, and Queen Elizabeth immediately ordered Burghley to address the Earl on her "mislykings of the repaire of women and strangers," fearing some use might be made of it for the Scottish Queen's release. The Earl implores forgiveness, but assures Burghley of his caution, adding that the "mydwylfe excepted, none such have or doo at any tyme cum wythyn hur [Mary's] syght; and at the fyrst to avoyd such resorte *I myselfe with ii of my cheldren chrystened the chylde.*"

It was sometime in 1577 that the Countess of Shrewsbury first began either to suspect or to spread reports of a *liaison* between her husband and his still lovely captive. The first proof we have of this jealousy appears in a letter she addressed to the Earl from Chatsworth, where she was building extensively, and where she wished him to obtain leave to spend the summer.

In the postscript she adds "Lette me heare how

you, your charge *and love* do, and amende me I praye you." For years there were *bruits* of an improper familiarity between the Earl and Mary—it was even rumoured that she had children by him in her prison. There can be little doubt that Lady Shrewsbury was herself the authoress of these scandals; and so much did the Earl take them to heart, that he resolved that they should be denied in the epitaph which he had prepared for his tomb three or four years before his decease. One passage of this very prolix inscription* runs thus—"Quamque semper ab omni suspitione perfidiæ fuit alienus, illud declarat, quòd licèt a malevolis *propter suspectam cum captivâ reginâ familiaritatem* sæpius malè audiret, cum tamen ejusdem reginæ causâ ex senatûs regni consultu á proceribus in arce Fodringhaiensi cognoscendo esset, inter magnates * * * * *hunc nobiliss. Comitem* ser^a. Regina Elizabeth *unum esse voluit.*" It is to be remarked that though he mentions his first wife, Gertrude Manners, on this epitaph, he entirely "ignores" his last Countess.† The Talbot papers preserve some singular letters that

* In St. Peter's Church, Sheffield, and was written by Fox, the martyrologist.

† Prolix as this epitaph was, there was another in English verse, still longer, for it contained ninety-four lines. It is preserved in Dodsworth's MSS. Bibl. Bodl., Vol. cix.

passed between the Earl and Lady Shrewsbury ; before the estrangement he used to address her as “ *My dere none* ” and “ *My honest swete.* ” In these ruptures, Queen Elizabeth took the Lady’s part, and enjoined on the Earl the hard task of submission to his imperious wife, who had taken care to get into her own power the whole of the Earl’s vast income, save an allowance of £500 a year. In a letter to Lord Leicester, dated April 5th, 1585, the Earl says “ Sith that her Mat^{ie} hathe sett downe this hard sentence agaynst me, to my perpetuall infamy and dishonour, to be ruled and overranne by my wief, so bad and wicked a woman, yett her Mat^{ie} shall see that I obey her com^{and}emente, tho no curse or plage on the earthe could be more grevous to me. These offers of my wiefes, inclosid in yo^r L^{res}, I thynk them verey unfytt to be offered to me. It is to muche to make me my wiefes pencyoner, and set me doune the demeanes of Chattesworth, wthout the house and other lands leased, wh^{ch} is but a pencyon in money. I thynk it standeth wth reason that I shuld chose the v^{cl}. by yeare ordered by her Mat^{ie} where I best like, accordinge to the rate Wm. Caendishe delyvered to my L. Chanselor.”

From this period they appear to have lived entirely separate, notwithstanding the efforts of mutual friends to produce a reconciliation. The

Bishop of Lichfield, in using his influence to this end, says in a letter to the Earl, "Some will say in yo^r L. behalfe, tho' the Countesse is a sharpe and bitter shrewe, and, therefore, lieke enough to shorten y^r life, if shee shulde kepe you company. Indede, my good Lo. I have heard some say so; but, if shrewdenesse or sharpnesse may be a just cause of sepa'c'on betweene a man and wiefe, I thincke fewe men in Englande woulde keepe their wiefes longe; for it is a com'on jeste, yet trewe in some sense, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and ev'y man hathe her; and so ev'y man might be rydd of his wiefe, that wolde be rydd of a shrewe."

Parted from her husband, Lady Shrewsbury pursued the several *trades* to which she was attached. "She was," says Lodge, "a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber." The Earl had got rid of his long and ill-requited custody of the Scottish Queen, in 1584, but he could not get rid of his wife's persecutions, nor could he destroy in Queen Elizabeth's mind some long-harboured suspicions of a design entertained, on his part, to favour the Queen of Scots. Again and again did he remind his royal mistress that he was "the Talbot, ever true and loyal to his Quene," and of the long proof he had given

of his devotion, in being the royal jailor. It would seem that Elizabeth was at last either convinced that she had wrongly suspected the Earl of any partiality for her rival, or that she was determined to put his feelings to the severest test, for she appointed the lordly jailor one of the high commissioners, to try the unfortunate Mary—and, to the Earl's lasting discredit, he was one of those who witnessed the sad and solemn spectacle of her decapitation in the Hall of Fotheringay, on the 8th of February, 1587!* Lord Shrewsbury lived three years after this—years embittered by the remembrance of this sad scene—by the behaviour of his wife, and by family broils. His Countess survived him seventeen years, during which she pursued, with untiring activity, her great *penchant* for building and money-making. Her great ambition was, to rebuild the ancient seat of her ancestors, at Hardwick. This noble specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, was completed in 1597. In the parapet of open stonework, which runs round the whole edifice, the letters E. S. (the initials of her name), are perceptible at a considerable distance. The rooms are of fine proportions, the furniture is chiefly that of the period, and was brought

* Murdin says the Earl himself wrote to Burghley, *urging* the execution.

from Chatsworth. The picture gallery, one hundred and seventy feet long, contains some very fine portraits. Amongst them is one of the Scottish Queen, painted during the latter part of her long confinement. Her countenance is very pale, and she seems frowning with suspicion. The picture suggested the following :—

Why on us, Scotland's Mary ! dost thou frown ?

As if with heartless judges once more hemm'd !

We are no heralds of that sister-Crown,

That sav'd, wrong'd, fear'd thee—flatter'd and condemn'd.

In sooth we would not be ; the Heaven above,

That gave thee matchless beauty—gave thee love,

And bade thy path be spread

With snares, like nets *set round an amorous dove*,

Knows best to portion thee the worm into thy bed.

But even were we so, there is a tongue

That "pity" speaks—that ages may not still.

It murmurs to us as we pass along,

And seems with murmuring the drear rooms to fill,

Where misery kiss'd thy forehead day by day,*

And thy round cheek, and stole its flower away ;

And drank the honey that bedew'd

Thy lip : and still of thee a vision gay,

Seems meekly wearing out its mournful solitude.

We see the erring woman—luckless Queen !

The victim fair of Flattery's wily power.

* Tradition says, Mary spent part of her prison life at Hardwick. If so, it must have been in the old hall, the ruins of which are still standing, for the present mansion was not begun till after her death.

Thou wast by nature nurtur'd to have been

The pride of life, in Hope's delicious bower !

Thou shouldst have shed a perfume through the land ;

Thou shouldst have waken'd with thine accents bland,

The echoes of the soul ; —

Have smooth'd the passions with a silken hand,

Of those who bow alone to beauty's—love's control.

But thou didst fail in this. There grew eclipse

Over thy womanish brightness—storm and cloud.

Part due to thee ; part, haply, from the lips

Of slander, puff'd among the unfeeling crowd ;

Who dream not how misguided passion sears,

In hearts it waters with its wayward tears,

The virtue planted there.

And so that voice into our willing ears,

Cries " Pity, pity those for bliss too great and fair."

The Countess of Shrewsbury died in 1607, and lies buried with the Cavendish family in the church of All Saints, Derby, where, in her lifetime, she had caused a beautiful monument to be erected. The tomb has her recumbent² effigy, and a very long Latin inscription thus concludes:—

" Hæc inclytissima Elizabetha Salopiæ Comitissa Ædium de Chatsworth, Hardwick et Oldcotes, magnificentiâ clarissimarum fabricatrix, vitam hanc transitoriam xiii., die mensis Februarii, Anno ab incarnatione Domini 1607, ac circa annum ætatis suæ LXXXVII.,* finivit :

* This is doubtless an error. She was ninety.

et gloriosam expectans Resurrectionem subtus
jacet tumulata."

"A tradition is still current, that it had been predicted to her by some fortune-teller, that "*so long as she kept building, she would never die.*" A severe frost happening in February, 1607, terminated her building and her life.

THE WIFE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

It may, perhaps, not be very generally known to many of our readers that the ex-King Jerome has a beautiful wife still alive in America, Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson. She is a very amiable and talented lady, and though, now, at an advanced age, she has the remains of uncommon beauty. She was a Miss Paterson, and belonged to one of the most distinguished families in the United States of America. Her maternal grandfather was the celebrated Mr. William Carrol, of Carrolstown, one of those who signed the original declaration of American Independence; and the direct descendant and representative of the chiefs of the princely Irish race of the O'Carrol's.

Miss Paterson's brother married his own first cousin, also a grand-child of the ancient patriarch

of liberty, Carrol of Carrolstown, Miss Caton, who, after her husband's death, wedded the Marquess Wellesley. Another sister is Mrs. MacTavish, mother of the beautiful Mrs. Howard, now deceased; another is the Duchess of Leeds, and another Lady Stafford. Thus Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson is extensively connected amongs tthe highest aristocracy, as well as descended from the best families in the United States of America.

She was married to Jerome Bonaparte, when he was captain of a vessel during the consulate of Napoleon. When the French empire was established, and it pleased Napoleon to make Jerome a king, he insisted upon a divorce from Miss Paterson, which accordingly took place, but without any reason beyond the despotic will of the aristocrat. Jerome repudiated his beautiful, virtuous, and well-born American wife, and married the Princess of Wirtemberg, and, with her, ascended the throne of Westphalia. By Miss Paterson he had a son, who is now a citizen of the United States of America; and appears, certainly, to be entitled to the position of a French Prince of the imperial dynasty. It seems unreasonable that the marriage of Lucien, Prince of Canino, and Joseph, King of Spain, should be held to be valid, while to the first marriage of Jerome with a well-born lady, legality is denied.

Though Miss Paterson was repudiated, the marriage was a real one, and the son of that marriage is the eldest lawful son of the Ex-King Jerome; and, according to the law of succession in the French Empire, should old Jerome, like a second Claudius, mount the Imperial throne, it would be difficult to show why Mr. Bonaparte Paterson, citizen of America, should not succeed him as heir of the Napoleonean Imperial dynasty.

However, this short notice is not intended to convey political speculations, but to record a curious matter of fact, which it is worth while to rescue from oblivion. During the latter years of the reign of King Louis Philippe, Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson was in Paris. She happened one day, moved by curiosity, to accompany a friend to the house of Madlle. Le Normand, the celebrated fortune-teller. She was personally unknown to Madlle. Le Normand, and the certainty of this renders the prediction which that cunning woman delivered, doubly curious.

Madlle. Le Normand predicted to her that, ere long, the Bonaparte dynasty would again reign in France, and be more powerful than ever they had been. Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson laughed at the prediction, and regarded it as the vaticination of a distempered fancy; and at the time that she mentioned the fact, some years ago,

she continued to laugh at it, as well she might—the career of Louis Napoleon, as President, being only at its commencement. Now, however, his full-blown Imperial power shows that Madlle. Le Normand had correctly calculated the chances of the future.

LADY OGILVY'S ESCAPE.

MARGARET, LADY OGILVY, wife of David, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son, John, fourth Earl of Airlie, and daughter of Sir James Johnstone, third Baronet of Westerhall, and Dame Barbara Murray, his most energetic and talented wife, daughter of the fourth Lord Elibank, was one of the keenest supporters of the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart, when he raised his standard in Scotland in 1744. Finding the Ogilvies somewhat backward and hesitating in the cause, she persuaded her husband that so long as his father, the Earl of Airlie, did not appear in the field, he risked neither rank nor property by heading the clan. He perilled his own life and liberty, indeed,—but those were freely offered to the most popular Prince who ever asserted his contested rights to a throne. Lady

Ogilvy's principles and enthusiastic fervor of character being well known, she was watched by the Whig authorities, that her words or acts might be laid hold of against her. At a public dinner at Dumfries she was called upon for a toast, and whilst her politic mother sat trembling lest something violently Jacobinish should be given, she, with a sly look, and loud voice, proclaimed — "The Duke of Cumbernauld." Lady Johnstone amazed out of all her proprieties, exclaimed—"Good Heavens, Margaret, who ever heard of such a toast?" When the term of Charles Stuart's fortunes approached its close, Lord Ogilvy was more than commonly unwilling to continue his support, and as the only way of securing her husband's attendance at the fatal battle of Culloden, Lady Ogilvy rode with him herself at the head of the Clan. She was a beautiful, graceful woman, tall and fair, and an admirable rider, and she took charge of a led horse for her husband in case of accidents on the field. Towards the end of the day, her husband rode breathless up to her, and told her that the battle was lost. He mounted the charger she led, escaped to the coast, and got safely off, through Norway and Sweden, to France, in the service of which country he attained the rank of Lieutenant General,

and commanded a regiment.* Lady Ogilvy remained upon the field, somewhat stupified by grief and disappointment, but wholly fearless.

She was taken prisoner along with many other ladies, and conducted to Edinburgh Castle. After a few days confinement, all the ladies were released, and restored to their families, excepting only Lady Ogilvy, and upon the application of her friends to know the reason of her detention, the Government returned for answer that, "so much mischief had been done by women taking an active part in the Stuart cause, and so many had incited their husbands to take the field, who would otherwise have staid quietly at home, that it was necessary to make an example amongst them; and as Lady Ogilvy was the one at Culloden of highest rank and greatest influence she had been selected."

Lady Ogilvy was accordingly tried, convicted, and condemned to be executed on that Monday six

* David, Lord Ogilvie was also a Knight of St. Louis. He refused at the hands of Napoleon, the arrears of his pension which had been unpaid since the beginning of the Revolution, disdaining to have anything to do with the French service after the murder of Louis XVI. Subsequently to his father's death in 1761, he was styled Earl of Airlie, and died at his seat of Cortachy, co. Forfar, 3rd March, 1803, in his seventy-ninth year.

weeks, in the place where traitors suffered at Edinburgh.

Meanwhile her confinement was not rigorous ; her friends had influence enough to secure her decent lodging and attendance, and they were frequently admitted to see her.

Amongst those who had access to her room was the washerwoman every Saturday, a little ugly deformed person with a peculiar hitch in her walk ; Lady Ogilvy told this woman that she had an irresistible wish to learn how to walk like her, and she made the woman walk up and down to teach her, *every time* she came, and always kept her a long while in her room. On the last Saturday preceding the execution, the washerwoman brought in the lady's linen as usual towards sun-down, and was as usual long kept, but it was not, this time, to practise walking but to change clothes. " Give me your dress," said Lady Ogilvy, " and take mine—no one will harm you and you will save my life." The woman changed clothes accordingly, and Lady Ogilvy, limping with her peculiar limp, took up the basket, joined the wash girl, who was waiting outside and passed with her through the gates of the castle, and clear of the sentry's beat. The girl thought her mistress was strangely dumb and out of temper, but she was much more surprised when this little crooked mistress suddenly

threw down the basket, rose up into a tall majestic woman, and ran down the High Street with all her might. When Lady Ogilvy reached Abbey Hill, she there found horses and dress ready for her, and she rode by settled stations the whole way in safety, from Edinburgh to Dover, seeing the hue and cry out after her at every town she entered.

At last, after many a narrow escape and many a weary hour, she found herself on board a vessel ready to sail for France.

The vessel had heaved her anchor when a sudden embargo was laid upon every sail in the harbour, and the captain and crew were obliged to wait, for government had sent down an agent to search the ships for Lady Ogilvy, who was supposed to have taken refuge in one of them. The agent soon came on board bearing a huge picture, the size of life, of a great stout masculine woman whom he called Lady Ogilvy. The courageous and quick-witted Margaret caught a sight of the picture, and was instantly re-assured. She walked up to the agent with the utmost composure and stood looking at the portrait: "Ah," she said, "is that the picture of the Lady Ogilvy? I knew her very well, it is strikingly like, and if you go by *that* you cannot do better." The man stared at her and thanked her cordially. He then examined all the

other passengers and, bowing to her, left the vessel. The embargo was taken off—the sails were hoisted, and the brave lady escaped to France, where she joined her husband, and where she died at the early age of thirty-three. She left a son David, who was called Earl of Airlie; but as he left no issue, the Earldom went to a kinsman of the late Earl. She had likewise a daughter, "The Lady Margaret," who married Sir John Wedderburn of Ballendean, in Perthshire, the father of the present Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., heir of line of the House of Airlie, who possesses an admirable picture of his noble and beautiful grandmother. There is also a portrait of her at Cortachy Castle, the seat of the Earl of Airlie.

The officer on guard the night of Lady Ogilvy's escape was Captain Browne, the grand-father of the late Lady Wedderburn, Lady Hambden, and Lady Hope of Luffness. He was very anxious to go out to a party on that night, and persuaded a brother officer to take his place, telling him that he had nothing to do but to go in to his prisoner at ten at night and see that she was safe in her room. The officer accordingly went to Lady Ogilvy's room and seeing a person seated there he bowed, shut the door, and believed that all was right. When the mistake was discovered at ten o'clock the following morning, Captain Browne was

brought to a court-martial and broke. The constant and grateful support of the distinguished families whom he had obliged in time restored his ruined fortunes.

Margaret Johnstone, Lady Ogilvy, had several talented, distinguished, and fortunate brothers, of whom it may be interesting to give a short notice. Her second brother, William, married Miss Pulteney, daughter of Daniel Pulteney, and sole heiress of the Earl of Bath. In consequence of succeeding to her immense fortune, Mr. Johnstone assumed the name of Pulteney. He became fifth Baronet, and claimant of the Marquessate of Annandale on the death of his eldest brother. His only daughter, who was created Countess of Bath, died without issue. Her vast estates were inherited by her maternal relatives, the Duke of Cleveland and Sir Richard Sutton. Sir William Johnstone Pulteney's heir in the Westerhall estate, the great American possessions, and the claim to the Marquessate of Annandale, is Sir Frederick, the eighth Baronet, great-grandson of the third son of Sir James and dame Barbara. Sir James's fourth son, John, had a very singular career. He went out in early life to India, with the ambition of acquiring influence and fortune. After he had been there for some time, and had distinguished himself as a hard working civilian, in

the position which his father's influence had procured for him, he was seized with a dangerous fever, which had nearly proved fatal to him. He owed his life, under Providence, to the tender care and assiduity of an elderly lady of the name of Warwick, who spared no pains in nursing him. Mrs. Warwick had been for many years settled at Calcutta, and was a woman of very large fortune. She adopted Mr. Johnstone as her son, and at her death left him all that she had, which amounted to considerably upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Johnstone was anxious to enjoy this succession while yet young. He accordingly realised it as speedily as possible, with the intention of returning home immediately, and purchasing an estate in Scotland. Mrs. Warwick had often related to him the circumstances of her history, which were romantic and extraordinary. She said that she had no near relations, excepting a brother, from whom she had been separated in infancy, who, she believed, had entered the navy, but with whom she never had been able to keep up intercourse; and she did not know whether he was dead or alive.

Having turned all Mrs. Warwick's property into money, Mr. Johnstone was on the point of embarking for England with a large fortune and with the advantages of youth and health, which

few rich Indians possess. He had taken out his passage, and was living, during the last two or three days of his stay in India, at the principal hotel in Calcutta. While sitting in the coffee-room reading a newspaper, he overheard one waiter say to another, "Carry up Captain Warwick's portmanteau to No. 5." The name of his benefactress arrested his attention. It struck him—Can this Captain Warwick be in any way connected with her? He immediately sent his card to the gentleman in No. 5, with a request that he might be allowed to call on him.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of an elderly man; and after an apology for the intrusion, he begged to be permitted to enquire into the particulars of his past life; "for," said he, "I feel an interest in your name, which is an uncommon one. A namesake of yours was my dearest friend." Captain Warwick very frankly told him all that he knew concerning himself and his family. He said, he had only had one sister, from whom he had been separated in early life, and who, he believed, had gone to India; but he had never been able to trace her subsequent fate, From many particulars which he mentioned, it was quite evident to Mr. Johnstone, that this was Mrs. Warwick's only brother. Having convinced himself of the fact, he said to Captain Warwick,

he could give him the most satisfactory account of his long lost sister, who had been his dearest friend, and who had on her death appointed him her trustee; that she had died very wealthy; that all her property had been confided to his care; and that he now handed over to him, as the rightful owner, considerably upwards of £100,000. Thus did this inflexibly just man deprive himself of every thing, and sacrifice all his future prosperity, in order to do that which his high and independent feeling of integrity led him to believe to be his duty. As soon as Captain Warwick discovered the real state of the case, he offered to divide the inheritance with Mr. Johnstone. This, however; he obstinately refused to agree to. He remained in India, spending many years in the arduous pursuits of honour and wealth. It is satisfactory to know that he was eminently successful. He returned an elderly man, about ninety years since, to England, with a fortune much more than double that which his unbending and high-minded principle had caused him to renounce in early life. He immediately purchased large estates and beautiful seats in his native country; Alva, in the county of Clackmannan, which formerly belonged to a baronet's family of the name of Erskine, now represented by the Earl of Rosslyn; and the

Hangingshaw, in the county of Selkirk, which formerly belonged to Murray, of Philiphaugh. The family of Mr. Johnstone's only son are numerous and prosperous.

TWO CURIOUS FAMILY RELICS.

IN the family of Lord Muncaster there is preserved, as the most precious heir-loom, an ancient glass vessel, which was presented by Henry VI. to the head of the House of Pennington, a zealous adherent of the Red Rose. During his season of greatest adversity, that unfortunate monarch was concealed for many weeks, in the mansion of his faithful servant, Sir John de Pennington. When concealment there was no longer practicable, the king prepared to carry his broken fortunes elsewhere, but before his departure he thus addressed his loyal host:—"Silver and gold, and jewels, I have none to give; but this I will give, and, along with it, the blessing of the most unfortunate of princes." Thereupon, he presented to Sir John the curiously shaped carved glass cup, in which he

used to keep his holy water ; and kneeling down, and praying that every blessing might await the loyal friend who had shown such constancy to him under his heavy misfortunes, he implored God that a male heir might never be wanting to this ancient race. Sir John and his descendants have, ever since, carefully preserved the precious royal gift as the talisman of their house ; and it is the traditional belief of the family that as long as King Henry's cup is preserved entire, a male heir shall never be wanting to the race of Pennington. Upwards of half a century ago, the box in which the cup is enclosed fell to the ground. Great fears were felt lest it might have sustained injury ; yet no one had courage to ascertain the fact, and the box remained shut for many years. At length it was opened ; and much to the joy of the family it was found quite uninjured. The heir male of the Penningtons is the present Lord Muncaster ; while the heir of line is Lord Lindsay, in right of his late mother, the Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, who was daughter to Sir John Pennington, first Lord Muncaster.

A similar relic, not, however, possessing the same royal claims to interest, is preserved in the distinguished family of Dundas of Arniston, in Mid-Lothian. The founder of this very con-

siderable branch of Dundas was Sir James Dundas, eldest son of the second marriage of George Dundas of Dundas, (who lived in the time of Queen Mary,) with Catherine, daughter of Lawrence, third Lord Oliphant. This lady, who was anxious to aggrandise her son, succeeded in leaving to him considerable wealth, and he became the ancestor of one of the most powerful branches of the house of Dundas. No family in Scotland has been so eminent at the bar of that country as Dundas of Arniston, which has produced, in direct succession, two judges, known by the designation of Lord Arniston, two Lord Presidents, and one Lord Chief Baron, not to mention Henry, Viscount Melville. Catherine Oliphant bequeathed to her son an ancient Venetian goblet, with an injunction to preserve it carefully, as upon its integrity should depend the continued prosperity of the house of Arniston. Notwithstanding the superstitious regard with which the glass cup was preserved, it was nearly destroyed in the time of the present proprietor's grandfather, the Lord Chief Baron, by the malice of a certain eccentric peeress, then on a visit at Arniston, who intentionally threw it on the ground in order to break it. Her evil design, however, was frustrated, and the goblet still remains the talisman of this ancient family.

BARON WARD.

YORKSHIRE has at all times been celebrated, even to a proverb, for the good sense and deep sagacity of its natives. That these high qualities may, in too many instances, degenerate into cunning, is likely enough, but what human virtue is there that is not liable to be abused in the same way? All honour, therefore, to canny Yorkshire, with its sound and masculine intellect, of which we are now about to give an example, almost without a parallel.

Thomas Ward was born at York on the 9th of October, 1810. His parents were in humble circumstances, and his education, like that of most Yorkshire lads similarly situated, was chiefly con-

fined to the stable. But nothing could crush the energies of one so highly gifted by nature. Shrewd and intelligent far beyond boys in general, his mind expanded in the sole direction open to it; the only book before him was the book of man, and in this it is probable he studied all the more deeply from having every other avenue of knowledge closed against him. Thus qualified, after having run through his apprenticeship to life in his native county, he started one day for London, the land of promise at all times to those who have full heads and empty pockets. Here it was his good fortune one day to attract the notice of the Duke of Lucca, owing to his fall while riding in Rotten Row. By this unlucky horseman he was taken into service, as a sort of master of the stables—a superior groom, and carried over to Lucca. But as this little principality—and the events connected with it—may not be familiar to most of our readers, we shall leave Thomas Ward for awhile to his new found fortunes, while we hastily run over them.

Among the thrones suddenly subverted, or as suddenly erected by the Emperor Napoleon the First, were those of Parma and Etruria. The former was the ancient heritage of the house of Farnese, and their descendants in the female line the Infants of Spain, sprang from the youngest

son of Philip V., the first Bourbon king, to whom the duchy of Parma had been given as his portion. Several generations of sovereigns had reigned in that beautiful state, who had preserved their social importance by inter-marriages with the houses of France and Austria.

The sovereign of Parma cotemporary with the first French revolution, was Louis, born in 1773. In 1797 he married Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles the Fourth, King of Spain, and sister of Ferdinand the Seventh. It suited the designs of Napoleon that the duchy of Parma should be incorporated with the Cisalpine republic, and he therefore induced Duke Louis to resign his little sovereignty, accepting in exchange for it the kingdom of Etruria, which was composed of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, torn from the Austrian Prince who then possessed it, and perhaps by no better title. The new-made monarch, however, did not long enjoy his honours. He died in 1803, before their first gloss was worn off, and was succeeded as king by his son, Charles Louis, under the guardianship of his mother, Maria Louisa.

His rule was cut short by a hand scarcely less inflexible than that of death himself—the hand of Napoleon. This Corsican Warwick, this “proud setter-up and puller-down of kings,” had now determined upon remodelling the thrones

of his own creation, to bring them once again in harmony with his expanding projects. Nothing indeed was so sure in the whole career of Napoleon, as that what he gave one day he would take away the next. Never was the consciousness of, and devotion to self, so entire and so absorbing in any human being, and never in the long run did they lead to results so tremendously disastrous. In the present instance, it is true, Napoleon's egotism took a less dangerous flight than when it led him to Moscow or the sanguine field of Waterloo, since it only tempted him to incorporate the Etrurian kingdom with the kingdom of Italy, and neither the young king nor his mother were strong enough to refuse compliance with the imperial mandate, which went to strip them of their dominions. To have resisted the overwhelming armies of France would have been utter madness, and, unable to do better, they were obliged to content themselves with the title of King and Queen of Lusitania, to be supported by a slice out of Portugal. Unluckily for this scheme, upon which it had not been at all thought necessary to consult the Portuguese, the English leopards—as Napoleon chose to call them—were at hand; and these same leopards, or lions, quickly drove the French, not only out of Portugal, but out of Spain too, and across the Pyrenees. Even this difficulty did not embarrass

the fertile invention of the Emperor ; he cut the matter short at once, and provided for the house of Parma by sending the young king of Etruria to join his grandfather, Charles the Fourth of Spain, in his exile at Naples, while he shut up the widowed queen and her daughter, the Princess Carlotta, in a convent at Rome. There would surely be something exquisitely ridiculous in these harlequinades of the great Emperor, if it were not for the vast amount of human suffering occasioned,

Better days were at hand. The iron sceptre of Napoleon was at length shattered in his grasp, as if it had been of glass, by the collected might of Europe. The queen was released from her convent, the young king was recalled from his banishment, and they were permitted by the allied sovereigns to reign over the ancient republic of Lucca, until the death of the ex-Empress of the French, Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, should vacate the ancient inheritance of the family.

Charles Louis, accordingly, continued to reign, with his mother, as Duke of Lucca from 1815 to 1847, in which latter year he resigned his Duchy to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

This little sketch, having cleared the way of all difficulties, we return once more to the real hero of our story.

Ward was no sooner installed in his office as

master of the horse, than the Duke began to find a most extraordinary change in that department. The stable expenses were reduced to less than one-half what they had previously been, and yet his stud was the envy and admiration of all Italy. The Duke, practising the inductive philosophy—in all likelihood without knowing that he did so, or without ever having heard the name of Bacon, except in connection with dried swine's flesh, argued from these premises that the individual who could save so much in the stable department while yet increasing its glory, might be able to do the same thing in the political. It was worth trying, at all events. And tried it was, the Duke consulting him in many perplexed matters, and invariably reaping such benefits from the advice of his new counsellor, that in time he began to think him well nigh infallible. As Louis the Twelfth used to answer those who applied to him on any business by referring them to the Cardinal d'Amboise, with the words, "Ask George," so Charles of Lucca cut short all applications upon household affairs with, "Go to Ward."

After a time the Duke's philosophic spirit began once more to ferment, and it occurred to him that the same genius which could so admirably manage the concerns of a household, must be adapted to affairs of state. A man even of superior

intellect, might well have sunk under such a trial of his powers. But Ward was something more; he was truly a man of genius, his mind ever rising up to the level of his new office, whatever it might be, and seeming always as if he had been born and educated in it. He now became the Duke's factotum, acquired a diplomatic dignity in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year 1848, and was despatched to Florence upon a confidential mission of the highest importance. This had no less an object than the delivery to the Grand Duke of his master's abdication of the Lucchese principality. At first the Grand Duke hesitated at receiving in a diplomatic capacity one of whom he had only heard in relation to the races of the Casino. But our envoy had foreseen and provided for such an emergency. He produced from his pocket a commission making him viceroy of the Duke's states, which was to be acted upon if the Grand Duke raised any obstacles, or even if he refused to receive Ward as the ambassador of the states of Parma at the capital of the Medicis. This, of course, ended all difficulties.

Upon the death of the ex-Empress, Maria Louisa, the Duke resumed the family inheritance, till his rule here was violently terminated by the great revolution of 1848. With some difficulty

the Duke escaped with his able and faithful minister, when they retired to an estate near Dresden, called Weisstrop. Thanks, however, to the able management of Ward, the hereditary states of Parma and Placentia were recovered after a time; but the Duke, disgusted by his experience of real life resigned in favour of his own son, with whom the minister has retained the same favour, and exhibited the same talents, that first raised him to distinction, being more than a match for the first of the Italian diplomatists. Upon one occasion he was despatched to Vienna as an envoy from his little court, when he astonished Schwartzenberg by the extent of his capacity; in fact, he was the only one of the diplomatic body who could make head against the domineering and dictatorial spirit of the Austrian. In this respect he was often found useful by his brother diplomatists, his acquaintance being more particularly cultivated by the Russian Ambassador, Meyendorff, who appears also to have been a vast admirer of Yorkshire hams.

“ Omne ignotum pro magnifico.”

The English epicure gives the preference to Westphalian hams; the German gastronomist returns the compliment by dilating on the superior excellence of those from Yorkshire. An English

gentleman supping one night at the Russian Ambassador's complimented him upon his excellent ham :

“There's a member of our diplomatic body here,” replied Meyendorff, “who supplies us all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native.”

Through all his vicissitudes Ward has ever preserved a manly pride in his country, never for a moment attempting to conceal his humble origin, and the portrait of his parents in their homespun clothes may be seen in the splendid saloon of the Prime Minister of Parma. The Italian language he speaks well and fluently, and in the style of one used to courts; while, strange to say, the moment he attempts to express himself in English, his dialect is found to retain all the characteristics of his early education,—or rather want of education. To crown all that needs be said of this extraordinary character, Lord Palmerston, that acute and practised veteran in the ways of the world, declared, “he was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with.”

The following is a partial list only of the honours to which Ward has attained:—

Baron of the Duchy of Lucca, and of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, Knight of the 1st Class of the Order of St. Louis of Lucca, Knight

Grand Cross of the Order of St. Joseph of Tuscany, Knight Senator Grand Cross of the Order of St. George Constantiano of Parma, and Noble, with the title of Baron, in Tuscany, Honorary Councillor of State to His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Minister and Councillor of State to H. R. H. Charles, Duke of Parma, &c.

THE RISE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT
CURRAN.

THE course of these pages has shown, that it is by no means an uncommon event for the descendants of nobles to fall from their high estate, to the humblest position in society; and, on the other hand, it is still less unfrequent, for the lowest born to rise to the loftiest rank, by no other aid than the gifts of nature; but it is rare to see the former forgetting, or the latter remembering what they once were. Amongst the few who have been found willing to recollect an humble origin, Curran, the celebrated orator, the brightest ornament of the Irish bar, stands foremost. He was born in the obscure village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. His family,

the paternal side, were not Irish, a maternal ancestor having come over to Ireland in Cromwell's army. His father, James Curran, derived his chief, but scanty, income from his office, as Seneschal of the Manor, and his education would seem, by all accounts, to have been as narrow as his income. To make amends, his mother was a woman of very superior mind, and it is to the mother that sons owe their peculiar talent and character, either because this is the result of a mysterious law of nature, or because the early education of the child, not that which is taught by books, but by precept and example, is entirely in her hands. She gives the young plant its first bias, and, though after-care and cultivation may improve the brilliance of its flower, or the flavour of its fruit, they will seldom materially alter the direction of its growth. In Curran's case, this was most fortunate, for his mother, though of humble station, and proportionably uneducated, was by nature witty, eloquent, and gifted with the rare faculty of making the traditions of the past live again in her burning utterance. She was at once the oracle and the arbitress of her circle, guiding by her wisdom, and delighting by her chronicles, all who came within that magic round. "Her wit," says Phillips, in his beautiful *Recollections of Curran*, "was the record of

the rustic fireside; and the village lyric and the village jest received their alternate tinge from the true nationality or humour of her character. Little Jacky, as Curran was then called, used to hang with ecstasy upon her accents; he repeated her tales, he re-echoed her jests, he caught her enthusiasm; and, often afterwards, when he was the delight of the senate and the ornament of the bar, did he boast, with tears, that any merit he had, he owed to the tuition of that affectionate and gifted mother. After her death, he placed a humble monument over her remains, upon which he inscribed the following memorial, as well as I can recollect from his very frequent recital:—
'Here lieth all that was mortal of Martha Curran, a woman of many virtues, few foibles, great talents, and no vice. This tablet was inscribed to her memory by a son who loved her, and whom she loved.'"

His father's time being pretty well occupied by the somewhat opposite affairs of law and agriculture, Master Jacky was, in a great measure, left to his own devices. The consequence was, that he became a celebrated character at wake and fair, the difference between which was not always distinguishable, to the great scandal of his father's sober court, and the no less delight of all beside. An anecdote from those days, which he

loved to relate, and which has been given with much gusto by his friend and biographer, may be taken as a fair specimen of his boyish frolics.

“The keeper of a street puppet-show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighbourhood; and the feats of Mr. Punch, and the eloquence of his man, soon superseded every other topic. At length, however, Mr. Punch’s man fell ill, and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had, with his eyes and ears, devoured the puppet-show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager as Mr. Punch’s man. The offer was gladly accepted, and for a time the success of the substitute was quite miraculous. Crowds upon crowds attended every performance; Mr. Punch’s man was the universal admiration. At length, before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon the village politics, he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience, and after disclosing every amour, and detailing every scandal, turned with infinite ridicule upon the very priest of the parish. This was the signal for a general outcry. Every man and maid who laughed at their neighbour’s picture, and pretended not to recognise their own, were outrageously scandalized at such familiarity with

the clergy. Religion, as on larger theatres, was made the scape-goat ; and, by one and all, sentence of banishment was passed on Mr. Punch. He was honourable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence prevented any solicitation for such a dangerous celebrity !

There is much the same sort of crisis in the fortunes of man as in fever or any other active disease ; it comes, and in the one ease it is followed by future prosperity or failure, in the other by recovery to health or death. So was it now with Curran. He was yet a boy, and playing at marbles in the Ball alley with others of his own age, when a stranger suddenly appeared among the noisy group, who continued their games, unchecked by his presence, the cheerfulness of his looks evincing a decided sympathy with their merriment. This was Mr. Boyse, the Rector of Newmarket. To Curran in particular he took a fancy, and having bribed him to his house by the help of some sweetmeats, he made him see the value of education, taught him in time the alphabet, grammar, and rudiments of the classics, and when he had taught the boy all he could, he sent him to the school at Middleton, in short, " he made a man of him." The rest of the tale cannot be so well told as by Curran himself to his friend, Mr. Phillips.

" I recollect it was about five and thirty years

afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament and a good house in Ely place, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in the drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round; it was my friend of the Ball alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms. I could not help bursting into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: 'You are right, Sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is yours; the pictures are yours; the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend! my father!' He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw his poor little Jacky, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above."

In giving this anecdote we have outstript our narrative by some forty or five-and-forty years; but in matters of this kind it is hardly possible to follow, at all times, the exact course of chronology. The school-boy days of Curran have been passed over, nor indeed do they offer anything that should

detain us. Even his career at Trinity College, Dublin, where he entered as a sizar on the 16th of June, 1767, presents little to interest the general reader. From College he went to London, where he managed to place his name on the books of the Middle Temple, and after having eaten his way through the usual terms, he returned to Ireland. He now got married, and most unhappily, but this is a subject on which no friend to his memory would wish to dwell, since his defence—and it could easily be made successful—must be accompanied by the disturbance of the mouldering ashes of the dead.

In 1775 he was called to the bar of Ireland, which at that time presented a phalanx of talent never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by the bar of any country. "There were to be found her nobles, her aristocracy, her genius, her learning, and her patriotism, all concentrated within that little circle. No insolent pretension in the high, frowned down the intellectual splendour of the humble; education compensated the want of birth; industry supplied the inferiority of fortune; and the law, which in its suitors knew no distinction but that of justice, in its professors acknowledged none except that of merit."

For a long period, Curran, like so many other men of genius, had to bear up against the worst evils of poverty. He had a family for whom he

had no dinner, a landlady for whom he had no rent, and he fell into one of those gloomy fits that, with him, were constitutional. At this crisis he received his first brief, with a fee of twenty guineas. His foot was now on the first step of the professional ladder, and henceforth his ascent was rapid and unceasing. Every one in a short time was anxious to retain an advocate who was generally successful, and who, when defeated, was to be dreaded; for, in the worst case, he was sure to do no little damage to the character of his client's adversary. His humour was inexhaustible; his skill in cross-questioning left no hope of concealment to the most obstinate or the most wary. Jests and sarcasms he never spared, if by so doing he could excite the laughter of his audience, and so confound the unlucky witness. For the retorts of the opposing counsel he had always a ready and severe answer. Thus, one day he addressed a witness, whose name was Halfpenny, with "Halfpenny, I see you're a *rap*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter."—"Halfpenny is *sterling*," exclaimed the opposite counsel.—"No, no," retorted Curran, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only copper-washed." Even the judge, who gave him cause of office, was no less subject than the witnesses to his pungent raillery. Thus, when a

learned judge ventured to shake his head, as if in doubt of Curran's argument for the prisoner, he suddenly broke off the thread of his discourse, and said, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that it implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental; believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that *when his lordship shakes his head, there is nothing in it.*"

Curran, of course, had his full share of duels, for what Irishman of any character would in those days go through life without them? no man was a gentleman till he had been shot at, once at least, but the oftener the better. A defeated adversary in a court of law or in parliament, would often think himself entitled to satisfaction, leaden arguments being a natural recourse with those who had none of a lighter kind to offer.

Curran's parliamentary career, though brilliant, will hardly bear a comparison with his achievements at his proper profession of the bar. But this subject can be nowhere so well studied and comprehended as in the exquisitely written work from which we have derived our details—Charles Phillips' "*Recollections of Curran,*" whether as regards the brilliance of the style or the vivid painting of human character. The

many illustrious persons of Curran's age, the stars of the bar and of the senate, pass before the reader in all the reality of life. We at once feel and acknowledge the truth of their resemblance to originals we may not have seen, just as we perceive the truth of certain portraits, by their perfect harmony with nature in general, by their life-like outlines, the vividness and purity of their colouring. Above all, the work bears the impress of genius, honesty, and candour. It is the production of one—himself an orator and a poet, who knew well, and could fully appreciate the gifted mind and brilliant intellect of the illustrious man, whose chosen friend he was. Mr. Phillips' Life of Curran, is, indeed, a perfect specimen of what biography should ever be. But to return to our subject.

The long and glorious exertions of Curran were at last rewarded by the appointment of Master of the Rolls, if that could be called reward which was so much below his merits and expectations. Yet even this poor advancement, it was attempted to clog with conditions that would have diminished half its value.

After having held his office about six years, he resigned it on account of ill health, and that tendency to hypochondria which, an intermittent visitor only in his early youth, became more and

more frequent as he advanced in life, till, at length, it well nigh took complete possession of him, breaking down both mind and body. Like the *Care* of Horace, it followed him wherever he fled for refuge.

“*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*”

It followed him to London, where he had once been wont to find so much to gratify him; it followed him to the baths of Cheltenham; it followed him back again to Brompton, where finally he died, at nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of October, 1817. His body was deposited in the vault below Paddington Church, the funeral having been conducted in a very private manner. The chief mourners were his family, the Poet Moore, Godwin, Mr. Charles Phillips, the Reverend George Croly, Mr. Finnerty, Mr. Lyne, an Irish Barrister, and a few other of his surviving friends.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S FAMOUS DOG.

The following letter, descriptive of the wonderful sagacity of a dog, was written by Sir John Harington of Kelstone, in Somersetshire:—

“*Kelstone, June, 14, 1608.*”

“MAY it please your Highnesse to accept in a goode sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetime: and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but having good reason to thinke your highnesse had goode will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for

if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my howse at the bathe to Greenwiche Palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forthe and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did re-

fraine and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I dide once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journiee towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish ambassador's, where in a happie houre, after six weekes, I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feates before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but muchmore when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*. I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towardes the bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my

chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him ; but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as may suggest much more to yr highnesses hought of this dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my Bungey, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwiche, more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your highnesse would love my dogge if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the dogges near your father's court not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

“I now reste your highnesses friend in all service that maye suite him.

“JOHN HARRINGTON.”

THE RICH SPENCER.

SIR JOHN SPENCER, generally known by the name of the "Rich Spencer," was one of the most opulent of the London merchants in the sixteenth century. The soubriquet was given to distinguish him from a contemporary trader of the same name, but of less wealth. He was one of those who, in 1587, joined Sir Thomas Gresham in victualling the English fleet at Genoa, in defiance of all the attempts made by the enemy to impede their operations ; a measure which delayed for a year the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and thus indirectly led to its eventual defeat. Their services were acknowledged, and most unequivocally applauded by Sir Francis Walsingham.

The residence of this merchant-knight was no

less celebrated than his wealth and his patriotism. It was at Crosby Place, situated near the church of St. Helen, Bishopgate, its north-eastern angle abutting on the wall of the priory, having at one time formed a part of its demesnes. This splendid mansion had been originally built by Sir John Crosbie, grocer, woolman, and sheriff of the city of London, in 1470; and, at the time of its erection as well as for long afterwards, was considered the greatest ornament of the northern boundary of the the metropolis. But like so many other, and more remarkable structures—"fuit"—it was,—as far as regards a great portion of it; and the site of the house is now occupied by Crosby Square, while the gardens that appertained to it, form St. Mary Axe, and other streets, courts, &c., nearly extending to the parish church of St. Andrew Undershaft.

At the time we speak of—that is, just before it was bought by Sir John—this property was held by the representatives of Antonio Bonvixi, Bonivixi, or Bonvici, a merchant of great wealth and eminence, to whom it had been granted by Henry VIII. That monarch was a great patron of the Italian merchants, not for any particular services they rendered to his people, but, as he said, "for the sake of the magnificent silks, velvets, tissues of gold, and other luxuries for the pleasure of ourself, and our dearest wyeff, the quene."

When Sir John took possession of Crosbie Place, he found it in a state of considerable dilapidation. His first business, therefore, was to restore the place to its ancient splendour, a task which he set about with more good taste than might have been expected, considering the general bias of his contemporaries. Proceeding in an antiquarian spirit, he made no new-fangled alterations, nor indulged in what even then were appropriately styled Frenchified ornaments, but merely repaired the ancient structure, preserved the oriel window—which still remains—and revived its decayed embellishments. Here he lived in great state; and had a daughter and heir, of whom we shall have occasion to speak presently.

If it ever were in the nature of man to be contented with anything, it might be supposed that the wealthy merchant would have rested satisfied with a home like this, and have sought no farther. Let us once again look to what it really was:—

“Crosbie Place stood in a manner alone; the priory of St. Helen, uninhabited—at least, by any religious persons—was hastening to decay. The nearest mansion of any consequence to that of Sir John Spencer, was the Earl of Devonshire’s who died in the year 1628. The whole of these demesnes, together with the churches of St. Ethelberga and St. Helen, were, as appears by the

plan, environed with trees and gardens, that extended as far as the White Gate, (the site of the present Devonshire Square) bounded by Bearword's Lane, and Lolesworth, now Spitalfields. His premises, therefore, must have been very extensive ; and what is more pleasing, if, including the priory, churches, &c., we consider the effect of several magnificent and venerable Gothic fabrics lifting their turrets and spires above the surrounding groves, extremely picturesque."

If it be strange that such a "rus in urbe," could not content Sir John, it was still more strange that he should choose Islington for a country-abode, though of course the Islington of those times was a very different matter from the Islington of our own. Yet so it was. He bought the manor of Canonbury from Thomas, Lord Wentworth, to whom it had been granted in 1552, soon after the attainder of John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland. It is said that Sir John had a bargain in the purchase, for grants of this nature being easily obtained, were often cheaply sold. But cheap as the bargain might be, it had nearly cost him dear, the place in all likelihood affording more convenience than Crosbie Hall for the attempt made upon him by a pirate of Dunkirk. This "notable pirate, this salt water thief," having heard of Sir John's immense wealth, took it into

his head, that it would be an excellent thing to seize upon the merchant, convey him to France, and there hold him to a heavy ransom. But how was this to be done? Islington, though a village, was tolerably populous, and the country he would have to traverse from the river-side to that place was full of people who hated all foreigners, and more particularly Frenchmen and Spaniards. The story is thus told by Papillon in 1651, more than half a century after the event, his object being to show "that riches do expose their owners to great dangers," a sort of Christian commentary upon Juvenal's.

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."

"Rich men are commonly the prey of thieves, for where store of gold and silver is, these spirits never leave haunting, for wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. In Queen Elizabeth's days, a pirate of Dunkerk laid a plot with twelve of his mates to carry away Sir John Spencer, which if he had done, £50,000 ransome had not redeemed him. He came over the sea in a shallop with twelve musketers, and in the night came into Barking-Creek, and left the shallop in the custody of six of his men, and with the other six came as far as Islington, and there hid themselves in ditches, near the path, in which

Sir John came always to his house; but by the providence of God,—I have this from a private record,—Sir John, upon some extraordinary occasion, was forced to stay in London that night; otherwise they had taken him away; and they, fearing they should be discovered, in the night-time came to their shallop, and so came safe to Dunkerk again. This was a desperate attempt.” Truly we think so, and yet not without some colour and confirmation from more recent history.

We have already made a passing allusion to Elizabeth, the daughter and heiress of our rich merchant, and we must now again briefly revert to her, ere we “end this strange, eventful history.” There is extant a very curious letter from this lady to the Earl, her husband, a few years after their marriage—curious, as showing the way in which a rich London merchant had educated his daughter, and as illustrating the manners of the times.

“My Sweet Life—Now that I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink what allowance were best for me; for, considering what care I have ever had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, nature, and civil policy, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are

bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant to me your most kind and loving wife, the sum of one thousand pounds per an., quarterly to be paid.

“ Also, I would besides that allowance for my apparell, have six hundred pounds added yearly for the performance of charitable works; these things I would not, neither be accountable for.

“ Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

“ Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; also, believe it would be an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God has blessed their Lord and Lady with a great estate.

“ Also, when I ride hunting, or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so for each of those said women I must have a horse.

“ Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and will have two coaches; one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women lined with sweet cloth, overlaid with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watchet lace and silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for myself, the other for my women.

“Also, whenever I travel, I will be allowed not only carroches and spare horses for me and my women, but such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my womens, nor theirs with chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids.

“Also, laundresses, when I travel ; I will have them sent away with the carriages to see all safe, and the chambermaids shall go before with the grooms, that the chambers may be ready, sweet, and clean.

“Also, for that it is indecent for me to croud myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country ; and I must have four footmen ; and my desire is that you will defray the charges for me.

“And for myself, besides my yerely allowance, I would have twenty gowns apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them excellent good ones.

“Also, I would have to put in my purse two thousand pounds and two hundred pounds, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have eight thousand pounds to buy me jewels, and six thousand pounds for a pearl chain.

“Now seeing I have been, and am, so reason-

able unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

“ Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, &c. ; so for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished with hangings, couch, canopy, cushions, carpets, &c.

“ Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House and purchase lands and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which would have all, perhaps your life from you ; remember his son, my Lord Wildan, what entertainments he gave me when you were at the Tilt-yard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty to use his friend so vilely ; also, he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter-House ; but that is the least ; he wished me much harm ; you know how. God keep you and me from him, and such as he is.

“ So now I have declared to you my mind, what I would have, and what I would not have ; I

pray you, when you be Earl, to allow a thousand pounds more than now I desired, and double attendance.

“Your loving wife,

“ELIZ. COMPTON.”

This is a curious specimen of city wives in the good old times, nor must the reader lay the flattering unction to his soul, that Elizabeth Compton, the daughter of Sir John Spencer, was a black swan amongst the wealthy females of her tribe. Our old dramatists, the most faithful records of ancient manners, abound with allusions to the pride and extravagance of the “City Dames,” and there can be little doubt that this lady served Massinger as a model for the daughters of his rich merchant in his play of “The City Madam.” The conditions which they attempt to make with their suitors are precisely in the spirit of this letter, and often almost in the same words.

THE END.

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