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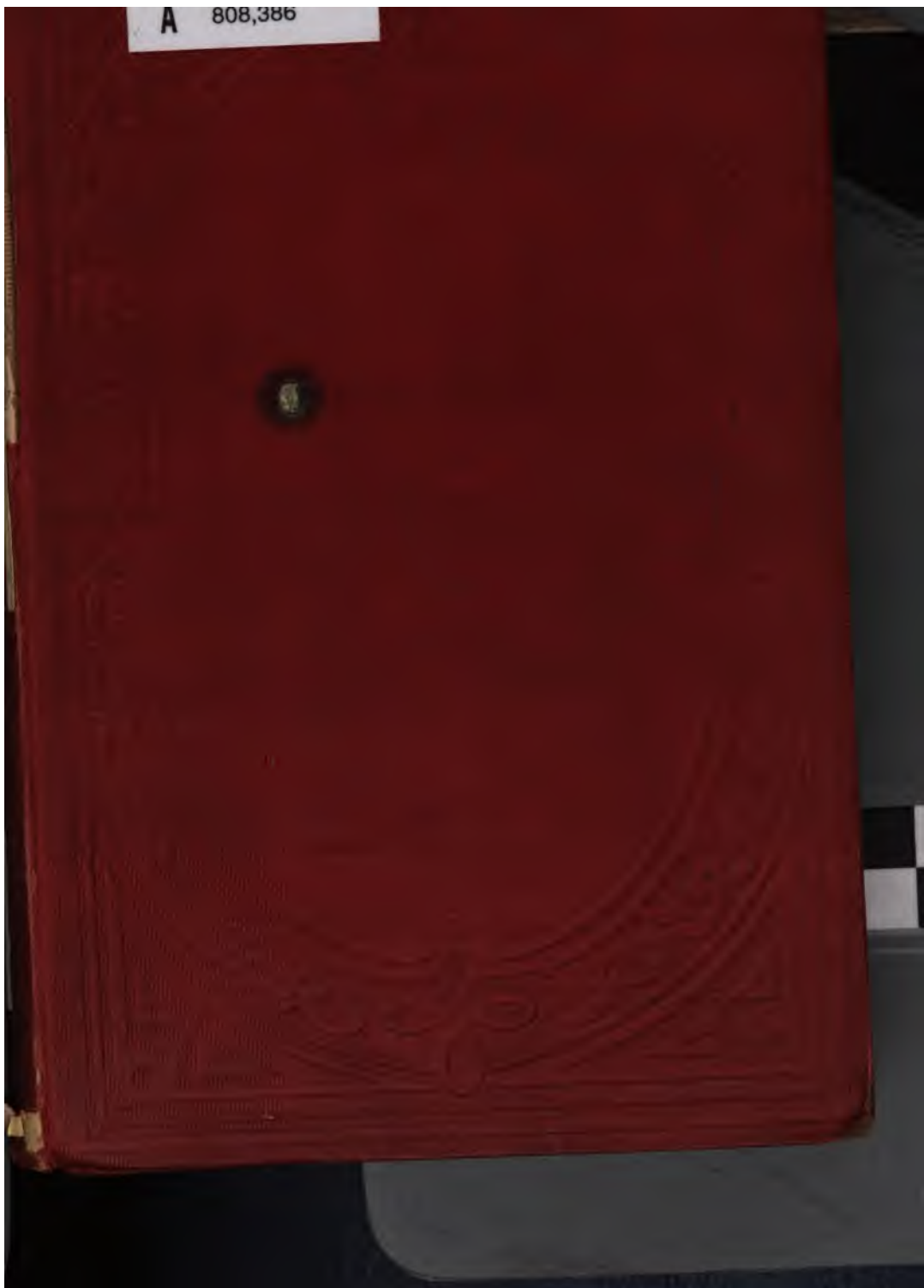
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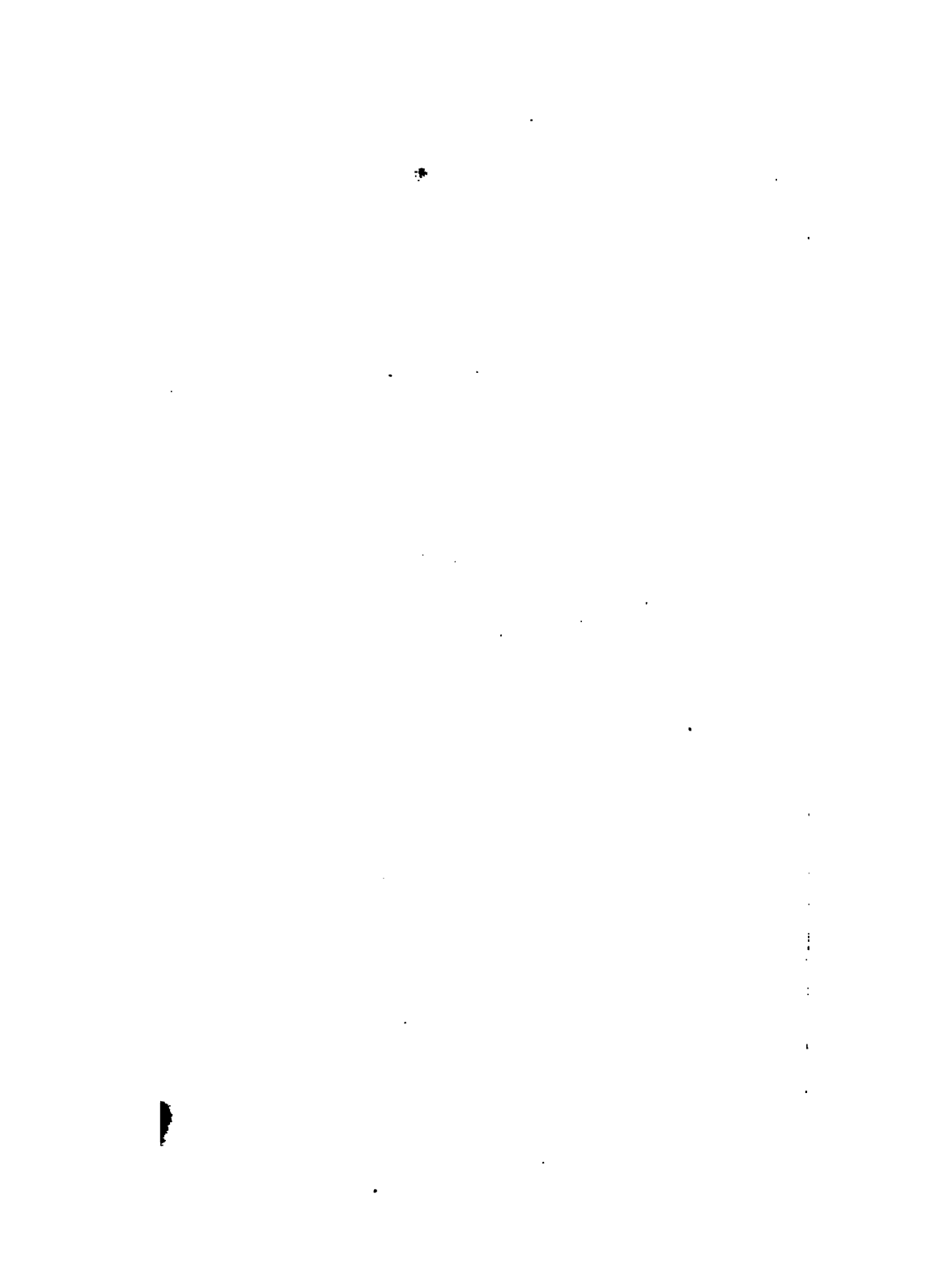
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FAMILY ROMANCE;
OR,
EPISODES IN THE DOMESTIC ANNALS
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY
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FAMILY ROMANCE.



THE HEIR OF THIRLESTANE.

ONE of the most distinguished Cadets of the great House of Buccleuch was Scott, of Thirlestane. Some genealogists even incline to think that the head of that branch is now also the chief of the great Border Clan of Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's male descent being derived, not from Buccleuch, but from King Charles II. Be that as it may, the Barons of Thirlestane were among the chief men on the Scottish Borders, and their hereditary loyalty has been attested by the deeds

of arms of ages, and was rewarded and commemorated by the grant of the Royal Double Tressure of Fleurs de lis, as an honourable augmentation to the original Arms of Scott, while the alacrity of the Baron of Thirlestane, who was King James the Fifth's contemporary, to hasten to the Royal Standard, was marked by the new crest assigned to him, of a sheaf of spears, with the appropriate motto "Ready, aye Ready." The last of these stalwart border chieftains, in the direct male line, was Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlestane, who flourished in the time of King James the Sixth. His first wife, a beautiful and amiable woman, whom he tenderly loved, was a daughter of the House of Harden, now represented by Lord Polwarth. She died young, leaving an only son, the catastrophe of whose untimely fate, involving as it did, the ruin of his family, we have here to record. Sir Robert's second wife was an unprincipled woman, of vindictive temper, and fierce passions; and by her he had several children. This woman had all the qualities calculated to make an oppressive and cruel step-dame; and accordingly her jealousy was excited by the fond affection which Sir Robert displayed towards his eldest son. She knew that his rich inheritance would descend to him, while her own sons would receive a very slender provision; besides,

her husband's excessive attachment to his eldest son gave her no hope of his being persuaded to alienate from him any portion of the family property. Her jealousy accordingly grew into a disease, and her mind was distracted with rage and mortification. These feelings were still further aggravated, when Sir Robert built the Tower of Gamescleugh, and adorned that property with all manner of embellishments, as the future residence of his eldest son, who was now about to come of age, and for whom he had arranged a suitable and advantageous matrimonial alliance with a beautiful young lady of high birth. The step-mother now lost all patience, and was firmly resolved to compass the destruction of her hated step-son. The mason-work of the new Castle of Gamescleugh was completed on the young Laird's twentieth birth-day, which was held as a high festival at Thirlestane. The Lady resolved that his hours should now be numbered; and she accordingly prepared, on the intended festival, to execute her horrid purpose. She had already secured in her interest the family piper, whose name was John Lally. This man procured three adders, from which he selected the parts replete with the most deadly poison, and having ground them to a fine powder, Lady Thirlestane mixed them in a bottle of wine. Previous to

the commencement of the feast at Thirlestane, the young Laird went over the Etterick River to Gamescleugh, to inspect the finished work, and to regale the masons and other work-people, who had exerted themselves to have the Castle walls completed by his birth-day. He was attended by John Lally. In the midst of the entertainment of the workmen, the young Laird called for wine to drink their healths; and John filled his silver cup from the poisoned bottle, which the ill-fated youth hastily drank off. The piper immediately left the castle, as if to return home. But he was never more seen. The most diligent search failed in discovering him; and it is supposed that he escaped across the English border. Young Thirlestane was instantaneously taken violently ill, and such was the force of the poison that he swelled and burst within an hour. The news was immediately carried to Thirlestane, where a large party of the kith and kin of Scott had assembled to do honour to the festival. But it may easily be conceived what a woeful gathering it turned out to be. With one accord, the guests felt and said that the young laird was poisoned, but were unable to conceive who could have done so foul a deed to one so universally beloved. The old baron immediately caused a bugle to be blown, as a signal to all the family to assemble in the

castle court. He then enquired "Are we all here?" A voice from the crowd answered, "All but the piper, John Lally!" This sounded like a knell in the ears of Sir Robert. He knew the confidence which his lady placed in this servant. His eyes were at once opened to the foul deed, and the conviction that his most dear and beloved son had been slain by the machinations of his wife, shocked his feelings so terribly that he was almost deprived of reason. He stood very long in a state of utter stupefaction, and then began to repeat the answer which he had received. And this he continued to do for several days. "We are all here but John Lally, the piper!" Sir Robert lived in a lawless time, justice was not rightly administered, and it was difficult to punish the crimes of the powerful and noble. Moreover, Sir Robert could not be induced to seek to make a public example of his own wife. However, he adopted a singular and complete, though most unjust method of vengeance. He said that the estate belonged of right to his son, and that since he could not bestow it upon him while living, he would, at least, spend it upon him when dead. And he moreover expressed great satisfaction at the idea of depriving his lady and her offspring of that which she had played so foul a part to secure to them. The body of the young laird was accord-

ingly embalmed with the most costly drugs and spices, and lay in state at Thirlestane for a year and a day; during the whole of which time Sir Robert kept open house, welcoming and royally feasting all who chose to come. And in this way of reckless and wanton profusion he actually spent or mortgaged his entire estate. While the whole country, high and low, were thus feasting at Thirlestane, the lady was kept shut up in a vault of the castle, fed upon bread and water. During the last three days of this extraordinary feast, the crowds were immense. It was as if the whole of the south of Scotland was assembled at Thirlestane. Butts of the richest and rarest wine were carried into the fields; their ends were knocked out with hatchets, and the liquor was carried about in stoups. The burn of Thirlestane literally ran red with wine. The vault where the young laird was interred, in a leaden coffin, is under the roof the church of Etterick, which is distant from Thirlestane upwards of a mile; and so numerous was the funeral procession, that when the leaders had reached the church, those in the rear had not nearly left the castle gates. Sir Robert died soon after this, and left his family in utter destitution. It is said that his wicked lady died in absolute beggary. The extensive possessions of the old Baron of Thirlestane were sold, and the name

of the family would have been swept from off the face of the earth, if it had not been for the prudence and good fortune of a cousin of the old knight, of the name of Francis Scott. He contrived to buy up a considerable portion of the estate and ostensibly carried on the line of the Thirlestane family. However the elder branch continued to exist, though in the deepest poverty. And it is not long since, the rightful heir of Thirlestane, nay, possibly, the chief of Buccleuch was labouring for his daily bread, with the sweat of his brow, as a common peasant. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, the nearest male descendant of Sir Robert Scott, the last Baron of Thirlestane, in the direct line, was a poor man of the name of Robert Scott, who was then old, childish, and the last of his race. He seems to have been a fine specimen of the Scottish peasant, intelligent, right-minded, and with some degree of the conscious dignity of ancient blood. Some interesting particulars are to be found concerning him in "Remarks on the Partition of the Lennox," a work written with a view to set forth Lord Napier's claims as heir of the line of the ancient Earls of Lennox, and in which, incidental mention is made of his lordship's paternal ancestors of Thirlestane.

The younger branch of the Scotts continued to

possess Thirlestane with credit and honor. A baronetcy of Nova Scotia was bestowed on Sir Francis Scott, who married a daughter of the Marquis of Lothian. His son, Sir William Scott, married the "mistress of Napier," that is to say, the lady who was heir-apparent of the Napier peerage. She was the only child of Mr. Brisbane, who held respectable situations under government in the reign of Charles II., by his wife, the sister of the third Lord Napier, who on the death of her nephew Nicolson, Baronet of Carnock, the fourth Lord Napier, became Baroness Napier in her own right. Sir William Scott was the father of a son Francis, who, on succeeding his grandmother in the Napier peerage, became fifth Lord Napier, and thought proper to abandon his paternal surname for that of the title which he had inherited through two females. By his marriage with the Lady Henrietta Hope, daughter of the first Earl of Hope-toun, Francis, the fifth lord, was ancestor to the present peer, and to the distinguished Admiral, Sir Charles Napier, while by his second wife he was ancestor to the no less distinguished General Sir Charles Napier, and his brother, Sir William Napier, the able historian of "The Peninsular War."

THE BERESFORD GHOST STORY.

THIS strange and marvellous story has been ere this, given to the world by others, but in a shape so utterly false as regards the real agents, and with so many absurd additions, under the idea, no doubt, of rendering it more effective, that we venture to tell it here as related to us by a descendant of the family. Even the persons of this spectral scene have been totally mistaken. The ghost and ghost-seer were not the individuals, to whom the usual narrators have chosen to assign those parts; they were James Le Poer, third and last Earl of Tyrone, of that name, and Nicola, daughter and heiress of Hugh Hamilton, Lord Glenawley. She married first Sir Tristram Beresford, third bart., who commanded a regiment against James the Second—and by him was mother of Sir Marcus Beresford, created Earl of Tyrone after his marriage with Catherine, Baroness

Le Poer, heiress of James, third Earl of Tyrone. Her husband dying, Lady Beresford next married Lieutenant-General Gorges, of the Kilbrew family. It has always heretofore been asserted, that Lord Tyrone (the ghost) and Lady Beresford (the ghost-seer) were cousins, but even this connection has never been discovered. Without further preface, then, we come to the true tradition:—At a very early age, Lord Tyrone and Lady Beresford had been on terms of intimate friendship, such as can only exist in extreme youth, and with a romantic spirit, not at all surprising at their age, entered into a mutual compact that whichever of the two died first, should, if the thing were possible, appear to the other. Years rolled on, the lady had married and become a widow, and had probably forgotten her youthful promise, when she was suddenly reminded of it in a manner, that was impressive if not awful. It was on the 19th of August, 1704, for tradition has preserved the day with wonderful exactness. Lady Beresford went to bed in full health, as it seemed, without any one remarking, or herself being conscious of, the slightest depression of spirits, or change in her usual habits. After a time she awoke from her first sleep, and to her infinite surprise saw Lord Tyrone standing by her bed-side. While she yet continued to gaze in disturbed wonder, the figure informed her that

she saw the ghost of Lord Tyrone, that he was then in bliss, and had only come, in fulfilment of the promise made in their youthful days. To convince her that it was no dream, he wrote his name in her pocket-book, twisted the curtains through a great ring in the ceiling, left the print of his hand upon a wardrobe, and finally laying his finger upon her wrist made an indelible mark, in further testimony of his nocturnal visit. He then foretold that she would marry again, be exceedingly unfortunate in her marriage, and die at the birth of a child, in her forty-second year. Sleep soon again came over her, but, upon awaking in the morning, the events of the night burst at once upon her memory. They could not have been, as she at first imagined, the shadows of a dream; there were the curtains twisted through the ring in the ceiling; there was the print of a hand upon the wardrobe; there was the singular mark upon her wrist, and so indelible that she was fain ever afterwards to hide it with a band of black velvet. If, after such proofs, any doubt could still have remained, it was removed at breakfast by the arrival of a letter announcing Lord Tyrone's death. We will not mar an interesting tale by suggesting the very obvious modes for explaining away all that may appear supernatural in it. Let us rather go on to show that the ghost was a veracious

ghost, and had already acquired a clear insight into futurity. The soothsayer, who prophesied to Julius Cæsar his death at the Ides of March, was not a truer prophet.

“It had such influence on the widow’s mind
That she the pleasures of the world resigned,
Young as she was, and from the busy town
Came to the quiet of a village down ;
Not as insensible to joys, but still
With a subdued but half rebellious will.”

So sings the poet Crabbe, who has told this tale, but falsified the main facts without improving them in the telling.

In process of time, the impression made upon the lady’s mind by the appearance of the spirit, had so much diminished that she listened to the addresses of a General Gorges, and, after a short delay, consented to marry him. He was somewhat younger than herself, and though an ardent lover, soon proved to be a very indifferent husband.

“His day of love, a brief autumnal day,
E’en in its dawning, hastened to decay.”

It is now too late to ask who was in fault, nor, indeed, would any particular end be answered, if we could attain the knowledge. Enough, that the disputes between them at length ran so high as to produce a separation.

It would have been well for the lady had she remained true to this second widowhood; but, with a perverseness, not uncommon on such occasions, no sooner had the angry pair separated, than they began to regret their quarrels. Like the parted couple in the farce of "Matrimony," each forgot the previous grounds of complaint, only remembering the good points of the other, and thus like Adolph and Clare, they came together again with as much, if not more love, than they had felt when first united.

Lady Beresford soon proved *enceinte* and was now near the time of her confinement. Being her birthday, she had invited a party of friends, and, in the overflowing satisfaction of the moment, chanced to remark, "Well, I never expected to see this day; I have now completed my forty-third year." "Not so," replied the old family clergyman, "I officiated at your ladyship's christening, and can certify that you are to-day only forty-two." She had not then passed the fated and fatal limit—she might yet die, as the ghost had predicted, at the birth of a child, and in her forty-second year! The shock thus occasioned was too much for one in her delicate situation; she was immediately seized with the pains of premature labour and died that night. Brief as the interval was, she is yet said to have related the

ghost story to her son, Sir Marcus, who afterwards so far verified it, that upon uncovering her wrist, he found the impression of a finger.

Such are the authentic particulars of the tale as handed down in all branches of the family. Whatever else has been advanced upon the subject must have owed its origin purely to the luxuriant imaginations of the narrators, who must needs render the romantic more romantic, and the improbable more improbable. We have already disclaimed all intention of attempting to solve the mysteries of this riddle, yet we cannot help adding that it seems to us capable of a very natural and easy explanation, much easier at all events than understanding how the immutable laws of Providence should be reversed or suspended for the purpose of telling a lady the hour of her death, with the certainty that the information would be useless.

MARIA STELLA, LADY NEWBOROUGH.

SIR THOMAS WYNN, Bart., descended from a very ancient family in North Wales, was created a Peer of Ireland in 1776, by the title of Baron Newborough. In 1766, he married Lady Catherine Perceval, daughter of John Earl of Egmont, and by her, who died in 1782, had an only son John, who died without issue in 1800. Some little time previous to that date, Lord Newborough was resident at Florence; and as he was partial to theatrical entertainments, he had a box at the principal Opera. Here he was very much attracted by the grace and beauty of an extremely youthful Ballerina, whose name was Maria Stella Petronella Chiappini.

It was not long before he sought her acquaintance; and her sprightliness and charming manners completed the conquest which her winning face and twinkling feet had commenced. Lord Newbo-

rough was a man of honour and worth ; and if he did not, in this instance, act with the prudence which befitted his very mature years, he could not, at all events, be reproached with want of principle. He made the acquaintance of the father of the fascinating dancing-girl, and found that he had been the jailor of a country town not far from Florence ; and that the same spirit of cupidity which induced him to sell his pretty daughter's talents to the master of the ballet, would induce him to listen to the offer of a still heavier golden bribe. A bargain was soon struck between the peer and the jailor, and Maria Stella was transferred from the Florentine stage to the mansion of her veteran admirer.

But the conduct of Lord Newborough towards his prize was tender and delicate in the extreme. Trusting that his unwearied kindness and affection would, in due time, remove the repugnance occasioned by the uncommon disparity of years, he immediately made Maria Stella his wife : and carrying her to England, he introduced her to the world as Lady Newborough. It was not long before his attachment met with its due reward, Maria Stella was deeply sensible of her husband's kindness ; and she soon loved and honoured him, as she was bound to do, during the years that he was spared after their marriage. And this union,

strange and incongruous as it at first seemed, made the old peer very happy, and secured the transmission of the title in his very ancient and noble family. For, although, soon after his second marriage, he lost his only son by his first wife, Maria Stella made him the father of two sons, Thomas John, born in 1802, successor to his father, and Spencer Bulkeley, the present Lord Newborough, born in 1803.

The old Lord died in 1807, leaving his large fortune to his sons, with an ample provision to his widow. Lady Newborough soon felt a natural desire to revisit her native land, and again see her father and mother, from whom she had been separated at so early an age. She accordingly returned to Italy shortly after the death of her husband, and took with her her two boys. She seems to have been a very kind-hearted woman, with much genuine good feeling ; though to judge from the memoir that she published of her life, she never had repaired by mental culture the defects of her imperfect education.

On arriving at Florence, her first care was to seek out her father, whom she found settled there in a much superior condition to that of his earlier career. He and all the members of her family treated her with profound respect ; but with much distance and reserve. This distressed the affec-

tionate heart of Maria Stella, who entreated them to forget that she had, by marriage, become a great lady, and to treat her as their daughter and sister. The only member of her family in whose intercourse she had any satisfaction was her father, who seemed sincerely attached to her, and grateful for her affection ; by all the rest she was treated with coldness, but with the most deferential respect; especially by her brother, who had now settled in Florence as a medical practitioner. This unexpected demeanour on the part of her own family distressed her ; and above all she was annoyed by the constant impediments thrown in the way of all freedom of intercourse between her and her father. Her brother contrived that they should never be left alone together, and when he himself was necessarily absent, he always arranged to station some one of the family near the old man, so that Maria Stella never had a word of confidential communication with him.

Vexed and mortified, beyond expression, by this restraint, she felt the immediate vicinity of her father and his family irksome to her, and, after many vain attempts to break through the ice of frigid deference, she removed with her children from Florence, and spent some time in different parts of Italy. It is impossible not to feel a kindly regard for Maria Stella, on account of her

unsophisticated goodness of heart. How few low-born girls there are, who, when raised to high place by a freak of fortune, would not rather turn coldly from their obscure and vulgar connections than attempt to force them to associate on terms of intimacy. But Maria Stella's was no sordid mind; and that, among other things, may be taken as a collateral proof of her high lineage, which was, at that time, so little suspected by herself.

She and her boys continued to linger on for some years in her native Italy, when news was brought her that old Chiappini was at the point of death. She hastened, with the most anxious affection, to Florence, which she reached a few days before the old man died. She found him perfectly sensible and apparently delighted to see her; but here again, all freedom of intercourse with her father was denied to her, the brother constantly stood in the way. And although Chiappini most earnestly entreated to be left alone with his child, his wishes were not attended to. There was something very remarkable in the anxious expression of the dying man's countenance. He was evidently most desirous to impart important information to her. He sometimes began a sentence, which was cut short by an ominous look from his son; until, at length, the fatal

moment arrived when old Chiappini breathed his last, with his wish to impart some secret to his daughter still ungratified.

This scene made a most painful impression on the mind of Lady Newborough. She knew not what to think or to suspect. But she saw that a strange mystery existed, which concerned her, which her father wished most earnestly to reveal, but of which the rest of the family were resolved that she should continue in ignorance. Her affection for her father was the only link that bound her to her family, who merited nothing but coldness from her. Accordingly that link was no sooner broken than she bade them farewell for ever, departed from Florence, and ceased entirely to correspond with them.

About six months after Chiappini's death, while Lady Newborough and her children were residing in a different part of Italy, a packet was mysteriously put into her hands, of which the superscription made her start, as it was in the well-known handwriting of her father. She had no sooner opened the letter which the packet contained than her whole attention was rivetted. This letter had been written by Chiappini after the commencement of his fatal illness, but before he was laid on his death-bed, and before Maria Stella returned to Florence. But, foreseeing how difficult it might be

to obtain even a moment of confidential conversation with her, he had taken the wise precaution of writing that which he so much desired to communicate to her, and he had entrusted the letter to a friend, in the hope that after his death, it might be permitted to reach his daughter's hands.

"But," said he, "my daughter you are not; and this denial of a relationship which your kindness has made me love, is the bitter portion of this confession. But I make it, though it covers me with shame, on account of the fraud of my early life, that it may be beneficial to you. Instead of being the child of an obscure father in a small provincial town, you are by birth that which a righteous Providence has made you. When Lord Newborough married you he was little aware that you were of a rank equal, or perhaps superior, to his own, and it was to me in some measure a salvo to my conscience when you became a great English lady: for I had, even then, begun deeply to repent of the evil injustice towards you, to which I was a party. But if I was guilty, how much greater was the guilt of your real father! About four months before your birth a great foreign nobleman and his lady arrived in our town, with a numerous Italian retinue, and hired the principal house from the Marchese B——, and Lord ——. It was said that they were French, and of illus-

trious rank and great wealth. The French lady was far advanced in her pregnancy, and so was my wife. I was much astonished by the affability of this great foreigner, who sent for me, gave me money, made me drink wine with him, and expressed a wish to serve me in every possible way. After repeated conversations he disclosed his purposes to me, with large bribes and commands to secrecy. He told me that it was absolutely necessary, on account of the weightiest family reasons, that the child which his countess was about to produce, should be a son; and therefore, he urged me, in the event of her giving birth to a daughter and my wife bearing a son, to allow the children to be exchanged. It was in vain that I attempted to dissuade him; remarking that his countess was young and beautiful, and that he had reason to expect yet many sons, even in the event of her then giving birth to a daughter. The count affirmed that it was necessary that this child should be a son, and he succeeded in overpersuading me, by his large bribes and great offers of favour and protection hereafter, to consent conditionally to the exchange. He assured me that, in that event, my boy should be nobly provided for, and that he would fill one of the highest places in Europe. Every thing turned out according to the count's precautions. His

lady had a daughter, and my wife a son ; the children were changed ; I was made comparatively rich ; the countess speedily recovered ; and she, her husband, my boy, and their numerous Italian suite speedily left our quiet little town, and were never more heard of. I must bear witness to the noble liberality with which the count, your father, fulfilled his engagements. For the course of seven years large sums of money were remitted to me, with the strictest injunctions as to secrecy, and terrible threats were held out to me in the event of my divulging the strange story. I was enjoined, above all, to keep the matter secret from you when you grew up. My wife and my eldest son alone were admitted to a full knowledge of the whole transaction. And this will account for their anxiety to prevent any intercourse between us, for they well knew that I had long ago repented of the injury that I had done you, and that I was anxious to make whatever reparation to you, was yet in my power. Truly thankful was I when the great English lord placed you in the position to which your birth entitled you ; and great was my anxiety, when you returned to Italy, to throw myself at your feet, confessing the truth, and craving your pardon. This was denied me in life. I hope that it may please God to cause this confession to reach you

after my death ; and that you will even then grant me your pardon. If I had it now, I should die more contented."

Chiappini then concluded his letter by giving the name of the little Tuscan town where Maria Stella had been born, together with the names of the Marchese, its Lord, and of his steward, who, if alive, was probably still resident there. They two alone were acquainted with the name of the great French nobleman, her father, which was carefully concealed from every one else. The towns-people only knew him and his lady by the name of the French Count and Countess, and all their servants were strangers to them, hired in Florence.

It may well be imagined that Lady Newborough lost no time in visiting the little Tuscan town where Chiappini told her that she had been born. On enquiring for the Steward of the Marchese, she found him still alive. Though he was now very aged, his memory was perfect, and he spoke of the events which preceded Maria Stella's birth as if they had happened yesterday. Lady Newborough was careful not to give him any reason to believe that she took a peculiar interest in the circumstance, and she gradually elicited from him all the information that she required. He told her that the French count was indeed a

man of very high rank and great wealth, and that his name was the Comte de Joinville. Having procured his written attestation as to the facts of the case, as far as he possessed them, Lady Newborough proceeded to Florence, and attempted to put herself in communication with the Marchese, the steward's master. Him, however, she found quite impenetrable. He affected total ignorance. The probability is, that he knew too much, and that if she had addressed herself to him in the first instance, she never would have learned anything.

However, here was something gained. Maria Stella was not the daughter of the obscure Chiappini, but of a man of great fortune and high rank—a French nobleman, the Comte de Joinville. For some time she was puzzled as to the next step she ought to take. After some consideration, she resolved to prosecute her search in France. She accordingly made straight for the town of Joinville; and inquired who the nobleman was to whom the principal estates in the neighbourhood belonged; and who it was that, properly speaking, was entitled to be called Comte de Joinville? It was not long before she found that the object of her search was no less a person than his Highness the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood of France, after the family immediately reigning. Astonished and delighted by

this result, which opened to her prospects magnificent beyond her wildest dreams, Maria Stella hastened to Paris.

It may be proper to state that, before the restoration of the Bourbons, (after which event Lady Newborough arrived at Paris,) she had contracted a second matrimonial alliance, we believe as early as 1810, with a Livonian nobleman of very ancient and illustrious family and of considerable fortune, the Baron Von Ungarn-Sternberg.

Note.—The family of Ungarn-Sternberg is a widely-spread family, and is one of the noblest and most powerful of any in the three German provinces of Russia. Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, were conquered from the Pagan Wends at a very early period by the German Knights of the Sword, *Schwerdt Ritter*, an order of Spiritual chivalry, like the Teutonic Knights, *Deutsche Ritter*, the conquerors of heathen Prussia. These conquering missionaries offered to the conquered, death or slavery. And, accordingly, they reigned over them for many centuries with an iron rule. The Knights of the Sword do not appear to have long preserved the character of an ecclesiastical order of chivalry. The sovereignty of the three provinces fell into secular hands. But the entire lands of the con-

The issue of this second marriage was a son. After a time, Lady Newborough and the Baron do not appear to have lived much together. He

quered countries became the possession of the nearest heirs male of the conquering knights, so that a noble colony of feudal lords came to be perpetuated, all of German descent, who inter-married exclusively with one another's families, and maintained themselves as a class apart from the native population. And even now, it is believed that scarcely any estate in Livonia, Esthonia, or Courland, is held by a family of Wendish blood, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Prince Lieven. All are genuine German nobles of ancient feudal descent; and all have embraced the Lutheran faith; though they are now the subjects of a zealous monarch of the Greek faith.

Among the noblest of these German lords are the Ungarn-Sternbergs, and the head of one of the chief branches of this family, was the husband of Lady Newborough. He was the son of a very celebrated man, who acquired a most villanous reputation, towards the end of the last century, as the Lord of the island of Dago, who acquired a large accession to his fortune by following the trade of a wrecker, as it is called in

gave her no support or countenance in the prosecution of her extraordinary claims, to which she devoted the remainder of her life. Indeed, it has been stated by a nephew of the Baron, that his uncle was in receipt of a large annual allowance from Louis Philippe, then King of the French, to induce him to withhold his aid from his energetic, though ill-judging, lady.

Maria Stella arrived in Paris, we know not in what year, but during the reign of King Louis XVIII. She established herself in a handsome hotel, and immediately published in all the principal newspapers this advertisement—"If the heir of the Comte de Joinville, who travelled and resided in Italy in the year 1773, will call at the Hotel de—— rue —— he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Having laid this trap, Lady Newborough waited at home next day to watch the result. In

Cornwall. He hung out false lights from the rocks of Dago; which caused the shipwreck of many vessels, which the Baron and his followers plundered, having murdered their crews. However, this very singular man was, it is said, a person of most polished manners, who had spent his early life in courts, to which he was well entitled from his high birth and great connexions.

the course of that morning, she heard the sound of a heavy man and two sticks, on her stairs, and the door of her saloon being thrown open, Monsieur l'Abbè de —— was announced. A very corpulent clerical gentleman, supported on crutches, advanced towards her, and addressing her with an air of perfect good breeding, inquired whether Miladi was the publisher of the advertisement in the newspaper which he held in his hand, and to which he pointed. Maria Stella remembered her own affiche, and answered in the affirmative. "Eh bien, Miladi," replied the courtly Ecclesiastic; "je viens de la part de Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans." Astonished at the success of her scheme, Lady N. enquired in what way the Duke could be interested by her advertisement? "Assurement, miladi, son Altesse y'est vivement interessee, car il est l'heritier du Comte de Joinville." "How so?" demanded Lady N. "Peut etre, miladi ne sait pas," replied the Abbè, "que le pere de son Altesse, feu Monseigneur le Duc d'Orleans, etait aussi Comte de Joinville, et prenait ce titre là, quand il était en voyage. D'ailleurs il voyagait, dans cette année là, en Italie, avant la naissance de Monseigneur le Duc actuel." Delighted at the statement, Lady N. gently expressed surprise, when the Abbè rejoined, "Eh

bien, Miladi, est ce qui c'est une *grande heritage* que son Altesse va recevoir ?" At a question so very characteristic, coming from an agent of the clever, money-making, Louis Philippe, Lady Newborough had some difficulty in repressing a smile. She, however, gave the Abbè to understand that there was no question at issue concerning any succession falling into the hands of his employer ; but that she was anxious to discover the identity of a birth connected with the sojourn of the late Comte de Joinville, or as he informed her, the late Duke of Orleans, in Italy in 1773. The Abbè evidently perceived that he had committed an egregious blunder, and made most unfortunate admissions. Rising rather precipitately, he stammered something about a particular engagement which caused him to hurry away ; and, protesting that he would speedily call again, when he would be entirely at the service of Miladi, and assist her in the prosecution of her researches, he made a succession of profound bows, and hobbled out of the apartment. Lady Newborough discovered that this polite gentleman who had shown himself so unwary a diplomatist, was, nevertheless, a very clever man, and the confidential agent of the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, he was currently said to be his illegitimate brother, and the natural son of Egalité ! For no other than he was Count de Joinville.

Maria Stella was now thoroughly persuaded that she was, indeed, the eldest child of the late Duke of Orleans ; and, in fact, along with Mademoiselle Adelaide, his only surviving child ; Louis Philippe, the present Duke, being, in her estimate, only a changeling, and all his younger and real sons having died. It may be supposed that she was not a little elated at having, as she thought, made the certain discovery that, next to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, *she* was first princess of the blood of France, and the rightful heiress of immense wealth.

But this discovery was the ruin of her happiness, and produced nothing to her in after-life but discomfort and misery ; so that it would have been well for her, if she had ended her days in the persuasion that she was nothing more, by birth, than the daughter of the low-born Chiappini. The prosecution of her princely claims caused the destruction alike of her fortune and her peace of mind. She appears to have had no judgment, and no knowledge of character. She allowed herself to be imposed upon by one swindler after another. She was betrayed and made a prey of. Her claims never met with fair play. As to whether they were true or whether they were false, we will not venture to pronounce an opinion. But this is very evident, that they never received that support or consideration to which they were entitled.

Lady Newborough, Baroness Ungarn Sternberg, from the moment that she discovered herself to be a princess, became a most unfortunate woman, and lived and died unhappy.

She made many attempts to bring her case forward, unaided by husband or son, and she became the prey of a succession of sordid and unworthy advisers. She conceived herself to be persecuted by the powerful influence of the Duke of Orleans, and by the overwhelming authority of her rival when he became King Louis Philippe. It may, consequently, be supposed that a weak, unfriended, and injudicious woman could effect little in opposition to a King. She has now been removed for many years from this earth to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

It would be tedious to enter more at length on this subject; suffice it to say, that the claims of Maria Stella never were investigated. And their truth or falsity will probably remain a mystery until the time when all secrets shall be revealed.

It may be remarked, as very improbable that a recently married and youthful pair like Egalité (the former Duke of Orleans) and his Duchess, should so completely have despaired of male issue as to change their daughter for another man's son.

Moreover, after this exchange, they had several sons, who grew to man's estate, though they died in early life. On the other hand, we cannot tell what peculiar motives, whether of family or of politics, may have made the birth of a son in 1773 of the utmost importance to them. Louis Philippe undoubtedly had little of what was princely in his appearance. With first-rate abilities, and many excellent qualities, there was something about him so *bourgeois*, that we are certainly not reminded of a royal paternity.

Lady Newborough has put forth her claims in a very ill-written little volume, now probably scarce. She mentions two curious facts; the first is—when she arrived in Paris with her little boy, she went, as a stranger, to see the Palais Royal, then the residence of the Duc d'Orleans; on arriving before a large full-length portrait of him, the child exclaimed, "O! mamma, here is a picture of grandpapa!" being struck with the remarkable resemblance of the duke to old Chiappini. The second circumstance referred to by Lady Newborough is this: when Louis Philippe was brought to the baptismal font, his weight, it is stated, was a matter of astonishment to those who held him, he being as heavy as a child of five or six months. And this would have been about his age if he had been

born in the Tuscan provincial town, and secretly smuggled to Paris.

Whatever degree of credit may be given to this story, it is a curious one, and well worthy of a place among "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." Whether Maria Stella was, or was not, Princess of Orleans and daughter of the King of France, she was, at all events, the wife, in the first place, of a Welch baronet and Irish peer, and in the second, of a great Livonian noble.

THE STORY OF COLONEL JAMES ROCH, THE
SWIMMER.

“Where Foyle its spreading waters
Rolls onward to the main,
There, Queen of Erin’s daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign.
A holy temple crown’d her,
And commerce grac’d her streets,
A rampart wall around her,
The river at her feet ;
And there she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vow’d the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.”

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Who has not heard of Derry, the “Maiden City” of Ireland, as her burghers jealously denominate her? Which of us has not hung entranced over the “wondrous tale” of her siege, whether we read of it in the simple diary of George Walker, or in the graphic pages of Harris and

Graham; or, touched with the light of romance, in the glowing narrative of Charlotte Elizabeth? What listener to the record of its gallant defence and the sufferings of its brave garrison, has been unmoved? Even if our sentiments differed from theirs, our sympathies were not withheld. We saw they contended for a *principle*; and we recognised the might and sustaining influence it afforded them, in the midst of trials almost unparalleled.*

But there was a turning point in the events of the siege, to which our historians have hitherto insufficiently directed attention. Like as in a

* Not to shock our readers with the details given by Walker, of the species of food to which the garrison were reduced, we shall only mention that, during the siege, horse-flesh sold in the markets of Derry for 1s. 8d. per pound; "a quarter of a dog, fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish" for 5s. 6d.; a rat for 1s.; a mouse for 6d.; "a small flook (*i. e.*, flat-fish) taken in the river, not to be bought for money, or purchased under the rate of a quantity of meal;" a pound of salted hides, 1s.; a quart of horse-blood, 1s. The statement given of the ravages of disease and famine is appalling. Here is one leaf from the diary:—

"July 8. the garrison is reduced to 5520 (*i. e.*, from 10,000)

13,	"	"	"	"	5313,	loss in 5 days,	207
17,	"	"	"	"	5114,	" 4 "	299
22,	"	"	"	"	4973,	" 5 "	141
25,	"	"	"	"	4892,	" 3 "	81

Total in 17 days..... 728

dreadful sickness there is a crisis, so here there was a moment when suspense was at its utmost, and despair had well nigh blotted out every gleam of hope. The patient endurance of death in its ghastliest forms, the weary waiting for relief, the long hoping against hope, all seemed to be in vain. Human help was a mockery. Human suffering had reached its limit. The world might be rolling on in its accustomed course around them, but within their walls trouble had thickened, and was pressing down all hearts with its intolerable burden. *Whither* now might they look for aid? They were forsaken. They were forgotten. They were given up as a prey to their enemy's teeth.

That crisis passed away, and was succeeded by renewed hope and more confirmed resolution to "do or die." Tidings of approaching relief reached the garrison by a messenger who perilled his life in conveying the intelligence. Weak, wounded, and bleeding, he persevered in his heroic resolution of visiting them and bringing back an account of their state. Had it been in the days of old Rome, his statue would have graced the Capitol, and his name would have been repeated by a thousand tongues. In poor neglected Erin, his deed of glory is but little known. Be it our office now to lift it into light, and, we trust, to rescue it for ever from oblivion.

JAMES ROCH, whose name is at the head of our article, had high claims to distinction on account of hereditary descent; and gentle blood will oftenest do gallant deeds. His family, ennobled in the Peerage of Ireland as Lords Roche and Fermoy, was derived from ADAM DE RUPE, one of the Anglo-Norman knights, who in 1170, accompanied the Earl of Pembroke at the invasion of Ireland, and from ADAM DE RUPE he was himself seventeenth in lineal progression.* His own immediate house had their chief seat at Tourin, a castle romantically situated on the river Blackwater, in the county of Waterford; but his father along with the greater part of his kin,†

* Burke's *Landed Gentry* : Article, ROCH of WOODBINE HILL.

† Among these was Maurice, Lord Roche and Fermoy, who when outlawed by the Protector, fled to Flanders, where he obtained the command of a regiment. He here met his Prince, for whom he had suffered so much, also an exile; and it is recorded that, along with his kinsmen, George Roch (father of the subject of this paper), and John Roch his brother, he daily shared with him his pay, remaining himself in contented poverty. The Restoration came; but Charles had forgotten everything. Lord Roche's property was never restored to him. In 1667, he was recommended by the Earl of Orrery to the Duke of Ormonde as an object of charity; and, but for, a scanty pension he then obtained, it is probable he would have perished of want. "It is a grief to me," Lord Orrery wrote, "to see nobleman of so ancient a family left without any main-

had forfeited his estates in the time of the Commonwealth for his devoted adhesion to the fallen cause of the Stuarts, and had died an exile in Flanders. When the War of Succession broke out, Mr. Roch's military talents were so well known, that Lord Tyrconnell sent a special messenger, inviting him to cast in his lot with James II., holding forth, at the same time, as an inducement, high promises of a speedy restoration to his lost hereditary possessions. Remembering, however, the faithlessness of the Stuarts, Mr. Roch not only peremptorily refused, but directed Trant, the officer who had come on the negotiation, to announce to Lord Tyrconnell his resolve to take up arms immediately for the Prince of Orange. In the Williamite army he soon attained the rank of Colonel, and in this capacity was attached to the expedition under Kirke, sent for the relief of Derry, June, 1689.

On the 7th of this month, when, from sheer tenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your grace." And if we needed further comment on the precept—"Put not your trust in princes," we have it in the fact, which has been vouched for by eye-witnesses, that a Lady Roche, of the second or third generation from this nobleman, was seen soliciting alms in the streets of Cork! The peerage is now in abeyance; and direct issue having failed, the claimants make out their descent in a collateral line.

famine, the brave defenders of the beleaguered city were daily dropping into the grave by scores, there were seen at the entrance of the river three large ships, whose appearance justified every expectation of immediate assistance. They were English. They were sea-borne. Their ensigns indicated their sympathies. The vessels pressed in under easy sail, until they reached the narrow part of the river; and here, frightened by the heavy batteries of the besieging army, and the mighty boom which stretched from bank to bank, they paused. To the horror of the starving townspeople, the crews on board, having surveyed the difficulties, and hesitated awhile, as if uncertain in their movements, hauled again their courses on the opposite tack, and sailed away out of sight. A week passed over. The Cathedral burying-ground was gorged with four-hundred additional corpses, when a watcher, who had climbed the tall pinnacle of the spire, announced a forest of shipping at the mouth of Lough Foyle; and after some hours, which seemed like ages, a fleet of thirty sail, the promised succours under General Kirke, could be seen distinctly from the town. But Kirke, who possessed in scant degree the spirit of a British soldier, proceeded no farther than did the former vessels. The heavy guns of Charles' Fort, the endless lines of musketeers on either shore, and

more than all, the fatal boom, seemed to him impassable. Signals were made by the town, expressive of the extremity of its condition; and still Kirke wavered. He responded to their entreaties, by hanging out certain flags, expressive of his kind wishes to the garrison, and of his intention to help them; but he gave no command to his fleet to carry out these views. At length, a resolution was come to; and of what nature? That, considering relief impossible by the river, he would defer any attempt until further reinforcements reached him from England; but that he would send in a message to the towns'-people, bidding them keep up their spirits, and to "be good husbands of their victuals.*" Could pusillanimity descend to a lower depth? Here were thirty ships, stored with victuals, ammunition, and other supplies, for the perishing inhabitants of Derry, arrived at the close of a long voyage made for this end; and the individual entrusted with the sacred duty of throwing in the help, falters in his purpose—doubts its practicability—and ends all with determining to leave it undone!

When Kirke's vacillating conduct became generally known throughout the fleet, it created a universal feeling of disgust. It was felt to be the humiliating confession of his own incompetency. And when his wish to despatch a letter to the

* The words of his letter to Governor Walker.

Governor was declared, the want of confidence in his administration and the little desire entertained by any to carry out his plans, were shown in the silence with which his proposal was received. Not a man stepped forth to undertake the duty. With many, no doubt, the extreme peril of the task weighed sufficiently. The enemy were masters of every approach by sea and land to the devoted town, the gibbet awaited the capture of the messenger; and, when the highest in command betrays irresolution or apprehension, a panic is generated which descends through all ranks to the humblest serving under him. Kirke, amazed and confounded, stormed with passion, upbraiding his men with cowardice, (a taunt which proceeded with an ill grace from such as himself!); and finally, changing his voice to supplication and entreaty, he offered a premium of three thousand guineas to the soldier who was willing to become his messenger.

There was one, all this while, who stood on the frigate's deck silent and thoughtful, apart from the crowd, ever and anon casting wistful glances on the distant hill, whence the booming cannonade proclaimed that Derry was yet untaken. He had heard with astonishment the tidings of his General's lukewarmness and feeble purposing. He had listened, with disdain, to the golden hopes held forth for a venturesome envoy. His heart burned within him, as he thought of brave men, helpless women,

and innocent children, sacrificed to selfish imbecility; and a bitter smile gathered on his lip, as he whispered to a brother-officer near him, the overmastering sensations of his bosom :

“ Can *nothing* be done to save them ? ”

“ Nothing ! ” was the reply.

“ Then I go myself ”—

And as he spoke, Colonel Roch (for it was he), impetuously sought the General's presence; and in a few brave words, that thrilled all, save Kirke himself, announced his determination to be the bearer of despatches to the Governor of the city. He disclaimed the reward as offered by the General, alleging that if he failed and fell, he could not claim it, or would not merit it; but that if he succeeded, the salvation of so many of his fellow-countrymen would be its own rich recompense. Kirke heard him graciously. His letter, written to the heroic George Walker, was folded in a piece of bladder, to preserve it from the water, and to this packet a few leaden bullets were attached, to sink it, if the bearer was about to be made a prisoner. Colonel Roch received many special messages for divers of the garrison; and amidst the prayers and blessings of his companions, was rowed in a small skiff down the lough, in the direction remotest from the city, and beyond the furthest sentinel of the enemy.

He stepped ashore, his life in his hand, but willing to lay it down in the duty he had undertaken. It was summer—bright, joyous, summer! The birds carolled on every tree. The green sward he pressed with his foot bore a thousand insect lives on its flowers and blossoms, and sent up rich perfumes that thrilled his heart with rapture. There was a silence, a hallowed peace on every side. Derry stood eleven miles distant; not a cry of the combatants, not a single echo of musketry could be heard. For a moment, it appeared as if the scene on board the shipping he had quitted, or the anguish of the town to which he was repairing, was a dream. Where could such things exist, while heavenly quietude had descended on earth? How could the jarring passions of men stir themselves for misery and ruin, when the God of nature, the Father of mercies, had poured his blessings abroad on hill-side and dale?

The pause lasted but a moment; images, strong stern images of war and its woes rose up before him. The desolated city, with her famine-swept streets, swam before his sight too keenly, too clearly, to be counted as a vision; it was all a terrible reality. And feeling this, he nerved himself for action, and turned precipitately away.

He had marked well the position of the town, and resolved to avail himself to the utmost of the

woods, which, circling the hills above him with foliage, reached down to the margin of the lough, and mirrored their dark masses in its clear glassy waters. He had seen from the vessel's deck that the trees stretched themselves in the direction of Derry from this quarter, and grew thick and close until they almost reached the suburbs. Perhaps, under their friendly shadow, he might pass King James' sentinels; and where the forest would not hide him, in the immediate vicinage of the town, he would commit himself to the water and be swept up, at a fit time, by the current. With the noiseless tread of an Indian hunter, Roch now sped on his journey. Every sense seemed absorbed in that of hearing. Soon, full soon, the dull, distant note of heavy ordnance broke the stillness, and sounded "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before," as he painfully tracked his way through the tangles of the wood. He often saw the light glancing on hostile arms through vistas among the trees. He often heard the measured tread of soldiery passing to and fro in a road just beneath him. He sometimes caught a glance of the white canvas of an encampment, and could even distinguish the *refrain* of the wild songs of its inmates. And through all he passed, unseen, unnoticed; as if, like the Trojan prince, some friendly divinity had encircled him in a clouding vapour. But now

the trees became thin. The axe had gone among them. They were felled here and there, and concealment was impracticable. It was certain destruction to go further. A living mass of men, the main body of the enemy, occupied the ground between him and the city. He must remain in his present position until the shadows of night.

And so, burying himself anew in the forest-brake, the intrepid soldier awaited darkness. The elements were propitious. Heavy clouds began to gather. The wind moaned dismally, and gradually increased to a tempest. The sun went down in anger. Thick drops of rain began to fall. They thickened, until the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open and pour down their torrents on the earth. The sentry tightened his jerkin about him, and ceased his methodical round. His fellows drove down their tent-pins more tightly, straining and fastening anew the cords ; and then, running beneath the canvas, drew across the flapping drapery. The dumb beasts sought the shelter of the forest. And now, denuding himself of his heavy upper garments, bare-headed and unbooted, Roch creeps forth from his hiding-place. He traverses the encampment without observation. He passes unchallenged one guard after another. He reaches the water-side. The war of the elements forbid

any watching ear to detect a splash. The swimmer is strong for his purpose, although three long miles of the river must now be gotten over. The tide rushing up from the lough bears him onward; and long before the sun has glittered on the thin spire of the cathedral—long before his rays have lighted up the enclosure of the Diamond,* a band of the 'Prentices have admitted, through the ferry-gate, Kirke's wearied envoy, and the tidings he has brought are circulated far and wide through the town.

And now, one day to be with them—one day, to meet their leaders, and take counsel together—one day, to go among the burghers and confirm them in their resolution—one day, to see with his own eyes the state of the town, that he may report it on his return—one day, and the same, to refresh himself; and he will leave them. On the evening after his arrival, at nightfall, Roch is again breasting the waters, and bears with him Governor Walker's reply. Again, he passes the long windings of the river in safety, and reaches his lair in the forest unharmed. But the foeman has been there in the interval; and the clothes he had hidden are removed. Another messenger, despatched soon after himself, had been taken prisoner and

* A parallelogram in the centre of the city of Derry, from which the four principal streets radiate to the four gates.

immediately gibbeted ; and the whole of the wood is alive with scouts. It is not long ere pursuers are upon his track. Like a hunted deer, he flees away before them, his only hope being the thick underwood. Into this he dives deeper and deeper. The briars tear gashes in his uncovered limbs, and send streams of gore down his person. He has escaped ! He has left them behind ; and hark ! their voices grow fainter and fainter, as they rush away in a wholly different quarter of the forest. For nearly an hour the wearied one remains in his covert, almost unbreathing ; and now he comes forth, that he may retrace his steps. For three miles he passes through the forest, and comes again to the water-side. But he has lost his way. Ere he can plunge into the river, he is in the midst of a party of the enemy's dragoons. To their cry "*Rendez-vous,*" he makes a motion for escape. Whereupon one burly trooper lifts a halbert, and inflicts a ghastly wound on his head, breaking his jaw-bone. The rest grasp him to make him a prisoner ; but his want of clothes saves him, and he slips from their hold. One effort more for life ! Bloody and disfigured, Roch leaps into the river ; and none are so courageous as to follow him. But pistols are plucked from the holsters, and instantaneously a score of bullets plash in the water. *Three* hit him, in the arm, breast and shoulder :

and his whole frame is convulsed in agony. Still, he strikes out; for he will drown rather than yield. Offers come to him, across the water, of rich reward, if he will give up his letter. Life is promised, and liberty, but all in vain. He still persists in his effort. Shots are again discharged at him, but happily without effect. He grows faint in a little while from the loss of blood; and now thinks the parting moment near. But he perceives he is borne back again towards the town. Its fair hilly seat again comes before him. He makes one more gallant struggle, and it is successful. He reaches land, and is taken up by the grateful burghers, to faint and fall down before them, almost a lifeless corpse.

How long he lay in this swoon, he could not tell; but kind faces were around his bed when intellect slowly returned. The voice of prayer was going up in his behalf. Walker, Baker, and other gallant souls knelt in his chamber. In a few days, he was abroad. It was no holiday time; it was no season for nursing wounds. Having failed in delivering to General Kirke the governor's letter, he will transmit some tidings at least by telegraph; and (according to a system he had arranged before he quitted the fleet), he now, signals from the steeple of the cathedral, informs the shipping in the lough of the state of the

garrison, and of his own misadventure and wounds. The chief inhabitants, at the same time, hold a meeting, at which they determine to bury themselves in the ruins of their city ; and the resolution is adopted, that any individual who makes mention of "surrender " is to be tried by court-martial; and shall, on its sentence, immediately suffer death.

More than a month passed by. In the interval, the fleet, under Kirke, left the river; and the lines of circumvallation were drawn closer and closer around the deserted town, yet the courage of its defenders sank not. Occasional sallies were made; in the hope of carrying off some of the besiegers' cattle, and were generally attended with success. But starvation and sickness did their offices steadily; and miserable Derry became one huge charnel-house. The mortality during the month of July, exceeded 2,000. On the 28th and 29th alone, more than 400 of the garrison perished. On the 30th, a solemn service was performed in the cathedral, when Walker addressed the feeble survivors. He declared that " he felt in himself an unshaken confidence that they could not be entirely deserted by over-ruling Providence, and reminded them of the many signal mercies they had received, and of the importance of their defence of the Protestant religion; and inferred from these considerations the inference, that when at the worst they would obtain deliverance."

The congregation dispersed, some to keep watch and ward on the bastions ; some to climb the cathedral spire, and strain their eyes towards the river in search of help ; some to walk moodily to lonely homes, whence "the old familiar faces " had gone for ever. An hour had passed, when three large vessels were espied entering the deserted roadstead. The suspense and anguish of the inhabitants rose to its height. They hung out a red flag from the cathedral to signify their mortal distress. They fired several guns. They rushed down to the water-side, crying out NOW OR NEVER ! They encouraged the crews on board by every species of exclamation and entreaty. The vessels pressed on ; and the shore on either side became wrapped in flame. The guns on the several redoubts forced their deadly missiles into the ships, as they swept by ; but there were heroes on board, who disregarded all. And now the boom is being approached ; and one gallant ship shoots past the rest, as if impatient to close with it. She reaches it—she crashes upon it ; the shock is irresistible ; the mighty barricade heaves and groans. It breaks in twain, and the diverging sides are hurried open by the tide. But the Mountjoy herself recoils from the blow ; her sails flap idly on the masts ; she is stranded under the enemy's guns ; they raise a shout of triumph,

and swarm down to board the vessel ; she fires her broadside among them, and by the shock of her guns is carried back into deep water, and floats again. But her captain, the gallant Browning, and several of his men now fall dead from the musketry ; and the triumph of the moment is lost in their fall. "The contest after this," writes the Rev. James Willis,* "was quickly at an end: the three vessels entered without any further impediment : they were the Phœnix and the Mountjoy transports, commanded by Captains Douglass and Browning, and convoyed by the Dartmouth frigate, Captain Leake ; they contained a large and needful supply of beef, meal, and other provisions—and the heroes of Derry were saved, just when their entire provisions was barely enough to keep them two more days alive. At this moment there remained alive 4,300 men, of 7,300 originally numbered within the garrison. Their provisions consisted of nine lean horses, and one pint of meal per man." The blockade was at an end. The besieging army drew off to Strabane. Of the 20,000 men, of whom it had been composed, nearly 9,000 had fallen before the walls, chiefly from the sallies of the garrison.

And Colonel Roch—was he forgotten ? Not

* "Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen."
Vol. iii. pp. 352, 353.

so. The honourable title conferred on him by those in whose behalf he had so perilled life and limb, was **THE SWIMMER**. By this designation he was ever after known through life; and by it he is uniformly distinguished in the family records and papers. Nor did King William, when he ascended the throne of England, overlook his services. In answer to a petition, declaring "that he (Roch) was sent by Major-General Kirke into Londonderry at the time of the siege, with notice of the intended relief, and did, after great hazard of his life, perform that considerable service, swimming up the river into the town; and was forced to stay two nights in the water, and received three wounds from the enemy's shot, which disabled him in his body and prejudiced him in his health;" the King granted him, by patent, in fee, the moiety of the Ferry of his native town, Kinsale, (the other moiety being in the hands of Anthony Stowel, Esq., and William Brookes, by title derived from the Duke of Monmouth, previous to his attainder) together with all the boats, oars, tackle, furniture, and all fees and perquisites thereof, and the arrears of rent due to the Crown since the forfeiture. "Two years after," says Harris,* "his Majesty made him a grant of all the undisposed Ferries of Ireland, reserving

* *Life of William III.*, pp. 209, 210. Dublin, 1749.

the ancient crown-rents; the value of which said Ferries, are recited to be worth above £80 a-year." This grant embroiled him in many law-suits with persons setting up ancient titles to several of the said Ferries, and therefore he made fresh application to the Crown, that, upon surrendering his former patent, he might have a grant of the forfeited estate of James Everard, in the County of Waterford, reported to be worth £66 a-year, together with some few Ferries near his habitation. The King complied with this application, and granted to him the said estate, amounting to 1,321 acres, and also the several Ferries of Kingsale, Donegall, otherwise called Passage, and Rathconray, in the County of Cork; the Ferries of Waterford; Passage, and Dungarvan, in the County of Waterford; the Ferries of Wexford, Carrick-upon-Slane, and Ross, in the County of Wexford, and the Ferry of Ballynard, leading to Bridge Island, on the river of Rosse, in the Counties of Wexford and Kilkenny; the Ferries of Strangford, Portaferry, and Narrow Water, in the County of Downe; the Ferry of Lifford, in the County of Donegall; the Ferries of Annabegg and Longhill, in the County of Limerick; and the Ferry of the Abbey of Grange, in the County of Mayo; together with all the boats, oars, tackle, furniture, fees, and perquisites, belonging to them and to

every of them, and all arrears of rent due there-out, and the reversion or reversions of such of the said Ferries, wherof any lease or grant for any term of years or otherwise had been before that time made, to be held in fee-simple at several rents amounting in the whole to £34 2s. 11½d. It appears by a subsequent application to the Crown, that this was an unfortunate choice he made, and that he was put to the expense of £1,680, in disproving a pretended settlement of Everard's estate; and therefore the King, in the eleventh year of his reign, made him a grant of some other forfeited lands in the Counties of Cork and Meath, returned to be of the clear yearly value of £95 14s. 4d.

After the death of King William, Colonel Roch applied to the parliament of England, in 1704, for further relief, setting forth his services, and the full state of his case. A clause was, in consequence, inserted in an Act then passing the Commons, which granted him the sum of £3,269 7s. 7d., out of certain Irish forfeitures; but the funds from which this grant was to be derived fell so far short of the stipulated sum that he did not receive above one third of the voted money. In consequence, he addressed, to a subsequent Parliament, the following memorial, which we here insert, as it sets forth a graphic

account of his sufferings and services, and fully confirms all the previous statements of this paper.

“THE CASE OF CAPTAIN* JAMES ROCH.

“THAT, in the year 1689, Major General Kirke was sent to the relief of Londonderry.

“THAT, while the General lay in the Lough of Derry, he received intelligence that the Town was capitulating, and in three or four days was to be surrendered.

“THAT all the ways to the town were blocked up by the late King James's forces; so that it seemed impossible for the General to communicate with the Town.

“THAT the General, considering it was a dangerous enterprise, offered a reward of 3,000 guineas to any person that could carry his orders into the city; but it being a business of such difficulty and danger, no body would undertake it for some time, till at last, the said Roch, out of the zeal he had for the late King (of glorious memory), and for the Protestant Religion, and interest in Ireland, did undertake the same.

“That the said Roch underwent the hazard of passing through the enemy's camps and guards, which extended eight miles; and when he was got beyond them, swam down the Lough for three

* His then rank.

miles, and by God's blessing, added to his endeavours, got safe to the town, and delivered the general's message to the Governor.

"THAT, after he had so done, and refreshed himself, but barely for one day, by the command of Colonel Baker, the then Governor, he returned to the general with the state of the garrison, and took water at London-Derry, and swam back three miles to the place where he had left his clothes.

"THAT, when he arrived there, he found his clothes taken away, by which he imagined himself to be discovered; but, however, he was resolved to carry back to the general the Governor's letters, which were tied in a bladder in his hair, and accordingly travelled naked three miles; but being discovered and pursued by the enemy, he was forced to take shelter in a wood, where the horse could not follow him, and passed through the wood with such hardships and difficulty, that he was torn by the briars, till he was gore blood.

"THAT, having passed the woods, which brought him to the water-side, he was met by a party of the enemy's dragoons, one of which broke the said Roch's jaw-bone with a halbert, before he could get into the water, and after he was in the water, shot at him several times, and wounded him thrice, in the arm, breast, and shoulder, and offered him £10,000 in case he would deliver to them his

letters ; but the said Roch's zeal for his religion, his King, and his country was such, that he chose to die in the water (which he did expect to be his fate) rather than betray the trust reposed in him.

“THAT, after all these difficulties, by God's providence he got back to London-Derry, and by signals delivered him by the general before he left the fleet, gave the general notice from time to time from the steeple of Derry, how long the town could hold out.

“THAT, King William and Queen Mary, out of a sense of his sufferings and services, did grant to him forfeited estates in Ireland, to a very considerable value; but the same have been decreed from him by the late trustees, and he never received from the said grants more than £180 12s. 5d., as by a report of the said trustees may appear.

“THAT, in the year 1704, setting forth his case to the Parliament, they were pleased in compassion to grant him an Act for £3,269 7s. 7d. to be issued out of the forfeitures in Ireland, which did but barely re-imburse him the expense he was out of pocket; so that the petitioner has yet received nothing of the reward promised him for his services.

“THAT, the funds upon which the said money was given proving deficient, and after the expense of four years' time and a great deal of money, he

has only received £1,148 9s 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and no more can be expected from that fund.

“THAT he has spent all the small fortune he had of his own, as well as that he had by his wife, and both contracted great debts, which have very much reduced him; and, unless the honourable House of Commons will afford him some relief he must never expect to return to his native country, for which he has done such signal services, but leave his wife and children exposed to the greatest hardships.”

George Roch, Esq., now of Woodbine Hill, worthily represents his very ancient and lordly house.

THE PREHEN TRAGEDY

THIS story, taken from the page of real life, could hardly be made darker or more improbable by any infusion of the ordinary elements of romance. Indeed, the actual features of it, such as we have them from undoubted records, require rather to be softened than exaggerated, that the reader may not turn away in disgust from a tale that seems almost too atrocious for belief. Some criminals may be invested with a poetic colouring, and thus reconciled in a degree to our imaginations ; but our hero is a thoroughly prosaic ruffian—he belongs to the school of George Barnwell, and is utterly incapable of being elevated except at the expense of everything like truth.

John Macnaghton was descended from a Scotch family, which is supposed to have come over with King William the Third to Carrickfergus, and to have afterwards settled at Benwarden, in the county of Antrim, a place situated at the north-east extremity of Ireland, about six miles from Coleraine, and two from Ballimony. They were highly respectable, and enjoyed a considerable hereditary estate. His father was a magistrate for Antrim, his mother was a daughter of Henry MacManus, an alderman of Londonderry; his uncle also was a magistrate, and a cornet on half-pay, at the time of Thurot's landing, upon which occasion he was the first to appear in arms against the invaders, at the head of two hundred stout militia, whom he had animated with his own spirit.

The time of John Macnaghton's birth cannot be precisely ascertained, but it was somewhere about the year 1722. When he was only six years old, his father died; and this, which, in any case, is a great misfortune, was doubly so with a boy of his disposition, who, even while at school, exhibited a strong propensity to gambling, and was moreover a coward, a fault of all others the least likely to find indulgence amongst his countrymen. When only eighteen years of age, he was challenged by a schoolfellow—but, wanting the nerve to fight, he was horsewhipped and fled the

field. To counterbalance these evil qualities, so far as they could be counterbalanced, he was shrewd, possessed undaunted assurance, a good person, and manners so peculiarly winning, that, in spite of his notorious character, he managed to get into some of the first society in the kingdom. This, however, did not avail him with his grandfather, the alderman, who was so offended at his love of play, that he left him nothing, but bequeathed a handsome fortune to his younger brother.

Macnaghton was now of age, and being put into possession of his own estate, had a wider field for the indulgence of his gambling mania. He visited all the fashionable places of public resort both in England and Ireland, played deep, and with such ill success that he was obliged to sell a part of his estate, and mortgage the remainder. But fortune had not entirely deserted him : he contrived to engage the affections of Miss Daniel, and won the consent of the lady's friends to their union upon his binding himself by oath never to play again. The lady possessed in her own right about five thousand pounds, but the whole of this was settled beforehand upon their younger children.

To all appearance, the gambler was now reclaimed. He treated his wife with the utmost

kindness, and for two years he abstained from every game of chance. And now appears the first contradiction in his character; so sacred was his oath to him, that however urged by the one master passion of his mind, he would not on any account violate it; but he fully believed that the oath was no longer binding than those who had extorted it chose it should be so; and he did not hesitate to gain their dispensation of it by a falsehood. He pretended to his wife, and to her mother, Mrs. Daniel, that he might have won a thousand pounds, had he not been tied up from play, and alleging that the same chance might again occur, he prevailed upon the ladies to release him from his obligation. The only check upon him being removed, he went back to the gaming table with more zest than ever, playing so deeply, that he soon became involved in fresh difficulties. Several suits were commenced against him for heavy debts, which ended in the issue of writs, and the despatch of bailiffs to get possession of his person, according to that wise provision of the law which makes debt a crime, and punishes it as such with imprisonment. Upon this occasion the bailiffs watched their intended prey to a house where he was spending the evening, but instead of pouncing upon him when he came out, they allowed him to get into a sedan, and followed

him to his own house. The moment the chair stopped, they came forward and announced their business. Macnaghton declared he would not submit to be arrested; the men proceeded to force, which he as stoutly repelled. Unfortunately, the scuffle took place beneath the bed-room window of Mrs. Macnaghton, who had then lain-in about a fortnight, and was anxiously expecting his return home. Alarmed by the noise, she was not long in learning what had caused it, when the fright, together with her distress at the desperate state of her husband's affairs, gave such a shock to her nerves, that she fell into a sickness, which, shortly afterwards, proved fatal.

It would seem that he was affected with genuine remorse at the lady's death, occasioned, as he well knew it was, by his own misconduct. So at least the world judged at the time, and probably with correctness, for he was yet in the novitiate of evil, and well and wisely says the Latin proverb,—“*nemo repenti fuit turpissimus*”—“no one is utterly bad all at once.” But even this feeling, good in itself, yet served as another step in his downward course. To get rid of his grief, he suddenly plunged again into the full vortex of dissipation, so that in a short time, his affairs became more embarrassed. Yet even now, his better genius had not altogether abandoned him. The

kindness of a noble friend, procured for him the office of Collector of the King's taxes, in the town of Coleraine, which was an addition of two hundred a year to the remnant of his fortune. It still, then, depended only upon himself to be happy, if not to entirely redeem his former fortunes, and he was now bound to abstain from play, as much by justice, as by gratitude to the friends who had become security for him upon his receiving the collectorship. He had pledged himself to do so, and it was in full reliance upon his word that they had become his bondsmen. But even this last sense of honour had now deserted him. He no longer felt any necessity for obtaining a release from his oath, but rushed headlong back to the gaming table with increased appetite. The consequence may be easily anticipated. He risked the money which had come into his hands as collector of the royal imposts, lost it, and at the end of two years, being discovered to have embezzled the large sum of eight hundred pounds, he was turned out of office, and his securities had to make good the deficiency.

It would be thought that after such an event he must have so completely lost all character as no longer to find acceptance in any decent society. Such, however, was not the case. So generous is the Irish disposition, and perhaps it must be

added, so indulgent to moral delinquencies, that he still found friends amongst the more respectable classes, who could forgive his faults and admit him to their intimacy. It is still more surprising that amongst these should have been one, who had a son of eighteen, and a daughter about fifteen, neither of them likely to benefit by such an acquaintance. This generous, but ill-judging, gentleman was Andrew Knox, Esq., of Prehen, Member of Parliament for Donegal, who, as he had known Macnaghton from infancy, must, one would imagine, have been well acquainted with his vices, and aware of what such a man would be capable. Nothing of the kind appeared in his conduct; he invited Macnaghton frequently to his house, treated him as one suffering, not from vice, but from misfortune, and seemed, in every respect, as if he were endeavouring to repair an imaginary injustice of the world, by an excess of hospitable kindness.

It was now that with a singular audacity and contempt for men's opinions, the ruined gambler offered himself as a candidate to represent Coleraine. He failed, of course: but so little abashed was he by the defeat, that he next set up for the City of Londonderry. Here too, he experienced the same result, whereupon, he thought of retrieving his desperate fortunes by marriage. And here, properly speaking, our tale begins, all

this preliminary matter having been given but to afford the reader a clearer insight into his character, and as a key, in some sort, to what follows. Having witnessed the growth of the tree, we shall no longer be astonished at its crookedness.

The lady that Macnaghton pitched upon for his matrimonial victim was no other than Miss Knox. True it was that every consideration of honour and gratitude forbade such scheme; the generous and unsuspecting confidence of the father ought unquestionably to have exempted him, if no one else, from an attempt to inveigle his daughter; but then it was this very confidence which afforded him facilities that he was not so likely to find with any other lady; and, as to honour, it has long been received for a melancholy truth that nothing deadens every feeling of the kind so readily, or so completely, as a habit of gambling. Macnaghton formed no exception to the rule.

To win the affections of Miss Knox was the first essential to his scheme; but her youth, being then hardly sixteen, weighed against his knowledge of the world; and his peculiar address, so likely to captivate a female heart, made this no very formidable obstacle; the greater difficulty was to woo the lady without being discovered by either of the parents, who, however tolerant of him in other respects, were not likely to admit a ruined gambler for a son-in-law. His invention and audacity

suggested a plan in this dilemma, which would hardly have occurred to any one besides himself. He actually solicited Mr. Knox for permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, well knowing beforehand that he would be refused, and meaning to make the greatest advantage of such rejection. In pursuance of this plan, he sought a private interview with the father, whose reply was such as to convince him, if he could ever have doubted it, that his kind host was by no means disposed to carry his romantic generosity so far as to sacrifice his child to a ruined gambler. This hint was enough. Instead of complaining, or in any way pressing his suit, the crafty wooer professed himself to be neither hurt nor surprised at the determination; he only begged that Mr. Knox would not mention his request to any one, as he was now made sensible of its impropriety, and was anxious to avoid the mortification of its being known to others that he had so asked and been refused. This petition was too simple, and apparently too deserving of praise, to be denied by a good-natured man like Mr. Knox; he willingly passed his word to the effect desired, and Macnaghton, on his part, declared, with a show of gratitude and much affected humility, that he would abandon his suit altogether.

The first step was thus successfully taken.

Having as he thought—and, as was indeed the fact—lulled Mr. Knox into a false security, he opened his batteries against the daughter. This he began, by taking every opportunity of talking of his hope, nay certainty, that his affairs would speedily be retrieved; not that he thought to deceive the parents by such illusive statements, but he expected that, out of mere kindness and compassion, they would not contradict his assertion; and, thus, they would be more likely to pass for facts with the daughter than if he had stated them to herself in private. At the same time he did not neglect paying her those slight, yet marked, attentions, which, though not noticed by others, unless previously put upon their guard, are perfectly well understood by the person to whom they are directed. Here then was the foundation-stone of his building laid solidly and securely. His next measure was one of such consummate artifice that it rather seems to belong to the ingenious intrigue of Spanish comedy than to the events of real life. With the simulated confidence of the fiend, when he whispered Eve in Paradise and tempted her to eat of the forbidden apple, he told the young lady—as a secret he would fain keep, but could not—that he had obtained her father's consent to their union, but that the old gentleman had resolved to hold his intentions private for a year, partly

on account of his daughter's youth, and partly because of the present unsettled state of Macnaghton's affairs. "He could not," he said, "deny himself the pleasure of making to her this communication, but he begged that she would not give the least intimation of it to any one, not even to her mother, as it might mortally offend Mr. Knox if it should ever transpire that he had revealed what was granted under a solemn pledge of secrecy."

The young lady, flattered, as he had expected, by this confidence, and already most favourably inclined towards him, gave the required promise without hesitation. Here then was a second step in advance, and a most important one, if the young lady were only as silent as she promised: and that she might be so, he did not fail to warn her from time to time that Mr. Knox had, in private, repeated his injunction of secrecy, with an intimation that his consent would be withdrawn if the least hint were given to any one of his purpose. This all appeared plausible enough, and now, being convinced that she was only acting as her father desired, she listened readily to the suit of her crafty wooer, who did not hesitate to press it, when he could do so unobserved. Her illusion was yet more confirmed by the exceeding kindness of both her parents towards Macnaghton, kindness

which, in fact, proceeded from a benevolent notion that he had been too hardly dealt with, and that he really and truly repented of his youthful errors. Mrs. Knox even went so far as to say, she should be glad of so pretty a fellow for a son-in-law, and and this, too, in her daughter's presence, although in reality without the slightest idea of such a thing. It was a foolish speech, uttered without consideration, for the mere purpose of showing the high regard she had for him.

Under such circumstances, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Miss Knox, listened to her lover when he proposed by way of binding themselves, they should solemnly read over the marriage ceremony. She gave him the required meeting one morning early, at the house of a Mr. Joshua Swetenham, in Londonderry, where they read the matrimonial service in parts, before Mr. Andrew Hamilton, a young gentleman only 18 years old, but of good connections. He even prevailed upon her to kiss the book interchangeably with him, and swear that she would be married to him by a clergyman on the first opportunity. She added, however, as the one indispensable condition of her promise—"provided my father consents"—a clause which, of itself, would have annulled the contract, had it otherwise been binding.

The next efforts of Macnaghton were directed

to the persuading her that this idle ceremony was in truth a marriage, and that she ought to give herself up to him accordingly, as his wife. But the natural instinct of female delicacy foiled all his arts, and saved her from this snare. She refused to listen to any such suggestions, whereupon he determined to effect by force what he found himself unable to accomplish by entreaties, for not only was his state growing more and more desperate, but he had to fear every hour, lest some untoward chance might arise to lay bare his villany. A man, of much less craft than he possessed, must have been quite aware, that a web so complicated and so finely spun, as were his schemes, must be liable to damage from a multitude of trifles.

As some slight extenuation of his next measure, we should recollect that forcible abduction of women, was by no means considered in Ireland at that time in the same light it was in other countries. Neither sex in general was inclined to look upon it as anything more than a venial offence, and it was even asserted that the ladies were far from being angry at a little gentle violence, which served them as an excuse for doing, what in their secret hearts they were well inclined to, while in appearance they disavowed it. At all events, such marriages often turned out as happy as unions more legitimately contracted.

It so chanced that about ten days or a fortnight after the performance of this mock ceremony, Miss Knox set out upon a visit to William Wray's, Esq. at Ards, nearly fifty miles from Prehen. Strange to say, the young lady's suspicions were so little excited by what had hitherto passed, that she allowed him to accompany her on her journey. The parents, on their part, made no objection, being kept in total ignorance of every thing that could disturb their confidence.

The distance being more than could be conveniently accomplished in one day, according to the then existing ideas of travelling, and the really bad state of the Irish roads, it was agreed they should pass the night at Strabane, at the house of Mr. Macausland. Whether the mistress of the mansion had been previously warned, or, from her own observation, was led to doubt Macnaghton, she thought fit to place her young visitor in her own dressing-room. The precaution proved to be no more than necessary, for in the night Macnaghton endeavoured to get into Miss Knox's room, and was only foiled by its situation. This discovery, which he had every right to suppose would be revealed to the parents, led him to precipitate measures. The next day, at an early hour, he persuaded the young lady to walk in the garden, and having reached a secluded spot, attempted to

offer her violence. Having repelled him with great indignation, she hurried back to the house, and shortly afterwards resumed her journey to Mr. Wray's. Thither he followed her, though at a distance, hoping that some opportunity might yet occur for accomplishing his purpose before her friends at Prehen had taken the alarm.

There had long subsisted an intimate friendship between Miss Knox and Miss Wray, the daughter of the house where she was now residing, and it was not long before the former related to her friend the whole story of what had passed, for she considered, with great reason, that the conduct of Macnaghton had freed her from every obligation of secrecy. Miss Wray lost no time in communicating the tale to her father, who, fearing that Macnaghton might carry her off from his house, sent her home next day under a proper escort, with a message explanatory of his conduct.

It was now plain to the ruffian,—for he deserves no better name—that he could no longer wear the mask of concealment, nor yet carry her off by force. He therefore openly claimed her as his wife, publishing paragraphs in the newspapers to that effect, which were denied through the same channels by Mr. Knox. Even this last extreme act of baseness did not prevent his uncle from harbouring him in his house at Londonderry, which being only at a

short distance from Prehen, Mr. Knox thought it would be prudent to remove his daughter to his brother's house at Sligo. Such was the state of law and morals in Ireland; a father could not protect his daughter in his own mansion.

Again, Macnaghton set out in pursuit of the lady, and, what makes the business yet blacker, accompanied and abetted by his uncle, Alderman Macmanus, whose patronage of such villany was, if possible, even more atrocious than the villany itself. If it came to a hanging matter, as in reason it ought, there could be little doubt which of the two deserved the highest gallows.

It was the forenoon when uncle and nephew arrived at their inn at Sligo. Their first business was to enquire what company was then in the house of Mr. James Knox, and upon learning that John Magill, Esq., a member of parliament and a commissioner of the board of works, was there, Macnaghton, who had some slight acquaintance with him, sent up his card, with a request that they might dine together. The answer to this was that Mr. Magill "knew not, or at least would not know, any such scoundrel." A second demand by another messenger brought back the same reply. Public as this insult was, Macnaghton took no notice of it, but had even the audacity to make his appearance at an assembly, which chanced

to be held in the town that evening, and though Mr. Magill and Mr. Thomas Knox were both present, he made no allusion whatever to the insulting message of the former. This was too much for the patience of gentlemen, and, above all, of Irish gentlemen. Indignant at such impudent cowardice, and anxious, no doubt, to provoke him, Mr. Magill exclaimed, in something louder than a whisper, that Macnaghton was an infamous scoundrel. But neither of this did the offended person take any notice at the time. When, however, he had gone back to his inn with a military friend, Mr. Gethings, and his uncle, he seems to have thought better of it, or it may be that, by their persuasions, he was induced to send a challenge to the aggressor through the medium of Mr. Gethings. The rest is so completely Irish in the gallantry, and even recklessness of the principal personage, that we must needs tell it in the exact words of the pamphlet written at the time,

“It being now resolved that he should fight before he slept, he sat up with his company, expecting Mr. Magill's return to the inn, where he had bespoke a bed, 'till four o'clock in the morning, drinking only one bottle of claret. About this time, Mr. Magill returned, and, it being in the month of May, the day was broke. . As he had been drinking very freely he was immediately

shown to his chamber, and began to prepare for bed; but before he was quite undressed, Mr. Gethings brought him Macnaghton's challenge, and acquainted him that he was himself to be his second. Though a man, who had been drinking freely till four in the morning, must certainly engage under great disadvantage with an antagonist, who, with a view to such an engagement, had drunk only part of one bottle of claret; yet, as in these circumstances the challenge was sent, Mr. Magill readily accepted it; and because he would occasion no delay by seeking at that unreasonable hour, for a second on his own behalf, he at once declared that he would consider Mr. Gethings, with whom he had been sometime acquainted, and whom he knew to be a man of honour, as their common friend. Having made this declaration, and again put on such part of his dress as he had pulled off, he walked into a back-yard with Mr. Gethings, where they were met by Macnaghton, and having taken their ground each discharged a pistol against the other; and both missed their aim. They then drew and discharged, each of them, another pistol; Mr. Magill had the good fortune at his second firing, to wound his antagonist in the leg, about two inches below the calf, where the ball passed clean through between the Achilles tendon and the bone."

This lucky wound Macnaghton thought, must be received by the world in full acquittance of all his past delinquencies; and, with his usual assurance, he addressed his late antagonist with a hope "that he did not now think him so great a scoundrel as he had declared he thought him in the Assembly Room. Magill replied with equal sense and spirit, "by God, but I do;" and, turning his back upon him, left him to the care of his second.

The principal belligerents had now recourse to law, Macnaghton endeavouring to have his mock marriage confirmed, and Mr. Knox to obtain a decree pronouncing it altogether null and void. The latter succeeded, and the defeated suitor betook himself to England, to lodge an appeal, as he pretended, in the court of delegates. His real objects were to escape being arrested by Mr. Knox, for the costs of the late law-suit, in which he had been cast, and to get himself returned Member of Parliament for Carrickfergus, as a protection for the future. With this view, he went to the house of a nobleman, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and, without any previous notice, demanded to see him. Although informed that his lordship was at dinner with some friends, he insisted that his message, desiring to see him upon important business, should be instantly taken in. Hereupon, the nobleman

came out, and upon hearing the request of his troublesome visitor, declined all interference, a repulse by which Macnaghton was so little abashed, that a few days afterwards he sent a familiar note, demanding a loan of eighty guineas, as he had been disappointed in certain expected remittances from Ireland. This was refused, and so little sense of shame was now left to him, that, changing his tone and story altogether, in about a week he sent again, and in a letter dated from Kingston gaol, requested the loan of thirty guineas, upon a plea of abject distress occasioned by his law-suits.

We next find him playing the accomplished sharper at the Bath gaming-tables; though how he got out of Kingston gaol,—if he had ever been there—is not known; and still less is it possible to say how he acquired the necessary funds for such a purpose. Suddenly the scene shifts, he is again in Ireland, and again trying to force himself into the presence of the unfortunate Miss Knox, who was then at Swaddlingbar, with her mother, for the benefit of the mineral waters. There he lurked about in the woods for several days, sleeping at night in a poor shieling—but, being discovered, he at once boldly avowed his real character and purpose. In any other country such a ruffian would have been now restrained by the strong hand of the law; “but,” says the pamphleteer, and

there seems no ground for doubting him, "a gentleman, discovered in disguise, concealed in a cottage or a wood for the love of a young lady, whom her parents only withhold from his wishes, always rises into new dignity, and is regarded with uncommon ardour of kindness, mixed with a kind of pity and admiration by the multitude, wherever he happens to be; and Macnaghton became so popular at Swaddlingbar, after his discovery, that having told his story to the common people, if they had not been led to doubt of its truth by contrary reports from respectable characters, would all of them have assisted him, at whatever hazard, to carry off the lady."

Few decent families, we suspect, would choose to live in so gallant a neighbourhood as that of Swaddlingbar.

We now come to the last act of this play, which, from having been little better than a farce, much in the style of the "Beggar's Opera" heroics, at once deepens into tragedy. Hitherto, Macnaghton had been kept within some bounds, though not very strict or straight, by the hope of inheriting his uncle's fortune. But, tolerant as the old man had for a long time shown himself, he was, at length, so much revolted by the infamous career of his nephew, that he married, with the avowed purpose, if he should have no child of

his own, of leaving his fortune to his young wife. This made Macnaghton quite desperate, and he became more resolved than ever to carry off Miss Knox at all hazards. To effect his purpose, he spread abroad a report that he was at Benwarden—and then, under the name of Smith, and in the character of a sportsman, repaired to the neighbourhood of Prehen. Of the twelve associates he took with him, all deserted him but three—George Mac Dougal, his plough-driver, James Mac Carrel, and one Thomas Dunlop, his tenant.

It was not long before he got intimation that Mr. Knox was to set out from Prehen with his daughter and family, and having reconnoitred the country around, he at length found a spot well adapted to his purpose of intercepting them. This was a narrow pass, with ten outlets of escape, through which Mr. Knox's carriage must come, between a large dunghill and a cabin belonging to one Keys, that stood under a bank of oak. Behind either of these, the accomplices might remain unseen till the very last moment.

Before day-break upon the morning of the 10th of November, he repaired with his associates to Key's cabin, bringing with him in a sack six guns, nine pistols, several ropes, and a long leathern strap—the ropes and the strap being, as he said, intended for tying Miss Knox on horseback behind himself or one of his people.

It would seem that he had not kept either himself or his intentions so secret but that Mr. Knox had got some vague information of them. A report had got abroad of his having declared he would possess himself at all hazards of Miss Knox, and that, if opposed, he would cause a scene of blood in the family, which should, in after-times, make the ears tingle of the child that was yet unborn. The party, therefore, in leaving Prehen for Dublin, being thus forewarned, set out in sufficient numbers to be safe, it was supposed, against the premeditated attack. It consisted of Mr. Knox, his brother James in a single horse chaise, with a servant riding behind him; young Mr. Knox, with his servant, both of them also on horseback; a blacksmith named Mac Cullough, armed with a blunderbuss and a case of pistols in his surtout-coat pocket, and James Love, Mr. Knox's own servant, armed with a fusee. The ladies, with Mr. Knox, went in the coach, the two last named forming a body-guard about them; but, by a strange contradiction, all the rest of the party, who, in numbers, formed its strength, were not armed at all; nor did Mr. Knox, with his servant, think it necessary to keep near the carriage, but went considerably in advance, thus serving as a signal for the hidden confederates to prepare for action.

It was about eleven o'clock when the coach passed the cabin. And "now," says our homely narrative, "Macnaghton and two of his accomplices rushed out, each armed with pistols and a gun. Macnaghton presented his gun at the coachman, and threatened him with instant death if he did not stop the horses. The coachman, thus terrified, complied; and Macnaghton's servant coming up to him, presented his gun, and threatened that if he offered to put his horses on again he would shoot him. The coach being thus stopped and detained, Macnaghton hastened round the horses' heads to the coach door, in order to force out the lady; but MacCullough, the blacksmith, coming up to him at that instant and presenting his piece, Macnaghton fired at him, and wounded him in the hand; the fellow, however, snapped his blunderbuss, but it unfortunately missed fire. Macnaghton fired a second shot at him, and wounded him in the knee and groin, and totally disabled him. In the meantime Mr. Knox snapped a pistol at Macnaghton from the coach window, but the cock flying off, that missed fire also. While this was doing, one of Macnaghton's accomplices was charging guns in the cabin and handing them out; and Macnaghton having received one from him in the room of another he had discharged, advanced upon the fore part of

the dunghill opposite to the cabin, towards that side of the coach where Miss Knox sat, and with his gun, presented, fired into the coach, and lodged no less than five bullets in her left side. He then went round by the wheels on the other side of the coach, but, as he was going about, James Love, Mr. Knox's own servant, fired at his back from behind a turf-stack, and lodged three swan shot in his shoulders, Mr. Knox at the same time firing again from the coach, but without effect. Macnaghton, though he felt himself wounded, got round, received another pistol from the cabin, and fired that also into the coach, with the intention to kill Mr. Knox, but providentially the shot missed him. After this, Macnaghton and one of his accomplices fired each of them a random shot through the coach, probably with a design to kill every creature that was in it, for all the guns were loaded with swan shot; yet, in all these discharges, the poor young lady only was wounded."

It would seem as if revenge, and not the abduction of the lady, had been the intention of this cold-blooded and cowardly miscreant; for, having gone thus far, he walked off, attended by his accomplices, without the slightest apparent concern, and satisfied no doubt that he had effected as much evil as he could, without too far compromising his own

chances of escape. No sooner was the field thus left clear than young Mr. Knox galloped off to Strabane, to call in the assistance of the Inniskillen Dragoons then quartered there, and to procure medical aid for the wounded.

In the meanwhile Miss Knox was taken out of the coach, deluged in her own blood, and placed upon a rude bed in Key's cabin. The pain from her wounds was well nigh intolerable. She was continually crying out, "my side! my side!" and calling upon God to put an end, by death, to her sufferings. At length Dr. Law, a physician of eminence, arrived from Strabane. Upon examination he found one of the bullets had broken her third rib, counting upwards, and buried itself in her body; that a second had entered her side, about two inches below her ribs; a third nearly two inches below that, but rather more forward; that a fourth had lodged in the head of her hip-bone; and a fifth slightly marked her groin. The doctor at once pronounced her beyond all hope of recovery, any one of the three last wounds being sufficient of itself to produce a speedy death. She was, however, removed, for more comfort, to a decent farm-house about a hundred yards off, and placed upon an easy bed, if any bed could be easy to one enduring such insufferable agony. There she lay for about four hours, piercing the ears and hearts of all

around with her cries and groans, at which time she died.

While these things were passing in the cabin and the farm-house a party of light-horse had arrived under the command of Sergeant Macjurkin, a Fermanagh man, of great boldness, and by no means deficient in military sagacity. Following the advice of the peasants, he took the route of Cumbirlady and Dungiven, and scoured the country on either side, to a considerable distance. But neither of these ways had Macnaghton taken. His horse, with the horses of his associates, had been held for him in a little wood at no great distance from Key's cabin, and, having hastily mounted, he rode off full speed to Mr. Irwin's, the place where he had been abiding the week before, in the feigned character of a sportsman. He did not, however, stop here, but passed on for about a mile, when, finding himself alone, and, as he thought, unobserved, he dismounted, took the bridle and saddle from his horse, concealed them in a ditch, and turned the animal loose. It may here also be remarked that the horse was black, with the exception of some white marks upon the face, which had been coloured over to prevent his being recognised.

Macnaghton now proceeded on foot to a little distance, till he reached the house of one Thomas

Winsley, a considerable bleacher—and, without being seen by any of the family or the servants, he managed to conceal himself in a hay-loft. There he hoped to remain undiscovered, until the pursuit for the day was over, when he might escape to some place of greater safety. Perhaps he might have done so, but that two of the pursuing party, Corporal Caldwell, and a private light horseman, of the name of Reed, who were natives of the vicinity, had, by some unexplained means, gained intelligence of his route, and even of the place where he lay hidden. Possessed of this information, they made their way to the bleacher's house, and boldly entered the hay-loft, though the place was so dark they could see nothing in it. The murderer, on the contrary, saw them clearly enough from his lurking place, as they stood against the little light that found its way into the room. Without uttering a word, he fired at them, and they instantly returned the shot, directed only by the flash and report of his pistol, but no mischief was done on either side. The horsemen then drew their broad-swords, and regardless of the additional risk thus incurred, pressed forward to take him alive, when the report of another pistol came from the darkness. This, it appears, Macnaghton, hopeless now of escape, had levelled at his own head, but the ball having dropt out, he was only scorched


on the ear by the powder. At the moment, the soldiers were not aware of this, yet still they pressed on, although so fully sensible of their extreme peril, that one cried to the other on advancing, "Come, my lad, one of us must fall, but, by God, we will take the villain." Macnaghton, however, had not the means of further resistance, even if he possessed courage enough to make use of them, and he was now dragged from his concealment and bound upon a car, to be secured in the nearest gaol.

Matters now proceeded rapidly ; a coroner's inquest sat, and brought in a verdict of wilful murder against both the principal and his accomplices—one of whom, Dunlap, was shortly afterwards taken in a large meal-chest, belonging to a miller, at a place called Ballyboggy. As it was rumoured that some desperadoes meditated a rescue, Mr. Knox procured an order from the Lord Lieutenant for a party of horse, in whom he placed most confidence, to do duty at the prison, where Macnaghton was confined. A serjeant's guard was placed within the gaol every night, and two men watched continually in his cell.

We must here again notice the inconsistencies in the conduct and character of this cold-blooded assassin, without attempting to explain or account for them. While he utterly neglected his person,

he paid the utmost attention to his wounds, although with the certainty of an ignominious death before his eyes. With this conviction—and how could he fail of it?—such a desire to get healed could not proceed from a love of life; and just as little could it be attributed to any religious feeling; nothing, indeed, could be more remarkable than his utter want of remorse for what he had done, and his total indifference to the death of one whom he professed to have loved, and whom he had so cruelly murdered. Well might the Rosicrucian, Comte de Gabalis, exclaim, “*Le cœur humain est un abime! qui pourra le connoitre?*”

On Monday, the seventh of December, he was summoned to take his trial at Strabane, but his brother did not desert him in the hour of distress, guilty as he was in the eyes of all reasonable beings—of all, indeed, who can distinguish between right and wrong, between black and white, although this would not seem to be a common quality amongst the warm-hearted and impetuous Irish, who are much too apt to let feeling outweigh judgment. Counsel, learned in the law, was procured to defend the criminal, and a motion was made to put off the trial, under pretence that he had been hindered by wounds and close confinement from making the necessary preparations for his defence. Upon this, the Honourable Mr.



Baron Mountney, Mr. Justice Scott, and Mr. Justice Smith, who were upon the bench at the time, granted him a respite until the following Friday.

Upon Friday then, he was again brought into court on a bed, dressed in a white flannel waist-coat, with black buttons and holes, a black crape about his arm, a dirty, parti-coloured night-cap upon his head, and a beard of a month's growth. Every indulgence was extended to him that could be, with propriety, nor was he in the least wanting in himself. He is described as having made his defence with so much eloquence and feeling as to draw tears from many of the spectators. He stated, and the judges listened to him with patience—that “no man ever loved a woman better than he loved Miss Knox, and that he had no intention to kill any body, much less that young lady; but that he came with a party to carry off one whom he considered as his wife, and had armed himself and his companions, only that they might be able to oppose force by force, if he should be resisted in his attempt. He declared also that he did not fire at the coach till he felt himself wounded, and that, in the agony caused by his wound, he neither knew nor cared what he did. But these declarations, he said, were not intended to obtain a verdict which might give him life—his

only wish being now to die—but to clear his character from the imputation of murder. He was also very importunate with the court to consider Dunlop, his accomplice, as acting wholly under his influence in what he did; and said, that as he did not commit any act of violence himself, but was only present at the action, he hoped they would spare his life.”

These few sentences, it must be owned, combine all that the utmost ingenuity could devise to soften the harsher features of his crime, and to excite the sympathies of his audience, unless he had set up a plea of actual madness at the time. This generous care for his accomplice, his indifference to life himself, and his having fired at his victims only while smarting under the agony of his wounds—all these might be, and probably were, no more than pretences, but they were such, as if believed, must have gone far to enlist the feelings of an Irish jury in his favour.


The most important change in his character is now to appear. That he was constitutionally timid must be evident to every one; and it was natural to expect that the near approach of death, together with the depression arising from wounds and imprisonment would have made him yet more pusillanimous, or else would have given him the courage of desperation. Neither of these was the

case. The bravest could not have shown himself more calm or less shaken by the prospect before him. From the moment that his doom was fixed, he showed no signs of flinching, but, at the same time, this show of courage continued unmingled with that recklessness which, to the common observer, will often supply the place of real spirit.

In a religious point of view his character also underwent a total change ; but this, of course, cannot be considered as anything surprising ; most men are content to fly to religion for consolation when all earthly hope has left them. Although he had repulsed the services of the attendant clergyman with contempt, he now had the sacrament administered to him at his own request, and received it with every appearance of devotion.

Incredible as it may seem, Macnaghton was, to the last, a great favourite amongst the people. "He had," says the old pamphleteer, "many popular good qualities, which, with the advantage of his person and address, gained him the general goodwill of the lower sort of people, which was not lessened, even by the crime for which he died. They were wholly ignorant of the ingratitude and dissimulation of his devices to seduce the young lady into that contract which, he pretended, gave him a right to her person. They considered his endea-

vour to get her into his possession as a gallant and spirited attempt to do himself a justice; and the death of the young lady as an accidental effect of an unjust resistance made against that attempt by those, who by superior power and influence would have overborne right. These notions, however erroneous and extravagant, had taken such possession of their minds, that there was not a carpenter to be found in the country about Strabane that would erect a gallows for his execution; nor could any person be procured to undertake it for hire. The sheriff, therefore, was obliged to look out for a tree which might serve for the purpose; and upon a tree he must at last have been executed, if the uncle of the unhappy young lady, and a party of gentlemen, who were moved with a just indignation at the thought of being reduced to the necessity of such an expedient, to execute a wretch who had committed a murder with every possible aggravation, had not themselves made a gallows and set it up. It was erected on a plain between Strabane and Lifford; and on the 15th of December, about one o'clock in the morning, Macnaghton, who had been fettered upon his condemnation, was brought down from his room in the prison, in order to have his fetters taken off; but there was not a smith to be found that would do it; and if one of those who had refused the



office had not been compelled by a party of the light-horse to perform it, the criminal must, contrary to law, have been executed with his fetters on; and the sheriff was obliged to send for the executioner, a very old man, from Cavan. Everything, however, being at last ready, he was carried to the place of execution, dressed in a very slovenly manner, and in the very coat which he wore when he committed the murder; declaring, but for what reason cannot be known, that "he would wear no other."

Even at this last trying moment, his courage did not fail him, only he asked if his head was to be stuck upon the gaol, and seemed much pleased when the sheriff replied in the negative. He refused to address the public, but assured some of his prosecutors then present, that he forgave them his death, although he himself did not ask forgiveness of any one. Ascending the ladder with a firm step, he placed the rope about his own neck, and threw himself off with great violence, in hope to break the vertebræ, and thus ensure a speedy and less painful death. The force, however, was such that the rope gave way, and he fell to the ground. Thereupon the sympathising crowd made an opening in their ranks that he might escape; but the executioner, and those determined that justice should be done, closed around, when, not-

withstanding the pain he must have suffered, he remounted the gallows as calm as ever, declaring that Lord Ferrers was quite right in saying, the anticipation of death was much worse than death itself. He was again thrown off, and this time so effectually, that in a few minutes, he ceased to struggle.

Such was the fate of John Macnaghton, a man designed by nature for better things, but in whose mind the seeds of goodness were destroyed at an early period of life by a passion for gambling.

THE TRUE ROMANCE OF EDWARD WORTLEY
MONTAGUE.

IT is a somewhat hacknied saying, that truth is often-times more wonderful than fiction; and of this, Edward Wortley Montague affords a very complete illustration. From his early days he was ever at tilt with the world's opinions; and, but that sufficient documents are at hand to prove the reality of our narrative, we might well expect to be set down amongst those who, to borrow Shakspeare's censure of certain players, "imitate nature most abominably." Certes, there is many a romance that less oversteps the modesty of nature than the simple reality of our chronicle, and yet more care has been taken to soften down, than to aggravate, the features in our hero's character.

Edward Wortley Montague was the son of the highly gifted but eccentric Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and while yet an infant was taken by her to Constantinople, whither her husband had been sent as ambassador from England. The child was then only three years old, and, it is very possible, may have imbibed the roving propensities of his manhood, from being thus early accustomed to travel. With a boldness that few mothers besides herself would have evinced, she tried upon him the experiment of inoculation for the small-pox, he being the first English child that had ever been subjected to it; and, luckily for the European world, the practice in this instance turned out so successful, that Lady Mary was afterwards enabled to introduce it amongst her own countrymen with a confidence that finally subdued all the opposition of prejudice and ignorance. The following account is given of this matter by Mr. Maitland, who attended the embassy to Constantinople in the capacity of surgeon.

“About this time the ambassador’s ingenious lady, who had been at some pains to satisfy her curiosity in this matter, and had made some useful observations on the practice, was so thoroughly convinced of the safety of it, that she resolved to submit her only son to it, a very hopeful boy of about six years of age. She first of all ordered

me to find out a fit subject to take the matter from, and then sent for an old Greek woman who had practised this a great many years. After a good deal of trouble and pains I found a proper subject, and then the good woman went to work ; but so awkwardly, by the shaking of her hand, and put the boy to so much torture with her blunt and rusty needle, that I pitied his cries, who had ever been of such spirit and courage that hardly anything of pain could make him cry before ; and therefore inoculated the other arm with my own instrument, and with so little pain to him that he did not in the least complain of it. The operation took in both arms, and succeeded perfectly well. This operation was performed at Pera, near Constantinople, in the month of March, 1717."

Two years afterwards, the family returned to England, when the young Edward was sent to Westminster School. And now it was he began to show, that if he had inherited the talents of his mother, he had also imbibed her eccentricity ; but in his case, so much aggravated, as at times almost to assume a tinge of madness.

The boy had not been long at school before he began to grow weary of its trammels. Perhaps too, like Milton, he found

" *Cœteraque ingenio non sub eunda meo,—*"

which some learned interpreters have construed to signify a certain unpleasant acquaintance with the nature and properties of birch. Whatever may have been the cause, he fled from the Westminster cloisters, managing the affair with so much adroitness as to baffle every effort made to discover him. Handbills and advertisements were repeatedly issued, but to no purpose; the purlieus of Covent Garden and the recesses of St. Giles's were searched from one end to the other, and under every stimulus of high rewards, yet still they found not a vestige of the truant. It seemed as if he were lost to his family for ever, no unlikely thing, if we consider the state of the metropolis in those days.

It so happened that a friend of the family, Mr. Forster, had some business to transact with the captain of a ship then lying at Blackwall, for which place he set out, attended by one of the domestics of old Mr. Wortley Montague. They had not gone far in Blackwall, when their attention was caught by the sound of a familiar voice crying fish. Both at the same time exclaimed, "how like the voice of young Montague!" and immediately they despatched a sailor after the boy, under pretence of a wish to deal with him. Unsuspecting any snare of this kind, the young itinerant came back with the sailor, carrying upon

his head a basket of plaice, flounders, and other small fish. With them, to see, was to be assured, in spite of all the boy's coolness in denying himself. When, however, he found that he was discovered beyond any chance of concealment he flung down his basket and ran away. This it was that betrayed him. It was soon discovered to whom the basket belonged, and with this clue they had no difficulty in finding out where the boy had taken up his abode, and it now appeared that he had been regularly bound by indentures of apprenticeship, to a poor but honest fisherman, whom, it appeared, he had served with equal diligence and fidelity for upwards of a twelve-month. His master indeed was enthusiastic in his praise; he cried his fish with energy, made his bargains with shrewdness, and, what might seem yet more wonderful, was punctual in bringing home the produce to the old fisherman. Notwithstanding the reluctance of the master and his apprentice to part with each other, the boy was taken home, and a second time sent to school at Westminster.

“One man may take a horse to the water, but a dozen cannot make him drink,” says an ancient English proverb. So too, Mr. Foster, aided by the servant, might bring master Edward home again, and his father might send him to school once more,

but it was soon found that to make him stay there was quite another matter. In a very short time he gave them the slip, as he had done before, and bound himself to the master of a ship, then sailing for Oporto. This man was a Quaker, and a conscientious one, who, believing young Montague to be a poor, deserted, friendless creature, treated him with much kindness. He clothed him decently, supplied him with good and wholesome food, and made a sea-life as pleasant as it could be made to one in his situation. Still there was restraint, and restraint was a thing most alien to his nature; so, the moment the vessel reached Oporto, he started off again, totally forgetful of the good Quaker's kindness to him; and, although ignorant of the language, he ventured a considerable distance up the country. It was the vintage-season. He offered his services, was put upon a brief trial, and was found useful enough to be retained.

In this way, two or three years passed in the interior of Portugal, without his making the least attempt to improve his situation; till one day he was ordered to drive some asses to the factory. The commission was entrusted to him on account of some business, which could not be transacted without a knowledge of the English language. But no sooner had he arrived there, his good—or as he probably would have termed it, his bad,—

stars, caused him to be recognised by the English consul, the moment he arrived there; or, if he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it was fully confirmed by his former master—the old Quaker, whose vessel happened to be lying in the harbour. Thereupon, the young wanderer was consigned to proper keeping, and brought home, where by the mediation of Mr. Forster with his parents, he was again received into grace and favour. To this gentleman, was thenceforth entrusted the care of his education, a duty he discharged with so much zeal and judgment, that though the pupil had lost much ground by his late wandering habits, he was not long in regaining it, and making considerable advances beyond the point attained, when he ran away from Westminster. But well and truly sings the old Epicurean poet—

“ Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem,
Testa diu.”

And deeply was young Edward imbued with the spirit of vagabondizing; or, as phrenologists would more delicately term it, the organ of locomotiveness was singularly predominant with him. He ran away a third time, and entered as a fore-mast man aboard a ship, bound for the Mediterranean, to the great vexation of his father, whose patience seemed at last exhausted. He absolutely refused any further interference in his favour, declaring

that, as he had made his bed, so he must lie. But Mr. Forster again played the part of mediator, and after much argument prevailed so far upon old Montague, that he allowed him, if he would take the trouble, to go in search of the prodigal, and bring him home again.

So determined a friend was not likely to fail in his mission. In a short time he had tracked out the fugitive, and once more restored him to his father, who was even brought to consent that he should now go abroad, under the direction of his kind mediator. The West Indies was chosen for the place of his retreat during the next few years, and an ample stipend was allotted for his support.

It would appear that this singular plan, like many other empirical remedies, succeeded in effecting a temporary cure, at least, when more legitimate remedies had failed. He studied so as to obtain a competent knowledge of the classics, and what was of much more importance to his future welfare than all the learning of a Porson, he had acquired so much apparent steadiness, that his father now sent for him home, and ventured to place him in one of the public offices. There, for a time, he kept up the same appearances, and in 1747, was returned one of the knights of the shire for the county of Huntingdon. It soon, however, became manifest that consideration had not, in his

case, as in that of Henry the Fifth, completely done its work; it had not "whipped the offending Adam out of him," for it was not long before he had deeply involved himself in debt; and, towards the latter end of the year 1751, he was fain once more to set out upon his travels.

Paris, unfortunately, was the place of his first excursion, and here his extraordinary passion for gambling betrayed him into an affair which, to say the least of it, had a very suspicious appearance at the time, and which has left a stain upon his name, that has never been completely obliterated. As the matter is one of so equivocal a nature, it is but fair to give his own account of it, and nearly as may be in his own words.

"On Sunday, the 31st of October, 1751, when it was near one in the morning, as I was undressed and going to bed, I heard a person enter my room; and upon turning round and seeing a man I did not know, I asked him calmly *what he wanted?* His answer was that *I must put on my clothes.* I began to expostulate upon the motives of his apparition, when a commissary instantly entered the room with a pretty numerous attendance; and told me with great gravity, that he was come, by virtue of a warrant for my imprisonment, to carry me to the Grand Chatelêt. I requested him again and again to inform me of the crime laid to my

charge ; but all his answer was, that *I must follow him*. I begged him to give me leave to write to Lord Albemarle, the English Ambassador ; promising to obey the warrant, if his Excellency was not pleased to answer for my forthcoming. But the Commissary refused me the use of pen and ink, though he consented that I should send a verbal message to his Excellency, telling me at the same time that he would not wait the return of the messenger, because his orders were to carry me instantly to prison. As resistance under such circumstances must have been unavailable, and might have been blameable, I obeyed the warrant by following the Commissary, after ordering one of my domestics to inform my Lord Albemarle of the treatment I underwent.

I was carried to the *Chatelêt*, where the jailors, hardened by their profession, and brutal for their profit, fastened upon me, as upon one of those guilty objects whom they lock up to be reserved for public punishment ; and though neither my looks nor my behaviour betrayed the least symptom of guilt, yet I was treated as a condemned criminal. I was thrown into prison, and committed to a set of wretches, who bore no character of humanity but its form.

My residence—to speak in the jail dialect—was in the *SECRET*, which is no other than the dungeon

of the prison, where all the furniture was a wretched mattress and a crazy chair, The weather was cold, and I called for a fire; but I was told I could have none. I was thirsty, and called for some wine and water, or even a draught of water by itself, but was denied it. All the favour I could obtain was a promise to be waited on in the morning; and then was left by myself under a hundred locks and bolts, with a bit of candle, after finding that the words of my jailor were few, their orders peremptory, and their favours unattainable.

After a few moments of solitary reflection, I perceived myself shut up in a dungeon destined for the vilest malefactors; the walls were scrawled all over with their vows and prayers to Heaven before they were carried to the gibbet or the wheel. Amongst other notable inscriptions, I found one with the following note underneath, viz. :—*These verses were written by the priest who was hanged and burned in the year 1717, for stealing a chalice of the Holy Sacrament.* At the same time I observed the floors were studded with iron staples, either to secure the prisoners, or to prevent the effects of their despair.

I continued in this dismal dungeon till the 2nd of November, entirely ignorant of the crime I was accused of; but at nine in the morning of that day, I was carried before a magistrate, where

I underwent an examination, by which I understood the heads of the charge against me, and which I answered in a manner that ought to have cleared my own innocence.

He then goes on to explain the nature of the charge in the following words :—

“ Abraham Payba, a Jew, under the name of Roberts, gives an account of his leaving England with Miss Rose, intending to make the tour both of France and Italy, being provided with bills for considerable sums upon the Bank of England and several eminent bankers in London. He then sets forth that, coming to lodge at the Hotel d’Orleans, he was greatly surprised by my pretending to visit him, as he had no manner of acquaintance with me. That next day he set out for the country, from whence, returning on the 23rd of September, he found a card from me, inviting him to dine, which he was polite enough to comply with ; and that at my lodgings he dined with a large company of English. That I forced him to drink, till I perceived he was fuddled, of several sorts of wines and other liqueurs during dinner, which was not over till about six in the evening, when the company retired to my apartment to drink coffee. That after this, all the company went away, excepting Mr. Taafe, my Lord Southwell, and myself ; and that Mr. Taafe took a

pair of dice, and, throwing them upon the table, asked, *who would play?* That the complainant, Roberts, at first excused himself because he had no more than two crowns about him; upon which the other said, that he had no occasion for money, for he might play upon his word of honour. That he (Roberts) still excused himself, alleging that he had occasion for all his money for a journey, on which he was to set out on the Wednesday following. But that Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, insisted so strongly on his playing, that, being flustered with wine, and not knowing what he did, he at last yielded; and that, taking advantage of his situation, we made him lose in less than an hour, 870 louis-d'ors, and that we then suffered him to go about his business. That, next day, Mr. Taafe sent him a card, inviting him to supper, but he excused himself; and on Sunday, the 26th of September, he received a letter from the same gentleman desiring him to send the 400 louis-d'ors he had won of him; and that he (Roberts) wrote him in answer that he would pay him a visit on the Thursday following. But that, on the 27th of September, between eleven and twelve at night, Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, knocked with great violence, menaces, and imprecations, at his gate, where, getting admittance, we informed him that if he did not give to each of us a draught for

the several sums we had won of him, we would carry him instantly to the Bastile—the archers, with the governor of the Bastile, waiting below for that purpose. That we told him it was a maxim in France, that all gaming-debts should be paid within twenty-four hours after they were contracted; and at the same time we threatened to cut him across the face with our swords if he should refuse to give us the drafts we demanded. That, being intimidated with our menaces, and ignorant of the customs of France, he gave us drafts for our several sums upon Mr. Walters, the younger, banker in Paris, though he had no money of his in his hands. That the complainant well knowing the drafts would be refused, and thinking his life in danger, resolved next day, being the 28th, to set out for Lyons; that there, and since his return to Paris, he understood that Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and I, on the very day of his leaving Paris, came early to his lodging, where, meeting only with Miss Rose and her sister, Mr. Taafe persuaded the former to leave the complainant and to go with him to the Hotel de Peron, promising to send her over to England, in a short time. After this, that he searched all the trunks, portmanteaus and drawers belonging to the complainant, from whence he took out in one bag 400 Louis-d'ors, and out of another, to the value of 300 Louis-

d'ors in French and Portuguese silver; from another bag, 1,200 livres in crown pieces, a pair of brilliant diamond buckles, for which the complainant paid 8,020 livres to the Sieur Pièrre; his own picture set round with diamonds to the amount of 1,200 livres, beside the value of the picture, which cost him 10 livres to the Sieur Marolles; a shirt buckle set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which cost him 650 livres, to the Sieur Pièrre; laces to the amount of 3,000 livres; seven or eight women's robes, or gowns; two brilliant diamond rings, several gold snuff-boxes, a travelling chest containing his plate and china, and divers other effects, which he cannot call to mind; all which Mr. Taafe packed up in one box, and by the help of his footman, carried in a coach, which waited for him at the corner of the street of the little Augustines, to his own apartment. That afterwards, Mr. Taafe carried Miss Rose and her sister in another coach to his lodgings, where they remained three days, and then sent them to London, under the care of one of his friends."

The accusation, it must be allowed, carries upon the face of it many improbabilities. In the first place, the Jew does not make his complaint till a full month after the date of the supposed transaction. Secondly, it does not seem very likely

that this Payba or Roberts should have gone off quietly to Lyons, leaving such large sums of money in his lodging on the very day when his formidable enemies must have been most incensed against him by the non-payment of his drafts, and were, according to his own estimate of them, capable of any daring attempt to right themselves. Then again, the character of the Jew must be weighed against that of the accused. Wortley Montague was no doubt a wild daring, spirit, capable of many strange things, but nothing in his previous or subsequent career would induce a belief that he was capable of robbery. Now the Jew was notoriously a fraudulent bankrupt, who sought shelter in France from the penalties he had incurred in England. Then, again, it is not easy to understand how a cunning Jew should have been so simple as to believe, or Mr. Montague so absurd as to assert, that he had brought with him the archers and the *Governor of the Bastille*. Lastly, upon the examination of Payba's witnesses, they all contradicted each other to such an extent as to be unworthy of belief.

The result of the whole was that the court, in the first instance, pronounced the innocence of the accused, and condemned the Jew to pay all costs and make reparation of honour in the presence of twelve persons elected by the injured

party. From this sentence, Payba appealed to the High Court of La Tournelle in Paris, when the judgment was reversed, and the parties definitively dismissed the court. Hereupon Montague appealed in his turn, but we are left totally in the dark as to the termination of this matter, which appears to have been a gambling transaction of no very honourable nature to any of the parties implicated. The Jew, it would seem, having lost his money by one fraud, was willing to regain it by another of a yet worse description ; and such, it would seem, must have been the opinion of the higher court.

Having, as he says of himself, played the *petit maitre* at Paris for a season, he returned to England, and in 1754 was returned member for Bossiney. The duties, however, of a Member of Parliament were by no means sufficient to occupy the time of a mind so active and so intelligent. He tells us, "that to search out and adore the Creator through his works is our primary duty, and claims the first place in every rational mind. To promote the public good of the community of which we are born members, in proportion to our situation and abilities, is our secondary duty as men and citizens. I judged, therefore, a close attention to the study of history the most useful way of employing that time which my country

recess afforded, as it would enable me to fulfil this obligation ; and, upon this principle, I take the liberty of offering these papers as my mite towards the public good." He alludes to a work called "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Republics, adapted to the present state of Great Britain," a work he unquestionably wrote, but the authority of which was much disputed by some, who, in defiance of the contradictory evidence of dates that made the thing impossible, would persist in believing the claim set up to it by his former friend and tutor, Mr. Forster.

It is said that the success of this work greatly propitiated his father. However this may be, the old man's will evinced no particular confidence in his moral merits. It bequeathed him an annuity of one thousand a-year to be paid him during the joint lives of himself and his mother, Lady Mary ; and after her death, an annuity of two thousand a-year during the joint lives of himself and his sister, Lady Bute. By the same will he was empowered to make a settlement on any woman he might marry not exceeding eight hundred a-year ; and to any son of such marriage he devised a considerable estate in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This last clause led to an action, not the least singular in his singular

career, which will be recorded in its proper time and place.

He now resolved to travel again, previous to which, however, he contrived to give some mortal offence to his mother—of what kind is not known, and perhaps, after all, it was nothing more than that she was too eccentric herself to put up with any eccentricities in another, although the deceased parent might truly have said of his son's peculiarity,—

“He had it not from me, but from his mother.”

In 1762 we find our traveller at Turin. But he did not waste his time here as he had done in Paris, in frivolity and vice; or, if some leaven of his former wildness remained it was in great measure redeemed, by his love of literature and science. It was here that he wrote two letters to the Earl of Macclesfield, which were read before the Royal Society, and afterwards published in a quarto pamphlet, entitled “Observations on a supposed Bust at Turin.”

In the same year his mother died, and, like so many other parents, retaining the ruling passion strong in death, bequeathed him a solitary guinea, with the sarcastic observation that, “his father had amply provided for him.” In consequence of this will an enormous property devolved to the Earl of Bute, who had married his sister, but who,

with a generosity very unusual in such cases, bestowed upon the disinherited a considerable portion of what he had thus lost. Nor does he appear to have taken much to heart this disappointment of his natural expectations. The maternal bequest was brought to him while he was on his travels, and he presented it, as the tale goes, with much gaiety of heart to his companion, Mr. Davison—"They manage these things better in France," says Mr. Shandy, though with reference to other matters.

He now set out for the East, where he remained for three years, and though we have no account of much of the time spent there, still one important portion of his travels has been preserved to us in a letter written by himself to his friend, Dr. Watson, detailing a journey from Cairo in Egypt, to the Written Mountain in Sinai.

Of the events of Wortley Montague's residence in the East little more is known than an adventure in which he was implicated while at Alexandria, and which will hardly find grace from any but those who adopt, in its widest extent, the code of Ovid,

"Jupiter ex alto perjuriam ridet amantum."

The tale is told by Abbè Winkelman, in his letters, according to whom, Mr. Montague got

acquainted with the Danish ambassador, who had the misfortune, as it proved in his case, to possess a handsome wife. Under various pretences our traveller persuaded the consul to go to Holland, and some time afterwards showed a feigned letter to the lady, containing an account of her husband's death, whereupon she was induced to marry him. Not long afterwards the Danish resident at Constantinople received from the Texal, advices of the supposed dead consul; but the catastrophe of this unpleasant affair is not given. The Abbè only tells us that the seducer carried his victim with him into Syria, and that he was not safe in any of the Grand Seignor's dominions when the cheat was discovered.

We next find him performing quarantine at Venice, a perfect Asiatic in dress as well as manners; his beard, which he had suffered to grow for two years and a half, reached down to his breast, his head-gear was Armenian, his bed the ground, his food rice, his drink water or coffee, and his greatest luxury a pipe. All the English at Venice made a point of visiting him, an attention which gratified him highly, and which he repaid by the narration of the different wonders he had met with. Of the Arabs and their country he spoke in glowing terms, declaring that if a man were to drop his cloak in the highway, he would

find it there six months afterwards, an Arab being too honest to pick up what belongs to another; and were you to offer money for the provision you met with, the Arab would demand why you had so mean an opinion of his benevolence as to suppose him capable of accepting a gratification. From Venice it would seem that he went to Pisa. The account he gives of himself in a letter dated from this city, and addressed to the learned Father Lami at Florence, is highly characteristic of the man, and shows at the same time how little we know of his foreign travels. In this letter he says, "I have been making some trials that have not a little contributed to the improvement of my organic system. I have conversed with the nobles in Germany, and served my apprenticeship in the science of horsemanship at their country-seats. I have been a labourer in the fields of Switzerland and Holland, and have not disdained the humble profession of postillion and ploughman. I assumed at Paris the ridiculous character of a *petit maître*. I was an abbè at Rome. I put on, at Hamburgh, the Lutheran ruff, and with a triple chin and a formal countenance I dealt about me the word of God so as to excite the envy of the clergy. I acted successively all the parts that Fielding has described in his Julian. My fate was similar to that of a guinea, which at one time

is in the hands of a queen, and at another is in the fob of a greasy Israelite."

Notwithstanding the Abbè Winkelman's statement of our traveller not being safe in any part of the Grand Seigneur's dominions, we find it stated in the public papers of 1766, that he had been received with uncommon respect at Constantinople, after having passed through Salonica, and having visited the islands in the Archipelago.

In the beginning of the year 1773 he was at Rosetta, in Egypt, as appears from a letter to a medical friend in London; and which, from its graphical account both of himself and of the country, is well worth that we should make a few brief extracts from it. "I am much obliged," he says, "for the compliment that you pay my beard; and to my good friend, Dr. Mackenzie, for having given you an account of its advantages enough to merit the panegyric. I have followed Ulysses and Æneas—I have seen all they are said to have visited, the territories of the allies of the Greeks, as well as those of old Priam, with less ease, though with more pleasure, than most of our travellers traverse France and Italy. I have had many a weary step, but never a tiresome hour; and however disagreeable and dangerous adventures I may have had, none could ever deter me from my point; but, on the contrary, they were

only stimuli. I have certainly many materials, and classical ones too, but I am always a bad workman; and a sexagenary one is, of all workmen, the worst—as perhaps with truth the fair sex say. This is very true; but the Patriarchs only began life at that time of the day; and I find that I have a patriarchal constitution. I live as hardly and simply as they did. Enured to hardship, I despise luxury; my only luxury is coffee and the concomitant of claret, *exceptis excipiendis*. I stayed a considerable time at Epirus and Thessalia, theatres on which the fate of the world was the drama. I took exact plans of Actium and Pharsalia. . . . I am totally taken up with the study of the Arabic language.”

In the June of this year he quitted Rosetta, and in the same month we find him in the Lazaretto, off Leghorn. From that place he went to Venice, where he stayed two years, but more than ever enamoured of oriental customs, and fully purposing a journey to Mecca and Medina. During his residence at Venice he was visited by the Duke of Hamilton and Dr. Moore, the latter of whom has left us a singular account of his habits and appearance. “He met his Grace,” says Dr. Moore, “at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room quite in a different style. There

were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sofa, while he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed, in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him; and a venerable old man, with a long beard served us with coffee. After this collation, some aromatic gums were brought and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. This manner of perfuming the beard seems more cleanly, and rather an improvement upon that used by the Jews in ancient times. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable-looking person, who is, to the last degree, acute, communicative and entertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish characters and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation. He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity; the most hospitable, generous, and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning

as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise. Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the Duke's visit, and as we were not provided with cushions, he sate, while he stayed, upon a sofa, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture, by long habit, has become the most agreeable to him, and he insists upon its being by far the most natural and convenient: but indeed, he seems to cherish the same opinion with regard to all customs which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one which I suspected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one half of the human race, that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives within their harems. "No doubt," he replied, "the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all Christian countries, has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand, have an aversion to Christianity equal to that which the Christian women have to the religion of Mahomet. Auricular confession is perfectly horrible to their imagination; no Turk of any delicacy would ever allow his wife,

particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man an any pretext whatever. I took notice that this aversion to auricular confession could not be a reason for the Turk's dislike to the Protestant religion. That is true, said he, but you have other tenets in common with the Catholics, which render your religion odious to them. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which, in the eyes of the Turks, is an intolerable hardship. Lastly, the Christian religion considers women as creatures upon a level with men, and equally entitled to every enjoyment, both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this, they are not surprised also at being informed that women in general are better Christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion, which they think so contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of Christians."

The best, and indeed the only comment requisite, upon these doctrines, is what Mr. Montague said of himself, "that he had never once been guilty of a small folly in the whole course of his life." Nor will it surprise any one to be told that from the Protestant religion he went over to the faith of Rome, and, from that again deserted, to Mahomedanism, strictly maintaining all its observances, except in the one article of circumcision.

A neglect of this ceremony, upon one occasion, nearly cost him his life.

Amongst other singularities he was anxious that the Turks should believe he was a son of the Grand Seignor, and many were credulous enough to receive him for that which he pretended to be. But the head of all his offences against the usages of life, was the following advertisement, intended to defeat one of the absurd conditions of his father's will, mentioned in the commencement of our narrative. It ran thus—

“ MATRIMONY.

“ A gentleman, who hath filled two succeeding seats in parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass, if he dies without issue; hath no objection to marry any widow, or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polished manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq., at Will's coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect.”

It is said that a lady was actually found to answer the terms of this advertisement, but the termination of this extraordinary man's career was rapidly approaching. While dining at Padua,

with the artist Romney, a partridge-bone stuck in his throat. His attendants, thinking he was about to expire, called in a priest, at which he was highly indignant, and being asked in what faith he would leave the world, he replied, "I hope a good Mussulman."

Inflammation supervened, and in a few days he died, leaving a son, Edward Wortley Montague, then in the East Indies, a daughter Mary, who was a nun, in the Ursuline convent at Rome, and a reputed son, Fortunatus, otherwise Massond, a black boy, thirteen years old, whom we have already noticed as living with him both at Venice and Rosetta.

The remains of our eccentric traveller were deposited under a plain slab, in the cloisters of the Hermitants at Padua.

NEWBURY AND ITS RECORDS.

SITUATED midway on the great high-road between London and Bristol, which cities, for centuries, were the great emporiums of British commerce. Newbury is familiar to every traveller, and has shared largely in the vicissitudes of the times. It is situated in a fertile valley, watered by the river Kennet. At the period of the Norman survey, it was a town of some importance, and was known by the Saxon name of Ulwardetone, from Ulward, who possessed it in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The Bishop of Chalons, heir of Thomas, Earl of Perche, sold the manor in 1216, to William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke. It afterwards reverted to the Crown, and was occasionally assigned as a jointure to the Queens of England. Henry the Eighth conferred it upon the Lady Jane Seymour,

and James the First upon his Queen, Anne of Denmark. In the first year of his son, Charles, it was granted to the corporation, in which body the manor remains to the present day. The Earls of Perche had a castle at Newbury, which was mentioned as of considerable strength in the reign of Stephen. This warlike monarch in 1152, attacked the town and castle, which he took after a vigorous defence, and from that period till the civil wars in the seventeenth century, Newbury appears to have been rather famous for its commercial prosperity than its military importance. Several names of eminence are connected with the history of this town and these we propose to glance at, *seriatim*.

John Winchcombe, alias Smallwoode, flourished in the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth. The clothiers of Newbury were, about this period, esteemed amongst the wealthiest tradesmen and merchants of the country, and several of them became possessors of large landed property in the county. Among these, the most remarkable were John Winchcombe and Sir Thomas Dolman. The traditionary stories relating to the former, who was best known under the familiar appellation of "Jack of Newbury," are strange indeed, if true. Rejecting, however, the many improbable statements forged by falsehood,

and fostered by ignorant credulity, we believe the few particulars we have culled from a vast mass of absurdity are correct. John Winchcombe, early in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was bound apprentice to a wealthy clothier of Newbury, and by his readiness and good conduct was at length entrusted with the management of his master's affairs. Hogarth might almost have taken the hint of his story of the two apprentices from the career of this good man. His master dying bequeathed to his only child, a daughter, a considerable fortune and a lucrative business, and like another Penelope, she wanted not suitors to superintend the labours of the loom, and to claim for themselves the rare mental and personal endowments of the fair heiress. Great was their importunity and equally great her reluctance to select, till, at length, being warned that so much beauty and so much wealth would be summarily disposed of by higher authority if she did not speedily decide for herself, she called a meeting of her suitors, and after a handsome entertainment, introduced her foreman, John Winchcombe, whom, in spite of their entreaties, remonstrances, and threats, she named as the husband of her choice, and the possessor of her hand and fortune.

And well and wisely did Jack of Newbury demean himself in his new position ; he increased

his business and his means—is said to have had a hundred looms at work in his house, and to have sent a hundred of his own dependents “as well armed and better clothed than any,” to assist the King in Scotland, at the fight of Flodden field.

An ancient ballad is still recited, alluding to the part the Newbury men took in this fatal battle:—

The Chesshyre lads were briak and brave
And the Kendal lads as free,
But none surpassed, or I'm a knave,
The lads of Newberrie.
Awaie they sent the grey goose wyng,
Each killed his two or three,
But none so loud with fayme did ryng,
As the lads of Newberrie.

Remnants of his house and extensive workshops are still to be seen, and very ancient carvings in oak have been preserved as having been the decorations to his numerous apartments.

Early in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Jack of Newbury had the honour of entertaining that bluff monarch and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon. Indeed he had now risen to such eminence that he may fairly rank among the famous men of his time. It is to be presumed that he early adopted the principles of the Reformation, as we find him in possession of the Manor

of Bucklebury, in 1539, subsequent to the dissolution of the monasteries, and he obtained also other extensive grants from the vast estates of the Abbey of Reading. At Bucklebury he built a large mansion in the peculiar style of that age, which has, however, been pulled down by the present possessor of the manor, Winchcombe Henry Howard Hartley, Esq., and it has not yet been replaced. The celebrated St. John, the friend of Swift, who had intermarried with a descendant of Winchcombe, resided in this mansion. There Swift visited him, and his account of the place, in a letter to Stella, dated July 19th, 1711, is so characteristic that we extract it:—

“Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Bucklebury. He smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours, he enquired after the wheat in such a field, he went to visit his hounds, and he knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written, and there is an old picture of him in the room.”

After the decease of Jack of Newbury—who, in his will, was a considerable benefactor to his native

town, his descendants maintained a high position in the county. In 1643, Henry Winchcombe died, possessed of the Manor and Castle of Donnington. He married the Lady Frances Howard, eldest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire. His only son by this marriage was created a baronet by Charles the Second, in 1661, Elizabeth, the second daughter of the baronet, having fallen prematurely a victim to some epidemic disease, is thus lauded by Phillips, in his poem entitled "Cider:—

"Such heats prevailed when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcombe's name, (next thee in blood and worth,
O, fairest St. John) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and saddened all the year:
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of death arrest—she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguished by this humble verse."

Frances, the elder sister, married 1700, the well known Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke: it was not a happy connection; she turned devotee, and died in France, without leaving any issue. From the third sister is the present representative of Jack of Newbury descended, by her marriage with Robert Packer, Esq., of Shillingford.

To the historian the name of Newbury is familiar as having been the scene of important operations.

in the civil wars of the reign of Charles the First. Perhaps one of the most fiercely contested battles fought between the King and his rebellious subjects, was that known as the first battle of Newbury. On the 18th of September the Earl of Essex drew out his army, the King having posted his on a hill near the town, and on a plain considerably elevated, known as the Wash Common and Eborne Heath. This "battle," to adopt the words of Clarendon, "was disputed on all points with great fierceness and courage. The King's horse, with a kind of contempt of the enemy, charged with wonderful boldness on all grounds of inequality, and were so far too hard for the troops on the other side, that they routed them in most places, till they had left the greatest part of their foot without any guard at all of horse. But then the foot behaved themselves admirably on the enemies' part, and gave their scattered horse time to rally. The London trained bands behaved themselves to wonder, and were, in truth, the preservation of the army on that day." The engagement is said to have lasted the whole day. It was in this battle that the King and the nation lost one of the greatest and best men of his times, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who was Secretary of State. This accomplished nobleman, it is well known, reluctantly, and only from a generous

sense of duty, consented to take office and to share in the events of this unnatural and disastrous war. It is said, that previous to the fight on Eborne Heath, he had a presentiment that he should fall there. He lodged with a respectable tradesman of the name of Head, in the Market-place, and as if to be fully prepared for an event which he knew was certain, very early on the morning of the battle, he desired the clergyman of Newbury to administer to him, as well as to Mr. Head and his whole family, the sacrament of the Lord's supper. In preparing and arranging his apparel he exhibited more than usual care, assigning as a reason that the enemy should not find his body in a slovenly condition. "I am weary," added he, "of the times, and foresee much misery to my country, but believe I shall be out of it ere night." Tradition says that his body was found on the North edge of Wash Common, where two tall poplars now stand, which might have been purposely planted to indicate the spot. In a few brief hours after he had left Mr. Head's house his corpse was brought back again, slung across a horse, and was finally removed from the Town Hall for interment. He was a loss to both parties; for, though steady in his loyalty to his sovereign, he was a man of enlarged and liberal views, and might, had he been spared, have softened down on convenient

occasions, those bitter feelings of animosity which produced such general misery and ruin through the country and ended in so fatal a result. His encomium is thus well pronounced by Pope :

“See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just.”

In this well-contested fight the King lost also other noble and valiant supporters. Henry Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, was killed by a cannon ball while standing close to his Majesty at the commencement of the engagement. Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, son-in-law to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, after he had charged and routed a party of the enemy's horse, was run through the body by one of the scattered troopers who knew him, as he was carelessly returning. This promising young nobleman is highly commended by Clarendon. He had travelled through Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, had spent a considerable time in Turkey and the East, with an observant eye on their manners and customs, and though he indulged in those pleasures, such as hunting, hawking, and the like in which the nobility of those times loved to excel, yet, after he had taken a command in the king's service, no man more diligently obeyed, or more dexterously commanded. His death was a

great loss to the royal cause. The Earls of Holland, Bedford, and Clare, were also present in this battle, but the king prudently declined trusting these noblemen with any command. Among the aristocracy wounded, we find the names of the Earls of Carlisle and Peterborough, Lord Andover and Lord Chandos. When the latter fell, the King, thinking him slain, exclaimed, "Let Chandos alone, his errors are safe." The meaning of this allusion is not known. This nobleman was ancestor of the Dukes of Chandos.

Donnington Castle, the ruins of which still crown the summit of a hill to the north-west of Newbury, was also the scene of many a severe contest during this fierce war of opposing principles. The name of the gallant governor, Sir John Boys, is as well worthy of being handed down to the admiration of posterity as any other of those loyal men who hazarded their lives, and impaired their fortunes in the cause of their unfortunate sovereign.

Waller, after his defeat at Cropedy bridge, sent General Middleton with a body of 3,000 horse for the purpose of following the King into the west, and ordered him to take Donnington Castle in his way. This castle was thought an easy conquest, as being of no considerable strength. But it was so well defended by Colonel Boys,

that the Parliamentarians, after losing 300 officers and soldiers, were obliged to send for an additional force from Abingdon, and having made their approaches, summoned the Governor to surrender on honourable terms. The answer of Colonel Boys was as follows:—

“SIR,—I am entrusted by his Majesty’s express command, and have not learned yet to obey any other than my sovereign. To spare blood do as you please, but myself and those that are with me, are fully resolved to venture ours in maintaining what we are entrusted with, which is the answer of——

JOHN BOYS.”


Middleton immediately commenced the attack, and advanced against it with foot and scaling ladders in three places. But the small band of brave men within compelled him to retire with the loss of 100 men, a colonel, a major, and other officers. He raised the seige and marched to join the Earl of Essex in the West. For this act of successful bravery Colonel Boys was knighted. After the second battle of Newbury, and when the King had withdrawn his forces, Colonel Hurry was deputed to make large offers for the surrender of Donnington Castle. These were rejected with indignation. The next day the Parliamentarians drew up their whole army before the castle, and

summoned Sir John Boys "to deliver it to them or else they would not leave one stone upon another." To this, the Governor replied "that he was not bound to repair it, but, however, he would, by God's help, keep the ground afterwards." The Parliamentarians then resolved upon an assault, but the officer commanding the party, and some soldiers being killed, they retired and did not venture on any further attempt.

It will be thus seen that the environs of Newbury are full of interesting reminiscences of the past, indeed few places offer more ample materials for the historian or the antiquary. Many mansions in the vicinity have been famous in their day, among which we may mention Sandleford Priory, once a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, and in after times the residence of Mrs. Montague, so well known as a clever and accomplished writer. Highclere too, the property, even so early as the Saxon times, of the Bishops of Winchester, stands unrivalled for the architectural beauty of its castle and the wild magnificence of its domain. It has long been the property of the noble family of Herbert, and its late possessor and the builder of the castle, the third Earl of Carnarvon, was a man, alike distinguished for his great literary attainments, his high bearing, and his moral qualities. His lordship—like his prede-

cessor of the same name, who fell in Newbury fight—was an accomplished traveller, and his “Travels in Portugal and Spain,” is a work which will hand down his name to posterity as a distinguished and enlightened author. Hampsted Marshall has long been the seat of the Craven family. The mansion was twice burned down, but an irregular building, much added too at various times, is now the residence of the Countess Craven. On the opposite bank of the river Kennet is Benham House, once the favourite abode of that eccentric lady, the Margravine of Anspach, whose varied and somewhat chequered career may be best gathered from Memoirs written by herself.

On the Hampshire side of Newbury, the country is particularly wild and picturesque, and as the spectator stands on the battle-field, the eye wanders over a fine expanse of country boldly undulated and lovely in every variation of waste and fertility. To the north is the fine vale of the Kennet, and the town of Newbury reposing in its bosom, while beyond are seen the village of Speen, (the Spinæ of the Romans) and the interesting ruins of Donnington Castle, once the property and abode of Chaucer. To the south, the heathery heights of the Wash-common, slope into a broad and thickly wooded valley, bounded to the southward by the lofty downs of North Hants, rising bare and



abrupt, except where the dense woods of Highclere clothe the Siddown hill to its very summit. To the east, rises in solitary grandeur that remarkable land-mark called Beacon Hill, its bold apex exhibiting the deep vallum and lofty agger of an ancient British encampment. A great portion of this valley consists of the Parish of East Woodhay, which extends from the well-known coverts of Penwood, almost to the borders of Wiltshire. This forms a portion of the vast free Warren, which was once the property of the see of Winchester, but which was bought by the first Earl of Carnarvon, under the provisions of the Land-tax Act. Five-and-twenty years ago this was as wild and lawless a district as any in the South of England, but the energy of a resident gentleman, distinguished alike by his high literary acquirements and his unceasing efforts to promote the welfare of all who come within the sphere of his influence, has converted this wilderness into a garden; and that parish which was once a bye-word and a proverb, is now regarded as offering every inducement to residence, its disadvantages having been corrected, and its many capabilities fully and wonderfully developed. A great portion of the parish has passed through the hands of this gentleman, (the Rev. John Harvey Ashworth) who, as the various lands came into

his possession, built houses, improved, planted, and laid out domains, till no less than seven or eight proprietors of fortune are now resident therein, spreading happiness and contentment around them, and benefiting, in no small degree, the commerce of the neighbouring town of Newbury. How true a patriot is he who thus spends his fortune and energies in employing the poor, in fostering trade, and in developing the resources and capabilities of the land he lives in! Among the residences in this parish, we may enumerate Enbridge Lodge, Hollington, Burlins, Oakhurst, Malverleys, Burley Wood, and Hazelby, all beautifully situated, and several possessing more than ordinary architectural pretensions.

THE LEGEND OF THE ANGRY BEAR.

MANY were the tears and sighs which surrounded Cœur de Leon, and his brave companions as they sailed from Acre, on the feast of St. Dionysius, in Oct., 1192.

A light seemed to hang about them—it was not from gorgeous trappings. Alas, how different now to the brilliant army they had hailed the year before! But their battered panoply told of a higher glory. Their wounds proclaimed that the painted cross had sunk beyond the steel, and marked its impress on the dauntless hearts within. And religion, however rude may be its tenets, however mistaken its zeal, sheds a calm, rich lustre round those who practice it.

And the people wept when they thought how brave they had been to help the weak. They

knew that a tale of pity could melt those hearts which all the steel of Saladin had failed to touch. They loved the pilgrims from a far-off land, and the fleet was wafted from the harbour amid cries and blessings, and many a mournful thought—"Oh Jerusalem! who will protect thee now? for King Richard is gone!"

And the warriors sailed on their way, thinking how many brave companions they had left on the Saracens' land.

For two days all was bright, and happy were those hearts at the prospect of return. The Curfew nightly rang in their dreams; and the war-worn man, an in his youthful days, played by the woodland cot, whose hallowed name was *home*.

Little they thought that the clear blue sky would lower into blackening clouds, and another day would arise to find the pilgrims scattered still further from the longed-for place. And spirits would be flitting there—pilgrims whose *only* emblem was the cross, suffered to see that land because of the valiant deeds they had done for their Saviour's sake! But soon the storm arose, and the fleet was scattered wide upon the sea.

Many were wrecked on the coasts of Egypt and Barbary, where those who were saved, falling

into the hands of the Infidel, passed the remainder of their lives in slavery. One of the ships, helpless on the waters, dashed at a headlong pace; whither, the mariners knew not, for darkness covered the deep. And the vessel went careering on, urged by the roaring gale. And veteran hearts quailed, for they thought their God was in anger.

* * * * *

Of all in this ship the Lord of Geresbroke alone survived. In the wars he had been known by the sobriquet of the Angry Bear, from the cognizance borne on his pear-shaped shield, and many a Paynim had fallen beneath his hand.

Senseless he lay on the beach, clothed in his leathern jerkin, and grasping the trusty sword which had served the cause so well. His companion knights had all sunk down from the weight of their armour; and the common soldiers wore hauberks of padded cloth, which, soaked with the water, precluded all chance of escape.

For long he was shut up in prison; but a friend was there to help, and the tinkling notes of a lute came to break the silence of confinement. And there were sweet songs, sung in a soft, sweet voice, which spoke of joy and hope. No wonder that the prisoner drank in the precious sounds, and learned to love what soothed him; and he climbed

to the grated window, to see whence his pleasure came.

The Emir had a daughter, fair as the clouds of the morning, and she it was who sang for the lonely captive. She had seen him when he knew not, and love gently filled her heart.

No wonder that she came near to the barred window—no wonder that love-words were spoken, and loving tokens exchanged, for the knight had worshipped his unseen soother, and thought her an angel of light sent to comfort him in his misery. And who could look upon a face like his and not be moved! He might well look noble, for the blood of Alfred flushed on that manly brow! And yet at first she thought it pity.

Months rolled on, and the prisoner almost loved the cell where such sweet things were spoken.

At length a plan was formed, and they fled from the place together, and a short month found them at Rome; short, for joy indeed was there: but oh! how long, they were not married yet! and the maiden lay on her death-bed. Her plighted husband watched and whispered rough words of religion; and the priest was there with the cross, for the fairest daughter of Allah now leant on the cursed tree; she believed in a Saviour's love.

And then the marriage was made on earth, so they would be one in heaven; for she knew she

could not live. The ring was placed on her hand, and the maiden wife was gone, leaving her husband behind.

* * * * *

For months he seemed amazed, each day wiped away a hope, and still he could not think that she had left him. And so he hung around her tomb, stunned by his blighted love.

The fathers let him mourn, for they too mourned his loss, and gently, in time, they taught him to look to that heaven where she had but gone before, and waited for him to arrive.

And so the years sped on, and people ceased to notice the poor pilgrim who so often lingered in the lonely church.

Many tongues told the glorious deeds Richard was performing, how mightily he fought in Normandy; and the pilgrim's eye grew bright, but he could not leave the place where all his joys were set. At last came a Norman who sang that the arrow was making in Limousin by which King Richard should be slain. This was early in 1199 and the next day the pilgrim was gone.

It was a weary journey home, for it had to be done on foot; and still there was much to perform when he heard of his sovereign's death.

The spell was broken which had bound him so

long to his woe, so he went on, and his reverence for Richard was still continued to John.

By the end of May he was again in England. He heard of disaffection, and many abused their king; but de Geresbroke heeded not, he loved him for his brother's sake. So changing his pilgrim's garb, he went to the sovereign's court. They knew the Angry Bear, and welcomed him home from his trials; and John was rejoiced to see one whose arm would be useful.

The assemblage of knights was small, and they looked coldly on their king, and De Geresbroke flushed with anger when he thought how changed it was to the noble Richard's court—for all men loved him, and those who did not, feared. At last came one whose language and look were insulting to the king. Trembling with rage, De Geresbroke strode across the hall: with mailed hand he struck the offender down, and when the attendants raised him, he was dead!

* * * * *

It was a great offence, and severely punished by the law thus to strike in the royal presence, and so the king called out in his Norman French, to "muzzle the bear."

But he was soon again set at liberty, as John would but seemingly punish such zeal for himself.

The Angry Bear did not live to reap his favour—he died shortly afterwards, probably before 1200; some said by poison from the enmity of the dead man's friends, but others thought he did but go to join his maiden wife. However that may be, his name still lives, for ever after, his descendants, in remembrance of that deed, have borne as their badge, a muzzle on the angry bear.

The unfortunate loss of papers has deprived the Grazebrook family of the name of this noble knight. In narrating the legend he is called the "Angry Bear" and "The Lord of Geresbroke" (*i. e.* Lord of the Manor of Geresbroke), but his position in the pedigree was; son of Roger de de Gresebrok, and great uncle to Bartholomew de Gresebrok, who left their original manor, and was the first who resided at Greysbrooke Hall.

The present Michael Grazebrook, Esq., of Audnam, co. Stafford, being nineteenth in lineal descent from Bartholomew de Gresebrok, is thus twenty-first in collateral descent from the Angry Bear.

THE WYNYARD GHOST STORY.

THERE ever has been, and probably ever will be, an irreconcilable feud between human reason and human testimony in the matter of the supernatural. All reason is decidedly opposed to the reality of apparitions, but it is no less certain that there are many tales of such things supported by as clear and strong evidence as ever was produced in a court of justice to convict or acquit a prisoner. Of this kind is our present story, which can be solved only in one of four ways : Either we must suppose that two high-minded and gallant officers concocted a childish falsehood, for which they had no possible inducement; or secondly, that they were the dupes of a trick played upon them by their brother officers; or thirdly, that they did actually see what they fancied they saw; which would at once establish the possibility of supernatural appearances, and

give confirmation to many a tale which is at present staggering; or lastly, that in the light of day, and at the same moment they both became subject to a similar illusion.

The first of these hypotheses cannot stand for a moment, being completely nullified by the high character of the parties concerned. The second supposition, as will presently be seen, is rendered, by circumstances, impossible. It is therefore by one of the two last theories that the problem must be solved, and we cannot help thinking that when our tale has been told, the most ingenious reader will be somewhat puzzled in coming to a satisfactory conclusion.

Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard—dignities to which they afterwards arrived—were, at the period of our narrative, young officers in the same regiment, then employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia. It was the general habit of military men of those times to indulge largely in the pleasures of the table, as well as in other excesses, and to do so was considered less a fault than the sign of a bold dashing soldier. This, however, was an error into which the subjects of our story had not fallen. They were both of a studious turn, and this similarity of tastes produced a friendship between them, all the dearer and the more intimate, as it afforded to either a refuge from

the whirl of dissipation that was going on around them.

It was their common habit to retire from the mess room immediately after dinner, and betake themselves to the apartments of one or other of them, where they would sit together for hours, each employed upon his own studies. Such was the case on the day of our story, when they met in the rooms belonging to Wynyard. It was about four o'clock, the afternoon bright and clear, with far too much of daylight remaining to veil any spectral illusions. Both, too, had abstained entirely from wine, a circumstance of some importance in regard to what is to follow, as is also the arrangement of Wynyard's chamber. It had only two doors, one of them leading into the outer passage, the other into the bed-room, from which there was no second way of egress; or, in other words—for this matter cannot be made too clear,—it was impossible to go in or out of the bed-chamber, except by passing through the sitting room.

They were both placed at the same table, occupied as usual, when Sherbroke happening to look up from his book, was surprised to see a tall emaciated youth, of about twenty years of age, standing beside the door that opened into the passage. There was something—it might be

difficult to say what—so striking, or so unusual, in the stranger's appearance, that he almost involuntarily called the attention of his friend to him by slightly touching his arm; and pointing with his finger to where the figure stood. But no sooner had Wynyard raised his eyes and fixed them upon the strange visitant than he became agitated in a most extraordinary manner.—“I have heard,” says Sir John Sherbroke, “of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse except Wynyard's at that moment.”

Both for awhile remained silent; the one under the influence of some untold, but powerful feeling; the other, from surprise at his friend's profound emotion, which, in some degree, became communicated to himself, and made him also regard their strange visitant, if not with awe, with something very much akin to it. Is it not Fielding who tells us Partridge was not so much frightened at the actual ghost in Hamlet as at the alarm expressed by Garrick at its appearance? He could not help believing in the reality of the spectre when he saw another so violently agitated by its appearance, and became infected with his terrors.

While the two friends continued to gaze, unable to speak or move, the apparition,—if it were an apparition—began to glide slowly and noiselessly.

across the chamber. In passing them, it cast a melancholy look upon young Wynyard, and immediately afterwards seemed to enter the bed room, where it was lost to sight. No sooner were they relieved from the oppression produced by this extraordinary presence, than Wynyard, as if again restored to the power of breathing, drew a heavy sigh, and murmured, as it seemed, unconsciously, "Great God! my brother!

"Your brother?" repeated Sherbroke; "what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; but follow me, and we'll soon know the truth of it."

In saying this he caught his friend's hand, and preceded him into the bed-room, from which, as we have already observed all egress was impossible, Great therefore was the surprise,—of Sherbroke, at least—upon finding, after the narrowest search, that the room was absolutely untenanted, though he still believed they had been mocked by some illusion. Wynyard, on the contrary, was now confirmed in his first impression that he had actually seen the spirit of his brother. Neither of them perhaps was wholly satisfied with his own opinion in a case where the reason and the senses were so much at variance, but in the hope that time might, one way or the other, afford a clue to the mystery, they took a note of the day and

hour, resolving, however, not to mention the occurrence to any of their brother officers.

As the impression of this strange event grew fainter upon the minds of the two ghost-seers, not only did Sherbroke become more confirmed in his idea, that some trick had been played upon them, but even Wynyard was strongly inclined to agree with him. At no time does it seem to have entered into the head of either, that the whole might be the illusion of their own senses, and not the practice of others. Taking it for granted that they had actually seen a something, the only question was, as to what that something might be—a real spirit, or a deception? And they now adopted the opinion in spite of all the improbabilities connected with it, for it certainly was difficult to understand how a human being could have escaped from a room, that, upon the narrowest search, had no outlet, and, not less so, to comprehend by what means any one could have so closely personated the absent brother, as to deceive Wynyard himself; yet both these difficulties must be removed before the fact of human agency could be admitted.

Butler tells us with no less wit than truth :—

“The man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.”

And so it proved with Wynyard. Convinced as he now was, that the whole had been a deception

of some kind, he yet could not help feeling the greatest anxiety with regard to his brother. His solicitude to hear from England increased every day, and at length attained such a pitch, that it attracted the attention of his brother officers, who, by their importunate sympathy, wormed from him a secret, that was, no doubt, all the greater burthen to him, from its being locked up in the depths of his own bosom. From one, the story quickly spread to another, till it became a matter of almost as much general interest as it was to the parties principally concerned. Few indeed of them, but enquired for Wynyard's letters, before asking for their own, so eager were they, for the most part, to obtain a clue to this strange mystery. Had the apparition showed itself only to one individual at the time, this might not have been the case, for it was easy to understand how one person, by himself, should have been the dupe of his own imagination, but it seemed to them absolutely impossible for two pair of eyes to have been deceived precisely in the same way, at the same moment.

The first ships reaching Nova Scotia, could bring no intelligence of the kind desired, inasmuch as they had sailed from England a little before the appearance of the real or supposed spirit. At length, however, the vessel, so long and anxiously ex-

pected, did arrive, and the letters, that came in her, were delivered to their respective owners, while sitting in the mess-room at supper. No letter for Wynyard! the disappointment was general. The newspapers were eagerly searched, but nothing appeared in the obituaries, nothing in any part, or in any way connected with the family, that could supply a solution of the ghost-story. All had read their letters except Sherbroke, who had yet one remaining unopened. It almost seemed for a moment as if he hesitated to break the seal; but he did break it; and a hasty glance at the contents was quite enough. With a look of much pain and surprise, he started up, and beckoning his friend to follow him, left the mess-room. The officers at the supper-table, looked at each other without saying a word, though it was plain to see that every one had jumped to the same conclusion, of the letter having some relation to the event, about which all were so curious. But what relation? This, in a few minutes, when it was found that Sherbroke did not return, became a subject of eager discussion, the greater part of the mess agreeing the brother would turn out to have died at the time indicated by the appearance of the spirit. After the lapse of an hour, Sherbroke again made his appearance amongst them, his mind evidently full of thoughts

that bewildered and oppressed him. Instead of seating himself at the mess-table, he went up to the fire, where he leaned his head against the mantel-piece, without noticing any one ; and, bent as all were upon learning something more of the mystery, none liked to question him. At last, after a long and painful silence, he said in a low voice, " Wynyard's brother is no more. He died, as I learn from the letter you saw me open, on the very day, and at the very hour, his spirit appeared or seemed to appear to us."

The letter had in fact begun thus—" Dear John, break to your friend, Wynyard, the death of his favourite brother." It then went on to detail particulars, which, as regarded time, perfectly agreed with their memoranda, a coincidence that persuaded many into a full belief in the apparition. Such, however, was not the case with Sherbroke himself. He still believed that he had been deceived by mere human agency, and that the coincidence of the real death with the supposed apparition, was nothing but accidental. Beyond doubt, coincidences, not less extraordinary, had happened in other matters before, and may as certainly happen again ; still it was passing strange.

Time went on, years rolled away, and Sherbroke returned to England. The apparition of Wynyard's brother, though not totally forgotten, had


become a dim speck, as it were, in his memory, when it was revived once more in all its strength, by an apparition of another kind. He was one day walking with two friends in Piccadilly, when, lo and behold! on the opposite side of the street, appeared the perfect image of his Nova Scotia spirit, except that it was neither so pale nor so emaciated.

“Now then,” said he to himself, “we shall have that singular affair unravelled.”

And forthwith he darted across the way, and at once accosted the stranger, excusing the liberty he was taking by a hasty narrative of the circumstances which had led to it, and dwelling not a little upon his close resemblance to the supposed phantom. The gentleman accepted his apology with polite frankness, but declared that he had never been out of England, and therefore, could have been no party to any deception, such as that implied, even had he been so inclined. “For the likeness,” he added, “you will no longer be surprised at it, when I tell you, I am the twin brother of him, whose spirit you imagine to have seen in Nova Scotia. While he was living, we were always considered to bear an extraordinary resemblance to each other.”

From what has been said in the course of this narrative, the reader will be at no loss to under-

stand that we attribute the whole affair to self-illusion, produced by a certain diseased state of mind; for the mind, sometimes with, and sometimes without, the influence of the body, has many shades of disease besides actual insanity. If it be asked, how could two spirited young men, under the ordinary circumstances of life, and in plain daylight, be impressed by the same illusion, we reply that this is by no means wonderful. We have instances of many thousands labouring at the same moment under an identical deception of the visual organs. Did not the Roman hosts see, as one man, the Gods, Castor and Pollux, fighting, upon more than one occasion, for their encouragement? Did not the Scandinavian champions agree in seeing the *chusers of the slain*, selecting their intended victims on the day of battle? And lastly, as perhaps coming nearer to the present matter, have not thousands of Christian warriors concurred in having been eye-witnesses how St. George and St. James fought in the van, for the encouragement of their mortal followers? Now in all these cases we have not two individuals only, but thousands, fancying they saw the same vision; yet who will believe that it was, or could be, any thing more than fancying? Imaginations, like epileptic fits, are very apt to communicate themselves from one to another by a sort of mysterious



sympathy, which we may not comprehend, but which is not the less real. In this particular instance the story has never undergone a thorough sifting. Is it likely that two such intimate friends could have been constantly together without the *favourite* brother becoming the constant theme of conversation? and might not Wynyard have been more or less of an hypochondriac? The bravest men have been liable to this malady—as witness, the iron-nerved Cromwell. Grant but these two data, and it is not merely possible, but highly probable, Sir John may have been deluded into the fancy that he saw the subject of their frequent conversations, and that the hypochondriac brother took from him the infection. The coincidence between the death and the appearance of the supposed spirit, though at first it may startle us, has too many parallels to surprise us upon reflection. Then, too, the *extraordinary emaciation* is a very useful hint in the solution of this riddle; it shows that the absent brother must have been long ill, and that his death was a thing of expectation.

Such appears to be a not unreasonable explanation of this celebrated ghost-story; yet after all we should recollect that

“There are more things in Heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

THE STAR OF THE PRETENDER.


WE do not use the word *Pretender* in an evil sense, but merely as being the well-known designation of the descendant of a line of kings, the use of which can no longer affect any one, to whatever class of politicians he may belong. Besides, there are just, as well as false, pretensions, and our immediate object is to afford, if we can, amusement, and not to discuss politics.

The Pretender was about to make his long-threatened attempt for the recovery of the throne, which had been lost or forfeited by the unlucky James the Second ; but before setting out upon the expedition, he invited to a ball the most distinguished of his friends and partisans, who then happened to be resident in Paris. Amongst the favoured visitors, appeared Lady Mary Touchet,

a young Englishwoman, distinguished at the time for her pre-eminent attractions, both of mind and person. The prince himself was so much struck by her beauty, that he immediately enquired her name of a gentleman in waiting; and being informed that she was the sister of a Catholic peer, he went up to her, and solicited the honour of her hand for the approaching dance. Long ere the evening was over, it was plain enough to be seen that he had become deeply enamoured of his fair partner, and, in the ardour of his sudden passion, he communicated to her, as a secret not as yet publicly known, his intention of attacking the dynasty that then possessed the throne of England. Her reply was too gentle to be overheard, and the less so, as the rest of the company, from respect to the prince, kept at some little distance; but its general tenor may be inferred from what followed. Taking out a penknife, the prince ripped the star from his breast, and presented it to her in token of regard or love, and probably the latter.

It is needless to repeat here the oft-told story how Charles Edward landed in Scotland, defeated the armies sent against him, marched into England, and yet after all, was forced to fly, and with difficulty escaped from his pursuers. Time rolled on; though Charles found

a safe asylum in a foreign land, it seemed that all hope of regaining the lost crown of his ancestors was farther off than ever. Ill success had probably alienated the hearts of many of his old adherents; it certainly had the effect of discouraging other courts from lending any effectual aid to his designs. In this state of abandonment he resolved to fight his own battles, and devised a scheme which, however bold—nay, even desperate—was by no means so impracticable, as at first sight, it may appear to be. This was to seize the person of King George the Second, as he returned from the play, by the help of a body of chairmen, who were to knock off the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and get up a mock quarrel amongst themselves, during which another party was to hurry him to the water-side, and carry him off to France. This plan was favoured by several circumstances: by the king's habit of visiting the theatre in a private manner, and protracting his stay there till eleven o'clock, by the imperfect lighting of the whole metropolis, and by the total insufficiency of watchmen to guard the streets. Ten minutes' start would have been enough for the purpose of the conspirators, and they would hardly have failed to gain a much longer limit. That such a plan was feasible, we might prove by many similar attempts made, and



successfully made, upon others ; but we will not impede the cause of our narrative by instancing any. In the present case, the enterprise was carefully planned ; in addition to those employed in the attack upon the coach, there was a second party of more than fifteen hundred, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender, their object, of course, being to direct attention from the real purpose of the conspiracy, by raising a disturbance in another quarter, or perhaps to support it in case of need.

While this scheme was ripening, the Prince was living, not with his fair confidante of the ball, but in the house of a friend of her's, in Essex Street, to whose care she had commended him. His principal ally — the prime agent, indeed, in the business, was Mr. Seagrave, an Irish officer, who, in the course of his military service, had lost an arm ; and so well had the matter been conducted hitherto, that the government had not the least suspicion of its existence. The day for carrying it into effect was fixed : it was close at hand ; but a slight mischance acted like the single spark applied to gunpowder, and blew up the whole scheme. The Prince, with a temerity that, in such a case, seems hardly consistent with com-

mon sense, must needs amuse himself by walking, at noon-day, in Hyde Park, when the place was thronged with its usual visitors. Here he was met and recognised by one of his ancient partisans, who, in his fulness of heart, at the sudden and unexpected meeting, attempted to kneel and kiss the royal hand. To escape the attention excited by an act so ill-timed, the Prince hastily left the park, but on his return to Essex Street, the lady at whose house he was living became so alarmed that she declared he was not safe with her a single instant. That very night, in consequence, a boat was procured, and he returned at once to France, too happy to escape thus easily from the imminent danger he had so foolishly provoked.

The death of Lady Mary Touchet was sudden and without any previous warning. On the Friday night she was dancing at a ball, the gayest of the gay, on the Sunday following she was a corpse, but still so beautiful, and so like to life, that those who assisted in laying her out could scarcely believe that she was really dead. Upon the death of this lovely lady, the star given to her by the Pretender, fell into the lap of her sister, who, as Philip Thicknesse quaintly observes, afterwards, "fell into his lap." It is to be hoped that he showed himself more worthy of possessing the lady than

he did of possessing the relique, Let the reader take his own story.

“I became possessed.” (by my marriage) “of that inestimable badge of distinction, together with a fine portrait of the Prince, by Hussey. Being a Whig and a military man, I did not think it right to keep either of them in my possession; and a simple old Jacobite lady offered me a considerable sum of money for them; but having three nieces, whose father had lived in intimacy with the late Sir John Dolben, I presented both to them, and I believe that valuable relique of the departed Prince Charles is now in the possession of Mrs. Lloyd, his eldest niece, and wife of the Dean of Norwich.”

The fact of the Pretender's having visited England in 1753, is mentioned in the following curious letter of David Hume, the historian, to Sir John Pringle, M.D.

“St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

“MY DEAR SIR,—That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that, the evening before, he had learned several curious par-

ticalars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose,) though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name : she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him ; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added, (I think, from the authority of the same lady,) that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star ; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

“ About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753 ; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. By no means, said he ; and who do you

think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, 'And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?' Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.' 'I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.'

"But what will surprise you more—Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of George III., told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least.'

You see this story is so near traced from the

fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query—what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

“I find that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand! and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

“Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave several instances. My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that prince was chased out of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me, that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris; and, as he knew me by character to be a man of

the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there, going and coming, near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partisans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pied et mains liés*. I asked him if he meant literally. Yes, said he, literally; they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

“ Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned the philosophers at Paris

to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, you ought to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not that these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character, not a little singular.

“ I am, yours very sincerely,

“ 1788, May.

“ DAVID HUME.

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

As the object of this paper is to show the strange vicissitudes of life, as exemplified in the fortunes of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, it may be as well to preface our tale by an account of her family connections. The extent and brilliancy of them will make the result more striking from the contrast of the brightest light with the deepest shadow.

John Lyon, fourth Earl of Stratmore, was married, at an early age, to Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, only child of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, by whom he had a numerous family. They had, besides two daughters, six sons, who all succeeded each other in the family estates. Two of these died as Lords Glamis, and four

became successively Earls of Strathmore. Charles, the fourth of these sons, was sixth Earl of Strathmore. He succeeded his elder brother in 1715, and in the year 1725, married one of the most beautiful women in Scotland, who was also one of the most highly born, and nobly allied, the Lady Susanna Cochrane, second daughter of John, fourth Earl of Dundonald. The paternal ancestry of this young lady was among the most ancient in the land, and the alliances which had been formed from generation to generation, added fresh lustre to her old family tree. Her grandmother, the wife of the second Earl of Dundonald, after whom she was named, was the Lady Susanna Hamilton, second daughter of William and Anne, Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and her mother was the Lady Anne Murray, second daughter of Charles, first Earl of Dunmore, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Athol. Lady Dundonald was a virtuous and charming woman, whose early death was the cause of much grief to her numerous relations. She died in 1711, leaving her children very young; her eldest girl, Lady Anne, being only in her fifth year. Her husband married again in 1715, his second wife, being the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, who died in 1722, having survived Lord Dundonald two years. Thus the three celebrated beauties, Anne, Susanna, and

Catherine, were left early without a parent's guidance, and yet they succeeded in attaining to glittering honours. The life of the eldest was short, but brilliant; when only sixteen, she became the wife of James, fifth Duke of Hamilton, but died before she had completed her eighteenth year. She left an only son, the sixth Duke of Hamilton, who, by the lovely Miss Gunning, was father of two Dukes of Hamilton and of the Countess of Derby, the grandmother of the present Earl of Derby, who is heir-of-line of the house of Hamilton, and entitled to the crown of Scotland, failing the numerous progeny of King James the First of Great Britain.

Lady Catherine, the third daughter, married in 1729, Alexander, sixth Earl of Galloway, and died at a good old age in 1786, universally loved and lamented, and was the ancestress of a numerous and distinguished progeny; among whom we may mention the Earls of Galloway, the Dukes of Marlborough, the Grahams, of Netherby, Stewart—Mackenzie of Seaforth, the Dukes of Sutherland, the Marquesses of Huntley, and the Dukes of Hamilton, of the present line.

We now come, after these necessary preliminaries, to the real object of our story. No union could promise fairer and better than that of Lord Strathmore and his beautiful Countess. But it

was cut short too soon by sudden and violent death. On Thursday the 9th of May, 1728, the Earl came to Forfar, in order to be present at the funeral of a young lady, the daughter of a friend. And as the custom was in those days, the principal persons who attended the funeral were entertained at a feast, in the house of mourning. Among the guests, were two Forfarshire gentlemen of family and consideration, the one a namesake of the Earl, Mr. Lyon, of Brighton, the other James Carnegie, of Finhaven. According to the barbarous practice of the times, they sat drinking after dinner, in the house of death, until they were rather intoxicated, when they adjourned to a tavern in Forfar, and continued their debauch. They were now completely drunk, and in this state they went from the tavern to visit a lady of station and character, who was then living in Forfar—the Lady Aucherhouse, a sister of Carnegie of Finhaven.


Here Lyon of Brighton became very rude and violent, using insulting language to Finhaven, and presuming to dictate to him as to the disposal of his daughters in marriage, he having no sons. He tauntingly advised him to let one of them marry Lord Rosehill, son of the Earl of Northesk, which Finhaven declined. Lyon next began to pinch Lady Aucherhouse's arms, on which the Earl had

sense enough to see that their visit had better be curtailed, and had sufficient influence with his more turbulent companion to make him quit the house. But no sooner were they in the street than Brighton continued his persecution of Finhaven, tumbling him overhead into the dirty kennel, two feet deep, out of which he scrambled, covered with mud from head to foot. Resolved to bear this treatment no longer, he rushed, with his sword drawn, upon Brighton, who was in the act of pulling out Lord Strathmore's sword in order to defend himself, when the Earl, coming forward, as it would appear, to avert the blow of Finhaven, and possibly to separate the antagonists, received the weapon in his own body. It entered the abdomen, passed through his bowels, and came out at his back. The unfortunate nobleman died in two days, and Finhaven was tried for murder. The wish of the court evidently was to condemn him, if possible—witnesses being admitted who had expressed the most deadly enmity towards him. The jury, brow-beaten by the judges, were on the point of returning a verdict of *proven* as to the facts, which would have been fatal to the prisoner, as, in that case, he would have been condemned to death,—but his counsel, Robert Dundas, of Arniston, sprung from a family that seemed to give its descendant an hereditary title to talent,

took his measures no less boldly than wisely; he assured the jury that they were judges of law as well as of fact; and, by this decisive step, had the double merit of saving his client and rescuing the rights of jurymen in Scotland from the grasp of tyranny. The jury, by a plurality of voices, found Carnegie of Finhaven not guilty.

Thus, at an early age, the beautiful Susanna was left a widow, with an ample dower. The earldom went to the next brother of the murdered lord, their union having been childless. From the year 1728 until the 2nd of April, 1745, the fair Countess continued a widow. During these eighteen years she had frequent suitors, but still remained faithful to the memory of her departed husband, though some of these were of high rank and distinguished station. The same propriety of conduct distinguished her now in the widowed as before in the married state, and she continued for many years respected and admired.

At length, when she was about thirty-six years of age, and still in the height of her charms, and with everything which rank, wealth, and popularity could give her; what think you, reader? did she marry wealth and rank? or did she, wearying of the world—as so many others have done—retire to a nunnery? Nothing of the kind,—she married her groom, George Forbes. To be sure, he was a



remarkably handsome young fellow, and was, besides, many years younger than herself, having been admitted, when a little boy, into the service of her late lord. He was also considered a clever young man, and had always behaved with modesty and propriety.

The progress of this ill-fated passion is easily traced. Forbes being an excellent horseman, the Countess placed him over her stud, and always had him with her when she rode out. Hence, in time, arose a familiarity; this, we may suppose, ripened into affection, till, at length, one day, she summoned George into her presence, and plainly told him that she was, and long had been desperately in love with him; that her fortune was very large, her charms not yet quite faded, and that if he only liked her she would immediately marry him! The man at first was frightened and thought she was gone crazy, and seems to have argued the point with his mistress more like a philosopher than a groom. He allowed that beauty, rank and wealth were temptations which he could not merit, but begged to remind her that unequal marriages were seldom happy, that he could not rise to nobility, and that it would be painful for her to sink down to his condition. However, she persisted, telling him that she looked to the beauty of his face and form, and the warmth

of his heart, and not to his pedigree ; and that she could be made happy by nothing except the possession of himself. All else was valueless in her eyes. After such a declaration, what could the groom do, but embrace the good fortune thus strangely thrown in his way. He became the husband of the beautiful Countess, the marriage ceremony being performed at Castle Lyon, on the 2nd of April, 1745. In the best edition of Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, (that by Wood), Mr. George Forbes is dressed up so as to appear as decent as possible. He is styled her ladyship's factor, and master of the horse to the Chevalier de St. George. She possibly may have appointed him her factor, as a transition state from groom to lord and master, and she may have used some Jacobite influence, in order to procure for him some titular office about the person of the Pretender. But the facts are as they have been here stated ; the Countess of Strathmore married her groom. The union was, as might be expected, very unhappy—despised in her own country, turned out of the society of her equals, Lady Strathmore soon found that the presence of her handsome husband could not atone for the social loss which she had sustained for his sake. All her own family renounced her, and she was glad to escape from Great Britain to seek the distraction of continental travel.

Though she had no children by Lord Strathmore, her union with her groom unfortunately was fruitful. A daughter was born to them in Holland, on the 17th of May, 1746, and was christened Susan-Janet-Emilia. Notwithstanding this event, Lady Strathmore very soon became disgusted with her low-born husband, and she determined on a separation. This, of course, was easily effected, and what followed? after wandering about on the Continent, leading a miserable life, for nine years, she died at Paris, on the 24th of June, 1754, having previously made profession of the Catholic faith. Her daughter had received but little attention from her. She was heartily ashamed of the poor child, regarded her as a fatal pledge of dishonour, and while, therefore, seeking for amusement in such society as was open to her in Paris, she boarded her child in a convent at Rouen, where she remained until after her unfortunate mother's death. The abbess and nuns seem to have behaved with much charity towards the deserted one, for they kept her for some years after the Countess's death, though they received very irregular and scanty payment for her board. Lady Strathmore's habits were expensive, and though she possessed a noble jointure, she saved nothing from it; so

that, at her death, her husband and child had nothing.

Forbes had now set up as a keeper of livery stables in Leith, near Edinburgh, and having, as soon as his noble wife died, married a young girl of his own rank, he became the father of a rapidly increasing family. He, however, had some natural affection for his first-born, and engaged a captain of a merchantman of his acquaintance to bring her from Rouen to Leith, where he meant to support her and treat her kindly. The parting was very sad between poor Susan-Janet-Emilia, and the kind nuns at Rouen, and she always remembered this period of her existence as the happiest.

As soon as her father heard that the vessel had arrived, he came to meet her, and took her to his house, where she was introduced to her young step-mother and her babies. Nothing could be more wretched than their intercourse, and the poor French child was treated with coarseness and cruelty. She was at that time a girl of fifteen. Of her mother's relations, the only one who expressed any kindly feeling towards her was the Countess of Galloway; and, it is probable, that if Emilia had waited patiently, and had made her case of hardship known to her aunt, her lot might have been very different. But unable to

support the bad treatment which she met with in her father's house she resolved on flight.

She set out from Leith, with half-a-guinea in her pocket, and wandered two or three miles along the shore until she came to a packet-boat, in which she crossed to the coast of Fife. Then she walked on for a day or two, not knowing whither to go or what to do, and her money being spent, and her strength exhausted, she was fain to ask for an evening meal and a night's lodging at a neat-looking farm-house. The proprietors of this farm were excellent people, of the name of Lauder, who took in poor Emilia, (or as they afterwards called her, Janet), and gave her a hearty welcome. She made the farmer's wife her friend, and told her her strange story, which excited so much compassion in the breasts of her and her worthy husband, that they invited her to make their house her home, and live with them. They had only two children—Anne, their daughter, became Janet's attached friend; and John, their son, became her lover. And at the age of eighteen, with the consent of his parents, she married him.

It is believed that from the moment that she married John Lauder, until the day of his death, our heroine was a very happy woman; for he not only proved a tender and affectionate husband, but a

thriving and respectable farmer. This new turn in her destiny placed her at a still greater distance than ever from the Galloways, Hamiltons, Staffords, and other magnificent cousins, who really were not in the least degree aware of Janet Lauders existence. But, as time went on, many changes occurred in the humble family of the Lauders. They had a number of children, some of whom grew up to man's estate, though none of them prospered, and after many years of comfort, old Lauder died in great distress.

About the year 1821, when Janet Lauder must have been seventy-five years old, she was the inhabitant of a very poor house in the village of St. Ninians, close to Stirling. The circumstances of her very singular story became known to one or two influential families in that neighbourhood, who, with a view to assist the poor woman, appealed, and not in vain, to some of her distinguished relations. The children of her cousins-german (for she had outlived those of her own generation) the Earls of Dunmore and Galloway, the Duke of Hamilton and Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, raised among them the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, with which their poor aged relative was maintained in comfort during the remainder of her life, which was thus protracted for nine or ten years longer.

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF YVERY.

“Who art thou, strange being? Speak. Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?”—CALDERON.

ROBERT Perceval, the second son of the Right Honourable Sir John Perceval, Bart., was a youth of rare talent, but a libertine and a duellist. In the course of his brief career,—for, as we shall presently see, he was murdered at the age of nineteen,—he had fought as many battles as he could number years, and in most he had been successful—escaping with little damage to himself, while, in many instances, the result was fatal to his adversaries. Such characters, however, were by no means uncommon in the times of Charles the Second, to which age he belonged; for debauchery had then almost attained to the dignity of a virtue.

Being a younger brother, Robert Perceval studied, or was supposed to study, the law, as one of the few gentlemanly roads to wealth and distinction. With this view he took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and here it was that the singular occurrence took place, which was rendered yet more extraordinary by its consequences.

In general Robert did not much trouble his head about the subtleties of the law, yet there were times and seasons when, either from caprice, or from very weariness of pleasure,—*used up*, we now call it,—he would play the hard-working student, and read with as much diligence as if he had aspired to the woolsack. The present was one of them. So deeply was he wrapped up in the dull volume before him, that he still read on when the clock began to strike the hour of midnight. The effect produced was wonderful. It seemed to him as if the clock, instead of being distant, was striking close in his ear, and, startled for the moment by this delusion,—for it could hardly be anything else,—he looked up. What was his surprise to see a figure in the room, planted between himself and the door, who had entered, he knew not how, and who, to judge from appearances, had come with no good intention; for he was so completely muffled up in a long cloak, as to defy recognition.

“Who are you? What do you want?” were his first hasty exclamations, while, at the same time, he half unsheathed his sword.

The figure neither spoke nor moved.

“This must be a trick of some of my tavern friends,” thought Robert, “but as I am in no mood for joking, it’s like they may get the worst of it.”

There was a low; hollow laugh, but still the figure neither spoke nor moved. Robert, at no time remarkable for patience, now lost all temper, and, unsheathing his sword with the rapidity of lightning made a desperate pass at the intruder. The weapon met with no resistance, and when he drew it back again was as bright as ever. Not a single drop of blood stained it.

Robert, for awhile, continued gazing in utter amazement, and it must be even owned that a momentary thrill of awe curdled his blood, and made the hair rise upon his head; but he was amongst the bravest of the brave notwithstanding, and, when the first surprise was over, regained sufficient courage, like Calderon’s Ludovico, to question his mysterious tormentor, and, like him too, when he received no answer, to bring his adversary to close quarters.

“Still no answer? Thus I dare then cast aside that cloak of thine.” But now followed a material

difference. The hero of the Spanish drama, upon tearing aside his visitor's cloak, discovered a mouldering skeleton, that addressed him with the voice of life, saying :—

——“ Knowest thou not thyself?
See in me thine own resemblance.
I am Ludovico Quino ! ”

Whereas, Robert “ saw his own apparition, bloody and ghostly, whereat he was so astonished that he immediately swooned away; but recovering, he saw the spectre walk out again, and vanish downstairs.” At the same time, it must be owned, that a deeper meaning lurks under the skeleton of the Spanish poet.

“ When,” continues the old narrator, “ he was recovered of his fright, he undressed himself and went to bed, but in extraordinary uneasiness, so that he could not sleep, but rose early, and putting on his clothes, went to his uncle and guardian, Sir Robert Southwell, who lived in Spring Gardens. It was so early that Sir Robert was not yet stirring, but nevertheless he went into his room and waked him. It was a freedom he was not used to take, and Sir Robert was surprised; but asking him, what made him there so early?—the youth, still in consternation, replied, he had that night seen his ghost; and told him all the particulars as I have related them. Sir Robert, at first, chid

him for reporting an idle dream, the effect of an ill life and guilty conscience,—for he loved pleasure, and followed it too much,—but observing the disorder he was in, and having repeated the story to him, he grew very serious, and desired his nephew would take care of himself, and recollect if he had given occasion to any person to revenge himself on him, for this might be a true presage of what was to befall him.”

Now here is a ghost story, quite complete, so far as human evidence can make such a thing complete, in opposition to human reason. The particulars are delivered, and word for word, as they were minuted down by the Earl of Egmont, upon a conversation which Sir Robert Southwell had with him immediately before his death. It only remains to see how far the warning was borne out by the result, and whether in truth the ghost was an honest ghost.

Days passed without any particular occurrence, and the wholesome awe imprinted upon Robert's mind had already grown much too faint to serve as the slightest check upon his pleasures. As usual, he drank and quarrelled, slept by day and woke by night, and passed his time in the way that Captain Marryatt's Irishman pronounced to be the whole end and aim of life—that is to say, in getting into scrapes and getting out of them

again. Amongst other disputes, he managed to embroil himself at play with the celebrated Beau Fielding, a man, who if he was no swordsman nor particularly remarkable for courage, was not likely to be restrained by any moral considerations from revenging an injury by safe means.

Several days had elapsed since the appearance of the spirit, when an event happened that must have brought it again to his recollection, though it failed to teach him prudence. As he was walking from his chambers in Lincolns' Inn to a certain tavern in the Strand, one of his customary places of resort, he imagined that he was dogged by a man, who followed him at a short distance. To make the matter quite certain, he went into a chemist's, under pretence of buying some unimportant drug, but though he staid there full ten minutes, when he came out, there was his pertinacious follower. Turning round sharply upon him, Robert demanded "who he was, and what he meant by following him?" the man replied, and with no less sharpness, "I am not following you, I'm following my own business." Robert paused for a moment, half disposed to make a quarrel of it, but on second thoughts he abandoned this purpose; it might be nothing more than mere sullenness in the fellow, and a perverse disposition to do that which he saw was a matter of annoyance.

“I will give the brute one more chance,” said Robert to himself; “and then, if he still dares to keep at my heels, it will be at his peril.”

And so saying, he crossed to the opposite side of the way.

The man followed him step for step, and Robert could hear the tread of his heavy-nailed shoes the moment they had reached the pavement. It was now close upon eleven o'clock at night, the street was almost deserted, and, moreover, the lamps, according to the custom of those days, were so few in number, and so sparingly supplied with oil, that they rather served to show the darkness than to afford light. Still he heard the steps behind, and—or did fancy deceive him? the whispering of more than two voices. Again he turned round hastily, and his pursuer being just then under a lamp, he saw him at about twenty paces off with a second ruffian, who had just that minute joined him. Decisive measures were now evidently indispensable, and drawing his sword, he called upon them to retire at their peril. To this the two ruffians replied by falling upon him sword in hand; and such, at the time, was the state of so public a thoroughfare as the Strand, that the combat continued without interruption from any accidental passer-by, till one of the assailants, being wounded, took to his heels, and the other was not

slow in following his example. But neither had Robert escaped scot free. One of them had wounded him in the leg, and, abandoning all thoughts of following his enemies, he made the best of his way to the nearest tavern. Faint from loss of blood, he called for some brandy, and having drank it off, he coolly wiped his reeking sword, returned it to its sheath, and bound a handkerchief about his wounded leg. Common as scenes of this kind were, his tale excited much speculation as to the probable authors of the attack. Some suggested that the ruffians, after all, might not have been personal enemies, but merely intent upon plunder. Robert shook his head.

“I do not believe it,” he replied. “My firm conviction is that the villains were hired and set on by some one who owed me a grudge; and mark you, landlord”—this was addressed to the owner of the tavern—“if any thing happens to me before the night’s over, as I am persuaded there will, let my friends know what I now say. It will be no hard matter for them to guess the murderer.”

The landlord would fain have persuaded him to pass the night where he was, or, if not, to let some of the tavern-people see him safe to his chambers in Lincoln’s Inn. Many of the guests then

present joined in pressing the same advice upon him, but he was obstinate to go home by himself; he never had, and never would skulk from fear of any such rascals; and when they persisted in their remonstrances, he repelled them with so much acrimony that every one was silent. He was suffered to go out alone, none feeling that it was their duty to run a serious risk for the sake of a man who rejected their assistance with contempt and anger. The scene of our tradition must now be shifted to another place and to other actors.

There was a Mrs. Brown, who appears, though we know not from what cause, to have taken a lively interest in his fortunes. Perhaps it was from her holding some situation in the family of his uncle, Sir Robert. On this fatal night she dreamed that one Mrs. Shearman, who seems to have been the housekeeper, came to her, and asked for a sheet. She demanded, "for what purpose?" Mrs. Shearman replied, "poor Master Robert is killed, and it is to wind him in." And this dream proved true to the letter, for in the morning, Mrs. Shearman came, at an early hour, into her room, and seeming like one bewildered, asked for a sheet.—"For what purpose," said the terrified dreamer, the very words of her sleep rising spontaneously to her lips.—"Poor Mr. Robert is murdered," was the reply; "he lies dead in the

Strand watch-house, and it is to wind his body in."

We will not attempt to deny or explain the vision. Enough for our purpose, that he had been really found dead, near the so-called May-pole, in the Strand, which occupied the site of an ancient stone cross, and having been found here early in the morning, his body was removed to the watch-house. There was a deep wound under his left breast, by him was his bloody sword, yet it was generally supposed at the time, that he had been killed in some house, and laid there afterwards. It was also said, that a stranger's hat, with a bunch of ribbons in it was found by his side, but notwithstanding these indicia, and the earnest exertions of his friends and relatives; the assassins could never be discovered. Suspicion did indeed fall upon Beau Fielding, from the previous quarrel, to which we have already alluded, but it never went beyond suspicion; others imagined, and perhaps with as little reason, that the murder had been committed by a near relation of Sir Robert Southwell's wife, but "the matter," as the old narrator tells us, "was too uncertain to admit of any free discourse of any person for it."

Singular as this story is, its marvels are not yet over.—"Sir Philip, his elder brother, being re-

turned from his travels, and intent upon finding out the murderers, fell violently foul one day upon a gentleman in Dublin. He declared afterwards he had never seen him before, and could not account for his rage ; only he was possessed with a belief he was one of those who killed his brother. They were soon parted, and the gentleman was seen no more.

THE CURIOUS CLAIM TO THE HONOURS OF
THE EARLDOM OF CRAWFORD.

No title in the Scottish peerage is more remarkable than that of Crawford, on account of the historical importance of those who have borne it, and the extraordinary vicissitudes which have accompanied its transmission through an illustrious line of twenty-four earls.

This earldom was originally conferred in 1398 by Robert III., King of Scotland, upon Sir David Lindsay, Lord of Crawford, the husband of the Princess Elizabeth, that monarch's sister. Sir David's family had already been twice honoured by a direct Royal alliance; Sir William Lindsay having, about a century before, married Ada, the sister of King John Baliol—and Sir William Lindsay, about a hundred years

earlier, the Princess Margery, sister of King Malcolm IV., and King William the Lion, and grand-daughter of the Royal Saint, David the First.

David Lindsay, fifth Earl of Crawford, was a faithful friend of the unfortunate King James the Third, who raised him to ducal rank in 1488, creating him Duke of Montrose. This was the third time that so high a title had been conferred in Scotland; the two prior instances having been confined to the blood royal, Rothsay and Albany.

Within a year after raising the Earl to the rank of Duke, James was deprived of his crown and life by a faction of rebels, headed by his son. The young king, immediately after his accession to the throne, passed an act of grace in favour of the Duke, thus saving him from the effects of a subsequent act, which rescinded the titles conferred by the dethroned and murdered king during the last year of his reign. Thus Lord Crawford continued Duke of Montrose, and the ducal title is now claimed by his heir and representative, the present Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, whose case is at this moment before the House of Lords. The duke survived his unfortunate Master seven years, and died at his Castle of Finhaven, at Christmas, 1495. We will not here enter upon the curious question of the claim to the dukedom of Montrose, which is

at present made with good hope of a successful issue by the Earl of Crawford. We will only answer one objection which we have heard urged against it, viz. : that the claim should have remained so long dormant. The crime of fratricide which sullied the duke's son and successor, and the misfortunes of several subsequent earls may be supposed to have deterred them from assuming the new and higher title. And then we must consider the well-known policy of the Scottish sovereigns, ever anxious to depress the aristocracy, and also the jealousy of the high nobles in subsequent reigns, the Douglasses and Hamiltons, who would ill have brooked a duke of the house of Lindsay, while they were only earls.

The Duke of Montrose's unhappy son, the sixth earl, died without issue. His nephew, David, the eighth Earl of Crawford, was cursed with a most unnatural son, who is styled "the wicked Master." He imprisoned his aged father, and put him in peril of his life. Whereupon, the old man, outraged and heart-broken, obtained the royal assent to a transfer of the earldom to the next heir male, David Lindsay of Edzell, his second cousin, passing over "the wicked master" as a parricide and traitor.

The aged earl died in 1542, and David of Edzell became ninth earl. He appears to have been a

singularly generous and noble-minded man: for, moved with pity for the innocent son of "the wicked Master," he obtained the consent of the crown to a reconveyance of the earldom to him, after his own death. The rightful heir thus became tenth earl in 1558, and his descendants possessed the title for upwards of a century until 1671. But during this period the family did not prosper, The twelfth earl was an incorrigible spendthrift, and alienated his immense estates in the most wanton manner, and was imprisoned for life by the decree of a solemn family council. His only child, heiress of a lofty name, lived disgracefully as a common vagrant mendicant, and was at length rescued from the lowest wretchedness by the bounty of King Charles the Second. The last earl of this branch was Ludovic, the sixteenth, a gallant cavalier, and the friend and brother-in-arms of the great Montrose. He was unmarried, and without any near relative. The house of Edzell and its younger branch, Balcarres, descended from the generous David, ninth earl, stood next in succession. But their rights were trampled upon by a very able, powerful, and distinguished man, who was the head of a remote offshoot of the house of Lindsay, which, in point of wealth and lustre, had already surpassed the elder line of Crawford. This in-

fluent man was John, Earl of Lindsay, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, the head of the Presbyterian and Covenanting party during the civil wars. As he happened to have both his sovereign (Charles the First) and his chief (Earl Ludovic) very much in his power about the same time, he used influence amounting to compulsion to obtain a surrender of the Earldom of Crawford to the Crown, and a re-grant of it to himself, passing by the nearer Edzell and Balcarres branches. John Earl of Lindsay thus became, even before Earl Ludovic's death in 1671, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay.

In the course of a few generations the family of Edzell expired. The last head of the house of Lindsay of this branch died in 1744, in the capacity of hostler in an inn at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys. On his death, the Earl of Balcarres succeeded to the representation of the house of Lindsay; and, by the slow, though sure, justice of providence, the rightful heir has, at length, after a usurpation of a century and a half, been restored to his family honours. John, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, the Treasurer, made an illustrious marriage with Lady Margaret Hamilton, sister of James and William, Dukes of Hamilton. From this marriage a line of earls descended, which failed on the death of George Lindsay Crawford,

twenty-second Earl of Crawford and sixth Earl of Lindsay, in 1808.

During the last two or three generations, the surname of Crawford had been added to that of Lindsay, in consequence of the succession to the large estates of the knightly family of Crawford, of Kilbirney in Ayrshire, which formed a valuable addition to those of the Lindsays in Fifeshire. Earl George was succeeded in his great possessions by his sister, Lady Mary, who lived until December, 1833.

Lady Mary stood alone in the world, and as she had a decided feeling for the dignity of the Lindsays, and correctly judged the Earl of Balcarres to be the head of that house, her wish was, after her death, to place his family in the position of her late brother, as heirs to all his estates, as well as his honours. She therefore left her whole property, real as well as personal, to him and his accomplished and gifted son, Lord Lindsay. Her nearest relatives were six second cousins, (descended from ladies of the house of Crawford and Lindsay, two generations back, Lady Mary's great-aunts) viz., the Earl of Glasgow; the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice General of Scotland; G. Hamilton Dundas, of Duddingston; the Rev. John Hamilton Gray, of Carntyne, General Napier, and Admiral Sir Charles Napier. These

six gentlemen are the remaining descendants of the marriage of John, seventeenth Earl of Crawford, with the sister of the Duke of Hamilton. Lady Mary was unable to divert the succession to the entailed estates from the Earl of Glasgow, who accordingly inherited them. But her personal property, instead of being divided among her above-mentioned next of kin, was left to Lord Lindsay, as a token of regard to the head of the house. The Earldom of Crawford continued dormant from the death of Earl George, in 1808, until the claim of the Earl of Balcarres was proved good by the House of Lords, in 1848, when he became twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford. Since then, his lordship has advanced a further claim to the full honours of his ancient race, the earlier Dukedom of Montrose, and, if he be successful, he will be an older duke, by two centuries, than the present premier Duke of Scotland, and only three years junior to the Duke of Norfolk.

Having thus laid before our readers a sketch of the singular succession to this ancient and illustrious earldom, we will now shortly mention the very extraordinary peril which the honours and estates of the family underwent, of falling a prey to a cleverly concocted scheme.

Within two years of the death of the last Earl

of the Lindsay branch, George, (the brother of Lady Mary,) in 1818, an individual of the name of John Crawford, landed in Ayr, from Ireland. He gave himself out to be a relation of the Earl of Crawford's family, and he even procured many genealogical notices concerning them. He then assumed the surname of Lindsay in addition to his patronymic of Crawford, and stated his descent to be from the Hon. *James Lindsay Crawford*, a younger son of the family who, about a century ago, had disappeared from Scotland, and whose fate seemed involved in some obscurity. If Mr. John Crawford had been successful in proving himself to be the descendant of this gentleman, he would have been Earl of Crawford and Lindsay; and his claim to the large family estates would have been prior to that of Lady Mary, or, failing her, the Earl of Glasgow, the Justice General, Mr. Hamilton Dundas, Admiral and General Napier, and Mr. Hamilton Gray, the remaining descendants of her ladyship's grand-aunts, and of their common ancestors, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, and the Duke of Hamilton's sister. From Ayr, Mr. Crawford proceeded to visit Kilbirney Castle, once the residence of the great knightly family of Crawford, and which had been for some generations the property of the Lindsay Earls of Crawford, and on

account of which they had assumed the surname of Crawford.

Kilbirney had been burnt in the time of Lady Mary's father, and the family had subsequently lived entirely on their Fifeshire estates. However, Mr. Crawford discovered that many family papers and letters remained in an old cabinet, which, during the fire, had been deposited in an out-house, and had been there forgotten. To these papers he procured access; and among them he found a rare prize, many letters written by James Lindsay Crawford to various members of his family, after his disappearance from Scotland. Crawford had some clever accomplices, who aided him in fabricating additions which suited his story. These letters were written on the first and third pages; and, now, the blank second pages were filled up, in an exact imitation of the old hand, with matter so cleverly and artfully contrived as to give the most direct and satisfactory evidence in the pretender's favour. James Lindsay Crawford is made to describe his position and circumstances in Ireland, his marriage, the births of his children, &c. &c., and again and again to importune his rich and noble relatives for pecuniary relief.

Furnished with this evidence, supposed to be written by his alleged ancestor, and fortified

with very many witnesses of his Scottish descent and reputed near relationship to the noble house of Crawford, Mr. Lindsay Crawford made his claim in due form for the titles and estates of the family in 1810. He produced, indeed, much very feasible *parole* proof in support of his allegations, and the genuine documents, which had been altered so as to suit his purpose, were so artfully vitiated, that there was every prospect of complete success, when, most fortunately for the ends of justice, his accomplices urged exorbitant demands on him for remuneration, which he refused to satisfy. They accordingly made offers to Lady Mary, into the hands of whose agents they consigned the forged and vitiated documents. A trial on the charge of forgery was thereupon commenced, which ended in the conviction and transportation of the claimant in 1812, along with one of the forgers, the other having been admitted as king's evidence.

At the time, the fate of the claimant met with great sympathy. It was generally believed that he had fallen a victim to overwhelming influence, or, in other words, that he had been innocently betrayed by his accomplices, who were in the pay of Lady Mary's agents, and had forged the documents without his knowledge in order to accomplish his ruin. The public feeling was roused in his favour,

and he was regarded, not only as an innocent and injured man, but as the rightful heir of the great family whose estates and honours he sought. It must be observed that, notwithstanding the forgery of the documents, there was a great mass of other evidence highly favourable to his pretensions.

In 1820, Mr. Lindsay Crawford returned from New South Wales, and immediately renewed proceedings in furtherance of his claims. Many noblemen and eminent professional men encouraged him and supplied him with money and advice, and many thousand pounds were expended in collecting evidence, and preparing the case for the Lords' Committee of Privileges, to which it had been referred by the king. Lord Brougham was counsel in the cause, and he publicly declared his opinion that the claim was extremely well-founded.

Mr. Nugent Bell, Mr. William Kaye, and Sir Frederick Pollock, together with a host of eminent legal authorities, predicted certain success. The claimant thus supported, assumed the title of Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, and upon two occasions voted as such, at an election of Scottish peers, and was addressed by his assumed title, both verbally and by letter, by several peers then present. The most searching investigation was made by the friends

of the claimant, preparatory to the case being brought before the House of Lords, and no source from whence evidence could be obtained was left unexplored. In the midst of this the claimant died. This event caused a delay and an increase of expense. The claimant's son being abroad, more money had to be raised beyond the gratuitous aid already afforded, and terms were offered to parties willing to advance money on speculation. It would be tedious to enter into the details of the case. One point was of primary importance. Mr. Lindsay Crawford maintained that his ancestor, the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford had settled in Ireland, and that he died there between 1765 and 1770, leaving a family. On the other hand, Lord Glasgow, who, by this time, had succeeded Lady Mary as heir to the great family estates, insisted that the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford, instead of settling in Ireland, and dying there, had died in London, in 1745, and was buried, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

On the truth of these respective averments the question between the parties may be said to have depended. It was proved from the register of parish books of St. Martin's, that James Lindsay Crawford was buried there in 1745; and moreover, it was found, that, posterior to 1745, there were no letters from him that could be proved

to be genuine. Evidence also was brought forward which decidedly showed that the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford could not have been in Ireland at the time when the claimant alleged his ancestor to have been there, and that the claimant's acknowledged ancestor could not have been the Hon. James Lindsay Crawford.

On summing up all the evidence that was collected for the purpose of bringing the case for decision before the House of Lords, the opinion of the most eminent Scottish counsel was taken by the trustees of the Crawford claims. Two of these legal advisers were the present Lord Justice General MacNeil and Lord Rutherford. Their opinion was altogether adverse to Mr. Lindsay Crawford's claims, and they wound up by declaring "that from the facts now before us, we are satisfied that any further inquiry is perfectly hopeless and unnecessary." This opinion was given in 1839, and since that date no further steps have been taken to advance these extraordinary case.

It may be mentioned as a curious circumstance that, when the original claimant died, a few years after the death of Lady Mary, Lord Glasgow allowed his body to be interred in the family mausoleum, side by side with his great adversary. This, doubtless, proceeded from the same chival-

rous feeling which induced his lordship to give to this person while he lived free access to the family papers in order to substantiate his claim, notwithstanding his former bad reputation as an accomplice, or, as he himself asserted, a victim of forgers. Lord Glasgow was resolved that he would allow him, in every respect, fair play, and would not prejudge him.

Whatever may have been the real descent of John Lindsay Crawford, there is no doubt whatever that his ancestor, who settled in Ireland, stated himself to be the son of Lord Crawford, and that the members of his family were in the habit, during the latter part of last century, of visiting, as relatives, the noble family of Crawford in Scotland. These facts are clearly brought out by the strongest possible *parole* evidence. The real nature of the claim must now for ever remain a mystery. The most likely solution is, that the claimant's ancestor was an illegitimate brother of the Earl of Crawford.

THE TWINS.

"These likened twins—in form and fancy one,
 Were like affected, and like habit chose.
 Their valour at Newhaven siege was known,
 Where both encountered fiercely with their foes;
 There one of both sore wounded lost his breath,
 And t'other slain revenging brother's death."

"THERE are more things in heaven, Horatio,
 than are dreamt of in your philosophy," says the
 philosophic Prince, and with much truth. We
 have an instance of it in the tale of the *Corsican
 Brothers*, which has been rendered, by the inimit-
 able acting of Mr. Charles Kean, so popular for
 the last twelvemonth, and which, in part at least,
 is not without an actual prototype. We have
 heard, we know not how truly, that the celebrated
 Louis Blanc sat for the portrait of the Corsican,
 though there is some difference in a leading event
 of the two stories, as related of the eminent French-

man and of his Corsican shadow. It is sufficiently curious to be given in the way of prologue to our story, of which it forms no unapt illustration.

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features, and, what is still more remarkable, they were connected by one of those mysterious sympathies, the very existence of which we are all too apt to deny, because we cannot comprehend its nature. "There are no tigers in India," says a French traveller, writing to his friend, "for I have seen none;" and so will the sceptic say when he is told that, however separated might be these two brothers, no accident could happen to the one without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus, it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was suddenly observed to change colour; and upon being questioned, he complained of a sensation, as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother, then in Paris. The company, as may easily be supposed, laughed at this as a mere imaginary notion, but some more curious than the rest made an exact minute of the day and hour, to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And what was the result?—at

the precise moment thus indicated, Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. So severe was the blow that he fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped; nor could all the subsequent efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection. He was suspected to have been a Bonapartist, and to have been influenced by political hatred of the uncompromising republican.

Our next instance gives a similar picture in reverse. Louis Blanc had found it prudent to seek a temporary asylum in England, the party then uppermost in France being altogether opposed to his republican doctrines. As had happened in the preceding case, he one day experienced a strange feeling, as if all was not right with his brother, and that, too, at a time when he was sitting in the company of friends, and was least likely to be influenced by such sensations in the common order of things. Here again, the very minute was noted down, and a short time afterwards a letter came from his brother in Paris, stating that he wrote then, as he might never be able to write again. It appears that a pamphlet had been published in France bitterly reflecting upon Louis, and that his brother had, in con-

sequence, called out the author. But here breaks off the correspondence between the reality and the fiction. It was not the brother, but his adversary, that suffered; and he was not killed, but severely wounded. Such is the tale, which, we are told, Louis Blanc is in the habit of relating to his friends, and it was upon this, it is asserted, the French dramatist founded his ingenious melodrama.

This strange story at once confirms, and is confirmed by a similar anecdote of two brothers in our own country, and which cannot be denied, if there be any veracity in monumental records.

Nicholas and Andrew Tremayne were twins and younger sons of Thomas Tremayne, a Devonshire gentleman, of good estate and well connected. So perfect was their likeness in size, shape, feature, the colour of their hair,—nay, the very tone of their voices, that it was impossible for the nicest eye to find out any point of difference. Even their parents could not tell one from the other, and were obliged to distinguish them by some secret mark, which the twins would oftentimes amuse themselves by changing. Wonderful as was this external similitude, it was yet more surprising to find them governed by precisely the same feelings and affections. What one liked, the other liked; what one loathed, the other loathed; if one was ill, the other sickened; and

if one was pained, the other suffered in the same part, and in the same degree. These sympathies occurred at whatever distance they might be apart, and without any intelligence or communication with each other.

In the year 1564, these twins served in the wars at Newhaven, as it was then called, though it now bears the name of Havre de Grace, upon the French coast. Of their previous fortunes we have no account, nor is there any conjectural mode of explaining the very great difference that we now find in their respective positions. The one was captain of a troop of horse, while the other was only a private soldier. This, however, made not the slightest difference in the strong sympathy that had previously existed between them, as was now speedily to be seen. In the fierce battle that ensued, one of the twins was slain. The other immediately stepped into his place, and, fighting with the utmost gallantry, fell dead upon the body of his brother.

LEADERS OF FASHION.

FROM GRAMONT TO D'ORSAY.

LEADERS of Fashion!—and why should they not have their biographies as well as Doctors, Lawyers, or Soldiers? If they have not done as much good in their career, at least they have done far less harm; besides, that life, to make it tolerable, needs its lighter as well as graver side.

Coxcombry is of very ancient date. It might be shown to have existed in full force amongst the Hebrews; but to pursue the subject would lead us into forbidden ground, the proofs of Jewish dandyism lying even in the Scriptures. With their conquerors, the Romans, there is no occasion for the same reserve. And very accomplished fops they seem to have had amongst them, and young exquisites who painted, rouged, and curled their hair, and wore rings light or heavy, according to the season. Kings, too, in more modern times, have countenanced, by their

example, the race of dandies; as for instance, Louis-le-Grand of France, who never allowed even his own valet to see him without his full-bottomed wig. Nor have poets or men of learning escaped the infection of the *beau* malady. Petrarch, in writing to his brother, says, "Recollect the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot, or a plait ill plaited, would have been a subject of grief, and when our shoes were so tight that we suffered martyrdom." The Abbé de Lille, the poet-priest, although considered by all, except himself, the ugliest man of his day, was in the habit—even when advanced in life—of dressing his hair with rose-coloured powder. Byron confesses that in his minority he had a touch of dandyism; and adds that "he had retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty. The celebrated Austrian minister, Prince de Kaunitz, wore satin stays, and passed a portion of every morning in walking up and down a room, in which four valets puffed a cloud of scented powder, but each of a different colour, in order that it might assume the precise shade that was most agreeable to the taste of the grave diplomatist. Still more surprising is it to find such fierce vanities lurking in the breast of a man like Nelson, the reputed author of the "Whole Duty of Man." Raffaele, too, has been complimented

with the title of coxcomb. Charles James Fox was a perfect macaroni in his youth, and, like his friends, Lords Carlisle and Essex, wore red-heeled shoes, although, as he grew older, he turned a very sloven. The late Marquis Wellesley, one of the brightest intellects of his age, carried the spirit of foppery so far, that he would often play the coxcomb solely for his own amusement. There he would sit in his own room for hours, with no other spectator than what he saw reflected in the mirror, dressed out in full costume, and decorated with the blue riband and the garter, as if he meant to appear at a chapter of the order, or a royal levee.

We shall now open the ball—or, perhaps, we should rather call it, masquerade of beaux—with the COUNT DE GRAMONT, who appears to have possessed much the same medley of vices and virtues that we shall presently find distinguishing his successors in the fashionable world. In three points, they all closely resembled each other; they were gamblers and wits, and dressed—not foppishly, but with the most perfect taste. A thorough knowledge, too, of mankind was common to them all.

In those days, every French gentleman, if not an Abbé, commenced life as a soldier; sometimes they united the two characters, however dis-

cordant, and such, we believe, was the case with Gramont, when he assisted at the siege of Irino. Then, too, war had two faces, being much what Voltaire said of the French themselves—a compound of the tiger and the monkey ; men laughed and joked in the very face of death ; a ball or a play the night before a battle was no uncommon thing. In such a camp Gramont was quite at home, as much so as in the salons of Paris. His wit and his extravagance made him welcome to all, and when he had exhausted his own funds, he replenished his purse by the arts of the gambler.

The campaign being ended, he passed over to Turin, and intrigue being an essential part in the character of a man of fashion, he devoted himself to the levities and libertinism of the times. The subject, however, is not one into which we care to enter.

We next find our gay adventurer passing over to England, for no other purpose than to see Oliver Cromwell, whose greatness hung like a mighty shadow over all Europe, filling the boldest states with awe and apprehension.

His second visit to England was under very different circumstances, when the Puritans, by their absurd tyranny over the minds and amusements of men had opened a way for the Restoration. In a little time he became a general

favourite in the court of Charles the Second ; gambling, intriguing, dressing, and scattering about repartees with the most brilliant of that brilliant, but utterly corrupted, circle. The king, with his usual profuseness and total disregard of the people over whom he ruled, offered to settle a handsome pension upon this gay and profligate foreigner, but De Gramont had the good sense to refuse it ; why, indeed, should he not, when he had an enchanted Peru in the gaming-table ?

To secure the favour of Charles, he now procured from Paris a handsome chariot, valued at two thousand guineas, and presented it to the king. The unlucky chariot, however, proved a mere apple of discord. The Queen desired to appear first in so bright a vehicle with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine had a no less violent longing, and, being *enceinte* at the time, vowed she would miscarry if her demand were not complied with. Finally, Mrs. Steward protested that she never would be *enceinte*, if the vehicle were not first lent to her. The threats of the last carried off the prize from her competitors.

A letter from Madame de Chaumoit now announced to De Gramont that Louis permitted his return to the French court, from which he had so long been banished. He accordingly

returned, but on meeting his brother, he learnt that the good wishes of Madame had anticipated reality. The king had given no such permission, and, nothing loth, he once more returned to England, where for a time he followed his usual course of dissipation. It was now that he promised to marry Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn. The engagement thus made he was in no hurry to fulfil, and had even once more set out for France, in all probability to escape from it. At Dover he was overtaken by two of the lady's brothers, who significantly asked him "if he had not forgotten something?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, without losing his usual self-possession, "I have forgotten to marry your sister." And forthwith he returned to London, and was married. He died on the 10th of January, 1707.

After Gramont, three leaders of fashion principally divided amongst them, in pretty equal ratios, the honours of the fashionable empire. These were Sir George Hewitt, Wilson, and Beau Fielding. Hewitt, who afterwards became an Irish viscount, was generally supposed to have been the original of Etheredge's *Sir Fopling Flutter*, in the comedy of *The Man of the Mode*. He it was, say the chroniclers of small things, who

softened the rough *damn me* of earlier days into *damme*, which, after-times, growing yet more delicate, attenuated into *demme*, thus enjoying the luxury of an oath without offence to the refinements of a tender conscience. It is noticed in "Rochester's Farewell."

"Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
To stay and tie the cravat-string at home!
To strut, look big, shake pantaloon, and swear
With Hewitt, Damme, there's no action here."

Wilson, the second-named of the triumvirate, was a far more remarkable character, as much unexplained mystery having hung about him as about any hero of romance. According to Grainger, he was the younger son of a respectable family, and entered life as an officer in the army, having nothing else to look to for support but his profession. The war broke out, or at least, was fought, in Flanders, then, as it has been often since, the common battle-ground of Europe, where thousands of combatants left their bones to fertilise the soil, as some compensation for the havoc they had occasioned. Wilson, however, who was called out upon active service, seems to have thought, with Falstaff, "the better part of valour is discretion," a doctrine so little in accordance with the notions

of his commander, that he was broken for cowardice, and was glad to borrow forty shillings from a friend to return to England.

Thus branded, and without money, which would have supplied, in the estimation of some, the want of reputation, and, indeed, of all other wants, it might be naturally concluded that he was crushed, beyond all possibility of again rising. No such thing. To the astonishment of every one, he suddenly burst upon the world of fashion, as one of its brightest ornaments; his dress, table, stud, equipages, all being of the highest order, and his hospitality boundless. How was all this done?—he seldom played, and was not known to have any intrigues, which might have supplied the means of this extravagance. Some surmised that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and was thus enabled to transmute the baser metals into gold, a theory that was sanctioned by the general belief, even of the learned in those days. Others, less credulous, or more disposed to evil constructions, did not hesitate to whisper—and that pretty loudly—that he had robbed a Dutch mail of a parcel of rough diamonds. As to Wilson himself, he preserved an inflexible silence upon the subject, and knew how to evade the curiosity of his friends, while wearing the appearance of the utmost frankness in his conduct and conversation.

A natural solution of this mystery, though not altogether free from doubt, has been given in some intercepted letters appended to the *Memoirs of the Court of England, in the Reign of Charles the Second*, a work published about a hundred and fifty years ago. It is there stated that he was enabled to support these expenses by the liberality of the Duchess of Cleveland, with whom he had an intrigue. The thing, not otherwise improbable, is yet rendered somewhat doubtful by the singularity and minuteness of the details.

The end of this singular character was certainly not such as might have been expected from his previous conduct while serving with the English army in Flanders. It would seem that the various rumours spread to his disadvantage—amongst others, that he was supported by Jew money-lenders as a decoy-duck—made it imperative upon him to adopt some decided course if he meant to preserve his position in society. Having traced one of these rumours to the notorious schemer, Law, the ruin of so many thousands, he challenged this audacious and unprincipled mountebank, the consequence of which was his being found dead at the place appointed for the duel. The rumour of the day went to his having been run through the body by his villanous and cowardly opponent before had time to draw his sword. However, this may

be ; and to crown the mystery of a life, a small sum of money only was found, after Wilson's death, amongst his effects, and yet, at the same time, to increase the wonder, he had not a single debt.

The last of this triumvirate, worthy so to be named, was Beau Fielding. Swift speaks of him as one of those " who made mean figures upon some remarkable occasions," an indefinite kind of censure, that may mean anything. However it is to be interpreted, Fielding was of a good family in Warwickshire, and, being intended for the bar, he was sent to London, where he soon yielded to the temptations of fashionable life, and abandoned his profession. At this time he was the possessor of two qualities, which, although good in the abstract, are dangerous gifts, if not ballasted by a moderate stock of prudence—he was young, and he was handsome, so handsome indeed that he attracted the particular notice of Charles the Second, who called him " the handsome Fielding." His brain seems to have been pretty well turned before, by the admiration which his person and dress so generally excited; but this sentence from the lips of royalty settled the matter. Commanded by a prince, he became the prince of fops, and while sparing no expense in his own dress, he was equally lavish and fantastic in the attire

of his footmen, who usually wore yellow liveries with black waistcoats, and black feathers in their hats. Like Wilson, he was sadly deficient in courage, though, it would seem, more than sufficiently ready to draw his sword when it could be used without danger to himself; as, for instance, when he ran a poor link-boy through the body in St. Martin's Lane. As a set-off to this deed of heroism, he allowed himself to be severely caned by a fiery Welchman of the name of Price. Yet, with all this reluctance to incur danger, he could not always escape the fashionable mania for duelling. One evening, in pushing forward to show off his finery at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was unlucky enough to tread upon the toes of a young lawyer called Fullwood, who instantly called him out. The result was, that the beau got severely wounded; but it might be some comfort to him, that his antagonist, who seems to have been a remarkably pugnacious gentleman, became involved in a second duel, the same night, with a Captain Cusac, who killed him, greatly, we should think, to the peace and quiet of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The patrimony of Fielding was at length eaten up by his excesses, and for a time he subsisted upon his intrigues, and the supplies obtained from the gaming-table, where he was usually successful.

Probably even these combined resources were insufficient to meet the demands of a life like his, and he in time found a more certain way of re-establishing his shattered fortunes, by a marriage with a connection of Swift's, the only daughter and heiress of Lord Carlingford. This lady happened to be a stanch Catholic, who soon converted him to her faith. As a natural result of this religious change, he attached himself to the cause of James the Second, raised a regiment in his own county for the king's service, and followed the royal exile into France, where he was liberally supported by remittances from his wife, who, no doubt, strongly sympathised with him from identity of principles. In her eyes he could not be other than a martyr to loyalty and religion. But unfortunately this lady died, and Fielding found himself in as great difficulties as ever, to remedy which he again married. This time he was completely taken in. The object of his new choice called herself Madame Delaune, and contrived, by some means, to pass for a lady of large fortune. But the name and the wealth proved equally fictitious; her real name was Mary Wadsworth, and fortune she had none. Upon discovering how grossly he had been deceived, he forsook her, and married Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, then in her sixty-first year, and the reputed mistress of

his ~~possessions~~. Having treated her with much
 humanity in ~~some~~ subject to indictment, and a
 year after his marriage was tried at the Old
 Bailey, and found guilty of robbery. ~~His sentence~~
 was accordingly passed upon him that he should
 be hanged in the usual way, but he saved the benefit of
 clergy; and, procuring the Queen's warrant for the
 suspending the execution of his sentence, he was
 admitted to bail. Now for this night ~~passed~~ in
 conversing with his fatherless Mary we can not
 pretend to say; but concluded he was, and in his
 will so to say, "his dear and loving wife." He
 died at a lover at his house in Scotland-yard, in
 the year 1712, when he was sixty-one years of
 age. "The Tatler," a periodical devoted to
 passing events and living characters, gives the life
 of him under the fictitious name of Orlando.
 "His ~~character~~," says Bickerstaff, "was noble, his
 wit ~~honourable~~, his person charming. But to some
 of these recommendatory advantages was his title
 no undoubted as that of his beauty. His com-
 plexion was fair, but his countenance manly;
 his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact;
 and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as
 delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful
 statuary, his body had a strength and firmness
 little inferior to the marble of which such images
 are formed."

“His equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous than could be received in our degenerate age ; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations ; which he received with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember I had the honour of seeing him one day stop and call the youths about him, to whom he spoke as follows :—

“Good bastards, go to school, and do not lose your time on following my wheels. I am loathe to hurt you because I know not but you're all my own offspring. Hark ye, you sirrah, with the white hair, I am sure you are mine ; there's half-a-crown for you. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before ?” “Never such a one as you, noble general,” replied a truant from Westminster. “Sirrah, I believe thee ; there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.” Making the necessary allowances for the colouring of a humourist like the Tatler, we have no doubt this caricature is yet a sufficient likeness of one whom nothing could put out of countenance ; and yet he occasionally met with some tolerably sharp lessons. Thus, for instance, when he had given, on his carriage, some part of Lord Denbigh's arms,

Basil, the fourth earl of that family, got a house-painter to paint his coat of arms all over in the public ring of Hyde Park, in broad day.

To the trio just described succeeds in our phantasmagoria the somewhat less celebrated Beau Edgeworth, a member of that family which has since been so distinguished by the literary talents of Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter, Maria, the admirable authoress. Beau Edgeworth has also found a niche in the extensive portrait-gallery of the "Tatler." Steele, in speaking of him, says, "there is a very handsome, well-shaped youth frequents the coffee-houses about Charing Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his breast. This being something new, and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Herald's Office, I have addressed myself to him, as I am Censor—

'Dear Countryman,—Was that ensign of honour which you wear given you by a prince or a lady you have served? If you bear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribbon; if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my license to continue the red.—'Your faithful servant,

'BICKERSTAFF, Censor.'

Alas for the subject of this poignant, yet good-humoured satire! eventually he became mad, and died in the Dublin Bridewell.

We next come to the celebrated Beau Nash. Richard Nash was born at Swansea, in Glamorgan-shire, in 1674; and after having finished his education at Jesus College, Oxford, he abandoned his intended profession of the law, and bought an ensigncy, under the idea that a red coat was the most promising costume for a man of pleasure. He soon, however, discovered that a military life had its duties, and some of them more than sufficiently onerous. He therefore sold his colours, and, be-taking himself to the law, contrived, though with very scanty means, to dress well and mingle in the first ranks of fashion. He even now showed symptoms of that glory which, at a later period, was to raise him to the throne of King Bladud, and by his intrepid assurance persuaded his com-peers to look upon him as

“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.”

It being resolved by the members of the Inner Temple, of which Nash was a member, to give an entertainment in honour of King William, he was appointed to arrange and preside over the whole. In this office he gave such general satisfaction, that the king offered to knight him, but equally impudent and sagacious, he replied, “Please your Majesty, if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor

knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune, at least able to support my title." But William had too many rapacious Dutch favourites, and too many needy English partisans, to take a hint of this kind. Yet with all the follies of his head, Nash was of a kind and generous disposition, of which the "Spectator" gives us a humorous example. When he was to render his accounts to the masters of the Temple, he charged, amongst other items, "For making one man happy, Ten Pounds. Upon being asked to explain so singular a charge, he replied, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family that ten pounds would make him happy, he could not refrain from trying the experiment. If, however, they objected to the item, he was quite willing to refund the money. To the honour of the Masters be it said, that they not only acquiesced in their treasurer's demand, but ordered the sum to be doubled, in proof of their satisfaction.

Some singular anecdotes are told of Nash at this early period of his career, and all equally characteristic of the man as he appears in after life.

Thus, upon one occasion, happening to lose all his money at York, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, on condition that he would stand at the great door of the

Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. Unfortunately he was recognised by the dean, who exclaimed in surprise, "What! Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, for keeping bad company," replied the unabashed beau, pointing to his companions, who stood near, laughing at his exposure. But horse-play of this kind was the fashion of the age, and, as appears from another instance, was sometimes carried to outrageous lengths. Upon this occasion he was invited by some officers to dine a-board a ship, then under sailing orders, when, having been completely intoxicated, he was carried off by his facetious hosts, and compelled to make the cruise with them.

In this voyage he was present at an engagement, in which a particular friend was killed at his side, and he himself, as he used afterwards to tell the story, wounded in the leg. This tale, however, was so far from meeting with general belief, that a lady one day openly expressed her incredulity, when he was relating it for the hundredth time in the public rooms at Bath. "I protest, madam," replied Nash, "it is true; and, if I cannot be believed, your ladyship may, if you please, receive further information; feel the ball in my leg."

Our hero was now thirty years of age, without

himself, as without the talents to secure one, *every* it used his talents for the gaming-table. To take in trustees chiefly for his support, but the vice was *not* common in those days to infer any loss of character. Now here, it must be allowed, was a "*modus vivendi dignus*," and accordingly the "*Deus ex machina*" was not long wanting.

Previous to this time the worn-out votaries of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat, where they might recruit themselves after the fatigues of a winter campaign in London. They spent that season amidst a solitude of country-squires and *parsons*'s wives, and were sadly in want of some place, where they might unite the pursuit of health with the pursuit of pleasure. Bath too, but in an humble way, was enlisted into the service of the exhausted fashionables. The company assembled there was numerous enough to form a country dance upon the bowling-green, to the music of a fiddle and a hautboy. In fine weather they usually sauntered in the grove, between two rows of sycamore trees, while the real, or supposed, sick drank the waters. For the better maintenance of order a master of the ceremonies was elected, the immediate predecessor of Nash being a certain Captain Webster; but he appears to have been a very feeble monarch, and to have had little power over his independent subjects; the gentle-

men smoked and wore boots in the public rooms, and the ladies made their appearance in aprons. If the company liked each other, they danced till morning; if any one lost at cards, he might insist on the winner's continuing the game till luck changed, or he wanted means to pursue it any farther. The lodgings for visitors were paltry, though expensive; the rooms were floored with boards, coloured brown with soot and small beer to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscoat, and the furniture was no less contemptible, consisting of nothing but a few oak chairs, a small looking-glass, and a table, with a pair of tongs and fender. The pump-house was without any director, and the chair-men permitted no ladies or gentlemen to walk home at night without insulting them. To crown all, a fashionable physician of the place having been offended, he declared, in revenge, "he would cast a toad into the springs," meaning of course that he would vote against the use of them.

It was at this juncture that Nash happened to visit Bath. Hearing of the doctor's threat, he replied to it in the same strain, assuring the people that he would charm away the toad's poison in the same way that the Neapolitans cured the bite of the tarantula—namely, by music. His offer was accepted by the alarmed *Bathites*; he

was fully invested with powers to try the efficacy of a band of music in opposition to the doctor's reptile, and his nostrum having succeeded, the throne of Bath was decreed to him by the popular suffrage.

The first care of the new monarch was like that of his brother kings—to call upon the people for subsidies to support the honours of his throne. This new tax appeared in the shape of a subscription of one guinea each for a band of six performers, who were to divide six guineas a week for their trouble. Moreover, he allowed two guineas for the sweeping and lighting of the rooms, and paid the corporation an annual rent for the use of the pump-rooms, which he placed under the care of a proper officer, called the *Pumper*.

In the first year, the good subjects of King Nash contributed no less a *benevolence* than seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds. New and more commodious houses began to be built, the streets were better paved, cleaned, and lighted, the chairmen were reduced to order, and an Act of Parliament was obtained, exempting invalids, who came to bathe or drink the waters, from all manner of tolls in going out of the city for recreation.

His next care was to prevail upon one Harrison to erect an assembly room, the company having been till then obliged to drink tea and game in a

mere booth. At the same time he provided a better band at a double salary, and paid Harrison three guineas a week for the use of his room and candles, besides establishing public promenades, and improving the suburbs, in spite of the opposition made by the corporation, who looked upon all such improvements as likely to prejudice their city.

Having brought things to this pitch, King Nash began to think it was high time to legislate for his subjects, and accordingly he hung up his new code in the pump-room. These laws he attempted to season with humour, but this seasoning, it must be allowed, was not very piquant. *Ecce signum*—

“That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen—unless he has none of his acquaintance.

“That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to, perfection.

“That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.”

This last regulation will call to the mind of most of our readers Sir Peter Teazle's denunciation, the main idea being the same, though rendered a thousand times more poignant by the terse and brilliant style of Sheridan. “Surely,” says Mrs. Candour, “you would not be quite so

severe on those who only repeat what they hear?"—"Yes, madam," replies Sir Peter, "I would have law merchant for them, too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers."

The balls, by his direction, began at six, and precisely as the clock struck eleven, he would give a sign to the band, whereat the music ceased. Nor could any considerations of rank induce him to deviate from his rules. The Princess Amelia upon one occasion having applied to him for one dance more after the usual warning had been given, he replied that the laws of Bath, like the laws of Lycurgus, were immutable, and actually continued inexorable to her entreaties. This, it must be owned, was going tolerable lengths, but he went even farther. In his detestation of white aprons, he one evening tore the prohibited article from off the Duchess of Queensbury, who had somehow contrived to smuggle herself in, and throw it amongst the ladies' women upon the hinder benches, observing, that none but abigails appeared in white aprons. The Duchess, like other ladies, submitted with a good grace to the ukase of the Bath autocrat.

But the gentlemen were much more refractory

than his lady lieges. It cost him no little exertion to banish boots, to which the squires adhered for a long time with wonderful pertinacity. The chapter of wearing swords was a yet more difficult one, but he had resolved to put an end to this practice, which led to many duels in the heat of the moment, which, but for the weapon being so ready at hand, might perhaps have been avoided.

“How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done.”

Whenever he heard of a challenge being given, he had both parties arrested, and thus, as he himself expressed it, “hindered people from doing what they had no mind to.”

Another of the new monarch's regulations provided that whenever any fresh visitant came to Bath, he should be welcomed by a peal of the abbey bells, and afterwards by the music of the city waits, for which, of course, he was expected to give an adequate remuneration according to his rank and fortune.

The amusements of the day usually began with bathing, the hours appointed for this purpose being from six to eight in the morning. “In the morning,” says our old chronicler, “the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath; and, being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little

floating dish like a bason, into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath ; if a novice, with a guide ; if otherwise, by herself ; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings."

The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-house, some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times are the usual portion for every drinker, 'and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.


The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion make public breakfasts at the assembly-houses, to which they invite their acquaintances, and they sometimes order private concerts ; or, when so disposed, attend lectures on the arts and sciences, which are frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement. The private concerts are performed in the ball rooms, the

tickets a crown each. Concert breakfasts at the assembly-house sometimes make also a part of the morning's amusement here, the expenses of which are defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune, who can perform, are admitted into the orchestra, and find a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus we have the tedious morning fairly over. When noon approaches, and church—if any please to go there—is done, some of the company appear upon the parade and other public walks, where they continue to chat and amuse each other till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen taking the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighbouring canal, while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company have returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish and fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.



After dinner is over, and evening-prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly-house, and the rest of the evening is concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theatre was erected in the year 1735 by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening it concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which are so numerous that the price of each ticket is trifling."

This picture of Bath as it was, is worthy preserving, now that these manners and customs have nearly all passed away, and with little chance, as it would seem, of their ever returning.

The expenses of Nash soon became more extravagant than ever. His usual mode of travelling to Tunbridge, which formed a sort of subsidiary to Bath, was in a post-chariot drawn by six greys, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. The gaming-table was his Peru, yet, unlike others of this desperate trade, he could be honest even in dishonesty, and numerous instances of his boundless generosity to losers, involving, upon more than one occasion, the return

to them of several thousands. The greatest blot in his character was his countenancing, and, in fact, sharing the spoils of certain sharpers, who set up banks and E.O. tables. But with all his experience, he was no match for people of this description. After a time, they defrauded him of his portion, and, while the tables were flourishing, he was reduced to the very brink of ruin. In the dilemma, he had recourse to the law, but all he got by this was the exposure of his connection with the sharpers, which, before, had scarcely been suspected.

Never, perhaps, was there a more compound character than that of Beau Nash, the king of Bath and also of Tonbridge Wells, a colony sent out from the parent state. We have already noticed his generosity, but he had other redeeming qualities. He was essentially kind-hearted, and disposed to serve every one, and so determined an enemy to slander, that he would not allow the ladies their natural privilege of running down each other. In those days, the men of gallantry, as they called themselves, held much the same opinion with Clarindore in the *Parliament of Love*, and considered it a matter of glory to publish to the world any victories they might have obtained over female weakness.

“ After victory,
A little glory in a soldier’s mouth
Is not uncomely ; love being a kind of war too,
And what I did achieve was full of labour
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs,
I thought it could not but take from my honour,
If it had been concealed.”

But the monarch of Bath repressed all such practices with a high hand, and thereby gained the friendship of many ladies of rank, who had been harshly treated by the slanderers. The old Duchess of Marlborough in particular, entertained much regard for him, often taking his advice in worldly affairs, as well as matters of mere taste. From the cut and colour of a livery, to the letting leases, building bridges, or forming canals, Nash was her chosen counsellor, and, considering the general sagacity of the now-antiquated Sarah, this was saying not a little for him. Before public gaming was suppressed by Act of Parliament, and while Nash was yet in the meridian of his fortunes, his benefactions were generally found to equal all his other expenses. The money he got without pain he gave away without reluctance ; and, when unable to relieve distress, he was often seen to shed tears. Of this many instances might be given, enough to fill, if not a volume, yet a long and tedious chapter. We will take only two or three.

A gentleman of broken fortune standing behind his chair one day, as he was playing a game of picquet for two hundred pounds, and observing with what indifference he won the money, could not help whispering to a bye-stander, "Heavens! how happy would that money make me!" This chanced to be overheard by Nash, who immediately thrust the money into his hand, and exclaimed, "Go, and be happy."

A clergyman brought his family to Bath, his wife being afflicted with a lingering disease, which, according to the doctors, could only be removed by the use of the hot wells. His living amounted to only thirty pounds a year, and it may be easily supposed that he was soon reduced to severe distress, the greater part of his clothes being gradually sold, to obtain a temporary relief. At length, his appearance became so shabby, that, from the number of holes in his coat and stockings, Nash used to nickname him Dr. Cullender. This, however, was but the momentary thoughtlessness of one who seldom suffered any thing to stand in the way of a joke, even when, as in the present case, it was not remarkable for brightness. No sooner did he learn the real state of affairs with the poor parson, than he set about making a collection for him, and to stimulate the public generosity, himself subscribed five guineas. In less than three hours a

couple of hundred pounds were raised, a piece of good fortune that did more for the wife's recovery than all the Bath waters. Nor did Nash's kindness for a mere stranger stop here. He solicited and obtained from a nobleman, a living for the poor curate, of a hundred and sixty pounds a year.

Another, and higher instance of his generosity remains to be recorded, higher, because it involves the exercise of a rare magnanimity, and one which for a moment must make us forget the natural frivolity of his character.

In the early part of his life, Nash had made proposals of marriage to a young lady of rank and fortune, and being then in high favour with the nobility, and moreover in affluent circumstances, the father listened to his suit with much satisfaction. When, however, he opened the affair to the lady herself, she at once candidly told him her heart was already given to another. The father, upon being informed of this avowal, became furious, and insisted upon his daughter's compliance. Things were carried to the last extremity, when Nash undertook to settle the affair. He sent for his favoured rival, with his own hand presented his mistress to him, and presented her with a fortune equal to that which her father had intended to bestow upon her. The consequence

was, a complete reconciliation between the old gentleman and his daughter.

But he, who had so often and so munificently relieved the distressed, became at length reduced to a very pitiable state of want. He was now more than eighty years old, and the faults, as well as the infirmities of age, began to steal rapidly upon him. He became rude and fretful, and in the midst of his vain longing after pleasures that he could no longer enjoy, was ever haunted by the fears of death. Yet he had already lived much too long for his repute or happiness, and at length died in his own house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February, 1761, when he was aged eighty-seven years, three months, and some days.

His funeral was celebrated by the corporation of Bath, with much splendour, and amidst a very general expression of grief, not only the streets, but even the house-tops, being filled with anxious spectators.

We have already entered somewhat at large into the character of this singular, and we must add with all his faults, good man; yet after all, he is best painted by his actions. Under that impression we will venture to give another anecdote of him, somewhat out of place perhaps, but the addition must be taken as the postscript of a letter,

which supplies what the writer, following only the natural current of his fancy, and narrating without art, had previously omitted.

His object was to establish a hospital at Bath, by public subscription. Once while walking round the rooms with his hat in his hand for that purpose, a certain duchess entered, at no time remarkable for charity. Nash planted himself directly in her way, when the lady, finding escape impossible, gave him a tap with her fan, saying, "you must put down a trifle for me, Mr. Nash, for I have no money in my purse." "With pleasure, madam," was his reply, "if your grace will tell me when to stop." And taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket he began to count them into his hat. "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold, Sir," cried the duchess; "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash, and continued dropping in the guineas; "six, seven, eight, nine, ten." The duchess now grew angry, and called again to him to stop. "Pray, compose yourself, madam," said Nash respectfully, "and don't interrupt the work of charity—eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here her grace actually seized his hand. "Be calm, madam," said Nash, going on with his performance, "your name will be written in letters of gold, and on

the front of the building, madam—sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.” “I shan’t pay a farthing more,” exclaimed the duchess. “Charity hides a multitude of sins,” replied Nash, “twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.” The lady now seemed to be exhausted with vexation, and about to faint, exclaiming, “Nash, I protest you frighten me out of my wits; I shall die.” “Madam,” said the imperturbable Nash, “you will never die of doing good; or if you do, you will be the better for it.”

Other stars were not long in rising in the fashionable hemisphere, but they could hardly be called stars of the first magnitude; compared with their predecessors, they would seem to have shone with diminished brilliance. We shall run through them with a brevity suited to their inferior importance as lights of fashion.

We have already spoken of Charles James Fox. The Earl of March seems to have gone somewhat farther. He writes to his friend George Selwyn, in Paris, 1776. “The *muff* you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously, vastly better than if it had been tigrè, or of any glaring colour; several are now making after it.” And again in 1776, he writes, “pray bring me two or three

bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, and some patterns for velvets that are new and pretty."

His friend, George Augustus Selwyn, was yet more distinguished, his wit and peculiarities giving him a high place in the world of fashion. He was born on the 11th of August, 1719, and was the second son of Colonel John Selwyn, of an ancient family in Gloucestershire, and who, in his youth, had been Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Marlborough. At Eton School he was a contemporary with Gray and Horace Walpole. He then proceeded to Hertford College, Oxford, which he left before the time to take a trip upon the continent, returned to College, and got expelled for an idle jest, which his superiors considered blasphemy.

His father's influence soon procured for him a lucrative situation in the Mint. In 1747 he obtained a seat in Parliament, and in the November of 1751—his brother having died before his father—he inherited, upon the decease of the latter, the whole of the family estates.

One of the most remarkable features in his character was a morbid love for sights of death and execution. This, indeed, has been denied, by showing the fallacy of some of the many anecdotes circulated,—no very difficult matter—but such

was evidently the belief of his contemporaries. Thus, when the first Lord Holland, upon his death-bed, was told that his friend Selwyn had called to inquire after his health, he replied, "The next time that Mr. Selwyn calls, show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." Thus, too, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, "This old Craggs—who was angry with Arthur More, who had worn a livery, too, and who was getting into a coach with him—turned round, and said, 'Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind, are not you?' I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins, and corpses, and executions; he replied that Arthur More had had his coffin chained to that of his mistress. 'Lord!' said I, 'how do you know?' 'Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles.'"

One more instance of the same kind, and we have done with this part of the subject. Being attacked by some ladies for his want of feeling in being present at the beheading of Lord Lovat, he replied, "Well, I made amends by going to the undertaker's to see his head sewed on again." And this excuse was no more than fact. He had duly assisted by his presence at this revolting ceremony, and no sooner was it concluded, and the perfect

corpse placed in its coffin, than imitating the voice and manner of the Lord Chancellor at the trial, he exclaimed, "My Lord Lovat, your lordship may arise."

Strange to say, the man who could thus sport with death, and enjoy the pain of others, was anything but deficient in feeling. He was passionately fond of children, and possessed a heart always open to the appeal of wretchedness. His friendships, too, were warm and lasting.

Of his witticisms, many are on record; but, like most colloquial flashes, they lose much of their brilliancy when read instead of being heard. The joke which sparkles when uttered, becomes too often vapid and pointless when committed to paper. A few instances, therefore, will suffice:

At the trials of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, observing a Mrs. Bethel, who was remarkable for a hatchet-face, looking earnestly at them, he exclaimed with affected compassion, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners before they are condemned!"—an allusion to the custom of the executioner's turning the edge of his axe towards the prisoner when condemned, and reversed before sentence has been passed.

On another occasion, observing Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons,

tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket, he exclaimed, "Look! how easily the Speaker passes the money-bills."

The beautiful Lady Coventry was one day exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and asked him what he thought of it? "I think," replied the wit, "you will be changed for a guinea."

Ex pede Herculem—for it would occupy more canvas than we can spare to paint our Hercules in his full proportions. It will be enough to add that he died on the 25th of January, 1791, and in his seventy-second year.

Beau Brummel, though perhaps not so remarkable for wit as George Selwyn, was certainly more distinguished as a leader of fashion. Although not a fop, he was the best dressed man of his day, the tie of his neckcloth, and the polish of his boot-tops, being the general objects of admiration. His good taste led him to avoid all peculiarities of appearance.

There is some doubt as to the station in life held by Brummel's parents. His grandfather followed a business of some kind in Bury Street, but by his letting a large portion of his house, it would seem that he was not in affluent circumstances. While Brummel's father was yet a boy,

Mr. Jenkinson came to lodge there, and this led to his being employed in a Government-office when his lodger and patron had attained to eminence.

George Bryan Brummel, the subject of this slight sketch, was born on the 7th of June, 1778, and his father having grown wealthy by speculating, as it was surmised, in the funds, sent him, at the proper age, to Eton. Here, although a very general favourite, he did not rise above the average of boy-students, being much more distinguished for fun and frolic than for study. Even at this early period, he affected a peculiar elegance, and obtained from his schoolfellows the soubriquet of "Buck Brummel," the term, *dandy*, not being then in fashion. In those days, too, his humour had already got much of that peculiar character, which afterwards distinguished him, and which is more easily illustrated by example, than made clear by explanation. The following is an instance :—

Contests between the Etonians and the barge-men were frequent. Upon one of these occasions, an unlucky bargee, as the race was termed, fell into the hands of the schoolboys, who, in resentment of their having been roughly handled by him in some previous quarrel, were well disposed to fling him over the bridge into the river. In

the midst of the tumult, and when nothing else could have saved the poor fellow, Brummel made his appearance amongst them, exclaiming, " My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold!"—From drowning to the almost certainty of catching cold!—what an exquisite instance of pathos! It proved irresistible, and laughter succeeding to indignation, the bargee was suffered to escape.

From Eton Brummel went to Oriel College, Oxford; but he could not have remained there long, for he was not much more than sixteen when his father died, and it was only three months afterwards that he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 10th Hussars, at that time commanded by the Prince of Wales. This was on the 17th of June, 1794.

He had, when a boy at Eton, been presented to the Prince on the terrace at Windsor. It now seems that some of the heir apparent's boon companions mentioned to him the young Etonian as having grown up into a second Selwyn, whereupon his Highness expressed a wish to see him. As he had no undue bashfulness to stand in the way of his preferment, he was soon received into a high degree of favour. His assurance, indeed,

was sublime, leading him to do and say things which would scarcely have entered into the head of any one but himself. Take this for an example :—


A great law-lord, who lived in Russell Square, had one evening given a ball, at which a Miss J., one of the beauties of the day, was present. All the young men were of course anxious for the honour of dancing with her, and numerous were the applications made to her as she sat enthroned in an arm-chair. Being, however, to the full as proud as she was beautiful, she refused them all, till the young hussar made his appearance, and he having proffered to lead her out, she at once acquiesced, greatly to the wrath of the disappointed candidates. In one of the pauses of the dance, he happened to find himself close to an acquaintance, when he exclaimed, "Ha! you here? Do, my good fellow, tell me who that ugly man is, leaning against the chimney-piece?" "Why, surely you must know him," replied the other; "'tis the master of the house." "No, indeed, said the cornet coolly, "how should I? I never was invited."

This was a feat that, we believe, no one except Theodore Hook ever rivalled.

No sooner had the novelty of a soldier's life worn off than Brummel grew weary of it, though

the reason he assigned for quitting the army was quite in keeping with the character of the man. His regiment, being at Brighton, was suddenly ordered to Manchester. The news arrived in the evening, and early the next day Brummel made his appearance before the Prince, who was not a little surprised at so unseasonable a visit. After due apologies made and received, Brummel proceeded to explain—"Why the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now you must be aware how disagreeable this is to *me*! I really could not go; think, your Royal Highness—*Manchester*! Besides, *you* would not be there. I have, therefore, determined, with your Royal Highness' permission, to sell out." The flattery was well timed, and secured the Prince's acquiescence. A year afterwards he came into possession of his fortune, which, having accumulated during his minority, amounted to thirty thousand pounds, whereupon, he took up his abode in May Fair, and soon became distinguished for the excellence of his dinners. The Prince himself is said to have been more than once a guest at his table.


At this time of his life he has been thus described by his biographer. "His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features



were neither plain nor handsome, but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high, showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions ; the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour ; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, prevented his countenance from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were grey and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful."

It would be doing little justice to the character of Brummel, to set him down for a mere coxcomb. On the contrary, he was a man of infinite shrewdness and observation, was naturally refined in taste and elegant in manners, his very affectation being as much assumed as the folly of Touchstone ; and it might truly be said of him, "under the presentation of that he shoots his wit." Mere foppery could never have made him, as he was,

the intimate friend of so many men, distinguished by birth and education ; nor could it have made his society so much a matter of fashion with the higher classes. Something, no doubt, he owed to his satirical spirit, which, in a short time made him dreaded, and thus established himself as the autocrat of that world in which he moved. It has been said that Madame de Staël was in awe of him, and considered her having failed to please him as her greatest misfortune, while she placed the Prince's having neglected to call upon her only as a secondary cause of lamentation. The great French authoress, however, was not without reason in her regrets ; to offend, or not to please Brummel was to lose caste in the fashionable world, to be exposed to the most cutting sarcasm, the most poignant ridicule, and, in many cases, to be made the subject of practical jokes, that, in justice, should have drawn down a horsewhipping upon the shoulders of the perpetrator. A single instance of this kind will be quite enough to justify the assertion. The victim was an old French emigrant, whom he met on a visit to Woburn or Chatsworth, into whose hair-powder he managed to introduce some finely powdered sugar. The next morning the poor marquis, quite unconscious of his head being so well sweetened, joined the breakfast-table as usual ; but scarcely



had he made his bow, and plunged his knife into the Perigord pie before him, than the flies began to desert the walls and windows to settle upon his head. The weather was exceedingly hot, the flies of course numerous, and even the honey-comb and marmalade upon the table seemed to have lost all attraction for them. The marquis relinquished his knife and fork to drive off the enemy, with his handkerchief. But scarcely had he attempted to renew his acquaintance with the Perigord pie, than back the whole swarm came, more teasingly than ever. Not a wing was missing. Those of the company, who were not in the secret, could not help wondering at this phenomenon, as the buzzing grew louder and louder every moment. Matters grew still worse, when the sugar, melting, poured down the Frenchman's brow and face in thick streams, for his tormentors then changed their ground of action, and having thus found a more vulnerable part, nearly drove him mad with their stings. Unable to bear it any longer, he clasped his head with both hands and rushed out of the room in a cloud of powder, followed by his persevering tormentors, and the laughter of the company.

The following is an instance of how closely excess of affectation may often resemble humour.

An acquaintance once, in a morning call, who

had then been recently travelling in the north of England, persisted in cross-questioning Brummel about the lakes—which did he like best?—Tired at length of his guest's affected raptures, Brummel turned to his valet, who chanced to be in the room—"Robinson!"—"Sir?"—"Which of the lakes do I admire?"—"Windermere, sir," replied the valet, who had acuteness enough to understand his master's humour. "Ah! yes, Windermere, repeated Brummel; "so it is, Windermere."

He pretended to look upon the city as a sort of African region, unknown to the civilized world, except from the report of certain adventurous travellers. Being asked by an eminent and wealthy merchant to dine with him in the city, he replied, "with pleasure, if you'll promise faithfully not to tell any one."

The intimacy between Brummel and the Prince of Wales lasted for some years, much longer, indeed, than might have been anticipated, all circumstances considered. The quarrel, which eventually broke up this intimacy, has been attributed to various causes; some said it was owing to Brummel's desiring the Prince to ring the bell, an assertion always denied by Brummel himself; Moore tells us,

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come
ill

To mortal, except, now I think on't, to Beau Brummel;

Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old king into fashion."

Others said the dispute arose from the friend's ridicule of the favourite mistress Fitzherbert; but Brummel, with his usual intrepidity of assurance, protested that it was he who had cut the prince.

"Non nostrum est tantas componere lites."

The loss of his royal friend estranged many from Brummel, to whom he had before been a welcome visitant, but they generally suffered for their time-serving, his unrelenting wit as little sparing them as it did the Prince himself. A notable instance of this was seen in the case of a fashionable lady, by name, Thompson, living near Grosvenor-square, and who had a formidable rival, so far as giving parties went, in a Mrs. Johnson, an inhabitant of the terra incognita, Finsbury-square, or its immediate vicinity. The west-end dame was giving a grand ball, at which his Royal Highness had consented to be present, in consequence of which, Brummel, of course, was not invited. Great then was the lady's surprise, when, upon the eventful night, and at the moment she was anxiously expecting the prince's arrival, who should walk in but the unmasked and obnoxious Beau Brummel. Suppressing her indignation as best she could, the lady walked

forth from the circle of her friends, and informed him that he had not been invited. "Not invited, madam? not invited?" said the unwelcome visitor in his blandest tones; "surely there must be some mistake;" and leisurely feeling in all his pockets, to spin out the time, and give a better chance for the Prince's arrival, while the hostess was in an agony, he at length drew forth a card, which he presented to her. At a glance she saw it was that of her rival at the East end, and returning it hastily, exclaimed, "That card, sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed," replied Brummel, affecting much surprise. "Dear me, how unfortunate; really, Mrs. John—Thompson, I mean; I am very sorry for this mistake: but you know, Johnson and Thompson, Thompson and Johnson, are so much the same kind of thing. Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening." And making one of his most elaborate bows, he retired slowly and mincingly, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of all present, except the hostess herself, who was bursting with indignation, and totally at a loss to reply to such matchless effrontery.

For years did Brummel maintain his supremacy in the fashionable world, notwithstanding his having been cast off by the Prince, and the neglect of some in consequence. But though even royal

disfavour could not seriously lower him, he managed in the end, to do that which no one else could do—he ruined himself—the gaming-table, in the long run, deprived him of all his fortune. Then came bills to supply the deficiencies of the hour, and, with that, the consummation which they never fail to bring about when necessity has recourse to them. A quarrel ensuing with the friend joined in one of these acceptances, and who accused him of taking the lion's share, he was obliged to quit England, and take up his abode at Calais. It has been said, ludicrously enough, that Brummel and Bonaparte fell together. The Moscow of the former, according to his own account, was a crooked sixpence, to the possession of which his good fortune was attached, but which he unfortunately lost.

But if he had lost his magical sixpence, he had not as yet exhausted all his friends, from some of whom he was continually receiving even large sums of money, so much in one instance as a thousand pounds. He was thus enabled to furnish the lodgings, which he now took, in a way suited to his usual refined habits, and, living in a great degree retired, he set seriously to work at acquiring the French language. In this he so well succeeded that in a short time he could both write and speak it with tolerable fluency and correctness, a

sufficient proof that he was by no means deficient in understanding.

It will naturally be supposed that as time went on, the tide of bounty towards him rolled in a constantly decreasing stream. Some friends were lost to him by death, others, perhaps grew weary of relieving him. A visit of George the Fourth to France held out to him a momentary gleam of hope. But the King came to Calais and did not send for him, or in any way notice him. Still he was not so wholly bereft of friends, but that he continued from time to time to receive remittances from England; and, at length, by the intervention of the Duke of Wellington with King William, he was made English Consul in the capital of Lower Normandy. By this time he was so deeply involved in debt that he could scarcely obtain the means of arranging with his creditors and going on to Paris, where he staid a week, before proceeding to his future residence at Caen.

It may be supposed that with the income of his consulate, Brummel was now in a state of ease and comfort; but this was far from being the case; the large deductions made from his income to discharge the arrears of debt incurred at Calais, left him a very insufficient overplus for a man of his habits. He soon became as deeply

involved at Caen, as he had before been at Calais.

In the hope of getting a more lucrative situation, he wrote to his former friend, Lord Palmerston, then in office, that the consulate at Caen was perfectly useless to the English nation. His lordship thanked him for the information, abolished the consulate, but forgot to provide him with any other situation. He was thus once more thrown upon the charity of his friends without a single sixpence in his pocket. To relieve him from these difficulties, enhanced as they were by illness, his acquaintance, Mr. Armstrong, undertook to see what could be done for him in England. The mission was so successful that he returned with money enough to pay off the most pressing of the demands upon the ex-consul.

Evils now began to throng thick and fast upon him. He had more than one attack of paralysis, and to crown all, he was flung into prison at Caen by his French creditors. What such a man, so fastidious in all his habits, must have suffered when he found himself locked up in a wretched filthy den, floored with stone, with felons for his companions, and all the most common decencies of life disregarded, may be easily imagined. The details would be too disgusting for these pages.

Mr. Armstrong now made a second visit to England, and was again so successful, 'that Brummel was enabled to leave his prison, after having been confined there for upwards of two months.

It would be as painful as useless to follow him through his decline—sickness, loss of memory, and absolute imbecility, till at last his manners became so disgusting, that he could no longer be allowed to eat at the public table. His final state was one of perfect idiotcy,—unable to distinguish bread from meat, or wine from coffee. Happily for the poor sufferer, his friends obtained for him admission into the hospital of the *Bon Sauveur*, and he was placed in a comfortable room, that had once been occupied by the celebrated Bourienne. Here he died on the evening of the 30th of March, 1840.

A few more lines, and our subject is exhausted. On a green eminence in the village of Chambourcy, beyond St. German-en-Laye, where the rustic churchyard joins the estate of the Gramont family, rises a marble pyramid. In the sepulchral chamber, there is a stone sarcophagus on either side, each surmounted by a white marble tablet; that to the left encloses the remains of Lady Blessington, that to the right has recently received, on the 7th August, 1852, the body of Alfred, Count D'Orsay, the brilliant leader of

fashion during the reigns of William IV. and Queen Victoria. This gifted and highly accomplished gentleman—the exquisite artist, the able sculptor, and the general “arbiter elegantiarum”—has departed too recently from amongst us to render more than the mere mention of his name necessary. With the wit of Gramont, the refinement and kind-heartedness of Nash, and the elegance of Brummel, D’Orsay combined mental acquirement and considerable genius. He has left a void in the world of fashion that has not since been filled up.

THE PITT DIAMOND.

ONE of the easy roads to fame—or, perhaps, we should rather say, notoriety—is to possess something rare—something that no one else possesses, or is ever likely to possess. But it seldom happens, as in the case of the Pitt Diamond, that the possession of the rarity paves the way to fortune, as well as to celebrity. Had it not been for this precious jewel, the name of Governor Pitt would, in all likelihood, have been forgotten by this time, whereas, now, it may be a matter of, at least, momentary interest to the reader, to learn something about the diamond and its lucky owner.

Thomas Pitt, Esq., born in 1653, was appointed, in Queen Anne's reign, to the government of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, somewhat before the time of English Nabobs, when India

had become the veritable El Dorado. Clive had not yet turned merchants into conquerors, and made the petty rulers of the counting-house the lords of Hindostan; indeed, he was not yet born—but, even in those early days, there were handsome pickings to be made in India by those who possessed tact and industry, and it is plain that Governor Pitt possessed both; for, during a residence in the East of many years, he contrived to amass an immense fortune. His crowning adventure was the purchase of the jewel, which, ever since, has borne his name, an affair which, at the time of its occurrence, subjected him to much obloquy. It was loudly asserted by his enemies, that he became possessed of the diamond by unfair means, having, in some way, used his power as a means of extorting it from the native owner, at a price far below its real value. So extensively were these rumours spread, and so generally believed, that Governor Pitt thought it necessary to draw up a narrative of the whole transaction, which was first communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1825, by the Rev. William Meyrick, of Bath, an heir to some of the Pitt estates. This vindication was given in these words:—

“Since my coming into this melancholy place of Bengal, I have been often thinking of the most unparalleled villany of William Fraser, Thomas

Frederick, and Smapa, a black merchant, who brought a paper before Governor Addison, in council, insinuating that I had unfairly got possession of a large diamond, which tended so much to the prejudice of my reputation and the ruin of my estate, that I thought it necessary to keep by me the true relation how I purchased it in all respects, that so, in case of sudden mortality, my children and friends may be apprised of the whole matter, and so be enabled thereby to put to silence and confound those, and all other villains, in their base attempts against either. Not having got my books by me at present, I cannot be positive as to the time, but for the manner of purchasing it, I do here declare and assert, under my hand, in the presence of God Almighty, as I hope for salvation, through the merits and intercession of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, that this is the truth, and if it be not, let God deny it to me and my children for ever! which I would be so far from saying, much less leave it under my hand, that I would not be guilty of the least untruth in the relation of it, for the riches and honour of the whole world.

About two or three years after my arrival at Madras, in July, 1698, I heard there were large diamonds in the country to be sold, which I encouraged to be brought down, promising to be their chapman, if they would be reasonable

therein ; upon which, Jourcund, one of the most eminent diamond-merchants in these parts, came down about December, 1701, and brought with him a large, rough stone, about 305 mangelius, and some small ones, which myself and others bought ; but he, asking a very extravagant price for the great one, I did not think of meddling with it, when he left it with me for some days, and then came and took it away again, and did so several times, not insisting upon less than 200,000 pagodas ; and, as I best remember, I did not bid him above 30,000, and had little thoughts of buying it for that. I considered there were many and great risks to be run, not only in cutting it, but also whether it would prove foul or clear, or the water good ; besides, I thought it too great an amount to be ventured home on one bottom. But Jourcund resolved to return speedily to his own country ; so that, I best remember, it was in February following he came to me again (with Vincatee Chittee, who was always with him when I discoursed with him about it), and pressed me to know whether I resolved to buy it, when he came down to 100,000 pagodas, and something under, before we parted, when we agreed upon a day to meet and make a final end thereof, which I believe was the latter end of the aforesaid month, or the beginning of March ; when we accordingly met in the Con-

sultation Room, where, after a great deal of talk, I brought him down to 55,000 pagodas, and advanced to 45,000, resolving to give no more, and he, likewise, resolving not to abate, I delivered him up the stone, and we took a friendly leave of one another. Mr. Benyon was then writing in my closet, with whom I discoursed on what had passed, and told him now I was clear of it; when, about an hour after, my servant brought me word that Jourcund and Vincatee were at the door, who, being called in, they used a great many expressions in praise of the stone, and told me he had rather I should buy it than anybody, and to give an instance thereof, offered it for 50,000 pagodas; so, believing it must be a pennyworth if it proved good, I offered to part the 5,000 pagodas that was then between us, which he would not hearken to, and was going out of the room again, when he turned back, and told me that I should have it for 49,000; but I still adhered to what I had before offered him, when presently he came to 48,000, and made a solemn vow he would not part with it a pagoda under, when I went again into the closet to Mr. Benyon, and told him what had passed, saying that if it was worth 47,000 it was worth 48,000; * so I closed with him for that sum, when he delivered me the stone, for which I paid him very honourably, as by my books

* £20,400 sterling, at 8s. 6d. per pagoda.

appears. And I here further call God to witness that I never used the least threatening word at any of our meetings to induce him to sell it me; and God himself knows it was never so much as in my thoughts so to do. Since which, I have had frequent and considerable dealings with this man, and trusted him with several sums of money, and balanced several accounts with him, and left upwards of 2,000 pagodas in his hands at my coming away. So, had I used the least indirect means to have got it from him, would not he have made himself satisfaction when he has had money so often in his hands? Or, would I have trusted him afterwards, as I did, preferably to all other diamond-merchants! As this is the truth, I hope for God's blessing upon this and all my other affairs in this world, and eternal happiness hereafter."

The diamond, thus acquired, was brought over by Governor Pitt in a rough state, when it weighed 410 carats; being cut in brilliant, at a cost of £5,000, its weight was reduced to 135 carats, and its size to about an inch and a quarter in diameter. The clips yielded £8,000.

From the same memoranda, it appears that £80,000 were bid for this enormous stone by some private person, but it was finally sold, in 1717, to the Crown of France, for the sum of £200,000; and the state jewels, in sealed packets,

numbered, were pledged for the payment. The Governor himself delivered it at Calais, and his son-in-law, Charles Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal, was accustomed, at stated periods, to take one of the packets of the French jewels to Dover, where he delivered his charge to a messenger of the King, and received from him an instalment of the purchase-money.

Upon the transfer of the diamond to France, it was generally called there the *Regency Diamond*, from its having been bought when the Duke of Orleans was regent of that country, during the minority of Louis XIV, who afterwards used to wear it as a button to his hat upon extraordinary occasions. At a yet later period, it is stated to have formed the principal ornament in the crown of France. Bonaparte, whose every idea was military, when the diamond fell to him with the wefts and strays of the wrecked monarchy, placed it in the pommel of his sword, since when it has probably travelled from hand to hand with the crown itself.

Governor Pitt died in 1726, and was buried in Blandford, St. Mary's Church, Dorsetshire. His eldest son Robert of Boconnock, M.P. was father of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock (whose son became Lord Camelford) and of William Pitt, the great Earl Chatham.

THE LAIRD OF WESTBURN'S DREAM.

GABRIEL HAMILTON, of Westburn, in the county of Lanark, was the representative of an ancient and distinguished branch of the Duke of Hamilton's family, viz., Hamilton of Torrance, a cadet of the great house of Raploch, which was immediately sprung from the Lords of Cadzow, the ancestors of the Earls of Arran and Dukes of Hamilton. The grandmother of this Hamilton of Westburn was a daughter of Sir Walter Stewart, of Allanton. And thus, Westburn and Allanton were near kinsmen, at a time when relationship and intimacy were synonymous; the death of Westburn took place about 1757 or

1758, and Allanton had pre-deceased him several years. Their estates, moreover, were situated in the same county, and they were on the most affectionate and familiar terms with each other.

Westburn, who was an elderly man, and not in very strong health, was in the habit of reposing during an hour after dinner, and his wife, the beautiful and estimable Agnes Dundas, heiress of Duddingston, usually sat by the side of the couch, reading to him or conversing until he fell asleep. One day, he slept longer and apparently more soundly than usual; and at length he suddenly awoke, and said he had been roused by the fluttering of the wings of doves. He then addressed his wife, and related to her the following remarkable dream:—

“ I was walking in the most lovely gardens and pleasure-grounds that I ever beheld, and so struck was I with their extraordinary extent and romantic beauty, and with the bright and glorious colours of the flowers which sprung up around me on every side, that I exclaimed, ‘ This can be no other place than Paradise! this must be the Garden of the Lord!’ I had hardly uttered these words, when a youth of radiant beauty and heavenly expression approached me, and smiling sweetly on me, he accosted me familiarly by name, giving me a cordial welcome to his happy home

I expressed my surprise at his friendly and familiar greeting, seeing that we were but strangers. 'And yet,' said I, 'there is that in your countenance which makes me feel as if you were my friend!' 'Seek not,' said he, 'to deny our old and intimate acquaintance. You are my near kinsman, and familiar neighbour and friend;' and observing that I looked astonished and incredulous, he said, 'Is it possible that you have forgotten me? Is it, even with you, so soon, out of sight out of mind? Do not you know me? I am your cousin, Stewart of Allanton.' 'Impossible,' said I, 'for my dear friend Allanton was old and plain-looking; whereas, you are the most beautiful youth that my eyes did ever behold.' 'Even so,' said the youth, 'all those who come here are made youthful and beautiful. There is here neither age nor plainness. I am no other than your dear cousin and old friend Allanton, and within twenty-four hours you will be here with me, and you will be young and beautiful like me.' Hereupon, I heard the loud fluttering of the wings of doves, and I suddenly awoke."

It may be imagined that Westburn's dream made a deep impression, not unmingled with awe, on his affectionate wife. She deemed it to be a warning that she must hold herself in readiness to resign him ere long, at the call of his heavenly

master and father; and even so it came to pass. On the following morning, Westburn was found dead in his bed. His spirit had departed during the night, and had gone to join his early friend and kinsman in the gardens of Paradise.

THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.


THE truth of the story we are about to narrate, has been denied by many ; but it is enough for our purpose that it was, at one time, very generally received for truth, not to mention the great difficulty there is in distinguishing the false from the real upon such occasions.

Our tale opens at that remarkable epoch of English history, when, at least, three parts of the nation had fallen from James to welcome the Prince of Orange as their future monarch. Deserted by others, James was now ready to desert himself ; and yet, if anything could have breathed spirit into him, it must been the gallant counsel of Dundee. "Sire," said he, "the question is,

whether you shall remain in Britain, or fly to France? whether you shall trust the returning zeal of your native subjects, or rely only on a foreign power? Here, then, I say, you ought to stand. Keep possession of a part, let it be ever so small, and the whole will return to you by degrees. Resume the spirit of a king, and summon your subjects to their allegiance. Your army, though dispersed, is not disheartened. Give me but your commission, and I will carry your standard through England, and drive before it these Dutch and their Prince."

It is possible that, if James had followed this no less daring than sagacious advice, he might yet have regained his lost kingdom. But, as usual, he was vacillating, if not actually timid. It was rejected, and, in a few days afterwards, James sought an inglorious safety with his ally, the king of France, who seems to have despised, while he pitied him.

In the meanwhile, Dundee posted himself to the North, to uphold, if possible, the cause thus abandoned by him most nearly concerned in its support. It must not, however, be concealed that the loyalty of Claverhouse has, by some, been attributed to vindictive selfishness. A story is told of his having offered his services to the Prince of Orange—which, being rejected, he was fired with




indignation, and henceforth resolved to live and die in the cause of King James.

During the whole of the winter, Claverhouse laboured indefatigably in confirming the waverers, encouraging the timid, and swelling the ranks of the Jacobites. To this purpose he applied all the energies of his genius, though without much success, the country being in a distracted state, and the nobility divided amongst themselves. When spring came, he received a written authority from James to call a convocation of the states at Stirling, but this attempt was defeated by the delays and wilfulness of the party.

On his part King William summoned a convention to meet at Edinburgh on the 14th March, and his call was obeyed by a large and willing multitude, all more or less interested in the new order of things. There also Claverhouse was present, his object being to produce discord among the friends of William, and aid, as far as might be, the interests of his master. Being, however, informed that the Covenanters had formed a plan for his assassination, he took the alarm, as no doubt it was intended he should do, and fled from the city at the head of one hundred and fifty horsemen. His way led below the walls of the castle, then held, for James, by the Duke of Gordon, who, on seeing him, demanded a conference. Claverhouse


did not hesitate for a moment; climbing up the tremendous precipice on which the castle stands, he informed the Duke of his plans on behalf of James, and besought him to hold out to the last extremity. A multitude of idle spectators was collected by this singular conference, thus held in the open day, and in defiance of the ruling powers. The convention became alarmed; the president ordered the doors of the council-chamber to be locked, the drums were beat to alarm the town, and a party of ill-armed retainers were gathered in the street by the Earl of Leven. Utterly inefficient as this force was, Claverhouse did not think it prudent to abide their coming. He fled; and the adherents of James, seeing themselves thus abandoned, at once quitted the convention—which, being thus freed from the embarrassment of their presence, and consisting now entirely of Whigs, conducted matters at their own pleasure. This was a severe blow to the cause of the dethroned, or abdicated, monarch, and it was vigorously followed up; the Convention having in vain called upon Claverhouse to return, they declared him a rebel and an outlaw, while General Mackay was despatched by William to Scotland, at the head of a considerable body of troops to surprise. Hereupon, the fugitive retired to the Grampian Hills, marched thence to Gordon Castle, where he



was joined by the Earl of Dunfermline and fifty gentlemen, and then passed through the county of Moray to Inverness. At this last place he found Macdonald of Keppoch lying with seven hundred men, after having laid waste, in his march, the lands of the clan Macintosh, and extorted all he could, in money, from the magistrates of Inverness. By a promise of repaying these forced contributions upon the King's return, Claverhouse induced Keppoch to join him with all his forces; the latter, however, insisted that they should be first allowed to return home and place their spoil in safety. To this, as it was a constant custom with the Highlanders, and one which they could seldom be induced to forego, Claverhouse thought it prudent to give way; but, that he might not lose his hold of so valuable a body, he resolved upon accompanying them himself to the braes of Lochaber. No one knew better how to secure the attachment of these rude mountaineers. Although a strict, or, perhaps, even a stern disciplinarian, he would talk and jest with his soldiers upon occasion, and join them in singing their national Celtic songs; yet, never permitting them to forget themselves or him. At the same time, he was perfectly merciless to all of the opposite party who dared to oppose him; and thus, while

in the North, he bore the appellation of the *Gallant Dundee*; in the South he was called the *Bloody Clavers*. He had well deserved both titles; but, as the old Scotch proverb says, "let every one roose the ford as he finds it."

Being now at the head of a brave, though small, body of troops, he summoned a general meeting of the Jacobites, at Lochaber, and in the meanwhile surprised Perth, levied contributions upon that town, and plundered all in his way that were hostile to the cause of James. Many of the Highland chiefs presented themselves, upon his call, at the place appointed, increasing his little army to fifteen hundred men, so that he was able to march against Mackay, who fled before him. This success, however, was very transient. He was again under the necessity of retreating, and by the time he reached Badenoch, the feud between the Lowlanders and the Highland clans had attained such a pitch that the former deserted to a man, while the latter plundered the whole country before them without mercy. To make matters yet worse, Claverhouse fell sick, his resources were exhausted, and Mackay was once more advancing against him. A battle took place, and though the Highlanders won the day after a fierce struggle, yet, during the action, they lost their baggage and their plunder, a loss which




made them furious, each one laying the blame upon the other.

The defeated Mackay was again reinforced, and with his usual indomitable spirit again advanced upon his conqueror. But the army of the latter was so much weakened by the desertion of the clans, who conceived themselves fully entitled to go and come at pleasure, that he was compelled to retreat in his turn, and by the time he reached the braes of Lochaber, he had not two hundred men remaining. To complete his distress he now received news that Edinburgh Castle had been surrendered, and the Irish troops, with which James had promised to supply him, turned out few in number, and scantily provided with arms or even necessaries. Still Claverhouse remained undaunted. He knew that if the Highlanders were lightly dispersed, they were as lightly gathered together again. At his summons they unhesitatingly flocked to join him, so that in a short time he found himself at the head of fourteen hundred men, all ready enough to fight the enemy so long as they could be kept together. The greatest drawback on his hopes of final success was the want of proper arms. The Highlanders had no weapons but old broad-swords, dirks, and shields, while the Irish were yet worse provided, having few arms of any kind, except

what they could pick up on the way, and in the whole army there was not more than forty pounds of gunpowder. Notwithstanding these well-nigh hopeless impediments, and which would have overwhelmed a less unconquerable spirit, or one less fertile in resources, Claverhouse determined to march at once, and give battle to the enemy, for he had now had a long experience of the Highland clans, he knew how jealous they were of each other, and how likely to fall asunder on the first dispute, though held together, for a time, by the common principle of Jacobitism. Inactivity was more likely to disperse them than defeat; accordingly he marched to Blair in Athol, where he learnt that Mackay was just entering the pass of Killiecrankie. The men of Athol advised him to hurry forward and drive back Mackay before he could advance into the open plain, but to this he turned a deaf ear, and it is even said that he sent word to some friends in the strath of Athol below, "to secure the pass, that no flyers might escape, for he was going to beat General Mackay in the afternoon." But a seer, had there been any such in his little troop, would have discovered that danger threatened him from a very different quarter.

In the Jacobite ranks were two traitors, who had long pledged themselves to destroy him. The



one was a Lanarkshire covenanter, whose whole kin had been murdered by Clavers in one of his crusades against these fierce enthusiasts. This man had solemnly sworn to take the life of the persecutor, for which purpose he followed him first as a volunteer, and afterwards became his groom. For three years and a half had the avenger of blood in vain watched for an opportunity of effecting his purpose, and he was now fully determined to "do, or die."

The other was a no less determined enemy, but influenced by motives still less capable of any justification. This was William Livingstone, of the family of Kilsyth, who, if tradition be not false, was violently enamoured of Jean, Viscountess Dundee. The lady proving virtuous, he had no hopes of gratifying his criminal passion so long as Dundee lived, and he therefore resolved that in the approaching battle he would find, or make, an opportunity to remove him. There was, however, no agreement between them, and the two traditions are generally kept distinct.

"General Mackay's army," says the old biographer, an officer in the army, "outwinged Dundee's nearly a quarter of a mile, which obliged the clans to leave large intervals between each clan, and by declining towards the wings they wanted troops to charge the centre, where a de-

tachment of Lesly and Hastings' English regiments were. The Highlanders threw away their plaids, haversacks, and all other utensils, and marched resolutely and deliberately in their shirts and doublets; or, in the words of the ancient ballad,

“ Clavers and his Highland men
 Came down upon the *raw then ;
 Who being stout gave many a clout,
 The lads began to claw then.
 With swords and targets in their hands
 Wherewith they were not slow then ;
 And clinkin, clankin, on their crowns,
 The lads began to claw them.

“ O'er brink and brank, o'er ditch and stank,
 He staik amang them a' then ;
 The butterbox got many knocks,
 The riggans paid for a' then.
 They got their paiks wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw then ;
 And double dunts upon their rumps,
 The lads began to fa' then.

“ Her skip'd about, and leaped about,
 Her flang amang them a' then ;
 The English heads got broken heads,
 Their crowns her clave in two then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 Such was their final fa' then ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That gave them such a paw then.”

The prose narrator of this bloody day is not less enthusiastic in his account of the heavy blows

* *i. e.*, they came down the hill in a row.

dealt by the Highlanders upon the skulls of the unlucky Saxons. "I dare be bold to say there were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe, as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the very breasts ; others had their skulls cut off above their ears, like night caps ; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross-belts cut through at one blow ; pikes and small swords were cut like willows ; and whoever doubts of this, may consult the witnesses of the tragedy."

But notwithstanding these downright blows, which the left of the centre did not stand against for ten minutes, the Highlanders were by no means so successful in another quarter. Colonel Hastings' regiment, flanked by some companies of Dutch guards, received the first shock with firmness, and advancing in their turn, forced the Macdonalds to give way, while the Macleans were wholly taken up with the pursuit of the defeated royalists. The chief, however, of the last-named clan made a timely wheel-round with a few of his followers, and being joined by Sir Evan Cameron, of Lochiel, the two advanced along the verge of the valley, taking Hastings' regiment and the Dutch in flank. The movement was directed by Claverhouse, whose right hand was stretched out,

pointing with his baton and urging on the troops. At this juncture both Livingstone and the groom were near him, and the next moment Dundee was struck by a bullet below the right arm. He fell, as the victory was gained, but by his death the cause of James was lost.

Weeks and months rolled on, and the rebellion had been put down, although, as often happens, for a long time after a storm, there was a restless heaving at the surface of things, a sort of so-called ground-swell, that gave evident tokens of what had been. Livingstone was the first to bring Lady Dundee the news of her gallant husband's death, reminding her at the same time of the promise she had once given him, half in jest, and half, it may be, in earnest, that if she ever chanced to become a widow, he should be her second husband. How she received this proposal—whether she needed much or little persuasion, we have no means of knowing; but finally her consent to their union was obtained, and on the very day of their marriage, he presented her with a ring, whereon was engraved, *yours till death!* Strange to say, this gift was lost, or in some way missing, before the day was over? But how? in what way had it gone? No one could tell, but all agreed that it was a singularly bad omen, and that no good could

come of the intended marriage. This feeling was heightened when it became known that the mother of the late Viscount Dundee had pronounced a malison upon her daughter-in-law and Livingstone. Upon New Year's morning, she sent to the real or supposed murderer a white night-cap, a pair of white gloves, and a rope, as indicative of her opinion, with a curse upon their marriage, and a prayer to God that "should *He* see fit to permit the unworthy couple to leave the world without some visible token of his indignation, He would be pleased to make her some special revelation, to prevent her from utterly disbelieving his providence and justice."

What followed, whether in consequence of her malison or not, might go some way in preventing the good lady from falling into the state of unbelief she so much dreaded. Not long after his marriage, and in consequence of his opposing the Revolution settlement, William Livingstone found it necessary to retire to Holland with Lady Dundee, where fate overtook the latter, at a time and in a way she least expected. The event is thus related in a letter from John Hay, of Carubber, to the Earl of Errol, dated Edinburgh, 30th October, 1695:—"By the post yesterday I had a letter from young Blaer, out of Utrecht, with a particular, but sad account of the accident of the

Viscountess of Dundee and her son. He writes that he had dined with her and Kilsyth (Livingstone of Kilsyth), her husband, and after dinner, just as he had left them, the lady and Kilsyth, and a gentleman with them, went into the room where the young child and Mrs. Melville, the lady's woman, were. The house was covered with turf, the usual fuel in that place, and it is thought, by the weight of it, the roof fell, and crushed my lady, and her son, and Mrs. Melville, to death. Kilsyth himself was three-quarters of an hour beneath the rubbish, yet both he and the other gentlemen are free of hurt. The lady and her son are embalmed to be brought home. The gentlewoman was buried in that place on the 18th instant (old style) after dinner."

This is one version of the event, but probably not the true one. According to another account, "this was not by accident, but by design. The landlord and some of his accomplices had cut the beams which supported the roof, and, upon a signal being given, he let it fall in, with a view to smother the whole company,"—a number of noblemen concerned in the late rebellion. "It appears that very few escaped, and I never heard it denied or doubted that Lady Kilsyth and her infant perished in the ruins. Indeed, the wound she received on the right temple is still visible ;

and when the body was first discovered"—in an arched vault, under the church of Kilsyth, the burial place of the Kilsyth family for many generations—"it was covered with a black patch, about the size of a crown piece. There is no mark of violence upon her son. He seems to have been smothered, as it is generally said, sitting on the knee of his mother at table.

"Her body was embowelled and embalmed, and soon afterwards sent over to Scotland. It was landed, and lay at Leith for some time in a cellar, and was afterwards carried to Kilsyth, and buried in great pomp, according to the form of the church of England. It is not twenty years since"—written in 1800—"some of the inhabitants of this parish died, who were, in their youth, eye-witnesses of the funeral.

"The body was enclosed, first in a coffin of fir, next in a leaden coffin nicely cemented, but without any inscription; this was again covered within a very strong wooden coffin. The space between the two was filled up with a white matter, somewhat of the colour and consistence of putty, apparently composed of gums and perfumes, for it had a rich and delicious flavour. When I was a boy at school, I have frequently seen the coffin in which she lies, for the vault was then always accessible, and often opened; but at that time

the wooden coffin was entire. Indeed, it was only within a few years that it decayed. Even after this, the lead one remained entire for a considerable time; but, being very brittle and thin, it also began to moulder away; a slight touch of the finger penetrated any part of it. In the apertures thus made nothing was seen but the gummy matter above mentioned. When this was partly removed, which was easily done, being very soft, and only about an inch in thickness, another wooden coffin appeared, which seemed quite fresh and clean.

“ But no one ever thought of opening it until the spring of 1796, when some rude, regardless young men went to visit the tomb, and, with sacrilegious hands, tore open the leaden coffin. To their surprise they found under the lead a covering of fir, as clean and fresh as if it had been made the day before. The cover of this, being loose, was easily removed. With astonishment and consternation they saw the body of Lady Kilsyth, and her child, as perfect as the hour they were entombed.

“ For some weeks this circumstance was kept secret, but at last it began to be whispered in several companies, and soon excited great and general curiosity. On the 12th of June, while I was from home, great crowds assembled, and would not be denied admission. At all hours of

the night as well as the day, they afterwards persisted in gratifying their curiosity.

“I saw the body soon after the coffin was opened. It was quite entire. Every feature and every limb was as full, nay, the very shroud was as clear and fresh, and the colours of the ribbons as bright as the day they were lodged in the tomb.

“What rendered this scene more striking and truly interesting was, that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His colour was as fresh, and flesh as plump and full, as in the perfect glow of health; the smile of infancy and innocence sate on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old.


“The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved, and at a little distance, with the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features, nay, the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct, and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish anything like the ghastly and agonising traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was discomposed, nor a single member impaired.

“The body seemed to have been preserved in some liquid, nearly of the colour and appearance of brandy; the whole coffin seems to have been full of it, and all its contents saturated with it. The body had assumed somewhat the same tinge, but this served only to give it a fresher look; it had none of the ghastly, livid hue of death, but rather a copper complexion.

“It would, I believe, have been difficult for a chemist to ascertain the nature of this liquid; though perfectly transparent, it had lost all its pungent qualities, its taste being quite vapid.

“The head reclined on a pillow, and as the covering decayed, it was found to contain a collection of strong scented herbs. Balm, sage, and mint were easily distinguished, and it was the opinion of many that the body was filled with the same.

“Although the bodies were thus entire at first, I confess I expected to see them soon crumble into dust, especially as they were exposed to the open air, and the fine aromatic fluid had evaporated, and it seems surprising that they did not. For several weeks they underwent no visible change, and had they not been sullied with dust and the drops of grease from the candles held over them, I am confident they might have remained as entire as ever; for, even a few months ago, the




bodies were as firm and compact as at first, and, though pressed with the finger, did not yield to the touch, but seemed to retain the elasticity of the living body. Several medical gentlemen made an incision into the arm of the infant; the substance of the body was quite firm, and every part in its original state."

In 1796, nearly a century after the loss of the ring, it was found by a tenant while digging for potatoes in the garden at Colzium. It is described as being of gold, about the breadth of a straw, without any stone, and not worth more than ten shillings. The external surface is ornamented with a wreath of myrtle, and on the internal surface is the following legend—*zours only and ever*.

THE PURITAN'S CURSE.

MORETON-CORBET, Shropshire, the ancient seat of the Corbets, is situated in the parish of the same name, and about eight miles north of Shrewsbury.

This estate was possessed in the olden time by the family of Tuold, or Turet, who were among the very few Saxon landholders retaining any property in Shropshire after the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, Tuold owned large estates in that county, and at the time of Domesday he was recorded to have held, under Earl Roger, thirteen manors, among which was Moreton, called afterwards "Moreton Turet." In the reign of Henry the Third the estate came to the Corbets by the marriage of Sir Richard Corbet with Joan, daughter and heiress of Bar-



tholomew Turet of Moreton Turet, from which time to the present, Moreton has continued in the Moreton family, and for several centuries has been distinguished by the name of Moreton-Corbet.

The existing mansion was commenced by Sir Richard Corbet. He died in 1606, when he was succeeded by his brother Vincent, who went on with the building thus began, and is the principal feature in the tradition we have now to relate, as it may be gathered, though with often varying forms, from popular recollection.

It was about the beginning of the reign of James the First that the Puritans became an object of attention, if not of fear, with the government; and not altogether without reason: they had greatly increased in numbers, and with this increase had also extended the boldness of their political opinions. Their doctrines, had they been confined to religion only, might, perhaps, have passed with little notice, for, if not tolerant, James was indolent; but religion then, as it always must do, governed men's political feelings, and Puritanism was essentially democratic. James and his advisers resolved, by persecution, to put down this enemy to arbitrary power. This seemed the more easy, as, out of their own sect, the Puritans had few friends amongst the people, who were more re-

pelled by their sour fanaticism and their hostility to all pleasure, than they were won by their advocacy of freedom, which else must have ensured them the good-will of the multitude.

Amongst the few favourers of the Puritans amongst the gentry, was our Vincent Corbet. One particular object of his kindness was an old man, Paul Holmyard by name, who lived in a cottage at a short distance from the Hall, and possessed, if not affluence, enough to live upon. He was advanced in years, still hale and vigorous, but by no means of a prepossessing appearance—the muscles of his face, being as Quin said of Macklin, more like cordage than anything else, while his cold, grey eye gave the idea of a being totally divested of human sympathies. Never had fanaticism set her stamp more visibly upon the human countenance. He had long been a marked man with the high-church party, but the protection of Mr. Corbet had hitherto been his safe-guard, and he had been left unmolested at a time when many others, less fanatical perhaps, but more unfriended, had experienced the tender mercies of the government.

But long impunity, at length, made Paul conduct himself in such a way that Mr. Corbet found himself obliged to threaten the withdrawal of his protection—a threat which the old man did not

believe, and which, therefore, had not the slightest influence upon his actions. Unfortunately for him, this was a time when the clergy, finding the unpopularity of persecution, had shifted its labours from their own shoulders, and committed the task to the civil powers. Still he went on preaching openly, and without the least reserve, what he called the Gospel, but what the authorities called sedition, till the dogs of the law were let loose upon him. It was a bleak winter's night, and he had not long retired to bed, when he was roused by a loud knocking at the outer door of his cottage. Hastily throwing open the window, he saw one whom he recognised for the most devoted of his followers, for the moon was shining brightly, and every object was almost as visible as at noon-day. To his inquiries as to the purport of so unseasonable a visit, the man only replied by a pressing demand for instant admission. Somewhat alarmed by this unexplained urgency, Paul descended and admitted the applicant, who hastily informed him that his life was in peril, the myrmidons of justice having already set out for his arrest, and would probably be there in less than half-an-hour.

Paul hesitated. Though a stubborn spirit, he wanted that ready daring which can meet any danger at once, however unexpected. "I will

escape to the hills," he said, "and hide me there—amongst from the persecutor."

"Impossible!" replied the man; they would track you by your footmarks upon the snow, which lies thick and untrodden for miles around, You'd be caught long before you reached the hills."

"What, then, shall I do?" replied the troubled Puritan; "advise me, Jonathan, for thou art well known for a burning and shining light amongst the Gentiles. Advise me how I may best escape the snare of the fowler, who else will, peradventure, take and slay me."

"I know but one chance," said the man in answer, "and that's one you may not like to try."

"Let me hear, however; it may be I shall think better of it than yourself."

"Then, fly for the ruins of the old chapel; nobody will like to follow you into them; or, if they should, the passages below are so many and intricate, they might search a whole twelvemonth, and never find you, if you did not choose to be found."

Now the ruins laboured under an ill repute; so ill, indeed, that Jonathan was quite right in saying that no one of the neighbourhood would like to venture into them. The experiment had been tried at various times by divers bold spirits; but as none of these adventurers ever returned—

having probably lost themselves and been starved to death in the endless subterranean passages—many awful tales and legends began to circulate in regard to the place, which made the deeper impression, as it was impossible to trace their origin. The most moderate of these accounts assigned the interminable caverns to the souls of suicides, who, not liking their burial-homes at the junction of four roads, to which they had been banished by their respective inquests, had taken up their abodes here, and out of pure malice, whenever they could catch any living intruder within their domains, would drive their own stakes through his body, and roast him before a brimstone fire. In such stories Paul was an unwilling believer; if they went occasionally against the grain of his reason, he was somewhat reconciled to them by his superstitious fanaticism. Still, in the present case, he had no choice, nor even much time to screw up his courage “to the sticking-place;” so, having provided himself with a bible, a wax candle, a tinder-box, and a small supply of provisions, he forthwith departed for the ruined chapel. There he had not been long before he saw through the broken walls a body of his pursuers, who tracked him, hound-like, by his footsteps on the snow. Hitherto, he had hesitated to commit himself to the caverns, but now that they

had approached within a few yards, he began to fear lest they might have courage enough to search the upper ruins, though not to proceed farther; and breathing, therefore, a hasty prayer—what at other times he would have called a short allowance of spiritual provender—he descended, and groped his way for some time in the darkness, till he thought he had attained a point of safety. Here he paused. In a few minutes something like a distant gleam shone upon the passage by which he had entered. He retreated: The light kept advancing slowly but steadily. Still he plunged deeper into the cavern, and still the light advanced upon him, but, as the passage continued, not straight, but winding, and at times turning off at a sharp angle. And now came the ringing report of a pistol, when a piece shivered off from a rock, which struck him on the forehead, making the blood run warmly down one side of his face? Could they have seen him? That was hardly possible from the nature of the cavern, as we have just described it. Perhaps in their alarm they had fired at some imaginary object of suspicion, or, it might have been the result of mere wantonness. It had, however, the effect of making him retire more rapidly,—an unlucky speed, for it caused his foot to slip, when down he fell, and continued rolling, as if down some steep

ascent. At this time he was too much stunned, by the blow as well as the fall, to help himself, though quite sensible of his danger. At length he was brought to a stop by a ledge of rock, not half a foot higher than the rest of the cavern floor. He sat up to listen if his pursuers still followed, when his attention was arrested by a low, hollow, murmuring sound, that seemed to proceed from some depth in front of him. What it was he could not make out ; and, feeling assured that he was far enough from his enemy, he ventured to strike a light. What was his horror when, by the taper's flame, he saw himself on the extreme edge of a precipice, with a mass of black waters rolling sullenly below. It was evidently the sound of their fall into a second descent that he had heard. For some minutes he remained in too much terror to move ; and when he did, it was only by creeping along the ground, nor did he venture to stand upright again till he had left the water at some distance behind him.

But his pursuers had by no means given up the hope of capturing him. He again heard the sound of their voices, and, in the natural instinct of self-preservation, he dropt his light, and darted into another branch of the cavern, feeling his way till he sank down from pure weariness and exhaustion.

Hour after hour passed,—perhaps a night; for he was conscious of having slept for a long time. He had consumed all his provisions, and some decisive measure must be taken. To stay where he was would be certain death, but in what direction should he move? Even had he still possessed a light, the question would have been scarcely less difficult to answer, so numerous and so intricate were the branches from the main cavern, in which he had now involved himself. Having no other chance, he walked on, in the hope of eventually finding the passage into which he had first descended.

Day must have again passed, if he might judge by the hunger and exhaustion which overpowered him. He could move no more, and again he sank down in unwilling rest, when, as before, sleep gave him a temporary respite from his sufferings. But it was only for a short time, and when he awoke, it was to increased agony.

Many hours had passed away in these alternations of sleep and suffering, and vain efforts to extricate himself from the caverns. The darkness did not, probably, add much to his difficulties, but it considerably augmented his sense of them. At every step he dreaded again coming in contact with the waters, which, his recent experience told him, were holding their subterranean course through

some of the branches. More than once he thought he heard their sullen murmurs, though, perhaps, it was no more than the wind eddying, from some unseen outlet, through the passages. Strange to say, it was to a sudden apprehension of this kind that he eventually owed his safety.

It was, as he believed, the seventh, though, in fact, it was only the third day of his immersion in these dreary caverns. The sustaining power of fanaticism had, at least, the good effect of saving him from utter desperation, and affording him a staff to lean on which others might have wanted. Having breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven, he felt, as he himself used, in other times, to tell the tale, "wonderfully strengthened and uplifted," so that he was enabled once more to resume his efforts to escape. Suddenly, he heard again, or thought he heard, the rush of water at no great distance from him. Whether real or only fancy, this made him at once strike into an opposite direction, when oh, joy! a light—evidently the light of day—was seen glimmering upon the walls of the cavern. Following this happy sign, he soon found himself restored to the upper world, but by an opening amongst the hills, at a considerable distance from that by which he had at first entered.

In the cottage of a peasant, who chanced to be of his own tenets, he found food, rest, and a temporary

shelter. To abide here, however, for any length of time was manifestly imprudent, though, even had this not been the case, the rancour which he now felt against Mr. Corbet for having withdrawn his protection, would not have allowed him to remain here in quiet. No one can hate so bitterly as a genuine fanatic.

Great was the surprise of Mr. Corbet when the haggard figure of the Puritan on a sudden stood before him, where he was superintending his new works; but much was that surprise augmented when the old man, pointing to the unfinished building, and assuming the tone and action of a prophet, exclaimed, "Woe unto thee, man of the hardened heart—hardened, even as the Lord hardened the heart of Pharoah, to thine own destruction. Rejoice not in thy wealth, nor in the halls of thy pride; for never shall a cope-stone be set upon them. Neither shalt thou, nor thy children, nor thy children's children dwell therein; but they shall be a ruin and a desolation; and the snake, and the eft, and the adder shall be found there; and thy house shall be full of doleful creatures."

That the spirit of prophecy in the old man was no other than the spirit of hate may well be admitted; but his prognostics carried some show of reason, or, we should rather say, of probability with them. When he surveyed the great extent


of the intended edifice, he might naturally enough conclude that Mr. Corbet would incur the fate of those who plan first and count the cost afterwards.

Whether the castle was ever complete, according to the original design, is not known. Certain it is, however, that it was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1644, when it sustained considerable damage from the attacks of the royalists. Since then it has not been inhabited by the family, and it now presents a pile of ruins, the most picturesque objects to be seen in this part of the country. The walls, for the most part, remain, showing the style and extent of the building, but the roof has fallen in. These venerable fragments are preserved with much care by the present owner of the estate, Sir Andrew Vincent Corbet, who resides at Acton Reynald, about two miles distant.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN'S DINNER AT
STANG-HILL TOWER.

IN the vast and beautiful pleasure grounds of Hopetoun House stands a solitary, slender Tower, now an object in the great lord's park, but once the residence of an ancient Scottish laird, who, in common with many others of his class, was rooted out to give elbow-room to the new peer.

The peerage of the Earl of Hopetoun would, in the estimation of an Englishman, be accounted ancient; but in Scotland it stands on a very modern basis. His Lordship's ancestor was a servant of Magdalen of France, queen of James V; and for several generations, the family were in trade, and only gradually ascended to the rank of merchants. A son of Hope, the Edinburgh merchant, was a distinguished lawyer, and one of the leaders of the Presbyterians in Charles the First's



time. He was knighted, and is known in history as Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, Lord Advocate of Scotland. His eldest son, Sir John, was the ancestor of Sir John Hope, Bart., of Pinkie, and his sixth son, James, of the Earl of Hopetoun. He founded the wealth of his family by marrying the heiress of some rich lead mines in Lanarkshire, with the produce of which he and his descendants purchased large estates in the Lothians.

Hopetoun House was, originally, a magnificent villa, built on a very small estate, to which additions have, from time to time, been made, by buying out several ancient families seated in the immediate neighbourhood, so that it is now a very large property. The Setons and Dundasses have in this way been uprooted from the soil which they possessed for ages.

Although the Hopes cannot claim, paternally, an ancient lineage, they have acquired good blood by marriage. Among their female alliances they reckon Hamilton, Earl of Haddington; Johnstone, Marquess of Annandale; Leslie, Earl of Leven; and Carnegie, Earl of Northesk, though the present Lord Hopetoun is not descended from the two last. And he is, moreover, the sixth Earl of his race, which, in the English or Irish peerage, would constitute him an ancient peer.

To the rich Earl, inhabiting his splendid palace, and rejoicing in his extended wealth and spreading domains, it was a decided eye-sore to see, on the very verge of his beautiful pleasure-grounds, an ancient turriform mansion, inhabited by one of the old aborigines of the county, whom he was unable to dispossess. This ancient Scottish laird's name was Dundas, of Manor. He was a cadet of Dundas of Duddingston, and, through that distinguished race, he traced his descent to John Dundas of Dundas, who had been created an Earl by King James the Third, with the title of Forth—an earldom given him immediately before that unhappy monarch's downfall, and not recognised by his successors. This old laird was strongly attached to his family residence, and resisted every endeavour on the part of his wealthy neighbour to oust him. He refused the very largest prices which had been, in that day, offered for land in Scotland. Lord Hopetoun tried every method in vain. He spoke him fair, through his son-in-law, Dundas of Duddingston, who had just married his daughter, Lady Margaret Hope. He threatened law suits. He bribed his mediocrity. But all to no purpose. Dundas of Manor could not be prevailed on to move from Stang-hill Tower.

At length, Lord Hopetoun bethought him of

the possibility of getting the old laird to launch into expenses which might, ere long, necessitate the sale of his property—he endeavoured to lead him on to a higher style of living than that which he had been accustomed to. He begged him to come frequently with his family to Hopetoun-house, and offered to visit him in return. Dundas shewed evident disinclination for the intimate intercourse thus thrust upon him. However, he could not refuse to receive Lord Hopetoun one day, when his lordship invited himself and a large and fashionable shooting party to be the old laird's guests at dinner at the Tower.

Lord Hopetoun and fifteen friends came at the appointed hour, to partake of the Laird of Manor's hospitality. They were ushered into the small vaulted hall of the Tower, where a long table was spread, covered with a profusion of substantial pewter dishes and plates burnished to look like silver; and with a number of most inviting long-necked bottles, which seemed to promise the vintages of Gascony and Champagne. Lord Hopetoun began to congratulate himself on the partial fulfilment of his scheme, and thought of the hole which a few dinners like this would make in the old laird's rental.

Grace being said, two decent serving men removed the covers from the dishes, when, lo! a

goodly array of alternate herrings and potatoes appeared spread from the top to the bottom. The corks were simultaneously removed, and Dundas poured out a bumper of excellent whisky, and invited his guests to pledge him in the same potent liquor.

Addressing Lord Hopetoun, he drank to his lordship's health, and to their better acquaintance, and shaking his head and chuckling jocularly, he said, "It won't do, my lord, it won't do. But whenever you or your guests will honour my poor hall of Stang-Hill Tower with your presence at this hour, I promise you no worse fare than that now set before you, the best and fattest salt herrings that the Forth can produce, together with the mealiest potatoes, and the strongest mountain dew. To this, I beg that your lordship and your honoured friends may do ample justice."

Lord Hopetoun never dined again at Stang-Hill Tower. Sometime after, Mr. Dundas found himself on his death-bed, and calling his eldest son, he said, "It is foolish to struggle for ever against our rich and powerful neighbour. He will, sooner or later, have our little property; make the best terms with him you can." Soon after the old laird's death, an exchange, highly advantageous to the Dundases of Manor, was effected. Stang-Hill Tower being given to Lord Hopetoun, which

he immediately took into his pleasure-grounds, and the estate of Aithrey (which gives to Lord Hopetoun the title of Viscount) being made over to Mr. Dundas.

From the Dundases of Manor descended the distinguished Sir Ralph Abercromby and his two sons, Lords Abercromby and Dunfermline, as well as Sir David Dundas, late Solicitor-General; and Sir David Dundas, Bart., physician to King George the Third.

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