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THE
P A T R I C I A N.

EDITED BY
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Author of "the Peerage."



VOLUME III.

LONDON:
E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES-STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

J. HILLING, PRINTER, WOKING, SURREY.

TO

ROBERT HENRY ALLAN, ESQ., F.S.A.,

OF BLACKWELL HALL,

CO. DURHAM,

THE EARLIEST AND MOST CONSTANT PROMOTER OF THE
GENEALOGICAL PURSUITS OF THE EDITOR,

THIS VOLUME OF

The Patrician

IS INSCRIBED WITH

FEELINGS OF SINCERE ESTEEM.



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THE PATRICIAN.

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Wardour Castle, Wilts.

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,
He has placed the steel cap o'er his long flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her king is his leader, her church is his cause ;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
God strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all,
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall ;
But tell those bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes ;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose !
Would you match the base Skippon and Massey and Brown,
With the Barons of England that fight for the Crown ?

THE great Civil War forms the last era of the age of Chivalry. Montrose and Falkland, Granville and Langdale, realize the abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity ; and, though dark may be the shades in the reckless character of the cavalier, his romantic allegiance and his daring spirit will ever shine brightly forth, amid the gloom of the disastrous period which tested his loyalty and proved his valour. Certain it is that he loved his honour better than his worldly prosperity—his faith better than his lands. In glancing at this sad page of English history, we find much to console us, and much to retrieve the character of the country, in the gallant bearing assumed by the gentlemen of England, and the thorough devotedness of her high-minded nobility. The foes of royalty may decry, with as much malignity as they please, the cause in which the Cavaliers so nobly fought and bled ; but they *must* concede to those chivalrous men the meed, at least, of loyalty the most enthusiastic, fidelity the most disinterested, and bravery the most heroic.

In every county of England we meet with relics of the contests of Charles's time, and can only account for the popular interest now associated with them, by the feeling that honour and loyalty have a more enduring

existence than party prejudices and party strife. The old Royalist Manor House, celebrated for the bold head its feeble garrison made against the forces of the "rebel Commons," the ancient feudal Castle that defied all the power of a Cromwell, a Fairfax, or a Waller, and the humble Farm-house that sheltered and saved a fugitive prince, have become classic ground, and will be venerated as long as Englishmen hold in honoured memory (and God grant that may be for ever) the high spirit and the unbending sense of duty which our Civil War called forth.

Of the many instances of personal intrepidity with which the history of the times abound, few are more interesting than the defence of Wardour Castle, by Blanche, Lady Arundel; but we must, before entering on the details, give some particulars of this fine estate, before it came to the distinguished family who now take from it the designation of their Barony.

Antecedently to the time of Edward III. Wardour was the baronial residence of the family of St. Martin, one of which, Laurence St. Martin, served as knight of the shire for Wilts, in 1361. From the St. Martins it passed into the possession of the Lovels, and continued part of their property during several successive generations. Subsequently it was acquired by the Lords Touchet, Audley, and Willoughby de Broke; and ultimately by Sir JOHN ARUNDEL, of Lanherne, in Cornwall, whose second son, THOMAS, was created Lord Arundel of Wardour by James I.

In the history of this estate no event of particular importance occurs till the reign of Charles I. when, as we have just mentioned, the castle was besieged by a detachment of the Parliamentary army, 1300 strong, under Sir Edward Hungerford. It happened at the moment that Lord Arundel (the second Peer) was attending his Majesty at Oxford, and the custody of the castle remained with his lady, (Blanche, daughter of the Earl of Worcester) who shewed herself truly worthy of the confidence which her husband had reposed in her resolution and fidelity. With a garrison consisting of no more than twenty-five men, she bravely withstood every effort of the enemy to obtain possession of the place, during a vigorous bombardment of five days, and at length consented to surrender only upon the most honourable terms, choosing rather to perish herself, than give up her brave adherents to the vengeance of the republican troops.* The original copy of these terms is still preserved at Wardour, and was as follows:—

"Whereas, the Lady Blanch Arundel, after five days' siege, offered to surrender to us the castle of Wardour, upon disposition, and hath given her word to surrender it:—These are therefore to assure her Ladyship of these conditions following:—That the castle and whatsoever is within it shall be surrendered forthwith:—That the said Lady Blanch, with all the gentlewomen and other women-servants, shall have their lives, and all fitting respect due to persons of their sex and quality, and be safely conveyed to Bath, if her Ladyship likes, not to Bristol; there to remain till we have given account to the parliament of her work:—That all the men within the castle shall come forth and yield themselves prisoners unto us, who shall all have their lives, excepting such as have merited otherwise by the laws of the kingdom before their coming to this place, and such as shall refuse or neglect to come forth unto;—That there shall be care taken that the said Lady

* In the "Mercurius Rusticus," a newspaper written in the Royalist cause by Bruno Rynes, chaplain to Charles I., it is stated that the besiegers sprung two mines during the siege of this Castle, and that they often "tendered some unreasonable conditions to surrender, to give the ladies, both mother and daughter-in-law, and the women and children quarter, but not the men. The ladies nobly disdained and rejected their offers."

Blanch shall have all things fitting for a person of her quality, both for her journey and for her abiding until the parliament give further order, and the like for the other gentlewomen, who shall have all their wearing apparel :— That there shall be a true inventory taken of all the goods, which shall be put in safe custody until the farther pleasure of the parliament be signified therein :—That her Ladyship, the gentlewomen, and servants aforesaid shall be protected by us according to her Ladyship's desires.

(Signed,) Edward Hungerford,
Nith. Thode."

Such were the conditions upon which the heroic Lady Arundel and her brave garrison agreed to surrender the castle. No sooner however had they done so, than the republican commanders violated their engagements in every article except those respecting the preservation of lives—not only was the castle plundered of all its valuables, but many of its most costly ornaments and pictures were destroyed, and all the outhouses levelled with the ground. The very wearing apparel of the ladies was seized, and they themselves sent prisoners to Shaftesbury, whence the Lady Arundel was removed to Bath, and separated from her sons, who were sent to Dorchester. The castle being thus surrendered was immediately garrisoned for the parliament, and the command of it given to Edward Ludlow, Esq. one of the most zealous and active partizans of the republican cause in the West of England. He held it however for a brief period only. Apprised of the fall of Wardour, its noble proprietor, aided by Sir Francis Doddington, marched into Wiltshire, and laid siege to the castle, which, after a determined resistance, surrendered, but not before Lord Arundel had directed a mine to be sprung, and thus sacrificed the noble and magnificent structure to his loyalty. From the injury sustained in these two sieges, especially in the latter, Wardour appears never after to have been either inhabited or made use of as a place of defence. At present it is a mass of ruins covered with ivy, and not even retaining sufficient features to enable the topographer to discriminate its former arrangement and extent. The site of these ruins is beneath a "grand amphitheatrical hill," enveloped in wood, and commanding at certain points some beautiful and distant views. Along the side of the hill a terrace leads through a variegated parterre, ornamented with artificial rockwork, to the grand entrance to the castle, over which is a head of our Saviour in a niche, with these lines :—

"Sub Numine tuo
Stet genus et domus ;

and immediately beneath are the arms of the family, with the following inscription—

"Gentis Arundeliæ, Thomas Lanhernia proles
Junior, hoc meruit, primo sedere loco :
Ut sedit cecidit sine crimine plectitur ille
Insons, insontem fata sequunta probant
Nam quæ patris erant Mattheus filius emit
Empta auxit ; studio principis aucta manent
Comprecor aucta dui maneant augenda per œvum
Hæc dedit, eripuit, restituitque Deus."

The above lines refer to the trial and execution of Sir Thomas Arundel, 5th Feb. 1552, who was implicated with the Duke of Somerset, in the charge of conspiring to murder John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.

His estates however were not forfeited, but descended to his son, Matthew, whom Queen Elizabeth knighted in 1574.

The chief remains of this castle consist of a sexagonal court which formed the centre of the ancient mansion in its perfect state. In the court is a very deep well, which was sunk by Mr. Ludlow, to supply his garrison with water during the second siege. Several doorways lead into the court from different apartments, but only one staircase can now be ascended, which leads to the summit of the edifice. Almost contiguous are the remains of the mansion, which was occupied by the family after the destruction of the castle till their removal to the present residence about seventy years since, when the former was converted into a farm-house, with its necessary offices.

The new edifice, which stands about a mile from the ruins of the ancient castle, was erected between the years 1776 and 1784, and is at once a noble and sumptuous building. Approached by the principal entrance to the grounds on the road leading from Salisbury to Shaftesbury, it seems to emerge from the bosom of a thick grove, and at length displays itself fully to view, seated on a gentle eminence, and surrounded by a lawn and thick woods—the whole building is composed of free-stone, and consists of a centre and two wings which project from the body on the porch side in a carvilinear form. The entrance front, looking towards the north, is ornamented with pilasters and half columns of the Corinthian order, and opens into a spacious hall, conducting to the rotunda staircase, probably the finest specimen of modern architectural ornament in the kingdom.

Syon, co. Middlesex.

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
For Syon some declare;
Some say with Chiswick's Villa
None other can compare.

ON the north bank of the Thames, Syon House, the princely residence of the Duke of Northumberland, presents an imposing front, not far from "delightful Sheen," and nearly opposite the spot where

—Thomson sung the seasons, and their change,

and where, his mortal coil being laid aside, the poet sleeps in peace:—

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

In 1415, Henry V. founded, within his manor of Isleworth, a convent of Bridgetines, giving it the name of Syon, in reference to the holy mount. The original site seems to have been in the parish of Twickenham, most probably in the meadows now belonging to the Marquess of Ailsa, but permission was granted in the year 1431 to the abbess and holy community to remove to a more spacious edifice, which they had built upon their demesnes within the parish of Isleworth. The convent of Syon, dedicated to our Saviour, the Virgin Mary and St. Bridget, consisted, according to the rules of the patron Saint, of sixty nuns, including the abbess, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay brethren, making in the whole, the number of the apostles, and seventy-two disciples of Christ. At the dissolution of the

monasteries, Syon was one of the first of the larger religious institutions suppressed by Henry VIII. It is said that the king viewed it with especial distrust—from a feeling that the community harboured his enemies, and were accomplices of Elizabeth Barton, the holy maid of Kent. The true motive, however, of the Royal confiscation may be sought elsewhere. The beautiful situation of the monastery, its extensive possessions, and fertile lands, were too attractive to escape the monarch's cupidity, and to this, and to no fault of the holy ladies, is to be ascribed the fall of the religious house of Syon. During Henry's reign, the conventual buildings became the appanage of no courtly favourite, but remained in the king's hands, John Gates, Esq. being appointed keeper. The fate of the pious community is singular and interesting. Upon the suppression of their ancient resting-place, they retired to Dermond in the Low Countries, where Cardinal Pole found them on his return from Rome, and was so struck with their zeal and devotion that on his arrival in London, he prevailed on his royal mistress, Mary, to restore them to their ancient possessions. Accordingly in 1557, the nuns were reinstated in their monastery of Syon by the Bishop of London and the Abbot of Westminster, but their sojourn endured for a brief space only. The accession of Queen Elizabeth led to the second and final dissolution. Clementina Tresham, the Lady Abbess, retired to Rushton in Northamptonshire, where her family resided, but the other nuns again sought refuge in Flanders. Poverty and persecution, however, awaited them in the land of their adoption, and melancholy indeed is the recital of their sufferings during the religious contests that desolated the Low Countries. At length, they fled to Rouen, and obtained the shelter of a convent through the exertions of Mr. Foster their Chaplain. Here they continued for a considerable time, but eventually sailed for Lisbon, where they established the famous nunnery of Sion, thus preserving in their new country the memory of their ancient royal foundation.

In the great earthquake of 1755, their convent suffered much, but within a brief period was rebuilt. Here the Bridgetine community continued as an English nunnery until 1809, when, terrified by the calamities that then afflicted Portugal, the Lady Abbess (sister Mary Dorothy Halford) and nine of the principal nuns, sought refuge in England, where they were received with the greatest kindness and hospitality by Marlow Sidney, Esq. of Cowpen Hall, Northumberland. Mr. Gage, of Lincoln's Inn, a Catholic gentleman of active benevolence, also aided in the most generous manner the cause of the poor sisters, and by his persevering exertions, obtained from government an annual allowance of £40 for the abbess, and of £30 for each of the sisterhood.

In 1811, the community inhabited a small house at Walworth, in Surrey, and subsequently resided at Peckham, calling their convent, Syon House, but ill success attended their efforts, and they were at last obliged to break up their establishment. A few of the ladies were placed by Dr. Milner, the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, at Cobridge, near Newcastle, in Staffordshire, and here by the munificence of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, who relieved their pecuniary distress, and granted them an annual allowance, the last remnant of the once powerful and richly endowed monastery of Syon, found a final resting-place. A few years ago the surviving sisters were visited at Cobridge, by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the proprietors of their ancient demesnes.

From this brief episode—commemorative of religious zeal, and unbending piety—we turn to the subsequent history of Syon. In 1541, its gloomy

and desecrated walls served as a prison for the royal captive, poor Katherine Howard, and in less than six years after, the corpse of Henry himself was rested under the same roof, on its way for interment at Windsor. The new monarch, Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, granted the monastery with its appurtenances, to his uncle, the Lord Protector Somerset, and on the site of the old religious edifice, his Grace reared the magnificent structure, whose shell, though variously altered, still remains. After Somerset's attainder in 1552, the estate reverted to the crown, and was assigned in the following year, to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the father-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. It was at Syon that that illustrious Lady had resided since her marriage, and it was at Syon that she consented to accept the proffered crown. We need not dwell on the fate of Northumberland and his family: suffice it to add that his death was followed by his attainder, and Syon again vested in the crown: and so remained until 1604, when King James I. granted the monastic lands, together with the manor of Isleworth to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland and his heirs for ever. This unfortunate nobleman, after having laid out £9,000 in the improvement of the house and grounds, was convicted on a groundless suspicion of being connected with the gunpowder plot, stripped of all his offices, adjudged by the court of Star Chamber to pay a fine of £30,000 and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Tower. To liquidate the fine, he petitioned the king to accept of Syon, as being the only land he could part with, the rest being entailed. This proposal was not accepted, but the king eventually granted his Lordship's release for a fine of £11,000 and after fifteen years imprisonment. "The great house of Percy," says a writer in the "Quarterly Review," "was strikingly unfortunate during the reign of the Tudors, and indeed long before. Their ancestor Josceline de Lovaine, a younger son of the ancient princes of Brabant, and brother of Adelicia, second consort of our Henry I. married in 1122 Agnes de Percy, the heiress of a great northern Baron seated at Topcliffe and Spofford, county of York, on condition that her male posterity should bear the name of Percy. Their son Henry was great grandfather of Henry Lord Percy, summoned to parliament 1299, whose great grandson Henry, fourth Lord Percy, was created Earl of Northumberland 1377, at the coronation of Richard II. He was slain at Bramham Moor, 1408. His son Henry, Lord Percy (Hotspur) had already fallen at Shrewsbury, 1403. Henry, second Earl, son of Hotspur, was slain at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. His son Henry, third Earl, was slain at the battle of Towton, 1461. His son Henry, fourth Earl, was murdered by an insurrectionary mob at Thirske, in Yorkshire, 1480, 3 Henry VII. Henry, fifth Earl, died a natural death, 1527; but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, 1537, for his concern in Ask's rebellion. Henry, sixth Earl, the first lover of Queen Anne Boleyn died, 1537, issueless, and the honours were suspended for twenty years by the attainder of his brother Sir Thomas Percy in 1537, already mentioned; during which time the family had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. But this nobleman being attainted, 1553, the Earldom was restored to the Thomas Percy, the son of the attainted Sir Thomas, who became seventh Earl of Northumberland; he was eventually beheaded August 1572. His brother, Henry Percy, was allowed in right of the new entail to succeed as eighth Earl of Northumberland. In 1585 this Earl, still blind to his family sufferings, entered into the intrigues in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, and being imprisoned in the Tower, committed suicide, 21st June.

His son Henry, ninth Earl, is the nobleman to whom we have just referred as memorable for the charge of being privy to the gunpowder plot, 1605."

Syon was again thoroughly repaired by Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, under the superintendence of Inigo Jones, and in 1647, when the alarm of the Civil War had reached its height, was selected as an asylum for the royal children. Here the ill-fated Monarch occasionally visited them, and here they remained until their removal to Penshurst and the care of the Countess of Leicester. From that period to the present, the lords of Sion House continued to be the chiefs of the illustrious House of Percy, a house not more famous in arms than distinguished for its alliances, pre-eminent for the number and rank of the families it represents, and entitled to a banner of nearly nine hundred armorial ensigns.

In 1692, Syon became the temporary residence of the Princess of Denmark, during the misunderstanding occasioned between Her Highness and the Queen, by the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, and has since, at various times, been graced by the presence of royalty.

The structure is of magnificent dimensions, faced with Bath stone, and built in a quadrangular form, and forms one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the silvery Thames. Its great beauty consists in its massive size, fair proportions, and the solidity of its parts. The centre is occupied by a flower garden about eighty feet square. The house is three stories high. The chief entrance is by a flight of stone steps, the east front, facing the Thames, being supported by arches, which form a fine cloisteral arcade. It is flat roofed and surrounded with battlements, each of the four angles being surmounted by a square turret embattled like the other parts of the building.

The general outline of the structure would appear to remain as left by the Protector Somerset, various repairs however have evidently much altered the detail of his architectural arrangement. Considerable improvements were made under the direction of Robert Adam, by the present Duke's grandfather. The house is fronted by a lawn of some extent, terminated by two stone lodges embattled in the same manner as the house. Towards the Thames, the lawn is bounded by a lake, and a meadow which is cut down into a gentle slope, so that the surface of the water may be seen even from the state apartments which are on the ground floor; by this arrangement the most beautiful piece of scenery imaginable is brought into view from two of the principal fronts.

Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire.

————— O famous York!
What county hath this isle, that can compare with thee?

THE Institutions of England are of England, and England alone—the fruitful sources of alarm, jealousy, and wonderment for a thousand years to surrounding nations,—denounced by some as visionary,—imitated by others as beautiful and perfect, but rivalled successfully by none. England's Institutions are still, then, of England, and England alone. This observation, an acknowledged truism, applies with the greatest force to her rural economy—the palaces of her nobles, the halls of her gentry, and the homesteads of her yeomen,—each the type, in some degree, of its respective proprietor,

—the palace, embattled and exclusive,—the hall, embowered and attractive,—the farm-house, cheerful, and picturesque,—all studding that luxuriant domestic landscape which Wilson so faithfully painted, and Bloomfield so graphically described.

“The ancient and hereditary seats that embower this island,” says Washington Irving, “are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms or the toils of state, or who wooed the Muse beneath their shade. Who can walk with soul unmoved among the stately groves of Penshurst, where Sydney passed his boyhood; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birthday; or can ramble among the classic bowers of Hagley; or can pause among the solitudes of Windsor Forest, and look at the oaks around, huge, grey, and time-worn, like the old Castle towers, and not feel as if he were surrounded by so many monuments of long-enduring glory? It is then, when viewed in this light, that planted groves and stately avenues, turreted castles and cultivated parks, have an advantage over the more luxuriant beauties of unassisted Nature; it is then that they teem with moral associations, and keep up the ever-interesting story of human existence. It is incumbent, then, on the high and generous spirit of an ancient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. I can both see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity: to both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibility. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries as noble-spirited men who have received their heritages from foregone ages.”

The estate of Wentworth Castle has peculiar claims to a leading position among “the Lands of England,” from its being situated in the great county of York, and from its being still possessed by a branch of the historic family of Wentworth. It stands on the site of the Old Hall of Stainborough, and was erected about the year 1730 by Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford of the second creation. The parish, that of Silkston, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in which it is situated, boasts besides of two other splendid residences, Cannon Hall and Bretton.

Stainborough, whose name is almost forgotten in that of Wentworth Castle, was purchased from the Everinghams at the close of the sixteenth century, by the Cutlers, a family which, like so many others, owed its rise to the profession of the law, for all accounts concur in representing the first John Cutler as Antient-Bearer to Sir Nicholas Wortley. His grandson, Sir Gervase Cutler, made two fortunate marriages; the first, with Elizabeth, coheirress of Sir John Bentley, knight, of Rolleston, in Staffordshire, and the second, with one of the fair daughters of John, Earl of Bridgewater. This latter alliance was solemnised in 1633, the year before the Masque of Comus was presented by the lady's brothers and sisters in the castle of

Ludlow, and is commemorated in some elegant verses by Abraham France, the poet. Brief, however, was the term of happiness that awaited the nuptials: the civil war broke out: Sir Gervase arrayed himself under the royal banner, raised a considerable force at his own expense, and conveyed the family plate to Pontefract to be coined for the king's exchequer. He there died in 1645, leaving his widow at eight-and-twenty with a large family and in much distress. Her son, the second Sir Gervase Cutler, of Stainborough, was not of a disposition to prop up the falling fortunes of his house. He is stated to have been of extravagant and dissolute habits; but tradition has not handed down of him so sad a history as of his relative and neighbour Sir William Reresby, of Thribergh, who staked and lost on a single main his beautiful demesne of Dennaby. Sir Gervase left but little to a very numerous family, and his descendants, who through his mother, the Lady Magdalene Egerton, were in direct line from the Tudors and Plantagenets, sunk into absolute obscurity. About the period of his decease, which occurred in 1705, Stainborough was sold to Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, a nobleman highly distinguished as a military and diplomatic character in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, and remembered as the principal English minister at the treaty of Utrecht. His grandfather, Sir William Wentworth, of Ashby, in Lincolnshire (who fell at Marston Moor,) was brother of Thomas Wentworth, the memorable and ill-fated Earl of Strafford.

The purchaser of Stainborough, in his retirement from public life, spent most of his time there, rebuilding the mansion in great splendour, and ornamenting it with enlarged and beautified grounds. He introduced many valuable paintings he had purchased while abroad, and Stainborough, under its new appellation of Wentworth, assumed a far grander appearance than even in the best times of its former owner. His son and successor, William, second Earl of Strafford, erected the east front in 1770, rendering the present castle, with its noble apartments, its sumptuous galleries, its sylvan park, its verdant plains and exquisite gardens, one of the finest seats in Yorkshire. The interior of this stately pile accords well with its outward grandeur. The right side of the hall opens to a drawing-room 40 feet by 25. The chimney-piece, supported by two pillars of sienna marble wreathed with white, has a striking effect. The dining-room measures 25 feet by 30, and the gallery, to which a handsome and lofty staircase conducts, is one of the most magnificent in England, 180 feet long by 24 broad and 30 high. From the platform of grass within the castle wall, a splendid prospect presents itself on all sides, and in the centre of the court stands a statue of Thomas, Earl of Strafford, the purchaser of the estate. The third and last Earl, Frederick Thomas Wentworth, died at his seat Henbury, in Dorsetshire, in 1799, leaving his sister his heiress. That lady, Augusta Hatfield Kaye, wife of John Hatfield Kaye, Esq. of Hatfield Hall, in Yorkshire, bequeathed by her will dated 22nd April, 1801, Wentworth Castle, &c. to the Right Honourable Thomas Conolly and his issue male, and in default, to Frederick William Thomas Vernon, Esq. grandson of Henry Vernon, Esq. of Hilton Park, co. Stafford, by the Lady Henrietta Wentworth, his wife, third daughter of Thomas, Earl of Strafford. Mr. Vernon eventually inherited the estates, and having assumed the additional surname of Wentworth, is their present possessor.

Little of historical recollection dwells about the spot, and of romance, nothing.

The following remarkable discovery, which was made at the foundation of the present house, is narrated in the papers of Wilson of Bromhead :—

“When Lord Strafford was making the south front the workmen, in digging the foundations in 1762 or 1763, found a square place walled round like a grave, in which lay a man in armour, which being touched fell to ashes. My lord sent some of the armour to the Royal Society and to Mr. Walpole, who judged by the form that it was of the age of the Conquest. My lord showed me two pieces of the armour, which was made of wire and studded with silver, one of which he gave me, with two pieces of the cloth, one thicker than the other, and some of the bones.”

Arundel Castle, co. Sussex.

Since William rose and Harold fell,
There have been Counts of Arundel ;
And Earls old Arundel shall have
While rivers flow and forests wave.

“THE Castle of Arundel,” says Dr. Beattie, “enjoys a twofold celebrity, in its great antiquity and in its peculiar privilege of conferring the title of Earl on its possessor. The former reverts to a period much anterior to the Conquest : the latter was hereditary in the eleventh century, and confirmed by Act of Parliament, 11 Henry VI. But its chief and enduring interest is derived from the long list of warriors and statesmen whose names are identified with the place ; and whose deeds during the lapse of eight centuries have shed lustre on the national history.”

Although the castle and town are mentioned in King Alfred’s will, it was not until the Conquest that the honour of Arundel first assumes that dignified and important character by which it has since continued to be distinguished from every other in the kingdom. The grantee from the Conqueror was his kinsman Roger de Montgomery, a nobleman of extensive possessions in Normandy, who commanded the centre division of the victorious army at Hastings, and, in requital, received the two earldoms of Shrewsbury and Arundel, with a great extent of territory, exceeding, in Sussex alone, 57,000 acres. In this immense property Montgomery was established in 1071, and during a period of twenty-three years he continued to derive from it the princely revenue by which he was enabled to maintain a splendour and rank, surpassing even the feudal luxury of the times. His death occurred in 1094, when his estates devolved, by will, on his younger son, Hugh, and from him passed in 1098, on payment of a fine to the king of £3000, to his elder brother Robert, Earl of Belesme. This celebrated adherent of Duke Robert of Normandy, sided with that illfated Prince on his contest with Henry I., and lost, in consequence, his vast demesnes, which became forfeited to the king ; whereupon the honour of Arundel, together with its castle, was resumed by the Crown. Shortly after, the monarch settled Arundel in dower on his wife Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey of Lorraine, and that Royal Lady, marrying for her second husband, the famous William de Albini, conveyed whatever interest she possessed in the property to that renowned soldier, whose services in the cause of the Empress Maud were rewarded by Henry II. by a grant “of the Castle and Honour of Arundel,

to him and his heirs for ever." With the Albinis the lordship continued until the decease in 1243, without issue of Hugh de Albini, fourth Earl of Arundel. On the occurrence of that event his estates were divided, under a special commission from the crown, amongst his four sisters, the precept for this purpose dated 27 Nov. 1243 (28 Henry III.) is directed to Geoffrey de Langley, and authorizes him to assign to Robert de Tateshall, son to Mabel, eldest of the four sisters, the castle and manor of Buckenham, in Norfolk; to Roger de Somery, husband of Nichola, another sister, the manor of Barwe or Barewe, in Cheshire; to Roger de Montalto, who had married Cicily, a third sister, the castle and manor of Rysinges, in Norfolk, and to JOHN FITZALAN, son of Isabel, the second sister, and nephew to the deceased Hugh, the castle and manor of Arundel with all its appurtenances. Langley subjected the honour of Arundel to a special division and allotted a portion of its possessions to each of the coheirs. To Fitzalan however the largest part was assigned, and the ten hundreds, forests, chases and other liberties, together with forty-four knights fees, and a fraction still continued to be attached to it. Of this property he obtained possession the same year, and was afterwards succeeded on it by six earls his lineal descendants. By Edmund however, the third, as well as by Richard the fifth, in the order of the inheritance, it was forfeited to the crown; yet being restored to their respective sons, it was transmitted in regular succession till it vested in Thomas, sixth and last Earl in the direct male line, who died without issue in 1415, leaving three surviving sisters his coheirs. But his grandfather, Richard, Earl of Arundel, probably with a view to prevent the further division of the honour, had in 1347 (21 Edward III.) entailed it, first on his wife Alianor, for the term of her natural life, and then on the heirs male of his own body, begotten with the said Alianor, with remainders over; and, on the demise of Thomas, therefore it passed entire to his second cousin, John Fitzalan, Lord Maltravers, who accordingly obtained liberty of it in 1416. It now descended, uninterruptedly, through a succession of seven Earls of the united families of Fitzalan and Maltravers, of whom Henry, who died in 1580, was the last. His only son had died in 1556, and his two daughters therefore—Joan married to Lord Lumley, and Mary, wife of THOMAS HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK, succeeded as his co-heirs. Of these ladies, the elder left no surviving issue: the younger, consequently, became sole heiress, and with her descendants, the illustrious Howards, renowned as heroes, poets, and politicians, this magnificent heritage still remains.

The Castle stands high upon a circular knoll, partly artificial, and commands an extensive prospect over the low flat country towards the sea as far as the Isle of Wight. The site was chosen ages ago by those who so well knew how to "pitch their tents" amidst the natural charms of mountain and valley and stream; and then to rear those noble baronial towers, which in some measure compensate posterity for the injustice of their original right and the roughness of their after rule. As a monument of feudal power, however, Arundel Castle will not bear comparison with other more grand structures of former ages; although in the south of England it is unsurpassed. If it were now the actual restoration of what it was, instead of being, as it is, more a creation of architectural taste or caprice on an ancient site and foundation, still there is something about it so delicately elaborate as to destroy the idea of vastness and massiveness. Windsor Castle, seen through a diminishing glass, would give you some tangible conception of its general aspect. The

Castle, and the adjoining grounds, suggest rather the idea of a feudal domain in miniature. And yet it is not that there is any real want of vastness in the building, or of space in the adjacent park; rather, there seems to be an attempt to do too much—to produce too many effects within a compass admirably capable of simplicity and singleness, and therefore in so fine a natural situation of grandeur. But, at the same time, it is really a charming place, affording endless variety of scenic effect. The grounds about the Castle (and they are very extensive) present a beautiful panorama of park and pasture, of wood and stream, of mountain, valley, and ravine. If Nature, concentrating her favour in a *minimum* of space, had tried her hand on what her bungling imitators call landscape gardening, this demesne of the Lords of Arundel might have been the perfect production of her skill—small enough to be embraced almost at a glance—large enough not to allow the picturesque to be lost in the pretty. It breaks upon the traveller, wearied by barren downs and unproductive agricultural tracts, like a dream of beauties he has seen in many long-loved places—in highland and lowland, in park and fertile plain; till, when he looks at the Castle that crowns the whole, he almost forgets the elaborate fragility of its structure, and recognises in it, if not the grandeur, at least much of the poetry of feudality, without the living desolation that surrounded it. The Keep, a magnificent ruin, is so ancient that the date of its original construction is lost. That it formed part of the bequests of King Alfred in his will is, however, proof enough of its great age; and internal evidence corroborates this claim.

Some antiquarians dispute whether it was Arundel, or a neighbouring castle, which was thus bequeathed, but the balance of evidence is decidedly in favour of the former. A part of the Keep is undoubtedly Saxon, the rest Norman; and the greater portion of the plan of the present Castle, the massive walls, and, indeed, all that has been restored by Duke Charles, was built early in the 11th century by Roger Montgomery. The view of the surrounding hills and plains, from the Keep, with the spire of the cathedral at Chichester, and the bright ocean in the distance, is really magnificent; and the fine old ivy-crowned tower (the haunt of owls that have here lived and bred some generations), itself is a grand object when seen from the surrounding hills.

The interior of Arundel Castle is not open to the same critical objections on the score of taste that may on some grounds be urged against the portions of the exterior. Extreme, even gorgeous, splendour is made to harmonize with the antique character of the building; and these parts which are additions, not restorations, are in keeping with the general whole. Crowded with objects of great historical interest, it yet retains all the characteristics of a private dwelling, in which comfort is remarkably combined with extreme elegance, and a happy and tasteful adaptation of the ancient with the modern.

In the great Civil War, Arundel Castle was held and garrisoned by the Parliament; but in 1643, it surrendered to Lord Hopton, from whom it was subsequently retaken by Waller. Thenceforth it remained little better than a mass of ruins, until restored at a cost of £600,000, by Charles, the 11th Duke of Norfolk. In this extensive work, a considerable portion of the old building was demolished. The modern parts are in the Gothic style, built of freestone; stone of a brown cast was selected, in order to accord better with the remains of the ancient fabric.

Around Arundel, the last relic of feudalism, the achievements of eight hundred years have shed imperishable renown, and it is still the proudest Castle in the land, rich in the glorious memories of the past, and grand in its existing magnificence.

Wycoller, co. Lancaster.

THE old mansion of Wycoller, or Wykeoller, in the parish of Whalley is remarkable for an ancient and spacious open circular fire-place, at the end of the hall, detached from the wall, in the fashion of the houses of the time of Henry VI. and having stone benches all round it. In 22 Henry VII., Piërs Hartley occupied and possessed Wycoller, which afterwards passed by marriage with the heiress to the Cunliffes of Hollins, but formerly of Billington. This family is supposed to have been amongst the first Saxons who settled in the north of England, and the name imports a grant for life. In 11 Edward II. Adam de Cunliffe was of the jury in the extent of the barony of Manchester.*

The estate of Cunliffe Hill, in Billington, was mortgaged in the reign of Henry VIII. to an ancestor of Sir Thomas Walmesley, and by foreclosure, in the reign of Elizabeth lost to the Cunliffes. Thus dispossessed, they settled at Hollins, which having acquired by marriage, they retained until the protectorate, when it was sequestered, and the house plundered, in consequence of what was called the apostacy and opposition of John Cunliffe to the government of the Commonwealth. Being compelled to quit Hollins he removed to Wycoller. Nicholas Cunliffe dying without issue, his sister Elizabeth married Samuel Scarsgill, of Sheffield, by whom she had Sarah, married to — Owen of the same place. Their son, Henry Owen, having assumed the name and arms of Cunliffe, possessed Wycoller till his death in 1819, when the house and estate passed to his heirs now in possession.

The following piece of domestic history, descriptive of primitive manners, occurs in a family MS. of the Cunliffes:—"At Wycoller Hall the family usually kept open house the twelve days at Christmas. Their entertainment was, a large hall of curious ashler work, a long table, plenty of fermenty like new milk, in a morning, made of husked wheat, boiled and roasted beef, with a fat goose, and a pudding, with plenty of good beer for dinner. A round-about fire-place, surrounded with stone benches, where the young folks sat and cracked nuts, and diverted themselves, and in this manner the sons and daughters got matching without going much from home."

Clopton, co. Warwick.

THE lordship of Clopton was early possessed by a family bearing the local name. SIR HUGH CLOPTON, Knt. of Clopton, *temp.* HENRY VII. was Lord Mayor of London, and a great benefactor to the town of Stratford-on-Avon. WILLIAM CLOPTON, Esq. of Clopton, *temp.* ELIZABETH, by his wife Anne, had a dau. and heiress, Joyce, who *m.* Sir George Carew, Knt. who eventually succeeded to Clopton, and was created, in 1605, Baron CAREW of Clopton. He became subsequently Earl of Totness.† At his decease,

* From younger sons of this family derived the CUNLIFFES of Liverpool, now represented by SIR ROBERT CUNLIFFE, Bart.; and the CUNLIFFES of Fairfield, now represented by E. CUNLIFFE-LISTER-KAY, Esq. (See BURKE'S *Landed Gentry*, p. 664.)

† See BURKE'S *Extinct Peerage*, page 108.

without legitimate male issue in 1629, the Clopton estates passed to SIR JOHN CLOPTON, Knt. who *m.* Barbara, dau. of Sir Edward Walker, Garter King at Arms. EDWARD CLOPTON, Esq. of Clopton, son of this marriage, was father of another EDWARD CLOPTON, Esq. who cut off the entail of the estate, and disinherited his only surviving son, who had disobliged him by his marriage, and who died soon afterwards of a broken heart. Edward Clopton settled the estates on his dau. Frances, who *m.* John Partheriche, Esq. Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1768. Of this marriage there was no issue, and on the decease of Mrs. Partheriche in 1792, the estate devolved on Skrymoline Boothby, Esq. grandson of Hugh Clopton, who was youngest surviving son of the above mentioned Sir John. He assumed the surname of CLOPTON, in pursuance of Mrs. Partheriche's will, but *d.* without issue male, when Clopton passed to his relative, Edward Ingram, Esq., who was second in the entail, and also assumed the name of CLOPTON. He died a bachelor in 1818, when his brother, John Ingram, Esq. succeeded and took the name of CLOPTON. On this gentleman's decease the estate was sold to John Gamaliel Lloyd, Esq. of Welcombe, whose nephew, CHARLES THOMAS WARDE, Esq. Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1846, is the present possessor of Clopton.

The House was principally erected in the time of King Charles II. by Sir John Clopton, Knt. whose arms appear in the pediment; those of Sir Edward Walker, Knt. are over the Hall door. The front is to the south. This and the east sides are of brick-work, and form the comparatively modern part. The north and west sides are, probably, as old as the time of Henry VII., being half timbered. The back archway of entrance appears of Queen Elizabeth's era.

Clopton House contains several valuable portraits, viz. of the Earl of Totness, and his Countess; Sir Edward Walker, and many of the Clopton and Partheriche families. A beautiful painting by Vandyck, of King Charles I. dictating orders to his secretary, Sir Edward Walker, in the field, who is writing them on a drum-head, has been removed from the house; but, probably, for the purpose of more particular care of it: this was engraved and prefixed to Sir E. Walker's "Historical discourses," published by his grandson, the last Sir Hugh Clopton, in 1705.

It was in this house that Ireland wished to make it appear that he found a depository of Shakspeare's papers, had he not been disappointed by Mr. Williams, who then resided here as tenant. The conversation between the parties is given in the "Confessions" of the younger Ireland, and is rather an amusing point of that extraordinary work.

In one of the garrets is now shewn a small room, traditionally said to have been the chapel, or oratory. The walls are certainly inscribed with scriptural sentences, and among the hieroglyphical attempts was a large fish, delineated as being taken by a hook and line; the whole drawn by a hand issuing from a cloud: under this was inscribed:—

Whether you ryse earlye,
Or goe to bed late,
Remember Christ Iesus,
That dyed for your sake.

But these are now obliterated, having been white-washed over.

In the Great Hall of entrance is a large oriel window, containing a well-

executed series of heraldic shields, emblazoned with the alliances of the Cloptons for many generations.

There are three handsome monuments in the Clopton Chapel, forming the east end of the north aisle in the church of Stratford, to members of this family. The first is an altar tomb, without an inscription, but supposed to be the monument of Sir Hugh Clopton, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, *temp.* Henry VII. the early benefactor to Stratford, and founder of the Chapel of the Guild in the centre of the town, where were discovered the series of ancient paintings, published by Mr. Fisher. The second is the tomb of William Clopton, Esq. and his consort Anne, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; their recumbent effigies are of white marble. The third is the splendid monument of George Carew, Earl of Totness, and Baron of Clopton, and of Joice, his Countess, daughter of William Clopton, Esq. Their figures in alabaster, are placed under a lofty arch, supported by Corinthian pillars. Sir Edward Walker, Knt. is also buried in this place, with a neat monument to his memory.

The entrance into Stratford upon-Avon, is by a stone bridge of fourteen arches; on one of the old piers stood a pillar, on which were the arms of the City of London impaling those of Clopton, and inscribed:—"SIR HUGH CLOPTON, KNT. LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, BUILT THIS BRIDGE AT HIS OWN PROPER CHARGE, IN THE REIGN OF HENRY 7." Which on a late repair has very properly been restored,

THE FLOWER OF THE WILDERNESS.

Fair flower! you are but doomed to die—
 To flourish for a day:
 To waste on air your sweetest sigh,
 Then droop and fade away—
 To wear your gay and vernal dress
 For one brief, fleeting morn,
 And deck a pathless wilderness
 Amid a tract forlorn!

Yet for your given time you bloom
 As fair as if you shed
 Your odours mid the purple gloom
 That shrouds a monarch's bed:
 Though none be near whom you may glad
 With nature's boon, sweet flower!
 Save yon poor wanderer, pale, half clad,
 Who treads the unshelter'd moor!

Behold! with trembling step she hies,
 Along the wind-swept waste,
 Alone, beneath the changeful skies,
 O'er spots by man untrac'd:

She lifts her haggard eyes to Heaven ;
Her care-worn aspect tells,
For her no earthly home is given,
No kindly bosom swells !

And now she seems, surpris'd, to bend
Her dim eye on the ground,
Dreaming perchance that she a friend
In thee, fair flower ! hath found :
And deems the drop of pearly dew,
That hangs upon thy breast,
A drop of pity, bright and true,
For her, with woes opprest !

And the, forlorn, deserted one,
The outcast of the earth,
Looking on thee feels not *all* lone,
O flower of little worth !
She sees thee bloom neglected too,
And thinks it is for her,
Who knows no living friend below,—
The homeless wanderer !

Long does she gaze, until a tear
Steals down her faded cheek,
As solemn thoughts of import dear
To her torn bosom speak.
Then, little flowret ! bloom and droop—
Not vain thy transient day,
Since thou hast power to cheer with hope
The wanderer's lonely way !

J. L. ELLERTON.

CHRONICLES OF THE KNIGHTS.

“The knights are dust,
And their good swords rust;—
Their souls are with the saints, I trust!”

COLERIDGE.

NO. IV.—RAYMOND LE GROS, *ob. circ.* 1184.

HOWEVER fanciful the conceit, which would discover prototypes for the Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland, in the confederate princes of Greece, and would make the faithless Dervorgal, (of whom we spoke in our last chapter) “like another Helen, fire another Troy,” there are some salient points of resemblance between the two expeditions which must strike every investigator. If the proud warrior, whose career was last given, might be called the Agamemnon of the assembled English forces, there was another and a younger hero, whom we deem the Achilles—of whom it was said that “the soldiery without him were nothing, and with him were everything,”—who withdrew from them for a season, when slightly treated as to the object of his heart’s passion, and left them to the bitterness of confusion and defeat; and who returned in the hour of their necessity, when sued by their commander to do so, and led them to a decisive victory over their foes. This “notable and chiefest pillar”* was RAYMOND *le Gros*.

Many of the Norman nobility, who passed into England with the CONQUEROR, like him derived their untamed energy from blood originally braced amid the snows of Scandinavia. There were others, however, whose sires had come from southern lands—from the plains of Tuscany or the shores of the Mediterranean, and who brought with them the strength and tameless resolve which Rome displayed when she shook the world. Of the latter class was OTHER, or OTHOERE, an Etrurian baron, who, about the time of our King CANUTE, migrated from Florence to Normandy, and thence to England. His son, OTHER FITZ-OTHOERE, appears from the Domesday-book to have been a baron of England in 1058, the sixteenth year of EDWARD the CONFESSOR; whose son again, WALTER FITZ-OTHER, was the CONQUEROR’s Castellan of Windsor, and ranger of the royal forests in Berkshire, in 1080. WALTER FITZ-OTHER married GLADYS, daughter and heiress of RYWALHON AP CONVYN, joint prince of North Wales, and had issue, three sons, GERALD, ROBERT, and WILLIAM, whose seniority has been disputed by the genealogists. “Gerald,” writes Lodge, “the eldest son in the Earl of Kildare’s pedigree, being made the youngest in the Earl of Kerry’s, drawn up in 1615, and attested by Sir William Seager, garter king of arms, who is followed by his successors, Dugdale and Anstis.” Authorities ought to weigh with us, and the high names just recited we receive with all respectful attention. Still, an extended search into the matter has satisfied us that, if no better argument can be found than that

* The title given him by Giraldus Cambrensis.

alleged by these three authorities, their opinion must be set aside. The reason they assign for making GERALD the youngest son, is from his having the appellation FITZ-WALTER; and "*Fitz*," they say, marks the junior branches. Our own views coincide with those of Lodge, that on the contrary this Old French prefix, along with the patronymic, formed the designation of the eldest son, especially, if not exclusively; and that if stress is to be laid on the fact that WALTER FITZ-OTHER'S SON was denominated GERALD FITZ-WALTER, this son was his eldest. ROBERT is allowed on all hands to have been the second son. He was Baron of Estaines in Essex; but his line became extinct in the person of his son William. WILLIAM, his brother (whether senior, or junior, we shall not decide) was surnamed DE WINDSOR, and was ancestor of the Lords Windsor and Earls of Plymouth. GERALD, the remaining brother, married Nesta, the Welsh princess, and had issue, MAURICE FITZGERALD, ancestor of the GERALDINES; William, father (with two other sons, ODO, ancestor of the CAREWS, and WILLIAM, ancestor of the GERARDS) of RAYMOND *le Gros*; and DAVID, Bishop of St. David's, 1147—1176.

Deriving from so high a lineage, Raymond possessed qualities of his own which yet heightened the lustre of his birth. Like Bayard, he stands forth the impersonation of truest chivalry, a hero *sans peur et sans reproche*. We know not, in contemplating his history, whether to admire most his high-souled generosity, his unsullied virtues, his profound wisdom, or his undaunted military spirit; for in all these, he excelled the men of his own day. The annalists of every party, with hardly an exception,* bear united testimony no less to his capabilities than to his general worth; and we might instance his name as one of the few bright ones which have escaped the venomous breath of slander, for it found no opening where it could taint its excellency. "He was a man," we quote from Giraldus Cambrensis, "kind and gentle, foreseeing and prudent. And though for the most part high-spirited and skilled in arms, he yet excelled in prudence and providence in military matters. In both he was a glorious hero, having a good deal of the soldier, but more of the commander in him.

The advanced guard of Strongbow's army for the subjugation of Ireland was committed by him to Raymond, who, accompanied by Hervey de Montmorres, embarked with ten knights and seventy archers, and landed at Dundonnell, near Waterford, on the eleventh day of May, 1171. This little band, immediately on getting to shore, drew up lines for their encampment, securing themselves in palisades and trenches; and here, in obedience to their instructions, they resolved to remain on the defensive, until the main body of the army arrived under the Earl of Chepstow. But they were not to continue long undisturbed. The native levies were hastily collected from the Decies territory, and to the number of many thousands were led by their chiefs to the assault of the English camp. Raymond's whole garrison did not amount to one hundred men, and the entrenchments which they had thrown up were weak, being mere earth-works. With his wonted gallantry he marched out

* We are constrained to make the reserve, because Maurice Regan, the biographer and partizan of the odious Macmurragh, King of Leinster, accuses him in one place of cruelty to his prisoners. This was a natural accusation from such a quarter; but we shall presently show was unjustly brought against him.

to meet the attack, and for some time continued, by his own personal prowess, to keep the foe at bay. But when fresh detachments of the Irish were brought up, the Anglo-Norman soldiers became so much galled by superior numbers that they were compelled to retire within their gates, through which, at the same time with themselves, a crowd of the pursuing enemy entered. It was now a struggle for life or death. Raymond fiercely turned on the assailants, and with his own hand slew their leader, upon which the tumultuous throng retired without the gates. And now a stratagem, old as the days of Roman and Punic warfare, was the means of saving the gallant handful of knights from extinction. The English had collected for their subsistence a herd of black cattle, which for safety were confined in the *ballium*, or enclosure, of their fortification. These were now maddened by goading thrusts of sword and lance; and while the repulsed besiegers were meditating on ulterior measures, the gates were again thrown open, and the furious herd with terrible bellowsings broke in on the affrighted mass. They scattered them on all sides, and while the panic was yet at its height, a fiercer foe was among the crowd! Raymond and his soldiers made lanes of slaughter through the disorderly files, who thought no more of resistance. A thousand were slain, and a yet greater number driven indiscriminately into the sea. The Anglo-Normans returned to their entrenchments with seventy prisoners, for they cared not to secure a greater number; and these were preserved alive in expectation of a costly ransom being offered for them.

The subsequent treatment of his prisoners affords Regan the colourable grounds for charging the English chief with perfidious barbarity. The seventy captives were all principal citizens of Waterford, and they not only offered large sums of money for their liberty, but promised the surrender of that city as a portion of the purchase. The price was refused, and—if we may credit the Irish historians—they were all put to death, under the frightful circumstances of having their limbs first broken and then being cast from high cliffs into the sea. But Giraldus, in narrating the story, expressly mentions that the destruction of the prisoners took place in despite of Raymond's remonstrances. He introduces a kind of dialogue between Raymond and Hervey de Montmorres, in which the former urges the acceptance of the ransom, pleading that the captives had honourably fought for the defence of their country and were entitled to all courteous and gentle treatment. Hervey, on the other hand, insists on the necessity of striking a blow, which would infuse terror into the hearts of the inhabitants; and represents the danger of sending back so many leaders for the host of their enemies. His cruel policy unhappily prevailed; and the glory of the victory was tarnished by this cold-blooded assassination. Hervey's arguments were, doubtless, the popular ones with the soldiery; and Raymond was forced to yield to the commission of an act, which his better nature must have viewed with abhorrence.

After this, the Anglo-Normans continued unmolested in their entrenchments, until the month of August when (as we have seen in our last paper,) Strongbow landed at the same place with two hundred knights and twelve hundred infantry. On the next day, the confederate forces marched to the attack of Waterford, which in expectation of the assault, had been strongly fortified and garrisoned by its Ostman inhabitants. At the first onset the English were beaten back, and in renewing the attack

were again discomfited. Without scaling ladders, or battering towers, the disappointed knights rode slowly in files beneath the solid walls, examining as they went, each angle and turret for some opening, and enduring the taunts of those above who invited them to come up and take Waterford.' The solid masonry seemed to frown defiance on their inspection: until Raymond, with the quick eye of a soldier, observed a small house of timber, partly resting on the eastern corner of the fortifications and partly supported by wooden props fixed in the ground beyond the walls. He encouraged his fellow-soldiers to a third attempt, and they began it by hewing down the projecting posts. The house fell, and drew with it a sufficient portion of the walls to make a practicable breach. Waterford was entered; and a promiscuous carnage of the inhabitants who were found in arms ensued. Reginald, Prince of the Danes, and Malachy O'Faolan, Lord of the Decies country, with many other native chiefs, were made prisoners, and were confined in a round tower, still called Reginald's Tower,* until their fate should be determined by the victors. At the King of Leinster's intercession, their lives were spared; and the city, so lately overflowing with bloodshed, became the scene of festivity and rejoicing on the bridals of Strongbow and the Princess Eva.

From Waterford the English, after a short delay, proceeded to Dublin, which had been assigned to the Earl of Chepstow, as his bride's dower. The Irish forces were marshalled by their king, Roderic, to meet and intercept the confederates, and the disparity of numbers made it necessary that they should proceed with caution. They formed three bodies. Miles de Cogan led the van, which consisted of seven hundred Britons and a strong native battalion under Donald, a natural son of the King of Leinster. The main body was under the command of Raymond le Gros, and was composed of eight hundred Britons, and the flower of the Irish troops commanded by Macmurragh himself. Strongbow followed in the rear with three hundred English, and a thousand Irish under his orders. There was some ineffectual skirmishing for three days at Clondalkin, a few miles to the southward of the metropolis, between the hostile armies; after which the native troops, overawed by the superior tactics of a disciplined army retired, leaving the passages to the city open.

We have already, in our preceding biography, sketched the progress of the English arms in the subjugation of the kingdom. Dublin fell before them, and was given up to pillage. The petty kingdom of Meath was next devastated; and everywhere, whithersoever the confederates turned, opposition from the Irish levies proved ineffectual. But these brilliant advances were ere long retarded by the death of their ally, the King of Leinster; and were then converted into distress and perplexity by the proclamation of their own sovereign, Henry, which commanded the speedy return of all his subjects from Ireland on pain of attainder. Raymond le Gros, on whose tact and prudence, his associates had the fullest reliance, was selected by Strongbow to go as their mediator with the king; and he accordingly proceeded to Aquitaine, where the court was then lying, on his difficult diplomacy. Henry's wrath was in part sincere, but in great part also was assumed for a kingly purpose. He was

* Reginald's Tower, in the highest state of preservation, is situated on the Long Quay of Waterford, at the junction of two streets which here meet at right angles. It promises yet to stand for many centuries.

offended with the Earl of Chepstow for proceeding on his career of conquest without having first received his royal command to do so; although that command had been urgently solicited from him, and had been waywardly withheld. But he felt a natural pride in his subjects' successes, and a degree of self-satisfaction by their envoy's being instructed to lay the whole at his feet. With conflicting feelings like these, he returned no explicit answer to all Raymond's representations. He would not revoke his disastrous decree, lest he might be accused of instability; and yet he hardly desired that it should be carried out, either in the letter or spirit, as it would infallibly extinguish the English cause in Ireland. While the king thus wavered, the assassination of Thomas à Becket came like a thunder-shock upon him; and his thoughts were turned into wholly different channels. Raymond was constrained to return without any decisive result from his mission; save his having in some degree allayed the royal jealousy. He found his companions closely besieged in Dublin by a combined armament of Ostman and native Irish. The city was invested for two months; and the iron hearts of its defenders at last bowed before the horrors of famine, and its consequence, pestilence. A council of war was summoned to arrange terms of capitulation; but the unlooked-for demands of the besiegers (that the English should surrender all their forts, and by a certain day leave the island) prevented any arrangement being come to. Miles de Cogan at last started up, and recommended an immediate sally, offering himself to be the leader. Loud shouts of acclamation met his gallant proposal, and the council separated to make their dispositions for the attack. "The vanguard was assigned," says Regan, "to Myles de Cogan, consisting of two hundred; Raymond le Gros with other two hundred, commanded the battle; and the erle, with two hundred, marched in the reare. In this interprize, full of perill, they used not the ayd of their Irish soldiers; for neyther in their fidelity, nor in their valour, reposed they confidence, saving only of the persons of Donald Kavannagh, and Mac Gely, and Awliff O'Carvie, of whom they wer assured. Unto Finglass they directed their march. When they approached the enemies' campe, who wer careless and secure, not mistrustinge any suche attempt, Myles de Cogan, to encourage his soldiers——'In the name of God,' said he, 'let us this day try our valour upon these savages, or dye like men;' and therewith broke furiously into the camp, and made such slaughter as all fled before hym. Raymond, calling upon St. David, furiously rushed in amongst his enemies, and so did the erle Richard; but especially Meyler Fitz-Henry's valour was admired at bye all men. In Boynhill of the enemies wer slain more than one hundreth and fifty; of the English, there was only one footman hurt. This overthrow so discouraged the Irish, as the siege was nearly abandoned; and in the enemies' campe store of baggage was gotten, and such quantities of corn, meale, and pork, as was sufficient to victuall the citty for one whole yere." Thus, this most critical situation of the English army was, by one vigorous effort, converted into safety and success, at Miles de Cogan's spirited suggestion.

As soon as HENRY had recovered from the confusion into which the murder of Becket had thrown him, his attention was again drawn to the state of affairs in Ireland. He had long meditated a personal inspection of the county; and resolved to employ the present occasion in accomplishing his intention. As a preliminary, he commanded the

Earl of Chepstow to appear instantly before him. Strongbow obeyed ; and, leaving Miles de Cogan as his representative in Dublin, and his faithful friend Raymond as Governor of the City of Waterford, he embarked and met the king at Newnham, near Gloucester, where his reconciliation was speedily effected. We pass over the royal progress in Ireland, as we gave some account of it in the memoir of Strongbow. It was, on the whole, highly advantageous to the country. It gave the inhabitants better laws ; it delivered them, in some measure, from the caprice of their own feudal chiefs ; and laid the foundation of their social advancement, by establishing an intercommunion with a wealthier and more civilized people. But after a few months' stay, Henry was called away by the revolt of his sons in Brittany, from his sagacious scheme of improving the country ; and his own necessities at home, and on the continent, obliged him soon after to withdraw the flower of his forces from the garrisons in Ireland. The army that was left was entrusted to the command of Hervey de Montmorres, Strongbow's uncle, under whom, Raymond served, second in authority. But the general was unpopular in the same degree as his subordinate was beloved by the soldiery. The characters of the two leaders are thus contrasted by the historian Leland, and his statement sufficiently gives the cause. "Hervey," he writes, "was proud, impatient of a rival, and jealous of his influence, rigid and severe in his discipline, he restrained the soldiers from plundering—a liberty which they claimed as in some sort necessary to supply the deficiencies of their pay. Raymond, of more conciliating manners, was more indulgent to the passions and necessities of the soldiery, for whose welfare and security he appeared eminently solicitous ; gentle to their faults, and affecting rather to appear their companion than their commander ; neither delicate in his fare, nor curious in his apparel, cheerfully sharing all the hardships of a military life. He was of consequence more beloved ; and the envy of Montmorres was inflamed by his popularity." A spirit of rivalry subsisted between the twain which might have led to disastrous issues, were it not that the very greatness of the public danger compelled them to act together in outward unison ; and Raymond was too much the soldier, not to yield at all times a deferential submission to his superior's official commands.

When Strongbow, about this time, received intimation from his royal master that the conduct of Irish affairs were to be entrusted to his sole directions, he expressed his utmost desire that some one might be associated with him in the government, and pointed to Raymond le Gros as the idol of the army whose fidelity and loyalty had been often proved. Henry gave the Earl his sanction to employ our hero in any capacity he pleased, but refused to unite him in the commission as a colleague. On Strongbow's arrival in Dublin with viceregal powers,* he found the army discontented and mutinous. They bitterly inveighed against their commander, Montmorres ; and impetuously demanded that Raymond should be appointed over them in his stead. Strongbow was constrained to yield—in all probability without much resistance on his part—and the new general, without delay, led the forces into the revolted district of Ophuly, that he might quell their refractoriness by active service. He extended his ravages into the territory of the Decies [Waterford],

* He had repaired to Normandy to the assistance of the king.

and passing through the ancient city of Lismore extorted a heavy *black mail* from the bishop and inhabitants, by threatening to set fire to their venerated cathedral. At Dungarvan he found some ships lying at anchor, which he laded with his spoils to convey them to Waterford, and entrusted them to the care of Adam de Hereford. The vessels had scarcely cleared the harbour, when they were furiously attacked by a Danish fleet of thirty-five sail, under Gilbert, son of Turgesius, the Ostman lord of Cork.* The engagement continued for some time with great bravery on both sides, until David Walsh, a valiant English knight, with his own hand slew the Danish admiral; and victory declared itself for the English, who continued their voyage triumphantly, bringing with them eight ships captured from the enemy's flotilla. Macarty, lord of Desmond, having assembled his forces, was hastening by land to the assistance of the Ostmen, when he fell in with Raymond himself, who had pushed forward at the head of a small party of twenty knights and sixty horsemen, to the support of his party. Some trivial skirmishing ensued, in which the English had again the advantage, and Raymond entered Waterford with the pomp of a victor, leading in a prey of 4,000 cattle.

With their successes, the minds of the soldiery grew light and cheerful; and from being insubordinate and turbulent, were soon brought to the highest state of effective discipline. Raymond found Strongbow at Waterford; and to him he now declared his long standing passion for Basilia, the Earl of Chepstow's beauteous sister, deeming that his present high services would ensure his acceptance. But his solicitations met a peremptory refusal; and mortified beyond measure, he retired abruptly to Wales, under pretence of receiving possession of lands, which the decease of his father, WILLIAM DE CAREW, had brought him. Strongbow, equally haughty, suffered him to depart without remonstrance; and the command of the army once more devolved on Herve de Montmorres. Herve, sensible of the mode by which his rival had so successfully controlled the army, desired to eclipse his fame by some equally distinguished actions of his own. He proposed to Strongbow, that they should chastise the disaffected inhabitants of Munster by leading the troops into their districts, and that, for the purpose of striking them with greater awe, a portion of the Danish mercenaries of Dublin should be ordered to effect a junction with them at Cashel. Strongbow unhappily consented, and the orders were issued in conformity. But the detachment of Danes were surprized by Donald O'Brien and the native army at Thurles, and four hundred of the number, together with their four chief captains, were slain in the field. Strongbow, alarmed at this untoward disaster, retreated on Waterford; and the fame spread abroad that the English, having been utterly routed, had fled to the sea for the purpose of embarking finally for their own country.†

* See Wares's *Annals*, and Cox, vol. iii. p. 27. The English had withdrawn their garrison from Cork, and the inhabitants, despite of their oaths of allegiance, immediately revolted to the other side. They then undertook this expedition to show their zeal for Macarty, the native prince of Desmond.

† To show the national feeling on this temporary reverse of the English arms, we quote the registry of the event in the *Annals of the Four Masters*: "1174. The Earl Strongbow marched his forces to plunder Munster; and Roderic O'Conor, king of Connaught, hastened to make resistance. When the English had intelligence of

Nor was it alone the universal disaffection of the Irish, which Strongbow had now to fear, but the revival of dissatisfaction among his own soldiers—a far more formidable danger. He indulged in no delays, but despatched a trusty messenger to Wales, imploring Raymond to come to his help with such forces as he could gather, promising him a full compliance with all his recent demands, and a restoration to his post at the head of the army. Here was a salve indeed for Raymond's wounded pride. The very man, who had so recently scorned his alliance, was now constrained to court his aid. The plans emanating from his rival, had all resulted in compassion; and he himself was the acknowledged deliverer, to whom the whole body of countrymen were now looking for their preservation. He collected instantly thirty knights of his own kin, and with them, one hundred horsemen, and three hundred archers, embarked for Waterford. Nor did he come too soon; for we learn from Giraldus, that on the very day Raymond's fleet appeared in the river, a general massacre of the English was to have taken place, which the arrival of these seasonable succours alone prevented. Raymond and Strongbow proceeded in a few days to Wexford, and left a strong garrison in Waterford; when the rebellious townspeople, no longer over-awed by their presence, hastened to accomplish their murderous design. The commander of the detachment, unsuspecting of treachery, was with a few attendants sailing on the Suir in a small pleasure-boat, and the mariners suddenly rose on the heedless crew, and slew them to a man. The signal was straightway given; and all the unarmed English, without distinction of age or sex, who were encountered in the streets, or whose houses could be broken into, were massacred. A few of the garrison fought their way bravely to Reginald's Tower, which served for a citadel, and thence after a while sallying forth, drove their assailants from the town, and regained possession. Severe conditions were made with the natives; but they were constrained to accept them, and give up their rebellious leaders.

At Wexford, Raymond was wedded to the Lady Basilia with great pomp. With his bride he received an extensive district of Leinster as dowry, and was at the same time invested with the office of constable and standard-bearer of Leinster. But the nuptial rites were yet proceeding, when a weary messenger burst into the cathedral with tidings that Roderic, King of Connaught, at the head of a large army, had marched eastward from his own territory, and entering Meath, had everywhere destroyed the English settlements, burning their houses and dismantling their fortifications. Dublin was reported to be threatened, and the danger so pressing as to admit of no delay. The next morning saw the bridegroom on his war-horse again; and soon the Irish league crumbled to pieces before his vigorous attacks. He led the troops to the relief of the metropolis; and thence passing on to meet the King of Connaught, he drove him once more across the Shannon to his own inaccessible dominions. The settlements in Meath were restored, and the forts re-constructed, and the spirit of disaffection among the natives was for a time efficiently repressed.

Roderic's approach, they invited the foreigners of Dublin to their assistance, who with all possible speed marched to Thurles, where they were met by Donall O'Brien at the head of the Dalcassians, by a battalion from West Connaught, and by a numerous and select army of the Clan-murry under Roderic. A furious engagement ensued, in which the English were at last defeated. In this battle seventeen hundred (!) of the English were left dead on the plain, and only a few of them survived, who fled with the Earl to his house in Waterford."

The important city of Limerick had been seized by O'Brien, prince of Thomond; and at Strongbow's desire, Raymond now proceeded to its reduction. He arrived without molestation at the opposite shores of the Shannon, but here found the bridges broken and every species of boat removed. Two of his companions discovered a fordable place in the river, but on their return to conduct their fellow-countrymen, one of them was drowned. A third crossed over safely, when he was surrounded by the enemy, and would have perished, had not Raymond himself gallantly spurred through the river, calling on his soldiers to follow him. Astonished at this intrepidity, the enemy paused, and the English gained the opposite bank with the loss of only two of their body. The city made no attempt at resistance, and Raymond found in it abundant stores of provisions and arms.

These rapid successes had their proportionate effect on the King of Connaught's mind. Hitherto, he had gallantly fought the invaders step by step, according to the best of his powers; but henceforth he seems to have been convinced of the futility of his opposition, and to desire an accommodation. He sent three deputies to King Henry at Windsor, who in his name tendered his submission to the English crown. A treaty was subscribed by them, on his behalf, in which Henry's sovereignty over the whole island was recognized, and homage and tribute were promised as outward indications. The tribute to be every tenth merchantable hide, which was to be paid by every part of the kingdom (Connaught included), excepting the districts directly held by the King of England and his barons. Henry's hold on Ireland was now established; while abroad and at home, the difficulties with which he had been surrounded, had vanished away before the vigour of his administration. The rebellion of his sons had been put down; the king of Scots had been his prisoner, and had purchased his liberty by sacrificing the independence of his country; peace was re-established in England, and now his sovereignty was acknowledged by the only vigorous opponent his arms had met with in the neighbouring country. But the jealousy of his own barons in Ireland, obstructed in a great measure, the advancement of good measures for that kingdom; and often proved more dangerous, by creating internal dissensions in the army, than all the outward force of the Irish could have effected.

The triumphs of Raymond were wormwood to his rival, Hervey de Montmorres; and the latter resolved no longer to attack him openly—a mode which had always produced his own defeat—but secretly to undermine his fame. Hervey had married the daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, and Raymond's cousin-germain;* but even this nearness of connexion brought no more friendly feelings with it. His emissaries poisoned the royal ear by assurances that Raymond had tampered with the fidelity of the army, who were declared to be no longer obedient to the King of England, but to the will of their own general. Limerick, and other cities, were declared to be wholly devoted to Raymond's interest; and his loyalty was, they said, more than questionable, for he was now preparing means to set up an independent kingdom. Henry's worst weakness was absurd jealousy. Credulous to a fault, whenever charges of ambition were brought against any of his lords, he listened with complaisant attention to these misrepresentations, and despatched

* The table in the next page will explain at a glance, the relationship subsisting between these most distinguished Anglo-Norman chiefs:

to Dublin four commissioners,* two of whom were to watch the conduct of the Earl of Chepstow, and the other two to conduct Raymond without delay to the court at Windsor.

Raymond without difficulty, surmised the source of these calumnies; and receiving the commissioners with the respect due to him, whose representatives they were, he professed his readiness to obey without a murmur the royal command, and to set sail for England in their company. But contrary winds delayed their departure; and while they were detained on the sea-coast, the flame of Irish insurrection again blazed forth. O'Brien of Thomond, laid siege to Limerick, and when Strongbow prepared to march to the relief of the city, the army refused to obey orders, unless their favourite general accompanied. The royal commissioners were consulted, and they consented to delay their departure; but Raymond would not undertake the expedition, until earnestly urged to it by the commissioners themselves, who virtually by so doing, pronounced his acquittal. His wonted success attended Raymond's movements; the siege of Limerick was raised; and O'Brien gave hostages for his future good conduct, on the same day that Roderic, King of Connaught, took the oaths of fealty to his liege, the King of England, as prescribed by the late treaty. Raymond was engaged in these operations, when he received application from Macarty, Prince of Desmond, for aid against his son Cormac, who had not only rebelled, but having taken his father prisoner, had cruelly imprisoned him. Raymond reinstated the deposed king, and delivered up to him his unnatural son, who was soon after put to death. For this service he received from Macarty a large territory in Kerry, which his descendants enjoy, in part at least, to the present day.† It was at this period, while staying at Limerick, he received from Basilia the enigmatical letter, in which she informed him that her great tooth, which had ached so long, had fallen out; and she intreated him in consequence to return to Dublin with all speed. Raymond well understood the purport of this communication; and consulted with some chosen friends the measures now rendered necessary by Strongbow's death. It was decided that

1st Husband.		2nd Husband.	
Stephen, constable of Aberteivi, or Cardigan (<i>Custos Campi Aberteivi.</i>)	Nesta, dau. of Gruffydh ap Rhys, King of Caermarthen, and formerly mistress of Henry I., by whom she had had Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and Henry, father of Henry Fitz-Henry , and Robert Fitz-Henry.	Gerald Fitz-Walter de Windsor, castellan of Windsor and Pembroke, <i>d.</i> 1135.	
Robert Fitz-Stephen , the first of the band of Anglo-Norman Adventurers at the Conquest of Ireland, <i>d.</i> 1182.	William de Carew, governor of Pembroke Castle, <i>d.</i> 1173.	Catherine dau. and heir of Sir Rich Kingsley, co. Chester.	Maurice Fitz-Gerald , David, lord of Ophaly, founder of the GERALDINE family, <i>d.</i> 1 Sept. 1177. David's <i>d.</i> 1176.
Odo Fitz-William de Carew, Lord of Carew and Moulsoford, ancestor of the CAREW family.	Raymond, surnamed Le Gros , ancestor of the families of GRACE and FITZ-MAURICE. †	Basilia de Clare, sister of Earl Strongbow.	William Fitz-William Fitz-Gerald, ancestor of the family of GERALD.

* The commissioners were, Robert de la Poer, Osbert de Hereford, William Bendeger, and Adam Germain.

† This district Raymond settled on his second son, MAURICE (from whom it was called the Barony of Clan-Maurice), who *m.* Catherine, dau. of Miles de Cogan, and was ancestor of the Earls of Kerry.—(See MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE in BURKE'S *Peerage.*)

the Pale, or English province, required their first attention ; and that to secure its tranquillity and safety, the troops should be withdrawn from the Irish districts and concentrated, in garrisons, in its chief towns. The advice was judicious ; but it was mortifying to Raymond to abandon so suddenly the conquests he had won, for he knew that the removal of the English troops would be at once the sign to the natives to renew their hostilities. He sent for O'Brien, who had taken oaths of allegiance ; and assuming a confidential manner, told him that he had now become one of the king's great barons, and was entitled to some mark of distinction suited to his high rank. With this view, therefore, he said, he would now commit to him the charge of the city of Limerick to prove his sincerity, and give him an occasion of meriting additional favours. The wily Celt received the trust with just as much dissimulation ; and Raymond and the royal army proceeded to evacuate the town. They had scarcely crossed the bridge, when it was broken down behind them ; and by O'Brien's command the city was fired in four different quarters. The story was reported to the king by those who sought to prejudice him against Raymond ; but it produced a different effect from what it was intended. HENRY observed in reply that " the first gaining of Limerick was a noble exploit, the recovery of it still nobler ; but that the only act of wisdom was the manner of its abandonment."

The council of Dublin were now called on, by virtue of powers vested in them by the king, to nominate a successor to Earl Strongbow, until the royal pleasure should be known. They unanimously elected Raymond to the chief governorship ; and the king's commissioners concurred in the choice. But Henry's pitiful jealousy would not concede this well-deserved tribute to the gallant soldier ; and William Fitz-Andelm was by him sent over as lord-deputy. Fitz-Andelm landed at Wexford, and was there met by Raymond with all due honours. At this very first interview, Giraldus informs us, he looked with a malignant eye on the splendour and gallant show made by Raymond's followers ; and, turning to his own creatures who surrounded him, he remarked " he would ere long find means to control such display." Raymond made a surrender to him of all his trusts, the towers, forts, and hostages which he had held during his temporary commission ; and withdrew. The character of the new administration was wholly adverse to the English lords, whose pride Fitz-Andelm seemed resolved to bring down. He lent himself to corrupt intrigues with the Irish chiefs ; and so prostituted his high office ; until his master indignantly recalled him in 1179, and appointed Hugh de Lacy in his stead. We take from Sir Richard Cox, the following circumstantial epitome of Fitz-Andelm's administration :— " This governor, Fitz-Andelm, was very unkind to Raymond, and all the Geraldines, and indeed to most of the first adventurers. He forced the sons of Maurice Fitz-Gerald to exchange their castle of Wicklow for the decayed castle of Ferns ; and when they had repaired that castle of Ferns, he found some pretence to have it demolished. He took from Raymond all his land near Dublin and Wexford. He delayed the restitution of Fitz-Stephen to his lands in Ophaly, till he made him consent to accept of worse situated land in lieu of it. He made his nephew Walter Amain (a corrupt beggarly fellow, says Cambrensis), seneschal of Wexford and Waterford, who received bribes from Mac Morrrough of Kensile, to prejudice the Fitz-Geralds ; and so mercenary was Fitz-Andelm himself, that the Irish flocked unto him, as to a friar to buy their

demands. At last, having neither done honour to the king, nor good to the country, he was revoked, and in his room the king appointed Hugh de Lacy, lord justice of Ireland, to whom Robert de Poer, the king's marshal, governor of Waterford and Wexford, was made coadjutor, counsellor, or assistant."

Raymond's public career may be said to have here terminated. Three years after the last date, in 1182, we find him once again in arms, when he repaired to Cork to the aid of his uncle, Fitz-Stephen, who was there besieged by superior numbers;—but this is the last occasion. His name no longer occupies a place in the record of public events; and it is singular that we have no particulars preserved for us of the time, manner, or place of the decease of one who had hitherto held so pre-eminent a position in the country. It is generally supposed that his death took place within the next two or three years;* and a traditionary information has come down to us that the Abbey of Molana, in the co. Waterford, to which he had been a great benefactor, was his burial-place. A funeral urn, with a suitable inscription, was placed here a few years since by RICHARD SMYTH, Esq. of BALLINATRAY, to whose beautiful grounds the abbey is attached; and the hero's memory has received this graceful offering after the lapse of so many centuries, from the hand of a stranger.

The history of the GRACE family, Raymond's descendants in the senior line, would occupy volumes. It has been undertaken, and happily accomplished by the learned and able antiquary, MR. SHEFFIELD GRACE, to whose "Memoirs," we must refer our reader for much interesting information. It will suffice for us here to conclude with a few general remarks.

To his eldest son, WILLIAM FITZ-RAYMOND LE GRAS, Raymond bequeathed the hereditary estates in Wales, together with a princely tract in Ireland, which he had received with the Lady Basilia, called the cantred of Grace's country. This Irish barony was in length about twelve miles, and in breadth between five and six. It extended northwards by the liberties of Kilkenny and the banks of the Nore river to the Queen's county, and thence southwards along the borders of Tipperary to the liberties of Callan. The chief seat of the territorial lords was at Tullarood, or Courtstown (in Irish, *Ballynacourty*,) nearly in the centre of this lordship, where they erected a magnificent castle—magnificent even yet, though in ruins.

The fortunes of the house shared in the fortunes—may we not say, the misfortunes—of the country where they had settled. As an instance of their confiscations, we shall only mention that the Baron John Grace, of Courtstown, forfeited in 1699, 32,870 acres of valuable land, for his devotion to the house of Stuart—and this is but a single instance. As a Kilkenny family they have ceased to exist; but in the Queen's county and in the county of Roscommon, they still occupy a leading position. The chief of the house, and male representative of the Barons of Courtstown, is JOHN OLIVER DOWELL GRACE, Esq. of Mantua House, co. Roscommon, of which county he was high sheriff in 1830.

* It is certain, from an entry in the archives of St. Thomas' Abbey, Dublin, that it was some time previous to the year 1201.

THE DANGEROUS GUEST.

(Continued.)

"IF his presence be so unacceptable," said Gersheim, "it strikes me that it would be an easy matter to get rid of him."

"Not so easy as you imagine," replied the Baroness with a movement of anxiety; "You know not the power he possesses."

"Only a fancied influence, I judge," returned the Captain.

"They are all in alliance with him," she continued, "and Lucy herself, though she trusts to the discretion of her father and brother, and knows how to conceal her fears, is like myself ill at ease. I am alone amongst them. Nobody loves me. Even the Baron bestows all his tenderness on his daughter, as if this late repentance could avail."

"Repentance? about what?" asked Gersheim earnestly.

"Alas! What have I said?" cried the Baroness with emotion, "but it is too true! know then that Lucy has been a sacrifice to the vanity of a parent. Her mother saw once a picture of a woman of surpassing loveliness, and ejaculated a fervent wish that her child, if a daughter, might resemble it. The portrait belonged to her husband, who yielded to her ardent desire to call it her own. She gazed on the lineaments for hours and days together, and her wish was in one respect fulfilled. Lucy is as beautiful as the picture; but alas! dumb as the lifeless copy of nature. Her organs of speech are perfectly formed; yet she cannot utter a sound. Now her father reproaches himself as the cause of her unhappy condition. As for Rudolph, he is a youth of ardent feelings, who sways the baron to his own views at will. and I own I tremble for the consequences of this subjection. His designs must be counteracted. Oh! Captain, may I trust to your friendship? dare I in confidence reveal to you all I know?"

"No, madam," replied Gersheim, "leave it to me to penetrate the mystery, and according to my discretion, at least appear to be ignorant of the matters to which you allude. I might find myself compelled to act against my will under circumstances of moment, when otherwise I might remain silent. But be assured of my disposition to avert any danger which may threaten your family."

"I understand you," said the Baroness, "and can respect your motives, but the question is how to circumvent these dark projects."

She moved thoughtfully and in silence at his side along the walk; then suddenly grasping his hand, she exclaimed earnestly, "Yes, that is the only step. Hear me, Captain! Rudolph has relations with a family once wealthy and powerful in this district. They were proscribed under the new order of things, and took refuge in England, but returned recently and found an asylum in the neighbouring duchy. These are the persons who have animated him with their own political sentiments, and would make him an instrument of their dangerous plans. The appearance of this hateful guest, this horse-dealer as he calls himself, denotes some new and decisive measure in progress. Rudolph must be freed from the

snare laid for him, and then they cannot proceed. Preserve him I conjure you."

"How am I to act towards this object?" asked Gersheim, rather discomposed by the intelligence he had received.

"Either by persuasion or by force," cried the Baroness; "Enter an information against him, cause him to be arrested, as so many others have been. It were better to deprive him of liberty for a short period, than leave him exposed to worse consequences."

Gersheim regarded the Baroness in amazement. "Let me consider well," he said, "before I act. Perhaps a milder proceeding may be made available."

"Only be quick, not a moment is to be lost. I will return to the Baron, to warn and intreat him. But should my prayers be fruitless, then I call for your help, and you must know all."

She withdrew, and left the Captain in a state of painful uncertainty. He paced to and fro in the avenue a long time, without forming any resolution. He was unwilling to procure the arrest of the young Baron, and yet could not refuse assent to the views of the Baroness, whose inmost feelings he thought he was able to guess. That it was this mysterious family whose influence might be pregnant with so much of mischief to her and Lucy, moved him powerfully, and this feeling of indignation was rather increased, when looking up he beheld Gitta seated on a bench in the park at no great distance, with Lucy at her side. The latter, whose arm was affectionately twined round the waist of her neighbour, beckoned him to approach them.

The fair unknown was on this occasion attired in the dress of a rustic maiden, to which she imparted a new charm. Her luxuriant ringlets streamed beneath the grey straw hat, at the side of which was a nosegay of freshly-gathered flowers. The gaudy petticoat and stomacher with its row of showy white buttons seemed to enhance the graceful proportions of her tall slender form, while they imparted a certain romantic wildness to her appearance. "We were talking about you, Captain," she said, after a friendly unconstrained greeting, "for I was just relating to Lucy, how we had become acquainted quite by chance, in a forest by night; I had also combated her anxious fears that you were about to leave us."

"And what intentions have you attributed to me?" said Gersheim.

"The manliest and noblest,—to remain, even though a certain foolish maiden had commanded you with an air of stern resolution to quit this house and country for ever." She darted a significant glance at Lucy, who with downcast eyes, still grasped her hand, and then continued archly. "Captain Gersheim is too well acquainted with our sex not to be able to estimate rightly such requests as these, but the meaning of his lovely friend was plain enough. Her prudence counselled what her heart disapproved: Captain, you will yet fulfil my predictions."

"I am grateful for your confidence, madam," said Gersheim with rising displeasure, "though I am unable to comprehend the object of it."

"Then take it just as you please," cried the maiden sharply; "but as I told you before, you deceive yourself. You know nothing at present, and must await the moment when it shall please us to be more communicative."

These sarcastic expressions nettled the Captain. Her penetrating glances discomposed his self-possession, while the presence of Lucy, who

listened to their dialogue almost with indifference, heightened the sense of embarrassment. "I would retaliate your taunts, if matters too serious for mirth were not near at hand."

"And how came you to think," she answered bowing with a laugh, "that I dare venture on a contest of wits with the redoubtable Captain Gersheim."

"Let us lay aside our masks," cried the officer, "how well soever the disguise may suit one of us. You appear at times in marsh and forest, and now at this castle so mysteriously that it is quite natural I should desire an eclairsissement, if not exact one."

The unknown answered this rather ungallant speech with a rustic curtsy, and said, plucking her apron, "You see plainly what I am, my valiant Captain."

"This mocking humour will avail you nothing," replied Gersheim, "you call me your friend—permit me then to act in that character,—what I already know is enough to make me careful what I do; enough to say that the greatest peril threatens you all. You must begone, you must quit this house and this region before it is too late."

"In truth, your words have an ominous sound," she answered, "but I am bent on defying all dangers. I have a right to be where I am."

"Not without the Baron's permission," returned Gersheim, not heeding what he said. "He has no wish to be involved in your fortunes."

"What do you know of my fortunes?" she asked, hastily.

"More than you imagine," cried the Captain, with emphasis. "But why constrain me to reveal it?"

Gitta regarded him a moment with an expression of tranquil dignity, and said, as she approached nearer to him, "You see before you one of a proscribed and persecuted race, one long an exile from her native country, now condemned by the law and hunted as a dangerous criminal; and would you give her over to the despot's vengeance? Shall a cold impulse of duty compel you to disregard the lofty aims of a patriot—of a true son of our German Fatherland? It is Heaven that commands you to stand beneath the sacred banner. You were preserved in perils by heavenly care—the same high will made you the inmate of this house, and revealed to you our secrets, set before you this lovely being as the guiding star of your destinies, yes! enabled myself to consult your safety, and now bids me welcome you as an ally in our glorious cause."

As she spoke these last words, and beseechingly laid her hand on his arm, they heard the report of fire-arms several times repeated, intermixed with loud vociferations. At the same instant a man sprung from the thicket. He was pale and out of breath; and his garments were blood-stained. A profusion of grey hairs fell on his countenance, and in his hand he held a pistol just fired off. With faltering step he rushed into the arms of Gitta, who uttered a piercing shriek of dismay.

"Away! save yourselves!" cried the fugitive, "let us seek a hiding-place. I was recognised by the gendarmes, and am wounded—but all is not lost. I shot down the ruffian that attacked me, and I am free."

At this moment Gersheim remarked that the green coat of the speaker had buttons according with that discovered after the recent skirmish.

"They had reasons for arresting you," cried the Captain. "You headed the assault on the escort in the rocky pass, and you shall not escape after another deed of blood.

"Come on," exclaimed the old man, grasping his pistol more firmly. "You were rescued from death by my daughter, and this is your gratitude—the gratitude of a betrayer of his countrymen."

"Hold him back, Lucy," shrieked the unknown; and in an instant she led the wounded man over the slender bridge, then dashed down the plank, and hastened across the park with her companion.

"Unhand me," cried Gersheim, seeking to disengage himself from Lucy, who held him with both arms. "You will constrain me to use force. Onward, my friends—quick!"

Gersheim seized her delicate hands, but it required his whole strength to detach them from his person. Her pale face and imploring looks were accompanied by an air of stern resolution, and love and anger seemed by turns to have the dominion of her breast.

She opened her lips, and seemed to endeavour in the moment of bitter anguish to utter a sound, while torrents of tears streamed from her eyes, and her whole countenance was suffused with a fiery glow caused by the sudden effort to speak. Soon her whole frame trembled, yet again the struggle with her captive was renewed, and at length, as the gendarmes and guards came up, she sank lifeless on the ground.

"Follow me!" cried the Captain, "take the murderer, dead or alive."

With one spring he was across the ravine, two others followed his example, while the rest quickly replaced the bridge, and ran with all speed through the wood, at the extremity of which they saw before them the fugitives straining forwards in the direction of the morass.

The man tottered visibly, and seemed scarcely able to pursue his flight. He leaned on his conductress, who at every step urged him to greater speed. The distance between them and their pursuers was considerable, and rapidly decreased: the latter were now within gunshot distance of their intended victims. Several of the soldiers called to them to halt, and presented their pieces, but the two made a last desperate effort. The thick forest of reeds rustled on their course, while willows and various shrubs at intervals screened them from view. On a sudden a mist sent by some propitious power, like a supernatural preserver, spread an impenetrable veil over their wearied frames, and they were no longer seen. A chill breeze presently rising, dispersed the fog over the whole expanse of the marshes, which lay completely enveloped in the sea of dark grey vapour.

"Cursed mishap!" cried the old gendarme, in a rage; "the two rebels have escaped; I cannot see them. After all this trouble, let us try one more chance." As he spoke, he raised his carbine, took aim in the direction the fugitives had taken, and fired. The mist was divided by the explosion, and the two figures were again distinctly seen. The maiden staggered, and after a fruitless effort to sustain herself sank to the ground. "She is hit," cried the gendarme. "We have them now. Onward, my Captain!" But Gersheim felt himself overtaken by a sudden faintness; a mortal pain shot through his whole frame, and he only avoided falling by clinging to a willow tree. He now looked forward, and saw the despairing father, himself mortally wounded, carry his helpless daughter. Instantly the mist closed upon them, and concealed them from their yelling pursuers.

Gersheim heard the cries and curses of the infuriated soldiers mingled with the report of their musquets—not a bullet flew but might reach its aim. With a sudden effort he followed the men, and found the larger number of them at the edge of a deep swamp, at a point which they had reached by following a track of blood. It was her blood—shed by his command. He felt a pang of remorse, and could not refrain from tears, and as soon as they had dispersed themselves by his orders in various directions, he knelt on the ground, and tinged his fingers with what was perchance the life's blood of a high-souled and devoted woman.

“Accursed be the power which demands such sacrifices as these!” he exclaimed with anguish. “I abjure its dominion for ever! Too late, perhaps, for this ill-fated maiden, but not for myself. I will henceforth be free, and throw off the hated chains of ambition, while I obey the impulses of nature and patriotism too long disregarded.”

The soldiers now returned, murmuring at their disappointment. They had not been able to trace the fugitives, but consoled themselves with the reflection that both had perhaps got their deserts; and at all events only owed their escape to the mist.

As they were returning through the wood they met the sea officer, who held in his hand a letter. After taking Gersheim aside, “Captain,” he said, “a breeze is springing up, and there will soon be a storm. I warn you to make all snug, reef your topsails, and throw lumber overboard.”

“Where is Lucy?” asked Gersheim.

“The poor child has had a fall,” answered the Lieutenant, “and bruised her pretty forehead, but the hurt will be all well in a day or two. Now here is the most infernal business,” he continued, shaking the paper he held, “but the devil fetch me if I give the order for action!”

Gersheim took the letter, and read an order of the Commandant to place the whole establishment of the Baron under the strictest surveillance, until a commission had reported on the state of the district. Agents of the police had been dispatched with orders to concentrate themselves at this point, and direct their attention specially to the discovery of a man who was supposed to have effected a landing from the cutter lately captured.

Then followed a description of the proscribed individual—and Gersheim had scarcely read the rescript to an end when the Lieutenant suddenly striking him on the shoulder exclaimed—“’Tis he—my word for it—I have seen him—The man is in our hands.”

“I had the same surmises—or rather no doubt about the matter”—said Gersheim with a feeling of embarrassment, “but what is to be done? Shall we betray the guest of our entertainer? Is there not a feeling of compassion in your bosom that pleads on behalf of the unfortunate?”

“Not the least touch of any sentimentality of that kind,” returned the seaman bluntly, “I only wish I had the fellow in handcuffs.”

“That shall never be,” said Gersheim resolutely, “I can scarcely believe that you would willingly hand over my countryman to a tribunal which has doomed so many brave men to an inglorious death. Your endeavours towards that object I shall know how to frustrate.”

The Lieutenant regarded the military Captain with a look of indignant

surprize. After a pause, "Captain," he said, "I have the highest respect for you, and every man must do as he pleases, but shiver my timbers if I altogether comprehend your drift. It is rather more than I expected to hear a German pleading for these foreign rapsSCALLIONS. Look then," he continued, pointing to the terrace where the horsedealer was pacing to and fro engaged in earnest discussion with the baron, "the villainous police spy is talking over the worthy old gentleman, and I daresay has him in the snare by this time. I knew the sort of subject we had to deal with, and for the present I will just give him this paper, and say—take it and fulfil your honourable occupation."

"Yes," cried Gersheim vehemently, "give it to him on the instant, and tell him he may observe that it is essential to proceed with extreme caution, and that the best thing he can do will be to take himself off."

"I agree with you," returned the seaman, shaking the hand of the Captain, "I will speak with him at once, and perhaps we may dispose of matters quietly."

He ran up the path leading to the terrace and approached the two speakers. For a short time he stood concealed from observation among the shrubs, and thought he would await the termination of their dialogue which was by turns conducted in a low tone or with vociferous energy. He was able to collect that the Baron was urging arguments in favor of a project on which the other bestowed very scanty commendation, while his remarks were seasoned with the bitterest sarcasms on the degeneracy of his countrymen. His lineaments bespoke a firm will and undaunted courage, and the intimation of grand designs might be read in his large expressive eyes.

"It may be as you say, my dear old friend," he said, squeezing the hand of the Baron, "but shall self interest be weighed in the scale against the noblest impulses and highest thoughts, which alone may conduct us to our glorious purpose? Had these been my views I should have sat quietly on my paternal domains, or bent the knee to the detested tyrant! I have avoided such dishonour: I went forth a free man—and have returned in obedience to your summons!"

"Heaven is my witness," cried the Baron, "that I knew nothing of their designs."

"It is well," replied the stranger, "you are mature in years, in wisdom, and the Baroness is a paragon of prudence. Now confess candidly that my visit has caused a direful perturbation in your household. I can excuse these apprehensions. It is too true that dangers follow in my train, and that my presence may bring ruin on my friends."

The Baron seemed to be agitated by conflicting thoughts, and was awhile silent. At length he exclaimed with unexpressed emotion, "I conjure you, forbear! do not plunge an innocent family into the abyss; have compassion on my helpless age, and spare my son!"

The stranger was visibly affected by this pathetic appeal, and regarded the Baron with looks of sympathy, as he grasped his hand. "What tidings shall we have from Rudolph?" continued the old man; "he went in quest of the unhappy fugitives. Some dreadful calamity awaits us: we are already suspected, and a rigid enquiry will be instituted without delay. My son must quit this place before the worst arrives. Alas! I almost am in despair for his safety, and we shall all, with yourself, be sharers of his misfortune."

"Be calm," said the stranger, in a cheerful tone, "I anticipate no such melancholy consequences of our enterprize. For the present I leave your house; I must bid a hasty farewell to the ladies while you order a horse to be got ready for me."

The Baron moved away in silence; and the stranger was about to follow him, when the naval officer stepped from the thicket, obscured by which he had overheard their conversation. Stopping the horse-dealer, "a word with you Sir," he said, with darkening brow.

Vustenkamp measured his interlocutor with perfect sang froid, while he appeared to search for something in his pocket. He then made a profound bow and enquired the gentleman's commands.

"Have done with your disguises and trickery," returned the other fiercely, "I have found you out, and these devices will avail nothing."

"Found me out!" cried the horsedealer, "What then?"

"Take this paper, read it," continued the Lieutenant.

The stranger cast a hasty glance over the scroll, and drawing back with a lofty air, observed that it might be not quite so easy to catch the person designated.

"That is your affair altogether," answered the seaman vehemently. "Do they intend to cast on me the office of a police spy? It is your duty Sir, you were engaged for the express purpose, and as far as I have observed, fulfil your task with very commendable zeal, while you ingratiate yourself with this credulous old gentleman. Now Sir, why do you stare at me with a look of stupid surprise as though you did not comprehend my drift? Obey your orders, arrest the Baron and his family, and look after the fugitive here described. I dare say you know his whereabouts already."

"Certainly. I know his movements better than any other person."

"This is likely to be your masterstroke, Mr. Agent, and will no doubt bring about your advancement in the honorable profession to which you belong. I have nothing further to say than that Captain Gersheim charged me to bear his counsel, that you would read this paper, and, betake yourself elsewhere with all convenient speed."

The stranger listened attentively, "I am thankful for your confidence sir," he answered, "and will no longer oppress the worthy family with my presence, but take immediate measures in regard to the fugitive. Tell this to the Captain with my thanks, and that I shall make the best use of his information, so farewell, Lieutenant, we shall be further acquainted."

"This is a singular fellow," muttered the seaman looking after him. "There is something in his countenance that bespeaks an upright character, but these rascals acquire the art of looking like honest men. If I were not so thoroughly a man of the world, I should myself have been deceived."

In a few minutes the stranger rode away with an attendant, and Gersheim saw them take a direction towards the interior, when they disappeared from his view among the hedges.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

NO. V.—THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN DONELLAN FOR THE MURDER OF SIR THEODOSIUS BOUGHTON, BART.

THIS is perhaps one of the most celebrated, and the most extraordinary cases of poisoning on record. The great mystery attached to the whole horrible transaction, and the doubt which still remains as to the prisoner's guilt, render the story one of unfading interest and very curious investigation.

John Donellan, the unfortunate accused, was the son of a Colonel Donellan. At the early age of twelve years he entered the royal regiment of artillery, with part of which corps he went to the East Indies in 1754. On his arrival there, he changed into the 39th foot, but on that regiment being ordered home, he, with many others of its officers, had his Majesty's leave to remain in the service of the East India Company, without prejudice to their rank in the army. He there obtained a company, and much distinguished himself as a soldier: it is reported that he was particularly instrumental in the taking of Mazulapatam. However, being appointed one of the four agents for prize money, he condescended to receive presents from some black merchants, to whom part of their effects had been ordered to be restored. For this he was tried by a court martial and cashiered, but in consequence of a certificate from the war office, that he had behaved in the East Indies like a gallant officer, he was put upon half-pay in the 39th regiment. On Captain Donellan's retirement from active service, he became a man of fashion on the town, and his address recommended him to the office of master of the ceremonies at the Pantheon, an employment which he filled with credit and profit. His first acquaintance with the Boughton family arose at Bath, in the following manner. Lady Boughton and her daughter, arriving on a visit to that city, found every bed in every hotel pre-occupied; and it was signified by the landlord of the hotel at which they stopped, that they had no alternative but to sleep on the chairs of their sitting room. This fact coming to the knowledge of Donellan, who had for some days occupied a chamber in the house, he requested the landlord to introduce him to the ladies, and he made them an offer of his bed in so polite a manner, that it was accepted. In return, the ladies invited the gallant captain to breakfast with them in the morning, which the enterprising Donellan improved into such an acquaintance, that soon after, in 1777, he married Miss Boughton, a sister of Sir Theodosius, the brother and sister being the only surviving children of Sir Edward Boughton, Bart. of Lawford-Hall, in the county of Warwick.

At the time of his sister's marriage, Sir Theodosius Boughton was just entering into his seventeenth year, and was a student at Eton, where Mr. and Mrs. Donellan paid him their nuptial visit, and soon after

took up their residence at Bath. Although Captain Donellan possessed little or no fortune of his own, it has been already observed, that the match was approved of by the friends of the lady; to conciliate whom, the Captain not only settled the whole of his wife's actual fortune upon herself, but also every thing which she might afterwards become entitled to, either by inheritance or legacy. Such was the apparently happy commencement of an alliance which ended so disastrously. The arrival of Captain and Mrs. Donellan at Lawford-Hall occurred in June, 1778, about a year after their marriage; and it appears they continued resident and domesticated there from that time until the sudden death of Sir Theodosius, in 1780.

At Lawford-Hall, the influence of the Captain was very great. He was in the maturity of active life, that is, in his seven or eight and thirtieth year, while Lady Boughton was aged, and the baronet scarcely twenty; his ascendancy will therefore not appear surprising. Other circumstances tended to give him this weight; Lady Boughton was not a very intellectual woman, and her ill-fated son appears to have been occupied entirely by his pleasures. The first visit Donellan paid to the youth was at Eton; he had then just completed his sixteenth year, and was under the care of a medical gentleman, for a complaint. From Eton he was removed to Northampton, and placed under the private tuition of a Mr. Jones; and it is proved that he was also medically attended there. It further appears, that he indulged in the dangerous habit of prescribing for himself, and that he was continually taking physic; and lastly, he was again in ill health at the time of his death.

Such, with the addition of the unhappy Mrs. Donellan, was the family circle at Lawford-Hall; and if to the foregoing particulars it be added, that the latter was heir-at-law to the larger part of her brother's fortune, if he died without legitimate issue; and that the ostensible views of Captain Donellan were to take orders to enable him to enjoy the two livings in the gift of Sir Theodosius—the reader will be furnished with a tolerably faithful outline of the relative situation of this family, when the fatal circumstance occurred, which threw it into so much confusion, and which is now to be described from the testimony of Lady Boughton, as delivered before the Coroner. This particular deposition it will be proper to give somewhat at length, as it was the deponent's *first* account of the melancholy transaction; and because in the subsequent trial she materially varied in her explanation of the identical fact which decided the fate of the accused.

Lady Anna Maria Boughton deposed that the deceased was her son; that for a considerable time before his death, he took various medicines which were sent to him from a Mr. Powell, a surgeon in Rugby, which sometimes occasioned the deceased to keep his room:—that on the thirtieth of August last, she went into his room to give him part of the medicine sent for him from the said Mr. Powell; and that about seven o'clock in the morning of the same day, she, by the directions of the deceased, gave him the medicine contained in one of the phial bottles then standing upon the mantel-piece of the deceased; that she perceived, upon pouring it out into the bason to give to the deceased, a large quantity of powder or sediment at the bottom of the phial; that it had a *very offensive and nauseous smell*: that the deceased complained very much of the nauseousness of the medicine, and that he thought he should not be able to keep it upon his stomach; that there was a label

upon the bottle, in which the medicine was contained, expressing the medicine to be the purging potion for Sir Theodosius Boughton:—that she could not tell whether there were any other bottles in the deceased's room containing the same medicine:—that John Donellan, Esq. her son-in-law, *being informed by her of the situation the deceased was in, came up stairs to her*; and after being informed by her of the medicine she had given him, desired her to give him the bottle; and that he then *put water into the bottle, and poured it and the settling of the bottle out together; put his finger into it, and informed this examiner it had a nauseous taste*:—that the deceased, immediately after taking the medicine, seemed as if he was going into convulsions for a considerable time; but after that appearance had subsided, the deceased seemed as if he was going to sleep; upon which she left the room, and returned back in the space of about five minutes, when she found the deceased with his eyes fixed, his teeth set, and the froth running out of his mouth; and that he expired in a few minutes afterwards:—that the composition or mixture contained in the bottle given by her to the deceased, *was something in colour to that produced and shewn to her by Mr. Powell, at this the time of her examination, but to the smell very different, to the best of her information and belief.*

One of the strongest circumstances attendant upon a death so alarming was the subsequent conduct of Lady Boughton: it would seem from her further deposition on the succeeding day, and on the trial, that the rinsing of the bottles by Captain Donellan struck her as exceedingly suspicious and improper, yet neither these suspicions, nor the suddenness of her son's death upon the swallowing of a medicine, induced her to take the arrangement of the funeral out of his hands, or even to interest herself to have any surgical or legal inspection of the body. In so calm a way, indeed, did this calamity pass over, that on the Saturday following the Wednesday on which it took place, the deceased was absolutely soldered up in his coffin.

Public attention, however, was excited; and poison being generally suspected, the report of these suspicions at length reached the ears of the assistant guardian, Sir William Wheeler, who wrote a polite note to Captain Donellan, informing him of the nature of the prevalent rumour, and of the necessity there was to do it away by a professional examination of the body. The reply of Captain Donellan was prompt and acquiescent; and he also expressed a wish, that Sir William Wheeler himself would attend. The three practitioners, with an assistant, however, arrived by themselves, and were informed by the Captain, that they were called upon to open the body of the deceased—"for the satisfaction of us all;" but he did not mention the suspicion of poison. It is remarkable that upon this intimation, the gentlemen, finding that owing to the putridity of the body, the operation would be attended with danger to themselves, declined it—on the ground, that in its then state, it would not determine the cause of the death; and Captain Donellan was blamed for not inducing them to operate, at all hazards, by resting on the suspicion of poison; or, in other words, on the suspicion that he was himself the murderer of his brother-in-law. Afterwards, in giving Sir William Wheeler an epistolary account of this visit, he left it ambiguous, whether the body had been opened or not; but then, on the other hand, he requested one of the medical gentlemen himself to call on the baronet, who promised to do so, but did not.

On the next morning, Mr. Bucknill, a surgeon of Rugby, having heard that the former gentlemen had declined operating, called at Lawford Hall, and offered to take out the stomach at his own risk ; but the Captain declined on the ground of unfairness to the other professional gentlemen, unless directly authorized by Sir W. Wheeler ; and, in consequence, Mr. Bucknill went away. Of this visit Sir William heard, and wrote again, requesting that Mr. Bucknill and his own apothecary, Mr. Snow, might do what it was so desirable should be done ; but owing to their professional engagements, the two gentlemen missed each other : Mr. Bucknill, who came first, was called away to a dying patient ; and when he returned, Mr. Snow had arrived, and from a sense of danger, having declined opening the body, had departed. Captain Donellan, therefore, upon this, proceeded with the funeral, which took place the same day, between three and four o'clock.

In all these transactions, it is very remarkable that although the suspicion of poison could, and did, attach to Captain Donellan only, yet he was strangely permitted to arrange every proceeding which was to produce satisfaction, and that by the mother of the deceased, who was very early alarmed at his equivocal conduct.

But, although the interment was effected, when it became generally known that the body had not been opened, the minds of all orders of people were excited, and it was laudably insisted upon by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, that the deceased should be taken up, the coroner be called, and a surgical examination take place by course of law. This was done accordingly, and the depositions on the first day of examination were in substance as follows.

That of Lady Boughton has already been given.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, who supplied the draught, the taking of which was followed by the death of Sir Theodosius, deposed, that it was a mixture consisting of jalap, rhubarb, spirits of lavender, simple syrup, and nutmeg water.

Sarah Steane, who laid out the deceased, simply stated that to the time of the body being placed in the coffin, it appeared the same, in every respect, as any other corpse.

William and Samuel Frost, servants, deposed that the evening and morning preceding his death, the deceased appeared to them to be in good health and spirits.

Mr. Wilmer, a surgeon, one of the professional gentlemen who declined opening the body in the first instance, because its putridity rendered satisfaction from the operation hopeless, deposed, that such had been his expressed opinion ; and the conclusion to be drawn from the medical evidence he now gave was that the mixture furnished by Mr. Powell could not at any time occasion the death of the deceased ; and that, for the reasons before suggested by him, he was induced to believe that it was "*then impossible to tell what occasioned the deceased's death.*"

Doctor Rattray corroborated the whole of the above ; but added, that he believed, from the deposition of Lady Boughton, that the medicine administered by her caused the death of her son.

Mr. Snow, a surgeon, merely confirmed the depositions of Mr. Wilmer and Doctor Rattray generally.

Mr. Bucknill deposed to the same purpose, with the additional con-

firmation of Doctor Rattray's opinion, as to the draught administered by Lady Boughton being the immediate cause of her son's death.

Lady Boughton declared, that when Captain Donellan was told of the effect of the medicine upon the deceased, he asked where the bottle was that had contained it; and, upon it being pointed out to him, he "swilled the bottle out with water, and threw the water and the medicine which was left at the bottom of the bottle *upon the ground.*" That, upon her expressing her surprise that he should do so, he said, that it was in order to taste it; but that he did not taste it, but proceeded to empty a second bottle, which stood upon the deceased's mantel-piece, but what was contained therein she knew not. That, after throwing away the contents of the second bottle, Captain Donellan ordered Sarah Blundell, who was then in the room, to take the same away; but that examinant objected to such removal, and desired the servant to leave them where they were; that Captain Donellan however still persisted in his orders; and she believed they were removed accordingly. Lady Boughton further observed, that upon her return home from the last examination, Captain Donellan, who had heard it taken, had expressed surprise and displeasure at her then deposing that he had rinsed the bottles, and told her that she was only obliged to answer such questions as should be asked. That she had heard Captain Donellan advise her son to keep his medicines in his first room, and not in an inner-room, which he kept locked; whereas any part of the family might have access to the former. Finally, she deposed that the circumstance of the said Captain Donellan's swilling the bottles, led her to suppose "*that some unfair dealings had been carried on respecting her son, and that he had died by the medicine she had given him.*"

The Coroner's Jury, brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Captain Donellan, and he was immediately committed for trial.

In consequence of the assizes having been recently concluded, Captain Donellan's trial did not come on until seven months after the alleged offence, during which interval his case became the constant subject of public discussion.

The trial took place at Warwick on the 30th March 1781: The judge presiding was that great lawyer, Sir Francis Buller, a man as able as severe.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, the first witness, proved, as before, the nature of the draughts sent by him to Sir Theodosius Boughton; and described him to have been at the time slightly indisposed, not seriously as Captain Donellan would often infer, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation. That when he reached Lawford Hall, in consequence of an express informing him of the dangerous state of Sir Theodosius, the latter had been dead an hour; that he met Captain Donellan in the court yard, who went with him to see the corpse, in which he observed nothing particular; that upon asking how the deceased died, the Captain replied in convulsions, but put no questions to him in return; and that the general intent of the prisoner seemed to be to promote an idea that Sir Theodosius who had returned in the afternoon from fishing had taken cold.

Mr. Powell, after proving the innocency of his own prescription, asserted, that the disorder of Sir Theodosius was slight, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation.

This gentlemen, though his answers in court seemed to confine his prescriptions to cooling physic and an embrocation, had administered boluses of calomel.

The evidence of Lady Boughton on the trial varied materially from both her depositions before the coroner. The general substance of her evidence, as affecting the prisoner at the bar, may be reduced to the following points :

That Mrs. Donellan would inherit 1200*l.* per annum by the death of Sir Theodosius.

That when Lady Boughton once talked of quitting Lawford Hall, the prisoner advised her not to do so, as her son was in a bad state of health, and she knew not what might happen, perhaps he might never reach his majority—a prediction which her ladyship then understood to allude to the danger incurred by Sir Theodosius *in hunting*.

That her son was about to receive a week's visit from a Mr. Fonnerneau, and to depart with him on a visit in return.

That one day Captain Donellan, in her hearing, advised Sir Theodosius to keep his medicines in his chamber, which was always open, rather than in an inner room, which was usually locked.

That Captain Donellan was absent from his wife and Lady Boughton on the evening when the medicines arrived, and accounted for his absence by saying, he had been to see Sir Theodosius fishing, and that he would have persuaded him to come in lest he should take cold, but he could not.

That upon Captain Donellan's coming into the room, and asking in what manner Sir Theodosius was taken ill, he was shewn the two draughts sent by Mr. Powell, the last of which had proved so fatal ; that he took up one of them, and said, "is this it?" and upon being answered yes, poured some water out of a water-bottle into the phial, shook it, and then emptied it out *into some dirty water, which was in a wash-hand bason*. That her ladyship observed to him, that he ought not to do so, but that he immediately snatched the other bottle, poured water into it, and shook it, and then put his finger to it and tasted it, saying, when remonstrated with upon the impropriety of meddling with the bottles, that he did it to taste the contents, but that he did not taste the rinsings of the first phial at all.

That the prisoner desired Sarah Blundell to take away the bason, the dirty things, and the bottles, and that he put the bottles into her hands ; that her ladyship directed the servant to let the things alone, and took them from her ; but that the prisoner, while her back was turned, gave the bottles to her again, as the said servant, who is since dead, informed her—That, previous to this second order, he had also directed that the room might be cleaned, and the clothes thrown into an inner room.

That, during the whole of the foregoing scene, Sir Theodosius was not entirely dead.

That, some time afterwards, when her ladyship went into the parlour, Captain Donellan observed to his wife, in her presence, that her mother had been pleased to take notice of his washing the bottles out, and that he did not know what he should have done, if he had not thought of saying he put the water into it to put his finger to it to taste it. That her ladyship turned away to the window without reply, upon which he repeated the foregoing observation, and rang for the coachman to prove the time of his going out that morning.

That, upon returning from the first examination before the coroner, Captain Donellan said to his wife, before her ladyship, that she (Lady Boughton) had no occasion to have mentioned his washing the bottle; and that she should only have answered the questions put to her.

Mary Lynes, the house-keeper, proved, that Captain Donellan frequently amused himself with distilling roses; and Francis Amos gardener, that he was with Sir Theodosius the whole time he was fishing, the evening before he died, and that Captain Donellan did not come near them. This witness also proved that Captain Donellan had brought him a still, with wet lime in it, to clean, a few days after the young baronet's death.

William Croft, one of the coroner's jury, swore that he saw the prisoner pull Lady Boughton by the sleeve when she first deposed that he had rinsed the phial.

Sir William Wheeler proved the tenor of his correspondence with Captain Donellan, relative to opening the body.

The three professional gentlemen who first attended to open the body, deposed, that they would have done so, at all events, had they been informed that poison was suspected; they also described the poisonous nature of laurel water, and proved that its effects upon animal life were similar to those of the draughts given to Sir Theodosius. They also gave a positive opinion that the deceased died by a poisonous draught administered by Lady Boughton, and that the appearance of the body was such as might follow the swallowing of a strong vegetable poison.

Doctors Ashe and Parsons, celebrated physicians, corroborated the opinions of the foregoing witnesses.

Mr. Bucknill, the surgeon who had volunteered to operate in the first instance, related his first and second visit to Lawford Hall, to open the body, as already detailed.

Such was the tenor of the evidence for the prosecution, with the addition of the following remarkable testimony.

John Darbys here deposed that he had been a prisoner in Warwick gaol for debt; that Mr. Donellan and he had a bed in the same room for a month or five weeks. He remembered to have had a conversation with him about Sir Theodosius being poisoned. On his asking him whether the body was poisoned or not, he said, "There was no doubt of it." The witness said, "For God's sake, captain, who could do it?" He answered, "It was among themselves, he had no hand in it." The witness asked, "whom he meant by themselves?" He said, "Sir Theodosius himself, Lady Boughton, the footman and the apothecary." The witness replied, "Sure Sir Theodosius could not do it himself:" He said "he did not think he did." The witness answered, "The apothecary could hardly do it; he would lose a good patient; the footman could have not the least interest in it; and it was unnatural to suppose that Lady Boughton would do it." He then said, how covetous Lady Boughton was; she had received an anonymous letter the day after Sir Theodosius's death, charging her plump with poisoning him; that she called him and read it to him and she trembled; she desired he would not let his wife know of that letter, and asked him if he would give up his right to the personal estate, and to some estates of about £200 a-year belonging to the family. The conversation was about a month after the captain came into the gaol. At other times he had said, "that he was innocent; it was impossible he could do a thing that never was in his power."

In his defence the prisoner asserted, 1. His readiness to have the body examined. 2. The impossibility of his gaining anything by Sir Theodosius' death; the Baronet's property being settled upon his wife (Mrs. Donellan) in such a manner that he could have no command over it. 3. That he had frequently interposed to save the young baronet from dangerous scrapes he had been liable to fall into. As to the principal fact deposed to by Lady Boughton,—the rinsing of the phials, the prisoner accounted for it, by saying, that when informed by Lady Boughton of what had happened, he asked her what she had given to her son, and where the bottle was, and, upon its being pointed out to him, took it and held it up to the light; and finding it apparently clean and dry, put a tea-spoonful of water into it, rinsed it well, and poured it into a small white bason then on the table, in order to taste it with his finger, which he did several times, and declared it very nauseous. That he also tasted several more medicines, which stood on the mantel-piece, on which there were many phials and gallipots, which smelt very offensively; and observing Lady Boughton begin to put the room in order, he told Sarah Blundell to help her ladyship, and particularly to remove a chamber-pan; when she began to take away the phials, he very innocently handed some to her.

The testimony, as we have just seen, of the three medical gentlemen proved, that they would have opened the body, at all risks, if they had been aware of the suspicion of poison. The same gentlemen, with Doctors Parsons and Ashe, believed, that the draught administered by Lady Boughton caused the death of her son. But the eminent Surgeon John Hunter called for the defence, differed from them. His opinion was that, from the symptoms stated, Sir Theodosius might have died of epilepsy or apoplexy, and that from the appearances described in the defective examination of the body which took place, no inference could be made that Sir Theodosius Boughton died of poison. Nay, not even a suspicion could arise. Again on his cross examination, this great surgeon admitted, that death following the taking of a draught was suspicious, but he wholly denied that it was necessarily caused by it; and asserted, that any symptom and appearance on opening the body of the deceased, or, as described by Lady Boughton, might be furnished by epilepsy or apoplexy. As the father of Sir Theodosius died of the latter disorder, he was asked if it were likely to attack a thin young man under a course of cooling physic; he answered, certainly not so likely; but that he had known two instances of delicate young women dying of apoplexy.

Judge Buller summed up with his mind evidently impressed with a belief that the prisoner was guilty, and it is but fair to state that this experienced and sagacious lawyer ever afterwards remained of the same opinion, that Donellan committed the crime.

The principal features of the summing up, were as follows. His lordship stated that there were two questions for the decision of the jury.—1st. Whether the deceased died of poison? 2ndly. Whether that poison was administered by the defendant? As to the first question, whether the deceased died of poison, they had the evidence of four or five gentlemen of the faculty, that the deceased *did* die of poison; on the other side they had but the *doubt* of another. As to the second question, whether that poison was administered by the defendant, a great deal of evidence had been laid before them, naturally of a circumstantial nature, as no man would be weak enough to commit the act in

the presence of other persons, or to suffer them to see what he did at the time; and therefore it could only be made out by circumstances, either before the committing of the act,—at the time when it was committed,—or subsequent to it. And a presumption, which necessarily arose from circumstances, was very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence, because it was not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which should be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities of contradicting a great part, if not all of those circumstances. The circumstantial evidence in the present case which tended to prove the guilt of the defendant was 1st, the prisoner's doubts for some weeks prior to Sir Theodosius' death, that he would not attain his majority, as sworn to by Lady Boughton; and 2ndly, the prisoner's falsehood, on the night prior to the baronet's death, when he stated to Lady Boughton and his wife, that he had advised Sir Theodosius not to continue fishing lest he should catch cold, as sworn to by a servant, who stated that the Captain had not been near Sir Theodosius, and therefore could not have given him that advice; 3rd, his washing the bottles, and sending them out of the room, in direct opposition to the wishes of Lady Boughton; 4th, his extraordinary conduct towards the gentlemen of the faculty; 5th, his frequent assertions as to the bad health of the deceased, an assertion which had been frequently contradicted by Mr. Powell, the family surgeon, and others, during the investigation of the case; 6th, his making use of a still, for a long time before the death of the baronet, and immediately after the baronet's death it being found wet and filled with lime; 7th, the prisoner's conduct before the coroner.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he received judgment of death.

In passing sentence, the learned Judge observed that the offence of which the prisoner stood convicted, next to those which immediately affected the state, the government, and the constitution of the country, was of the blackest dye that man could commit. For of all felonies murder was the most horrible, and of all murders poisoning was the most detestable. Poisoning was a secret act against which there were no means of preserving or defending a man's life, and in the case of the defendant, it was more, if possible, aggravated. The manner and the place in which the dark deed had been transacted, and the person on whom it had been committed, enhanced greatly the guilt. It had been committed in a place, where suspicion, at the instant must have slept; where the murderer had access as a bosom friend and brother; where he saw the rising representative of an ancient family reside in affluence; but where ambition led him proudly but vainly to imagine that he might live in splendour and in happiness if his victim were removed. That the greatness of the offence had been caused by the greatness of the fortune, was his, the Judge's full and firm conviction. So that avarice was the motive, and hypocrisy at once the instrument and the veil. That a doubt as to the prisoner's guilt could not for a moment exist even in the minds of the most scrupulous, or of those of the meanest capacity. The traces of murder were ever pointed out by the hands of Providence, therefore all the care and the foresight of the most cunning and the coolest offenders could not guard against some token, some unthought of circumstance which should open a door to discovery, that the assassin had conceived to have been effectually bar-

red. In the case of the prisoner, his misrepresentations to Sir Wm. Wheeler, his endeavours to prevent a full enquiry and discovery of the truth of the case; the strange conversations which he had held at different times; and above all, the circumstance of rinsing out the bottle left his guilt beyond the shadow of a doubt. This crime which, in the lowliest serf, would be truly horrible, was in the prisoner's case, in his situation in society, and from the education he had received, rendered of a much deeper cast, and was one that called for deep contrition—sound, unfeigned and substantial repentance. After invoking the Almighty Being to grant him that contrition and repentance of mind, the learned Judge concluded, by sentencing the prisoner to undergo the extreme penalty of the law.

Donellan suffered, pursuant to his doom, on the 1st of April, 1781, at Warwick; and he died with perfect resignation. His last words were: "As I am now going to appear before God, to whom all deceit is known, I solemnly declare that I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer. I have drawn up a vindication of myself, which I hope the world will believe, for it is of more consequence to me to speak truth than falsehood, and I have no doubt that time will reveal the many mysteries that have arisen at the trial." From papers left behind him for the purpose, a very elaborate and well written defence was composed, and published almost immediately after his death; it produced a great sensation at the time.

We conclude with a few particulars of the subsequent history of the family of Boughton:

At the decease of Sir Theodosius, the baronetcy reverted to his cousin and male heir Edward Boughton, Esq., who pulled down the mansion of Lawford Hall, the scene of the fearful event to which the trial refers, and sold the estates in the counties of Warwick and Leicester. He never married, and was succeeded in the title by his brother, Sir Charles William Boughton-Rouse, of Rouse Lench, co. Worcester, whose son and heir is the present Sir William Edward Rouse Boughton, Bart., of Downton Hall, co. Salop.

Mrs. Donellan, who inherited a portion of her brother, Sir Theodosius' property, married for her second husband, Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart., and by him was mother of an only daughter, Theodosia de Malmsburgh, married in 1811 to John Ward, Esq., who in consequence assumed the additional surnames of Boughton and Leigh. Lady Leigh's third husband was the celebrated Barry O'Meara, author of a "Voice from St. Helena."

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

Thou dost look
 Like Patience, gazing on King's graves, and smiling
 Extremity out of act. SHAKESPEARE.

Duncan is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well :
 Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him farther ! *Ibid.*

AMONG the many evidences of the mere vanity and nothingness of human existence there is perhaps no proof more solemn and more convincing, than the death-bed of a king. Princes, and monarchs, during their lives, hold such position and power, that all men, even those the least inclined to do so, look up to them with feelings more or less imbued with awe and admiration. If the sovereign be a tyrant, the very dread that attaches to him enhances his state, and makes majesty more terrible. If he be a warrior, and a conqueror—the gainer of victories, which gratify the pride of his subjects, and cause his enemies to tremble at his name, how great and how dazzling is his position ! Men, both in the country adorned by his achievements, and abroad throughout the world, bow down before the successful and triumphant general, especially so, when his head is encircled in a glorious diadem. If the ruler be good and gentle, affection increases loyalty, and the people swayed by a benignant influence, experience gratification in the deserved and splendid happiness of their prince. This sentiment is particularly felt when the sceptre is wielded by a female hand. The gallantry of mankind is enlisted on the side of a queen, and the love they ever bear to woman, makes such monarchy so much the more resplendent. Is there one in the whole dominions of Queen Victoria, who at this day doubts that not alone ten thousand swords, but the blade of every gentleman in England would start from the scabbard at even a look that threatened her with insult ? We may be quite sure that in this, the age of chivalry is not gone.

Thus then does it belong to the nature of a man, to view with reverence and submission the pomp and puissance of a potentate, and to look upon him as a kind of superior being. We quarrel not with the sentiment : it may have been implanted in the human breast for a wise purpose, and we are the more inclined to believe such to be the case, when we see the publicity of a monarch's majesty fearfully met at last by the publicity of his death ; as if that Intelligence which is Eternal had resolved to suffer no human glory to exist without a certain contrast of human humiliation. The death-bed of a king is therefore a subject to think and muse upon, as awful as it is impressive ; it is a scene which history frequently brings visibly before us—a true and terrible lesson

which it teaches us, taking in fact a veil from our eyes, and removing the outward covering of the highest earthly state and circumstance, to exhibit the dust and rottenness beneath it. Some princes, when enjoying their full health, and power, felt in mind, and expressed in words, the emptiness of their greatness. For example, we find Gibbon representing the Pagan emperor Septimius Severus, who from being a slave had risen to the purple, thus exclaiming, when master of the Roman world, "I have been all things, and all are of little value." We have also on record the memorable remark of a Christian warrior, and king, St. Louis of France, who being embarked with the whole armament of a crusade which he commanded, said to an officer near, as he viewed the mighty fleet around him encountering the waves, "Good master seneschal, we are but poor creatures at the best: a single blast from God could now annihilate a monarch and his host." Such thoughts as these may at times startle the sovereign in the vigour of his existence, but come they must to him in his dying moments, and to all those who witness or hear, or read of the fearful hours of a royal death-bed. In this sense we do not accord with the poet's observation; "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque tures.*" Death visiting the royal room at Windsor brings, it is true, the same fate as when alighting on a cottage, but the blow struck is much more humiliating and more exemplary—much more generally, and sensibly felt in the one case than in the other.

This subject, however melancholy in itself, is one that cannot but be instructive and interesting to contemplate. Our purpose therefore is to illustrate it, by giving the death scenes, generally remarkable, that have terminated the lives of our English sovereigns. We choose the monarchs of this country, because they are the examples which come nearest home, and with whose previous career we are the most familiar. Yet, before proceeding, we would have it fully understood that we do not bring such sad, and solemn records of frail humanity forward, with the slightest intent of derogating from the opinion, which is fixedly our own, of the excellence of monarchical government. We merely present these gloomy pictures in the abstract, first as emblems of mortality touchingly and energetically expressive, and secondly as narratives historically attractive, especially since their perusal will clearly make evident the great difference that there is between the deaths of the weak and wicked, and of those who have been truly great and good. For the various accounts themselves we are of course indebted to the histories of Rapiin, of Hume and Smollet, Keightly, and many others; also most particularly to the history of Dr. Lingard, which is allowed by all parties to come, at least in its statement of facts, the nearest to the truth. We are the more ready to here acknowledge the fact of our taking extracts from many historians, because, when we do so, we shall seldom deem it necessary to further divert the reader's attention by making special reference to the sources whence the passages come.

To begin. The compressed and somewhat confused annals of our earlier kings, both Britons, Saxons, and Danes, give little insight into the personal ending of their lives. We therefore pass to the first detailed, and remarkable royal death, that of William the Conqueror, which is so gracefully related by Dr. Lingard.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S demise occurred in the very plenitude of his success and power, he being at the time in the sixty-first year

of his age, and the twenty-first of his reign. As William advanced in years, he grew excessively corpulent; and to reduce his bulk, submitted by the advice of his physicians to a long course of medicine. Philip of France, in allusion to this circumstance, said in a conversation with his courtiers, that the King of England was *lying in* at Rouen. When this insipid jest, which cost the lives of hundreds, who never heard of it, was reported to William, he burst into a paroxysm of rage. His martial spirit could not brook the indignity of being compared to a woman; and he swore that at *his churching* he would set all France in a blaze.* He was no sooner able to sit on horseback than he summoned his troops, entered the French territory, pillaged every thing around him, and took by surprise the city of Mante, which during his minority had been severed from his patrimonial dominions. By orders of the king, or through the wantonness of the soldiery, the town was immediately set on fire, and many of the inhabitants perished in the conflagration. William rode to view the scene, when his horse, chancing to tread on the embers, by a violent effort to extricate himself, threw the king on the pommel of the saddle; and the bruise produced a rupture accompanied with fever and inflammation. He was conveyed back in a dangerous state to the suburbs of Rouen, where he lingered for the space of six weeks.

During his illness he enjoyed the full use of his faculties, and conversed freely with his attendants on the different transactions of his reign. A few days before his death he assembled the prelates and barons round his bed, and in their presence bequeathed to his son Robert, who was absent, Normandy with its dependencies. It was, he observed, the inheritance which he had received from his fathers; and, on that account, he was willing that it should descend to his eldest son. To England he had no better right than what he derived from the sword: the succession therefore to that kingdom he would leave to the decision of God; though it was his ardent wish that it might fall to the lot of his second son. At the same time he advised William to repair to England, and gave him a recommendatory letter directed to Archbishop Lanfranc. He had hitherto made no mention of Henry, the third brother; and the impatience of the prince urged him to inquire of his father what portion was left to him. "Five thousand pounds of silver," was his answer. "But what use can I have for the money," said the prince, "if I have not a home to live in?" The king replied: "Be patient, and thou shalt inherit the fortunes of both thy brothers." William immediately began his journey for England: Henry hastened to the treasury, and received his money.

After the departure of the two princes, it was suggested to the king, that if he hoped for mercy from God, he ought to shew mercy to man, and to liberate the many noble prisoners whom he kept in confinement. He first endeavoured to justify their detention, partly on the ground of their treasons, partly on the plea of necessity; and then assented to the request, but excepted his brother Odo, a man, he observed, whose turbulence would be the ruin of both England and Normandy. The friends of the prelate, however, were importunate; and at last, by repeated solicitations, extorted from the reluctant monarch an order for his immediate enlargement.

Early in the morning of the ninth of September, the king heard the

* It was customary for the woman who was churched, to bear in her hand a lighted taper.

sound of a bell, and eagerly inquired what it meant. He was informed that it tolled the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. "Then," said he, stretching out his arms, "I commend my soul to my Lady, the mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her Son my Lord Jesus Christ;" and immediately expired. From the events which followed his death, the reader may judge of the unsettled state of society at the time. The knights and prelates hastened to their respective homes to secure their property; the citizens of Rouen began to conceal their most valuable effects; the servants rifled the palace, and hurried away with their booty; and the royal corpse for three hours lay almost in a state of nudity on the ground. At length the archbishop ordered the body to be interred at Caen; and Herluin, a neighbouring knight, out of compassion, conveyed it at his own expense to that city.

At the day appointed for the interment, Prince Henry, the Norman prelates, and a multitude of clergy and people, assembled in the church of St. Stephen, which the Conqueror had founded. The mass had been performed; the corpse was placed on the bier; and the bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric of the deceased, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "He whom you have praised was a robber. The very land on which you stand is mine. By violence he took it from my father; and in the name of God I forbid you to bury him in it." The speaker was Asceline Fitz-Arthur, who had often but fruitlessly sought reparation from the justice of William. After some debate the prelates called him to them, paid him sixty shillings for the grave, and promised that he should receive the full value of his land. The ceremony was then continued, and the body of the king deposited in a coffin of stone.

In 1562, Coligni took the town of Caen, and rifled the Conqueror's tomb: it was again ransacked in the Revolution, yet, it is said that a thigh bone of the great king remains in his grave. Be that as it may, an inscription still designates the place of interment at the foot of the master altar in the abbey church of St. Stephen, through the vaulted enceinte of which often now reverberate the buoyant sounds of the college youths at their recreation in the neighbouring cloisters, where they play on, heeding little the memory of the monks whose abode they inherit, or the recollection of their stalwart countryman, who, outvying Napoleon, made England for once lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

WILLIAM RUFUS perished, either by treachery or accident, in the New Forest, a district which his father created for hunting, by the cruel and unjustifiable destruction of whole villages, and the expulsion of their wretched inhabitants. The arrow that slew Rufus, pierced his heart, and caused his instant death, such sudden summons leaving him no time for preparation against the eternal consequences of an execrable life; unless indeed, we are to credit the following story of the mysterious warnings he previously received.

For some time predictions of his approaching fate had been circulated among the people, and were readily believed by those, whose piety he had shocked by his debaucheries, or whose hatred he had provoked by his tyranny. Nor was he without apprehension himself. On the first of August he passed a restless night; and his imagination was so disturbed by dreams, that he sent for his servants to watch near his bed. Before sunrise Fitz-Hamon entered the chamber, and related to him the vision of a foreign monk, which was interpreted to presage some calamity to the king. "The man," he exclaimed with a forced smile, "dreams like

a monk. Give him a hundred shillings." He was however, unable to conceal the impression which these portents had made on his mind ; and, at the request of his friends, abandoned his design of hunting, and devoted the morning to business. At dinner he ate and drank more copiously than usual : his spirits revived ; and shortly afterwards he rode out into the forest, and there was this English Tiberius found the same day weltering in his gore. He was interred in Winchester Cathedral, but the Church dared not honour the obsequies, of one so impious with the religious rites of the dead.

HENRY I., though a learned, wise, and successful king, had his happiness blasted by the accidental drowning of his only son, and his reputation for ever tarnished by the foul captivity of his brother, the gallant crusader, Robert of Normandy. A year after this brother's death in his prison at Cardiff, a fever brought on by a surfeit of lampreys seized the king while sojourning at St. Denis Le Froment, in his Norman dominions. On the third day, despairing of his recovery, he sent for the Archbishop of Rouen, from whom he received the sacraments of the eucharist and extreme unction. The Earls of Gloucester, Surrey, and Leicester, and the rest of the nobility assembled round his bed, and in their presence he pronounced his last will. "I bequeath," he said, "all my lands on both sides the sea, to my daughter Matilda and her heirs for ever : and I desire that, when my debts have been discharged, and the liverys and wages of my retainers have been paid, the remainder of my effects may be distributed to the poor." On the seventh day of his illness he expired, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the thirty-sixth of his reign. His bowels were deposited in the Church of St. Mary at Rouen, which had been founded by his mother : his body was conveyed to England, and interred in the Abbey of Reading.

We have no particular detail of the demise of KING STEPHEN, which happened at Canterbury, on the 25th October, 1154, but the death of his great successor, HENRY II. is perhaps one of the most melancholy among the records of royalty. The murder of Becket seemed to lead this mighty monarch to a goal of earthly aggrandisement and earthly wretchedness. After triumphing in all his undertakings, Henry found his cup filled with bitterness. Both his wife and his own children rebelled against him. On the discovery that his beloved and favourite son John, had joined his enemies, his heart broke. The unhappy father, already overloaded with cares and sorrows, finding this last disappointment in his domestic tenderness, launched out into expressions of the utmost despair, cursed the day in which he received his miserable being, and bestowed on his ungrateful and undutiful children a malediction which he never could be prevailed on to retract. The more his heart was disposed to friendship and affection, the more he resented the barbarous return which his four sons had successively made to his parental care ; and this finishing blow, by depriving him of every comfort in life, quite levelled his spirit, and threw him into a lingering fever, of which he expired at the Castle of Chinon, near Saumer. His natural son Geoffrey, who alone had behaved dutifully towards him, attended his corpse to the nunnery of Fontevrault ; where it lay in state in the abbey church. Next day, Richard, who came to visit the dead body of his father, and who, notwithstanding his criminal conduct, was not wholly destitute of generosity, was struck with horror and remorse at the sight ; and as the attendants observed, that at that very instant, blood gushed from the mouth and nostrils of the corpse, he exclaimed, agreeably to a vulgar superstition, that he was his

father's murderer; and he expressed a deep sense, though too late, of that undutiful behaviour which had brought his parent to an untimely grave.

The king died in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign; though a bad man, he was the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, and abilities, and the most powerful in extent of dominion of all those that had ever filled the throne of England.

RICHARD I. part knight-errand and part warrior, the hero of Ascalon—a soldier whose achievements were the delight of the Christian world, perished in an ignoble and disgraceful quarrel about a paltry sum of gold. The facts were these: Vidomer, Viscount of Limoges, a vassal of the king's, had found a treasure, of which he sent part to that prince as a present. Richard, as superior lord, claimed the whole; and at the head of some Brabançons, besieged the viscount in the Castle of Chalons, near Limoges, in order to make him comply with his demand. The garrison offered to surrender; but the king replied, that since he had taken the pains to come thither and besiege the place in person, he would take it by force, and would hang every one of them. The same day Richard, accompanied by Marcadée, the leader of his Brabançons, approached the castle in order to survey it; when one Bertrand de Gourdon, an archer, took aim at him, and pierced his shoulder with an arrow. The king, however, gave orders for the assault (March 28, 1199), took the place, and hanged all the garrison, except Gourdon, who had wounded him, and whom he reserved for a more deliberate and more cruel execution. The wound was not in itself dangerous; but the unskilfulness of the surgeon made it mortal; he so rankled Richard's shoulder pulling out the arrow, that a gangrene ensued; and the prince was now sensible that his life was drawing towards a period. He sent for Gourdon, and asked him, "Wretch, what have I ever done to you, to oblige you to seek my life?"—"What have you done to me? (replied coolly the prisoner:) you killed with your own hands my father and my two brothers; and you intended to have hanged myself. I am now in your power, and you may take revenge, by inflicting on me the most severe torments; but I shall endure them all with pleasure, provided I can think that I have been so happy as to rid the world of such a nuisance." Richard, struck with the reasonableness of this reply, and humbled by the near approach of death, ordered Gourdon to be set at liberty, and a sum of money to be given him; but Marcadée, unknown to him, seized the unhappy man, flayed him alive, and then hanged him: Richard died in the tenth year of his reign, and the forty-second of his age; and he left no issue behind him. The body of the chivalrous monarch was interred at the feet of his father, at Fontevraud; his head was buried in the cathedral of Rouen, and his lion-heart, according to his own request, went to Charon in Poitou.

Historians say little about the ending of the life of that weak tyrant JOHN. In the midst of his miserable contests with his own people, and the invading French, he was assembling a considerable army, with a view of fighting one great battle for his crown; but passing from Lynne to Lincolnshire, his road lay along the sea-shore, which was overflowed at high water; and not choosing the proper time for his journey, he lost in the inundation all his carriages, treasure, baggage, and regalia. The affliction for this disaster, and vexation from the distracted state of his affairs, increased the sickness under which he then

laboured ; and though he reached the Castle of Newark, he was obliged to halt there, and his distemper soon put an end to his life, 17th Oct. 1216, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and eighteenth of his reign ; and freed the nation from the dangers to which it was equally exposed by his success or by his misfortunes. Some writers relate that his death was caused by poison ; Shakespeare inclining to this opinion, has drawn a terrible picture of his last agony. We cannot refrain from giving here a portion of the scene :

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.

P. Hen. It is too late ; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here :—
Doth he still rage ? *Exit BIGOT.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN, in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare ; dead, forsook, cast off ;
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold :—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye;
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd:
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The KING dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

HENRY III., a monarch with no great virtue save piety, nor any prominent vice except covetousness, lived through a long, uninteresting and disorderly reign, and passed to another world, with no comment on his death by the historians. They merely mention the fact as occurring Nov. 16th, 1272, in the sixty-fourth year of his age and the fifty-sixth of his sovereignty. He expired in the odour of sanctity, and his remains repose in the original tomb of Edward the Confessor, at Westminster, a fit resting-place; for it was Henry who rebuilt the Abbey, and who removed the bones of his sainted predecessor into a golden shrine.

(*To be continued*)

THE CONSTITUTIONAL VALUE OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

SINCE the days when France was said to have gained more by having the earldom of Paris united to the crown, than the count, by ascending the throne; when a plain Earl of Hapsburg was considered an equal successor to the Cæsars; and when our Percies and Courtenays and Beauchamps, shut up in their hospitable but gloomy fortresses, bid proud defiance to their weak monarch; a vast change has taken place in the position and duties of the nobility, and in the social condition of the world at large. Over a large portion of Europe, the burgher, or middle class, have long since been enabled to attain independence and affluence. In our own happy land, and in France, America, and the Low Countries, this class has in addition great political power, whilst those which lie below it in the social scale, fill, in those latter countries, the same position in other respects that it does itself in the rest of civilized Europe. In those states whose material prosperity indicates that they are most wisely governed, the political changes in progress seem all calculated still further to benefit and strengthen the lower classes of society. Even were it wise or just to change this tendency in modern politicians, it would be found impossible; the feeling from which it springs is too universally diffused over the world to be smothered. Its over warm ebullitions may be checked; the stream, instead of being left to rush on like a destructive torrent, with desolation in its train, may be assisted with sluices and guarded by banks, and rendered a source of wealth and plenty to the valleys around—but burst forth in some shape or other it most certainly will. And it is only by a calm and just temper, and a careful consideration of its position now and in days gone by, that that great class which is apparently most threatened by modern principles, can ensure the preservation for centuries to come of that lofty place in the affections and respect of the nation, which it has held since England was first freed from tyrant anarchy.

America, (by which term we mean to refer to the United States only,) being a country in which society itself is only of a few years' creation, can hardly be said as yet to have had any experience of a social revolution; for the war of independence was strictly what its name implies, and though the establishment of a pure democracy resulted from it, that was not a necessary consequence of any of the principles in defence of which the nation took up the sword, but rather arose from the unusual moderation of the illustrious men engaged in that memorable contest, and from the natural partiality of their followers for that form of government which had led their Puritan and Roundhead ancestors to forsake their native hearths. But, unfortunately for her, even that young state seems doomed thus early to suffer the common lot of nations; and Slavery, Repudiation, and Anti-Rentism, are daily brought too prominently forward not to lead us to expect a social struggle of the most dangerous kind.

But in all the European states, such revolutions have been numerous, and new ones are momentarily threatened. In Russia, where the

Autocrat can still say, "l'etat, c'est moi!" they have been naturally confined to the palace; but the list of the Romanoffs who have too soon exchanged the Imperial purple for the white shroud is almost as numerous as that of the monarchs. Yet those dark deeds do not always transpire.

In Germany, since the successful exertions of the Hanse towns to achieve their independence, the country has been the scene of almost perpetual civil war; partly disguised by the independent titles of its great feudal nobles, (for such were the Electors and Princes whilst the empire lasted,) but still arraying German against German in deadly conflict. Napoleon came, and under his auspices a great social and political change was made. Of the new order of things thus established, much survives; and further alterations have been made by several of the present chiefs of the land, more particularly by the Kings of Prussia and Bavaria. A greater change, however, is evidently imminent, though the power of the Censor, and the stiff and formal nature of German political institutions, throws much obscurity over its nature and probable results.

Spain, Italy, and Portugal have been, since the commencement of the present century, the scenes of continuous Revolutions, whose beginnings were in like manner concealed by despotism, but whose continuance has been only too public, and of whose end and results alone we are totally ignorant. Dynasty overthrowing dynasty, haughty monarchs exiles or prisoners in foreign lands, the nobles and wise men of classic Italy pining under a similar doom, the proud and wealthy priesthood of Spain trampled on and beggared, and classes too long oppressed become tyrants in their turn: such are the scenes which the south of Europe still offers to our anxious vision. And we hardly dare hope they will soon pass away, whilst every day of their existence keeps us trembling on the verge of a general war.

Who can watch the stormy current of French politics, without feeling the conviction that upon the length of an old man's life hangs much of the destinies of his country; and that the civil wars and perpetual contests under Henry IV. Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., the corrupting policy adopted with regard to the nobles by the ministers of Louis XV., the murderous atrocities which marked the close of last century, the expenditure of blood and treasure with which Napoleon signalized the commencement of this one, the heartburnings and jealousies of the restoration, the triumph of 1830, and the subsequent disappointment of the conquerors, have gone but a short way indeed towards solving the great questions which concern society in France! Is it rash to predict that more blood will stain her rich valleys before her social institutions or her moral and religious opinions attain to any degree of permanence? And does not experience entitle us to say that any events which disturb her peace will have a similar effect on Holland and Belgium, —states whose unhappy boast it is to have been long the battle field of Europe, and whose internal progress, besides, has been marked with much of violence and blood? No! The continent of Europe has long been the scene of lawless and sanguinary attempts to force upon constituted authority the changes which society demanded, and demanded with more covetous pertinacity and more exaggerated pretensions, according as she was led to form an erroneous estimate of their value from the constancy with which they were refused.

In the island, however, where our happy lot is cast, the calm and peaceful rule of the law has not been sensibly interrupted for centuries. No where have all classes been placed more upon a social equality; the feudal institutions of ancient days been brought into such perfect harmony with the wants of a widely different age; political power been more thoroughly acquired by great sections of the nation formerly debarred from all hope of attaining it; no where, in short have a more complete series of great revolutions taken place, and yet no where has disorder or bloodshed been so little known. The contest carried on between Charles I. and his parliament was after all remarkable for its moderation. A few illustrious heads fell upon the scaffold, but when we remember the rough sternness of those times, and compare our Civil War with more recent events in a state undoubtedly far more refined, we must confess that except in battle very little blood was spilt. The Cavaliers were fined, but they were allowed to remain residents among their ancient followers, and very few indeed were the properties that were forfeited. The Bishops and Clergy were deposed; but they too were permitted to remain in the land, spreading their complaints and strengthening their party. And surely Cromwell will gain by a comparison with Marat, Danton, or Robespierre. But we will allow that this contest did bear some resemblance to those by which changes are wrought in foreign society. Religious questions, and a chivalric spirit of loyalty in the Irish and Highland nobles make in like manner the invasion of William III. productive of bloodshed in Ireland and Scotland: but so far as England was concerned, the Restoration, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Revolution of 1688, the Accession of the House of Hanover, and, more lately, the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, Catholic Emancipation, the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Bills, the late Corn Law and Free Trade measures, and some persons would add the Resumption of Specie payments, have been nothing but a series of legal, bloodless, but complete Revolutions. Why then is it that those changes which in other countries would have shaken the ricketty fabric of society to its very foundations, in England have lost all their usual unpleasant characteristics and effects? It is no doubt partly from the temperate disposition of the people, but more from the position and history of the British Aristocracy, to whose influence indeed that disposition is probably in a great measure owing.

It may be said that the unequal distribution of riches and intelligence is a universal law of nature: and that consequently an aristocracy in some shape or other exists in all those countries we have already referred to. But what that shape is we must carefully examine, remembering how completely our modern chemists can transform the most nourishing articles of food into deadly poisons.

The use of an Aristocracy is primarily to stand between the governor and the governed, ready, in any vital crisis, to bring a vast accession of strength to that side whose triumph would preserve the republic, but under ordinary circumstances acting rather through its "*vis inertię*," which is eminently fitted to weary and consequently render more moderate those ardent projectors whose active enthusiasm renders them universally the heralds and pioneers of every great social improvement, but who, from the very same cause, in the world of politics, as well as in that of life, are apt to sacrifice every thought of prudence or worldly wisdom to prove their exaggerated admiration of the idol that has

enslaved them. In order to fill this important place with effect, an Aristocracy must be possessed of great power, for its use is gone if it cannot turn the scale in favour of that one of the opposing parties to which the preservation of the nation makes it advisable that it should ally itself, and it is equally or perhaps more in want of strength when it is expected of it that, by the mere "vis inertiae" we have mentioned, it should act as a drag upon the too rapid advance of the constitutional car. This power, so necessary to it, may show itself in privileges of different kinds. But privileges themselves confer no power, but rather the reverse, by exciting an arrogant and unjust temper in those that possess them, envy and discontent in those that do not. Numbers, union, and wealth are much more effective, but that source of power which is most creditable to a class of nobles, most universal and constant in its operation, and most difficult to be taken away from them when once fairly acquired, is the respect and affection of the other members of the commonwealth. To entitle an aristocracy to these, the mere possession of wealth will go but a very short way, but the expenditure of it in a generous manner, a splendid and hospitable establishment, and a liberal style of living, are in most countries looked upon by the poor as indispensable to their nobles, and though in themselves of no merit, yet their general absence is pretty sure to bring contempt upon these. The middle classes will look for a loftier style of merit. A courteous and charitable affection for the poor, an aptitude for, and interest in public business, and the improvement of the country, a superior education, a high moral tone, and strong sense of honour, will uniformly ensure their respect. Ancient blood, an historical name, and a fortune and station which leaves nothing to be desired, makes it extremely probable that the career of its possessor will be honorable, and that corrupt or mean motives will hardly actuate his public life; and therefore he and the class in which such as he are numerous, will be naturally considered the best guardians of the public interest provided that, finally, their position and character is such as to make it certain that they will resist all undue encroachments upon the constitution on the part of the monarch, and consider the liberty of the people and of themselves the most sacred object they can be called upon to defend.

Having thus generally described the proper nature of an aristocracy, let us briefly examine those in foreign lands, and we shall quickly perceive that, excepting the name, they have little in common with that to which Britain owes so much of her peaceful happiness.

Unless as the despotic lords of an enslaved and pauper populace, the Russian Aristocracy has no existence whatever. Many of them inheriting their wealth and dignities from the low born favorites of the tyranny or immorality of some former reign, the nature of the Russian policy has not permitted the few generations that have elapsed, by any brilliant act of patriotism or virtue, to wipe away the memory of former days; they are in general excluded from public business, which is almost altogether transacted by naturalized foreigners; and, however great their objectionable power over their own dependants, they are themselves nothing but slaves, trembling before the meanest employé of the government, their life, their liberty, their fortune at all moments depending upon the whim of their master, their very movements in freer lands, whither he sometimes condescends to permit them to wander, being

still regulated according to his commands. Such are not nobles, but the mere taskmasters of a nation of serfs.

The numerous dynastic and territorial changes of which Italy has been the scene, rendered it difficult to describe its nobility in general terms; the titles which bring us back to the heroic deeds of ancient days in the Dorias or the Colonnas, or to the eminent of more modern times in the Borgheses, being also lavishly apportioned amongst all whose vanity desires such a distinction, and whose wealth can command it. The old families are generally in considerable pecuniary distress, the new ones, in order to preserve their suddenly acquired position, are the sycophantic courtiers of the petty monarchs who have hitherto acted as the viceroys of Austria. Still, there are enough of the materials, necessary for such a purpose, to form a powerful and useful body in the state, if that isolation in which jealousy, and the division of Italy into so many small kingdoms, has thrown the upper classes, were to cease: and late events, and the timid rumours which sometimes creep into continental newspapers, seem to render this probable.

The proud *Hidalgos* of Spain were long since crushed by the Tudor-like policy of their kings, aided by the vast power of the Spanish clergy. The system brought to perfection by Ximenes has been ever since consistently carried on; and whilst the *Grandees* were permitted to waste in the dissipation of the capital the great revenues that they still possessed, they were carefully excluded from power of every sort except as a special boon from the court. Educated in haughty ignorance; tolerated, but disliked at court, strangers to their estates and almost strangers to their families, and enjoying that most unpopular privilege, immunity from taxes, they stood by themselves in the country, an arrogant, suspicious, disunited troop. Conquered by the upstart Prince of Peace, they have not for many years appeared as a body upon the political stage, though they are still occasionally heard of as angry disputants in some matter of palace etiquette. Not that a few members of that once illustrious body do not still fill that position which their past history entitles them to claim. But it is only a few: the many are unknown to fame.

Under the "ancien regime" the peers of France resembled in many respects those of Spain; the policy of the Bourbons in both monarchies being the same. They were encouraged to a lavish expenditure in attending the court, and there taught to look to the favour of the king or minister as the only means of restoring their embarrassed finance; and as that favour itself was most surely procured by the agency of a mistress, it will be easy to believe that the personal character of the French noblesse must have been severely injured by such a system. Far different indeed was it in the period antecedent to the Revolution, to what it had been in the turbulent and coarse, but manly and vigorous days of the *Ligue* and the *Fronde*: whilst the great power which they had then struggled to maintain had been taken from them, and transferred to ministerial employès and the "roturier" race of financiers, they had preserved little except their pride, and their insulting and in some cases barbarous privileges, which estranged from them the only class upon which they could have hoped to lean for support, when attacked by too powerful a monarch. Exclusive, immoral, enervated, and spendthrift, they had reached that pitch of weakness to which for its own evil purposes an ambitious court had striven to bring them; on the very first

attack, helplessly they fell, and their corrupters survived their ruin but a few short months.

The class which has succeeded them is composed in part of the small and impoverished remnant of the "ancienne noblesse," timid and vanquished, dreaming of the past and the future, but too weak and perhaps prejudiced to cope with the present; in much larger proportion of those who were altogether excluded under the old "regime" the "Gens de Robe," the great Bankers and Merchants, and above all, the literary classes. Its influence is in no respect what it ought to be. It possessed none of the appearance of stability. Deriving from the great deed of its ancestors no claim to hereditary respect, not permitted to transmit any to its descendants, and precluded by the French laws from territorial power, it forms a body each member of which is actuated solely by a desire for his own personal aggrandizement, and as a natural consequence, the constant advocacy of great principles, true independence of mind, and constitutional government are even yet unknown in France, whilst Peer and Deputy, minister, prefect, and "feuilletoniste," are alike distrusted, and in many instances despised. Personal talent goes some way in procuring station in America, and petty intrigue is also at times successful; but the aristocracy of the United States is above all one of money; that is the first and only thing absolutely necessary to enable any individual to rank high in social life, for as to politics the extreme jealousy and tyrant requirements of the mob will not permit success in that field to any who do not in every manner pander to their prejudices and love of power. The extreme value thus given to wealth is rapidly producing the most injurious effects upon the character of the nation at large, but all we can do for the present is to record the fact that with the exception of the few old families against whom the present anti-rent movement is directed, the higher classes on the other side of the Atlantic are remarkably deficient in all those qualities and accidents which are stated to be the proper attributes of an aristocracy.

In this respect Germany is more fortunate. Her nobles are possessed of most of those accessories from which power springs. Ancient blood and high and honourable spirit, an historical position, wealth, education, and the habit of residing upon their hereditary estates, gives them a great and very beneficial influence. Their exclusiveness as to "new men," is somewhat repugnant to English notions, but in spite of that and a few other errors in their constitution, they seem intended to act a great part in the mighty scenes apparently about to take place in Germany. And they have already taken a noble stand in part of that country, the proud kingdom of Hungary. If for the last hundred years they have neglected many opportunities of doing so, it is in all likelihood because of their equivocal position in their native country. Until the congress of Vienna, it was nearly impossible to say which of the monarchs of the empire were more than peers, or which of its peers were less than monarchs; and even still the constitutional government of Germany would be improved if many of its petty potentates were to surrender their useless and troublesome sovereignty, and take their place with the Arembergs or Esterhazys, as the chiefs of a truly national nobility.

And now let us shortly review the nature and claims of our own aristocracy. Its great characteristic, that also in which it most widely differs from all abroad, is its intimate alliance with all the inferior bodies in

the state. Scattered in its proud palaces or ancient manor-houses through every corner of this happy land, it claims respect by its virtues and personal qualities alone. No odious privileges hedge it round. Even its titles are most sparingly paraded. Of our noble families in the foreign and correct sense of the word, not one in ten is decorated with a title. With those that are, the grandson of a Duke is in no respect different from a plain commoner, nor the most proudly descended commoner from his neighbour, the honest retired tradesman. Whilst honourable conduct, a good and liberal education, and any degree of distinction personally earned in the field or the fleet, the state or the forum, ensures the man of talent and principle admission into the most privileged set. Hence, all great fortunes or brilliant talents are eventually absorbed by the aristocracy; whilst at the same time the wealth and personal influence and numbers of the more ancient nobility and gentry are so overwhelming, that the class to which they belong is not likely ever long to be under the imputations of self-seeking and intrigue, to which a newly created nobility is but too justly subject. At the same time, some of the most estimable and highly connected of our nobles, whose hereditary titles ensure them the lofty position once occupied by their ancestors, are very deficient in personal riches. The consequence is that a lesson is thus afforded which the example of America proves to be a necessary one for the Anglo-Saxon race; and that is, that money is not the "sumnum bonum," the only thing which a nation, perhaps too much inclined to industry, is to seek or prize. We have said that the British aristocracy is very much connected with all classes, and so it assuredly is, both by residence, acquaintanceship, and above all, by that strongest of all ties, (forbidden to the Germans), marriage. But nevertheless it possesses some privileges, and much public distinction and honour. Here again its influence is advantageous, offering to all whose talents seek a fine field and a goal worthy of them, a prize with which no mean or mercenary idea is connected. The immense sums expended on the parks and estates of our landed proprietors has also a beneficial effect upon the country, increasing its material wealth, and tending to give a body which with its dependents is always sure to be both powerful and numerous, the strongest interest in the stability and continued prosperity of the country, and an inclination not to permit the rural districts to be sacrificed to an overgrown metropolis, as happened in France before 1789, and would be likely enough otherwise to happen in England also.

Finally, signs and rumours of wars are daily afloat. British courage pervades every rank and class in Britain's isle: but mercantile pursuits are not those most fitted to form the soldier. War is an evil, but as long as it exists, our prosperity will to a great amount depend upon our ability to protect our industry. In all the great struggles for liberty or constitutional rights, which we enumerated in the commencement of this article, a large portion, generally the majority, of the nobility and landed aristocracy were found heading the people, and in that respect differing very much from their continental brethren. The people, however, could perhaps have done without them in these peaceful contests. But in a war with a foreign power, the case would be different. From the days of Carthaginian Hanno, to those of our Dutch King William, commercial states have ever been alternately compelled to rely upon mercenary strangers as a defence to the republic, and their ruin has always fol-

lowed ; and it is a great subject of satisfaction to the Englishman, to reflect that the yeoman homes of his country can still yield a hardy race for his defence, and the mansions around which they are clustered, a brave body well fitted to lead such a soldiery ; men to whom honour and the character of personal courage are by constitution, education, and descent, dearer than life ; not soldiers of fortune, brave, because it is their trade, and ready for personal advancement to turn their swords upon the country that feeds them ; but citizens of his own land, as dearly interested in his homes and altars, liberties and institutions, as he is himself ; and who, to leisure and a love of distinction add the dread knowledge, that whilst their bravery and honour will bring additional glory to an already illustrious name, cowardice or treachery will throw a foul blot on an escutcheon handed down for centuries unstained, and bring shame and disgrace to the yet unborn inheritors of their name.

May they ever clearly understand their proud vocation, and worthily act up to it.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

“Take ye the world !”—thus from his height sublime
 Jove spake to men—“take it—my boon is free ;
 ’Tis marked your heritage through endless time ;
 Share it like brethren, lovingly.”

Quick hies the busy race, athirst for gain ;
 To seek their portion young and old repair ;
 The tiller seized the meadows and the grain ;
 The huntsman tracked the forest lair.

The merchant garners all his varied store ;
 The abbot claims the juice of purple hue ;
 The king has barred the stream and highway o’er,
 And cries—“a tenth— a tenth is due !”

Ah ! last of all—too late—each part assigned—
 From some far distant scene the poet came ;
 No vacant spot his wandering glances find,
 No soil but owns a master’s name.

“Oh woe is me ! for all thy gifts abound,
 And portionless thou leav’st thy faithful son.”
 Thus while his loud laments to heaven resound,
 He fell before the eternal throne.

“If in the land of dreams, and Fancy’s reign,
 Fondly thou lingerest, then, reproach not me ;
 Where wert thou, bard, when every share was ta’en ?”
 “I was,” the poet cried—“with thee !”

“My ravished eye thy glorious face surveyed ;
 My rapt ear drank the music of the skies ;
 Forgive the soul by ecstasy betrayed,
 That lost earth’s dull realities !”

“What shall I do ?” cries Jove. “Earth given away ;
 The mart, the field, the chase, no more are mine ;
 Say—wilt thou sojourn in the realms of day ?
 Come when thou wilt, a home in heaven is thine !”

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

THE NEW BARONETS.

CREATED DEC. 1846.

Rothschild.

SIR ANTHONY ROTHSCHILD, of Grosvenor Place, who has been created a Baronet, with remainder, in default of his own male issue, to his nephews, Nathan, Charles, and Leopold, sons of his brother, Lionel, Baron Rothschild, is second son of the late Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the great loan contractor, by Hannah, his wife, 3rd daughter of Levi Barnet Cohen, of London. The founder of the wealth and influence of the great commercial family of Rothschild was Moses Rothschild, the grandfather of the newly-created baronet. Prior to the invasion of Germany by the republican arms of France, Mr. Moses Rothschild, is stated to have been a banker, in no very extensive line of business, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; and his fortune is said to have sprung from an act of fidelity as honourable and disinterested as any probably upon record. The crossing of the Rhine by the republican soldiers, it will be recollected, was followed by the abandonment of their territories by almost the whole of the minor princes of Germany; amongst others, the Sovereign of Hesse Cassel became a fugitive, and with his money and jewels arrived at Frankfort, in the hope of finding there a place wherein he might deposit the treasure in some sort of security. The reputable character of Moses Rothschild, induced the prince to call upon him, and to solicit his taking charge of the property, which amounted to an immense sum. Rothschild at first refused so great a responsibility, but the importunity of the prince prevailed, and his highness delivered up the money and jewels to the banker, without requiring even a receipt. The French army subsequently entered Frankfort, at the very moment, it is said, that Rothschild had succeeded in burying the prince's treasure in his garden. His own property he did not hide, and of that he was entirely despoiled. In truth he was, like all the other Jews and citizens of Frankfort, reduced to utter poverty; but the treasure confided to him was safe; and sometime after the French army withdrew, Rothschild recommenced as a banker, extending his concerns with caution by means of the prince's money, until the year 1802, when His Highness returned to Frankfort on his route to Cassel. He had heard that Rothschild had been despoiled of every thing, and consequently, he had little hope that any portion of his own deposit could have been preserved. He visited the banker, however, and on asking if the robbers had taken all, was most agreeably astonished when Rothschild assured him that not one kreutzer of his treasure had been disturbed. "I have all the jewels," said he, "which I secured untouched in a strong chest, and the money I have also, with five per cent. beside, for your Royal Highness, from the day you intrusted it to me." The prince, it is stated, not only refused

the accumulated interest, but the capital itself, insisting that the faithful banker should still retain it for twenty years more, at an interest of two per cent. At the congress of Vienna, the Prince of Hesse Cassel represented the conduct of the Frankfort banker in such just and glowing colours, that he secured for him the protection of all the great potentates there assembled, and thus raised him at once to the situation of the first banker in the world. This honourable and highminded man left five sons, Anselm, of Frankfort; Solomon, of Berlin and Vienna; Nathan-Meyer, of London; Charles, of Naples; and James, of Paris.

Sir Anthony Rothschild is married to Louisa, dau. of the late Abraham Montefiore, Esq., but has no child.

Currie.

SIR FREDERIC CURRIE receives his patent as a recompense for his valuable services as Secretary to the Government of Bengal. He is third son of Mark Currie, Esq., by Eliza, his wife, dau. of John Close, Esq., of Easby, co. York, and grandson of William Currie, Esq., Banker, of London, by Madeline Lefevre, his wife. grandaunt of the present Rt. Hon. C. Shaw Lefevre, Speaker of the House of Commons. The family of Currie is of Scottish descent, and can be traced back for many generations. Mr. Raikes Currie, the member for Northampton, is second son of Sir Frederic Currie's uncle, Isaac Currie, Esq. of Bush Hill, Middlesex.

Davie of Creedy.

THIS creation is but a renewal of the ancient Baronetcy which was conferred on John Davie, Esq. of Creedy in Devon, 9th Sept. 1641, and became extinct at the decease of the late Sir Humphrey Phineas Davie, Bart. in 1846. Col. HENRY ROBERT FERGUSON DAVIE, the new grantee, is the husband of Frances-Juliana, only surviving sister and heir of Sir John Davie, the 9th Bart., and bears the name of Davie, in conformity with a Royal Licence. This baronetical family is of high antiquity in Devon, having been settled there since the Conquest. It is of Norman descent, but from the residence of its ancestors at an old mansion formerly known by the name of Wey, the first surname adopted in England was de la Wey, and the first of the de la Weys mentioned in the family pedigree, had coat armour, which has ever since continued, without variation, to be borne by his descendants, although their surnames have been at different periods written de la Wey, Dewy, de Vic, and Davie. The delineation of the first ancestor, William de la Wey, in the pedigree above alluded to, is appropriately painted upon the margin, in the armour of the times, and on one side of him appears the following translation of some old Latin verses:—

“What profit pedigree or long descents
 From farre-fetcht blood, or painted monuments
 Of our great-grandsire's visage? 'Tis most sad
 To trust unto the worth another had
 For keeping up our fame; which else would fall,
 If, besides birth, there be no worth at all.
 For, who counts him a gentleman whose grace
 Is all in name, but otherwise is base?
 Or who will honour him that's honour's shame,
 Noble in nothing but a noble name?”

It's better to be meanly born and good,
 Than one unworthy of his noble blood :
 Though all thy walls shine with thy pedigree,
 Yet virtue only makes nobility.
 Then, that this pedigree may useful be
 Search out the virtues of your family ;
 And to be worthy of your father's name,
 Learn out the good they did, and do the same :
 For, if you bear their arms, and not their fame,
 Those ensigns of their worth, will be your shame."

RICHARD, FIRST EARL OF CORK.

RICHARD BOYLE, the great Earl of Cork, as he has been very worthily denominated, possessed among his minor titles that of Baron of Youghal; and in this town he died in his seventy seventh year, in the month of September, 1643. By deed, bearing date 29th March, 1606, he had purchased, from the mayor and corporation, the south chapel, or transept, of St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal; formerly called the chauntry of our Blessed Saviour, as a cemetery for himself and his family. In this deed it was stipulated that he should not molest the ancient burials of the place. Here, during his lifetime, he erected a magnificent tomb of marble and alabaster; which, from the number of its effigies, escutcheons, and inscriptions, might be called a genealogical history of the Boyle family.* We are enabled to give a minute and faithful account, derived from a recent personal inspection. This grand structure is placed against the western wall of the mortuary chapel and in general design resembles the wonted sepulchral monuments of the times of ELIZABETH. Its summit bears this inscription.

"Precatio viventis

Quam patre, quam prole, et gemino quam conjuge faustam
 Fecisti, ô faustam fac faciendo tuam."

Under which is the recumbent figure of the Earl of Cork's mother Joan, daughter of Robert Naylor, Esq., of the city of Canterbury, who died at Feversham in Kent, 20th March, 1586. She is drawn the size of life, lying on her left side, a bible supporting her bended arm; and is habited in ruff and fardingale, with a straw hat covering her head. In an arched recess beneath reposes, at full length, the effigy of the Earl himself. He too is represented reclining on his left side, his left hand resting beneath his head. He is clad in a full suit of the richest bronze and gold armour. His two wives kneel, the one at his head and the other at his feet. Their figures of painted alabaster, are placed in two niches, supported externally by pillars of red-veined marble. Beneath the Earl are nine diminutive figures, representing so many of his children. Their names and birthdays are inscribed on the pedestals.

ROGER BOYLE, natus 1st August, 1606.

Richard Boyle, natus 20th October, 1612.

Gulfridius Boyle, natus 10th April, 1616.

* We are happy to say that the tomb and chapel, which in the lapse of two centuries had fallen into decay, have been recently restored throughout by His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, under the superintending care of the Rev. Pierce William Drew, a local antiquary of taste and experience.

Lewis Boyle, natus 23rd Martii, 1619.
 Alicia Boyle, nata 20th Martii, 1607.
 Sarah Boyle, nata 29th Martii, 1609.
 Letitia Boyle, nata 23rd April, 1610.
 Joanna Boyle, nata 14th Junii, 1611.
 Catherina Boyle, nata 22nd Martii, 1614.

Above the Earl is this inscription, on a black marble :

“ Richardus Boyle miles, dominus Boyle, baro de Youghal, vicecomes Dungarvan, comes Corcagiensis, dominus summus hujus regni Hiberniæ thesaurarius, et de privato consilio domini regis tam Angliæ quam Hiberniæ, ex antiquissimâ Boylorum familiâ Herefordiensi oriundus qui patrem habuit Rogerum Boyle armigerum, matrem itidem generosam Joanam Nayleram e solo Cantiano profectam, cum duas sibi invicem junxisset uxores, primam Joanam filiam et cohæredem Gulielmi Appesly armigeri, nullâ superstitute prole ; alteram præclarè fæcundam, Catherinam natam domini Galfridi Fentoni equitis, regiæ majestati hoc regno à secretis, postquam varios pro republica cepisset labores, nec immeritos honores conscendisset, ipse jam septuaginta septem annos natus, ac mortem in dies imminentem expectans sibi et posteris suis, hoc posuit monumentum sacrum memoriæ.

“ Ipse de se

Sic posui tumulum, superest intendere votis,
 Parce animæ, carnem solvite, Christe ! veni.”

Immediately following, and lower down, are these inscriptions :

“ Hic jacet corpus reverendi patris Johannis Boyle, sacrae theologiæ doctoris, episcopi Corcagiensis, Clonensis, et Rossensis, ac fratris majoris natu Richardi comitis Corcagiæ, &c., qui obiit decimo die Julii, anno Domini 1620, ætatis suæ, 57.

“ Hic etiam jacent sepultæ Elizabetha et Maria Boyle, hæc Richardi Smith militis, illa Piercii Power armigeri uxor, ambæ sorores prædicti Richardi domini Boyle Corcagiæ comitis.

“ Hic jacet prænobilis David dominus Barry, procomes Buttcount, primus comes Barrymore, commissione regiâ pro gubernatione Mononiæ, primo designat, heros, principi et coronæ Anglicanæ fidelissimus. de republicâ durante Hibernicorum rebellionè optime mœrens, veræque Christianæ religionis cultor præcipuus, qui obiit 29 die Septembris 1642 annoque ætatis suæ 38.”

Also, on the flat wall behind the Earl's effigy, are the following genealogical notices, in English.

“ Richard, Earl of Cork, married two wives, the first Joan, one of the two daughters and coheiresses of William Apsley, Esq., who died in travel of her first son, which did not survive her. The second wife was Katherine, the only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, knight, secretary of state in Ireland, by whom he had issue seven sons and eight daughters.

“ The Lady Margaret Boyle, eighth daughter of the Earl of Cork, died, and lieth here entombed.”

“ Sir Richard Boyle, knt., son and heir apparent of Richard, Earl of Cork, married Elizabeth, eldest of the two daughters and coheiresses of Henry, Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and hath issue.

“ Sir Lewis Boyle, knt., Lord Boyle, Baron of Bandon-bridge, and Lord Viscount Boyle of Kinalmeaky, second son of Richard, Earl of

Cork, married the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Fielding, knt., Lord Baron of Newenham Padox, Viscount Fielding, and Earl of Denbigh. Slain in the battle of Liscarroll, September 3rd, 1642.

"Sir Roger Boyle, knt., Lord Boyle, Baron of Broghill, third son* of Richard, Earl of Cork, married the Lady Margaret, daughter of Theophilus, Lord Howard of Walden, Earl of Suffolk.

"Francis Boyle, Esq., fourth son of Richard, Earl of Cork, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Killigrew, knt., late vice-chamberlain to Mary, Queen of England.

"Robert Boyle, Esq., fifth son of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"Roger Boyle, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Cork, being a scholar at Deptford, in Kent, died there the 10th of October, 1615, and there lies entombed.

"Geoffry Boyle, third son of Richard, Earl of Cork, died young, on the 20th of January, 1616, and lieth here entombed.

Armorial bearings, properly differenced, are attached to each name, impaled with those of their ladies for the married sons. On the left hand, the names of the Earl's daughters are given, with their marriages, and the arms of themselves and their husbands *baron et femme*. The inscriptions are:—

"David, Lord Barry, Lord Viscount Buttcount, first Earl of Barrymore, married the Lady Alice Boyle, first daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"Robert, Lord Digby, Baron of Geashil, married the Lady Sarah Boyle, second daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork, being then the widow of Sir Thomas Moore, knt., son and heir to Garret, Lord Moore, Lord Viscount of Drogheda.

"Colonel George Goring, son and heir to Sir George Goring, knt., Lord Baron Goring of Hurst-Pierpoint, married the Lady Lettice Boyle, third daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"George Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildaire, married the Lady Joan Boyle, fourth daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"Arthur Jones, Esq., son and heir of Sir Roger Jones, knt., Lord Viscount Ranelagh, married the Lady Katherine Boyle, the fifth daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"Sir Arthur Loftus, knt., son and heir of Sir Adam Loftus, knt., vice-treasurer, and treasurer-at-wars in Ireland, married the Lady Dorothy Boyle, the sixth daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork.

"Charles Rich, Esq. second son of Robert, Lord Rich of Liege, Earl of Warwick, married the Lady Mary Boyle, the seventh daughter of Richard, Earl of Cork."

We have been minute in our examination of this magnificent tomb, and consider it almost unparalleled in the amount it affords of family information. Before we quit the chapel, where so much noble dust is laid, we must describe some more of its contents, and copy a few inscriptions which are worthy of preservation. Beneath the windows of the eastern wall, and immediately facing the Cork mausoleum, is an ancient tomb on which are the effigies of a man and woman reclining at full length. It bears this legend, which is now difficult to be decyphered.

* Third surviving son. Geoffry, who was third by birth, was accidentally drowned in a well at the Youghall College when about nine months old. The well is still open and used.

“Here lyeth the bodies of Richard Bennet and Alice Barry, his wife, the first founders of this chapel, which being demolished in time of rebellion, and their tomb defaced, was re-edified by Richard, Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, who, for reviving the memory of them repaired this tomb, and had their effigies, cut in stones, placed thereon, anno domini 1619.”

Adjoining this, is a similar tomb, bearing the figures of a knight and lady, of a style which must be referred to the middle of the fifteenth century at the latest. A Norman-French inscription runs round the couches in which the figures recline; but it is too far defaced to afford any information as to the personages intended, and there are no escutcheons to lend their aid. If conjecture be admissible, we should say that the knight was some member of the Fitz-Gerald family; for Youghal was, for several centuries (and at the time these effigies were done), a town belonging to the Geraldines, who founded here two abbeys, and the collegiate church to which this chapel was attached.

We conclude with two inscriptions, which illustrate the cognate noble houses of JERSEY and STUART DE DECIES. The first has been always admired for its terseness and point; and is as much an epigram, as an epitaph. It was raised to the memory of Sir Edward Villiers, Knight, Lord President of Munster, who died 7th Sept. 1626.

“Munster may curse the time that Villers came
To make us worse, by leaving such a name
Of noble parts, as none can imitate
But those whose hearts are married to the state.
But, if they press to imitate his fame,
Munster may bless the time that Villers came.”

Adjoining the chapel, but outside, in the nave of the church, is a flat tomb-stone thus inscribed:

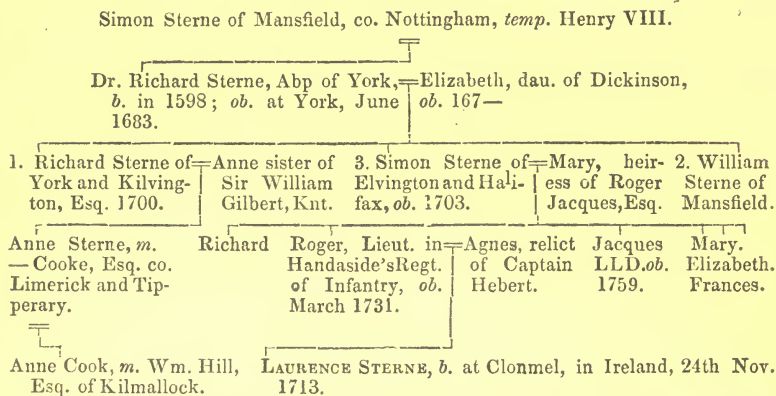
“Here lyeth the body of John Fitz-Gerald of the Decies, who departed this life the first of March, anno domini 1664. Also, here lyeth the body of Katherine, his wife, daughter of the Lord John Power, Baron of Curraghmore, who departed this life, the 22nd of August, anno domini 1660, who were removed by the Earl of Grandison, their grandson, to his vault in the chancel, anno 1736. And here also are interred, his two daughters, the ladies Anne and Katharine Villiers. Also his son, the Right Honourable William, Lord Villers, who died the 16th of December, 1739.

FAMILY OF LAURENCE STERNE.

THE immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was descended from a good Nottinghamshire family, who were seated at Mansfield, in that county, so far back as the reign of Henry VIII. He has left us, in a brief autobiography, some genealogical notices which it is interesting to collect; and we shall further illustrate them with additional information from our own peculiar sources. SIMON STERNE of Mansfield, living *temp.* Henry VIII. was father of DOCTOR RICHARD STERNE, Lord Archbishop of York, 1664—1683. Archbishop STERNE was *b.* in 1598, and was educated at Christ's College, Oxford, where on taking holy orders, he was appointed chaplain to the unhappy LAUD. On his patron's disgrace

he was committed to the Tower along with him, and there remained for some time in durance. He was appointed Bishop of Carlisle at the Restoration, and was thence in 1664 translated to the arch-diocese of York, which see he obtained till his death in June 1683. He was buried in York Minster.

Our notices of the succeeding generations will be rendered clearer by throwing them into a Table of Descent.



The armorial bearings of the STERNES of Nottingham are *or, a chevr. betw. three crosses sa. floy.* Crest, *On a wreath of his colours, a starling ppr.* To this crest may perhaps be ascribed that pathetic episode in the "Sentimental Journey," where Sterne so feelingly reprobates slavery, in his meditations on the poor, caged starling.

SIR ROBERT TYNTE, KNT.

THE TYNTE family, like so many others in our Western districts, established an offshoot branch in Ireland in the person of the gallant soldier, named above. Sir Robert Tynte did good service during the fearful Irish revolt of 1641; and was rewarded with considerable grants of land in the county of Cork, about midway between the towns of Youghal and Castlemartyr. His district lay on the sea-coast, and his castle was called Ballycrenane, situated near the bay of Ballycotton. His heroism is often alluded to in the *Pacata Hibernia*; and we find among other records that he erected, at his own charge, a castle or fort at the north-east angle of the walls of Youghal, which yet remains in excellent preservation and bears its founder's name. Smith, in his *History of Cork*, tells us that, in 1642, the Lord President of Munster, being reduced to great straits by the Irish rebels, was constrained to seize at Youghal £4,000 which Sir Robert Tynte was about to send away to England. Otherwise, the army would have been disbanded, through want of pay. Sir Robert Tynte lies buried in the church of Kilcredan, about three miles east of Castlemartyr, which had been founded by himself. His tomb is now much decayed through time; and its restoration might happily engage his kindred in England. He is represented lying on his

back, clad in a surcoat of mail, with two kneeling female figures, the one at his head and the other at his feet, representing (we suppose) his two wives. The inscription is,

“Hic jacet corpus Roberti Tynte militis aurati, hujus provinciæ regis conciliis, filii quinti Edmudi Tynte de Wrexhall comitatu Somersetenti in Angliâ armigeri, qui honorem suum gladio acquisivit. Hanc ecclesiam atq. ; monumentum fieri fecit, Dei omni potentis providentiâ. Ann. Dom. 1663.”

FOREIGN TITLE.

SIR Thomas Arundel of Wardour, covetous of military renown, joined the Imperial Army in Hungary, and served with great gallantry against the Turks. On one occasion, he took with his own hand the standard of the enemy, and thereby gained so much favour with Rodolph II. of Germany, that his Imperial Majesty created him Count of the Sacred Roman Empire by patent, dated at Prague, 14th Dec. 1595. The next year, on Sir Thomas's return to England, a dispute arose among the Peers, as to whether a dignity, so conferred by a foreign potentate, should be allowed here, place, precedence, or privilege. Camden records that the controversy became very animated, and that the Queen being asked her opinion, answered that there was a close tie of affection between the Prince and the Subject, and that as chaste wives should have no glances but for their own spouses, so should faithful subjects keep their eyes at home, and not gaze upon foreign crowns: that she, for her part, did not care her sheep should wear a stranger's mark; nor dance after the whistle of every foreigner; whereby it passed in the negative, and the Queen wrote the same year to the Emperor, acquainting him that she forbid her subjects, according Arundel place and precedence in England. The gallant soldier, who gave rise to this discussion, was elevated to the peerage of his native country by King James I. as Baron Arundel of Wardour, in 1605, and lived to enjoy the title thirty-four years. His death occurred at Wardour Castle, 7th November 1639: and his interment was performed with great pomp, at Tisbury, Wilts, where a handsome marble monument to his memory may be still seen in the chancel of the church.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

SIR Anthony Ashley, of Wimbourne St. Giles, Dorsetshire, first planted cabbages in England, and on his monument a cabbage appears at his feet. To Sir Walter Raleigh we owe the most useful of all vegetables—the potato, and to Sir Richard Weston, the introduction of clover grass from Flanders, in 1645. Cardinal Pole planted figs at Lambeth, in the time of Henry VIII., which are said to be still remaining there. The learned Linacre first brought over, on his return from the sunny regions of Italy, the queen of flowers, the damask rose. The cherry orchards of Kent owe their existence to a gardener of the bluff monarch, and in the same reign the currant bushes were transplanted from Zante. In the early part of the 17th century the elder Tradescant ventured on board a privateer, armed against Morocco, for the sole purpose of stealing apricots into this country; and pretty much at the same period the mulberry tree appears to have been introduced. The

first ever planted in England, those at Sion House, Middlesex, are still flourishing in the grounds of that venerable seat of the Percies. One of the Carews of Beddington, near Croydon, first brought over oranges, and for a century after they grew luxuriantly there.

TRAVELLING A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

IN the time of Charles, surnamed the Proud, Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state, that in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, persons were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the Duke had a house at Guildford which was generally occupied as a resting-place for the night by any part of his family travelling to London. A MS. letter from a servant of the Duke's, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his Grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that "the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs, must come to meet his Grace with lanthorns and long poles to help him on his way."

LADIES OF FASHION FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

KNYGHTON, describing the dress of the women of fashion at public diversions in his time, A.D. 1341, says, "These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and the greatest beauty. They are dressed in party coloured tunics, half of one colour and half of another; their tippets are very short, their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches ornamented with gold and silver, and they wear short swords called *daggers* before, a little below their waists. They are mounted on the finest horses with the richest furniture, and in this attire they ride about from place to place in quest of tournaments."

THE PULTENEY GUINEA.

PULTENEY, the great leader of the opposition, afterwards Earl of Bath, having, in one of his speeches, made a Latin quotation, was corrected by Sir Robert Walpole, who offered to wager a guinea on the inaccuracy of the lines. The bet was accepted, the classic referred to, and, Pulteney being found to be right, the Minister threw the guinea across the table, which Pulteney, as he took it up, called the House to witness was the first guinea of the public money he had ever put into his pocket. The very coin, thus lost and won, is still preserved, as "the Pulteney guinea," in the British Museum.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE NEW OPERA OF THE BONDMAN.

MR. BALFE has in this highly creditable musical effort achieved a triumph which is likely to surpass all his previous fame. The already renowned composer of *The Siege of Rochelle*, the *Bohemian Girl*, and the *Enchantress*, fixes in his present work, his reputation on a still firmer basis. The opera of *The Bondman* is as faultless a production as perhaps any English lyrical drama ever produced. With regard to the composer himself, the most striking improvement here visible is the total absence of those loud orchestral effects which were so frequent in his earlier works. When discarding such means of attraction, Mr. Balfe has had to seek other materials to fill up the vacuum. To do so, he has laboured wisely, and the result bespeaks his success. Instead of mere volume of sound coming every now and then suddenly and startlingly over the progress of the songs, we have in "*The Bondman*" each important effect intricately, and beautifully wrought up in a chain of rich and varied harmony, developing resources that apparently belonged to the German school alone. Indeed this opera throughout is more German than any other of Mr. Balfe's. Like the lyrical masterpieces of Germany, it exhibits an intent to form the various parts into one rich whole: the accompaniments are throughout very elaborate, and changeful; the concerted pieces display great power, and the choruses are invariably fresh and vigorous. Of the different airs it may be remarked, that the world already knows and appreciates Mr. Balfe's ability in writing graceful melody, and that he here fully sustains, if not surpasses himself. We need scarcely say that the opera has been prosperous. Such an event was the natural, and certain consequence of such a work well performed. Its success was instantaneous, and brilliant, and it bids fair not only to enjoy present popularity, but for the future to obtain even more frequently than the *Bohemian Girl* manifold repetition, its éclat enhanced, its fascination unabated. We now proceed to details.

The libretto of the *Bondman* is by Mr. Bunn, and it is founded upon a novel by M. Charles de Bernard, entitled, *Le Chevalier de St. Georges*, which as a French drama, with Lafont for its hero, had continual popularity at the St. James's Theatre. The *dramatis personæ* of "*The Bondman*" at Drury Lane are as follow :

The Marquis de Vernon	Weiss.
Count Floreville (his son)	Rafter.
Ardenford (the Bondman)	Harrison.
The Viscount Morlière { Ardenford's }	Horncastle.
The Baron de Laville { friends .. }	Galli.
Mal-à-pro-pos (Ardenford's valet)	Harley.
Ialoux (an Innkeeper)	Jones.

Michel (servant to the Marquis)	Connell.
Attrappe (a police officer)	Howell.
First Huntsman	Hodges.
Keeper	Birt.
Notary	Sanger.
Madame Julie Corinne	Miss Romer.
Frivole (her maid)	Mrs. Hughes.
Grisette (Jaloux's wife)	Miss Isaacs.

The plot, a stirring one, and well suited for an opera, is this. A Creole slave in St. Domingo, the son of a negress and a bondsman by purchase, is brought up as the companion and playfellow of his master's youthful daughter. This slave excels in all manly exercises; and at a masked horse race which takes place, he has the presumption to join the competitors. He surpasses the rest, but on being offered the prize, he refuses, and removing his mask declares that he seeks but one reward, and kisses the shoulder of his juvenile mistress, who is present. Her mother enraged at his audacity, lashes him across the face with her riding whip, and orders him to be seized. He instantly leaps the barrier, and is lost sight of. Some years after, the young lady, then a wealthy widow, and heiress, bearing the name of Madame Julie Corinne, comes to France, where she is courted by Count Floreville, or rather for him, by his father the Marquis de Vernon, formerly a neighbour of hers in St. Domingo. Count Floreville, a dissipated young nobleman, is continually crossed in his love adventures, by the more attractive pretensions of a rich Creole gentleman, M. Ardenford, who is ranger to the Duke of Orleans, and has created quite a sensation in Paris by his manners and accomplishments. This is of course no other than the Creole slave; he again meets Corinne; a recognition, and the most violent love ensue. Their happiness is however embarrassed, and deferred by the intrigues of the marquis and his son, which form the varied incidents of the drama. At one time the marquis contrives the arrest of Ardenford, who is to be sent to the Bastille, but the Creole cleverly manages to have the young count sent thither in his place. Finally, Ardenford being openly insulted with the stigma of his birth, and slavery by Floreville, challenges him, and the duel is about to take place, despite of the terror and distraction of Corinne, when the marquis discovers that he is Ardenford's father, and that the count is his brother. This leads to a satisfactory termination of the drama, in the promised union of Ardenford and Corinne.

And now to speak of the music. The overture is a brilliant piece of instrumentation. The introductory chorus of huntsmen, "The chase, the chase" is fresh and vigorous. The ballad, "Child of the Sun" is a thrilling plaintive melody, full of soul; Miss Romer sang it well, the melody of this air is skilfully made to run through the opera. The air and duet "On Zephyr's wings" is cleverly written and flows easily; this is followed by a light little chorus simple in structure but decidedly elegant. The scene beginning "Ha! what is that I see?" contains a lively chorus, and is throughout good, from the animation and variety that are kept up in the music, which let not the action stand still, but keep every thing astir and bustling. Then comes a fragment of the opening chorus, well marked with light and shade, but simple in structure. None of the chorusses have grappled with any great difficulties in the

way of elaborate construction. When Beethoven and some of the other great Germans wrote chorusses, they made fugue, imitation and all the powers of counterpoint combine for the production of their effects, and thus raised a massive structure, sublime from its solid grandeur. Balfe's chorusses are of a simpler mould, yet not without a degree of grandeur, since he throws together fine and well contrasted harmonies, and always contrives to have a graceful ground work in his subject. The duet, "There is an instinct," is pretty, quite in Balfe's usual style, and it was well sung. The concluding chorus of the first act has newness and brilliancy. In the second act, the air "There is nothing so perplexing;" excellently sung, is one of the gems of the opera. There runs through it a vein of real comedy. It is original, though one of a large class of airs to be found chiefly in the German operas. It is followed by an exceedingly graceful melody also original in character, and written with a very well wrought accompaniment. The long and interesting scene subsequent to it has the merit of always keeping attention fixed on the music. The air, "When fond remembrance," and the part beginning "I do confess" deserve particular notice—the former from its tender sweetness, the latter from its rich horn accompaniment. The chorus "When pleasure has unfurled," is well worked up and pleasing. In the romance, "Love, in language," the way in which the air is harmonized with the male voices is striking. The concluding chorus of the second act is spirited, and, though sufficiently stirring, it is not too loud; the effect being produced by higher means than mere noise. In the third act are particularly to be noted the energy thrown into the passage, beginning "Camille you hear me," and the goodness of the chorus "Thro' Wood and thro' Forest." The quartette of male voices "There is a destiny," is fine; it is one of those unaccompanied morceaux in which Rossini, when sometimes leaving his usual more flowery track, delights to revel. It is grave, severe, simple, and yet full of meaning: it leaves nothing to be desired.

The whole opera indeed adds a new and very verdant laurel to the wreath of fame already acquired by Mr. Balfe; and it must be said that the performers engaged showed without a single exception, by the ability of their singing, that they were determined as far as lay in their power the honours of the composer should not fade. To the voices of the vocalists, and to the pleasant acting also of Mr. Harley in a trifling part, may be ascribed, in a great measure, the immediate positive success of this really great lyrical production.

SADLERS WELLS THEATRE.

Miss Laura Addison continues to display, at this theatre, dramatic powers as varied, as they are striking. What a difference is there between the character of Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage" and that of Helen in Bulwer's play of "Money;" yet in the impersonation of both, Miss Addison conspicuously excels. Whether the part be gentle or energetic, this excellent actress is alike eminent in her capability of portraying the exquisite pathos and intense feeling, that characterize a woman's nature. In the range of heroines she so ably personifies, there is one somewhat distinct from the others, to which we would here particularly refer. The character we mean is that of Isabella in Shakespeare's superb, but singular drama "Measure for Measure." Although

Shakespeare often made choice of classical subjects, there is no personage throughout all his works who bears so strong a resemblance to those grand creations—statue like in their marble purity and polish—the productions of Euripides and Sophocles, as this same Isabella, so virtuous, and so stern in virtue. The unbending heroine of *Measure for Measure* loves her brother exceedingly; his life and her own peace of mind are at stake; yet to preserve them, she will not move one step beyond the right: nay, so vile does any thing wrong appear to her, that even when a suppliant at the feet of the tyrant who holds the chord of her brother's existence, she is aroused in an instant by his merely hinting evil, and denounces his allusion to baseness with imperial indignation. And yet there is so much of softness, amiability, and tenderness in the mind and manner of the wise and admirable novice, that one cannot but feel at the conclusion of the play, when the Duke takes her to wife, that he is attaching to his diadem a gem beyond all price. Such indeed must be the prevailing sentiment in the representation of Isabella, as played by Miss Addison. She hits exactly the notion of the poet, and pours the very Isabella that he would draw, encircled as that heroine is with a mingled halo of classic and christian purity. Miss Addison's delivery of the following celebrated lines makes an impression not easily to be forgotten:

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again: Well, believe this,
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace,
 As merey does. If he had been as you,
 And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
 But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
 And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
 No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
 And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
 And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
 Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
 And He that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
 Like man new made.

[*Aside.*]

Throughout the whole of the play Miss Addison is equally great in thought and in expression, and this performance is another proof to us that the very first rank among our tragic actresses is now her indisputable right. We cannot conclude without remarking how ably Mr. Phelps enacts the Duke, and how truly Shakespearian in his comic vein is Mr. Scharf as the clown, Pompey, in this praiseworthy revival of "*Measure for Measure.*"

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

A pleasant variety of performance maintains the popularity, and reputation of this elegant place of entertainment. Within little more than a month, it has produced, in addition to its other attractions, two good and successful operas. One of them, "The Night Dancers," is now so well, and generally known, that, with merely expressing our accord in the opinion of its excellence, we pass to the later production, "The Seven Maids of Munich," a musical romance, written and composed by an old and worthy favourite of the public, George Herbert Rodwell.

The character of this operatic drama is of that light airy style, meant to amuse the ear by agreeable melodies and lively chorusses, without plunging the mind into the more profound depths of harmony, or calling upon the attention to follow through the intricate mazes of intense musical feeling. In a word, it is a pretty buoyant trifle, and one that gives much pleasure in the hearing; while it leaves well defined recollections of its graces behind.

The materials out of which the plot is woven are slight in themselves, and only just sufficient to bind together the different musical portions of the play, yet they are skilfully put together and produce a very interesting and amusing effect. Among the musical pieces may be remarked the sweet unaccompanied *morçeau*, "Oh I could weep from night till morn," admirably given by Allen; and a gypsy chorus very light and elegant, though simple and unpretending in its structure, the solo parts of which lose nothing from the rich deep voice of Miss Sarah Flower. Also the Round and Chorus in the third scene, is a soft serenade like melody and has a pretty effect, from the air, as sung by the seven maids in front of the stage, being echoed by the male voices in the distance. Finally, in the last scene, to which Mr. Compton's acting gives great effect, keeping the audience in thorough good humour, the little music that occurs is light and pretty, one duett in particular being in the first movement very graceful and in character, and concluding with a movement distinguished by considerable elegance. The singing throughout of Allen, Leffler, and Miss Flower, and the sprightly acting of Compton, and Miss Marshall, render this very creditable specimen of Mr. Rodwell's literary and musical ability, really a charming little production.

EXHIBITIONS.

BRUNETTI'S MODEL OF ANCIENT JERUSALEM. 213, Piccadilly.

THERE IS NO OTHER spot in the world of such sacred attraction to so many people of the earth as Jerusalem. The Mahometan views it as a place mighty in the recollections of his creed, and as the future scene of the last judgment. With the Jew, the very thought of Jerusalem sets his soul on fire. The memory of his bygone glory, the consolation of his present sorrow, the hope of his future joy,—all are centered there. The very Atheist and Deist, bold as their miserable vanity may be, cannot contemplate Jerusalem without awe, and admiration. But to the Christian! The hallowed locality of the old, and new law—the city of David, the arena of man's redemption—to the Christian, Jerusalem is the holiest of the holies, living for ever in his warmest thought and prayer. The millions of armed warriors who, in ruder times, traversed Europe to rescue the land of their love from the infidel, the myriads of pilgrims who have since walked thither, the now absorbing interest of every Christian potentate and people on the spot, mark, at different periods, in different ways, the same immoveable, intense affection and reverence for Jerusalem.

Mr. Brunetti therefore deserves approbation unbounded, and patronage the most extensive for having, in this magnificent model, placed the ancient Jerusalem of the days of Herod thus visibly before us. His work is unquestionably one of the most beautiful, and the most interesting sights that have ever graced the metropolis. The following description of the model we borrow from the programme to the exhibition.

“This elaborate work is the production of a private gentleman of biblical and literary reputation, who, to indulge his own ardent aspirations for a just notion of the great scene of the Mystery of Man's Redemption, undertook and executed it as a labour of love. The model occupies a space of nearly 200 superficial square feet, and has been prepared from exact measurements taken on the spot, after a diligent study for many years of all the historical passages in the sacred scriptures and Josephus, as well as of all the learned authorities upon the subject, from the writers of the Middle Ages, down to Villepandus and Calmet, and thence to the writings of Dr. Wilde, Robinson, Bartlett, Williams, &c., giving a faithful and correct delineation of Ancient Jerusalem, as it stood, in the time of the Redeemer, with the various hills and valleys surrounding it, and every place mentioned or alluded to in the scriptures and the works of Josephus, presenting an exact representation of the magnificent buildings of the gorgeous temple, with all its courts, porches, cloisters, chambers, gates, &c., the Tyropœan valley, (called in the Bible, “Millo,”) as before its being filled up by rubbish, on the destruction of the temple and city. The three walls of Josephus, (the position of which has occasioned so much controversy among the learned,) with their various towers, gates, &c., &c. Mount Zion, the ancient stronghold of the Jebusites, with the fortress of the Strong Corner—the palace of the kings

of Judah ; the sepulchre of David ; the Cœnaculum, or house where the Redeemer held his last supper ; the Xystus, with the palaces of Annas, Caiphas, Monabazus, &c. The Great Bridge or way leading up to the House of the Lord, The towers of David, Antonia, Hippicus, Phasœlus, Mariamne, and Psepinus—the great amphitheatre, theatre, and hippodrome ; the pool of Bethesda, and the fountain and pool of Siloam : the Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane. The Valley of Jehosaphat, with the tombs of Absalom, Zachary, and St. James ; and the cemetery, or burial place of the Jews. Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, shewing the dolorous way, or line of streets, through which the Saviour carried his cross from Pilate's house to Calvary ; the king's gardens, and the Stairs leading down from the city of David ; Haceldama, with the hill of Evil Counsel and valley of Hinnom ; the Mountain of Offence, and Rock of Siloam, and its Sepulchral Cavern, with every other pool, fountain, tomb, tower, gate, palace, or building, of which an account has been transmitted to us."

We counsel all to go and see this semblance of the Sacred City—aye all who feel the words of the Psalmist, "According to thy good will, O Lord, deal favourably with Zion, that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up."

THE WALHALLA, MISS LINWOOD'S GALLERY, LEICESTER SQUARE.

WHAT can we say of these curious and novel displays called "Tableaux Vivans," which are so popular on the Continent, and which are now making such way here? If we urge their beauty, and elegance, we shall be replied to by their impropriety. Yet to this, we answer, "honi soit qui mal y pense." For surely those who applaud the ballet, should not cry out at an exhibition far more classical, and far less indelicate. Moreover, in the recommendation of any of these "Tableaux Vivans," those of Madame Warton, in Leicester Square, ought to be chosen. They present taste without vulgarity, and grace without grossness. The "Venus rising from the sun," and the "Grecian harvest home," with their scenic show and musical accompaniment, are truly classic and picturesque. Madame Warton has certainly done much to refine this species of exhibition.

LITERATURE.

THE MANSIONS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, illustrated in a Series of Views of the principal Seats, from original Drawings by C. J. GREENWOOD and others. With historical and topographical Descriptions by EDWARD TWYGCROSS, Esq. M. A. THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER. Vol. II. Northern Division. Part II. THE HUNDREDS OF LONSDALE AND AMOUNDERNESS. R. A. Sprigg, 106, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square. 1846.

WHAT can be further said of this second volume of a splendid undertaking, than that it equals in every respect the preceding tome which we have already noticed? It has the same beauty of pictorial illustration—the same power and elegance of literary style. The Hundreds of Lonsdale and Amounderness—in landscape charming, in history famous—form the subject of the present volume. We give the author's own general description of these hundreds in his introduction:—

“The division of the County Palatine of Lancaster, now before us, possesses features of peculiar interest. The seats comprised in this Volume are scattered over a tract of country, abounding in beauties of scenery of the most diversified character. This district is rendered doubly attractive from the remnants of antiquity which it contains, and the remains of ancient baronial castles which here still exist, retaining even to the present time some memorials of that splendour they presented, when their possessors held little less than sovereign sway.

“The Lakes, with which the Hundred of Lonsdale is enriched, exhibit a combination of natural beauties, and produce a picturesque effect, that are not elsewhere to be found assembled in so small a compass. Mountain scenery in its magnificence and rural landscape in its simplicity, are here by turns presented to us with all the charms of contrast.

“Of the Lancashire lakes, Windermere (or more correctly Winandermere) is the principal.

“It is nearly eleven miles in length, and has a slight curve near the centre, the middle and lower parts being bounded by lofty hills. Those on the east rise with a rugged surface into crags and heath-covered heights; and the western side, clothed in woods of larch and fir, extend to Furness Fells. The Lake, which is a mile in width in the upper part, presents a noble expanse of water, and around the head stand lofty mountains, combining boldness of outline with gracefulness of form.

“Both the shores are cultivated in the intervals of the plantations, and adorned with handsome mansions, which heighten the natural elegance of the scenery, and contribute to give to the queen of English lakes a character of unequalled richness and beauty.

“Coniston Lake, for picturesque effect, deserves to rank with the finest. Its broad margin, with sloping fields interspersed with villas and cottages, and the noble group of mountains which rise in all their stern grandeur behind them, give to the scene a relief peculiarly bold and striking.

“Though Esthwaite Water has not much of romantic beauty, when compared with the other lakes, it possesses many points of attraction.

“It is two miles in length, and is intersected by a peninsula considerably elevated, and crowned with cultivation. Villas scattered on the banks are delightfully situated, and the beauty of the scene is heightened by the deep shade of the woods, and the strong back ground of rocky mountains.”

From the account of the different seats, we extract the following description of the stately residence of the late high sheriff of the County Palatine, Pudsey Dawson, Esq.

“Hornby Castle is the beautifully situated seat of Pudsey Dawson, Esq. It stands in the township of Hornby, in the parish of Melling, about nine miles to the north-east of Lancaster.

“Hornby Castle, which, for beauty of situation, is not equalled by any other baronial edifice in the country, was held in the year 1139 by Roger de Montbegon, placed here by Roger de Poitou, who stationed his barons in the most vulnerable positions, for the preservation of his Earldom.

“The castle passed through various families to Sir Edward Stanley, third son of the first Earl of Derby, who for his good service at Flodden Field was created Lord Monteaule; and by him the Keep, the only ancient part remaining, was built.

“This romantic looking building occupies the site of a Roman Villa, on the summit of a cone-shaped hill, placed within the fork of the rivers Lune and Wenning, washed at its base by the waters of the latter, and having its abruptly rising sides richly wooded.

“The foundation of the Castle is ascribed by Camden to Roger de Montbegon, and the structure consists of two parts.

“Not many years since, the remains of two round towers, probably erected by the Nevilles in the time of Edward I. were removed, and the only part of the ancient edifice now standing is the large Tower or Keep, which was partially restored and raised upon, by Edward the first Lord Monteaule.

“The walls are of immense thickness, and on the north side of the Tower or Keep under a label moulding, over an old door-way appear the words,

Gl'ab; et Cant.

E. Stanley.

“The Castle originally contained within its precincts twenty-one acres, and it is to be regretted that no ground plan or distinct survey has been preserved. The outer walls and gates have been long destroyed.

“King James visited Hornby Castle on the 11th of August, 1617, on his progress from Edinburgh to London; and in the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. it was, by an Ordinance dated the 6th and 8th of July, 1643, directed to be defaced and rendered defenceless.

“Mr. Pudsey Dawson, who inherits this property through the bequest of his relative, the late Rear-Admiral Sandford Tatham, is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

“The Castle is now on the point of being rebuilt, and rendered more worthy of the magnificent and commanding situation which it occupies.”

May the success and honour which justly attend his efforts, urge Mr. Twycross to the goal of this great intellectual journey through handsome, happy England, which he has so spiritedly undertaken, and begun.

LUCRETIA; OR, THE CHILDREN OF NIGHT. By the Author of “RIENZI, &c. &c. In three volumes. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street, 1846.

AFTER too long an absence from the world of fiction, where his sway was so pleasing and so puissant, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton reappears, and is himself again in intensity of thought, brilliancy of imagination,

and vigour of intellect. His preface commences with an apology for his return, though really the apology was more needed for his staying away. Sir Walter Scott wrote on, even to the verge of an existence worn out by sickness, and by years of toil; surely this is not the time for the author of Pelham and Rienzi, of Richelieu, and the Lady of Lyons, now in the fulness of his mental faculties, and at the zenith of his fame, to desert the arena of romance and the drama. Sir Edward's own words give us hope that he will not again so soon retire. "It is," says he, in his present preface,

"somewhere about four years since I appeared before the public as the writer of a fiction, which I then intimated would probably be my last; but bad habits are stronger than good intentions. When Fabricio, in his hospital, resolved upon abjuring the vocation of the Poet, he was in truth re-commencing his desperate career by a Farewell to the Muses:—I need not apply the allusion."

"*Lucretia, or the Children of Night*," is a tale of strange and wild conception. Under what class of fiction to place it we know not. In its story of murder, misery, and horror—a romance, in its intrigue, and delineation of domestic character—a novel, in its manifold and able digressions—frequently a philosophical essay, or discourse, the book actually startles and attracts the reader by its curiously uncommon tone and bearing. The plot is similar, and, but for an assertion in the preface, we should say borrowed from that dark legend of iniquity, which some historians, and many romancists, attach to the memory of the Borgias. The *Lucretia* of Sir Edward bears strong resemblance to the Italian *Lucretia*, as she appears in the atmosphere of calumny with which the malice and misrepresentation of a bye-gone age have surrounded her, and her family. Yet, if possible, the *Lucretia* of the book before us, seems the more terrible being of the two. This probably arises from her carrying on her misdeeds, and accumulating sin upon sin, and murder upon murder in the present century, one which is certainly not devoid of shocking crime, but where these wholesale poisonings come more awfully to view. Yet, what says the author in his preface?

"Incredible as it may seem, the crimes herein related took place within the last seventeen years. There has been no exaggeration as to their extent, no great departure from their details—the means employed, even that which seems most far-fetched (the instrument of the poisoned ring), have their foundation in literal facts. Nor have I much altered the social position of the criminals, nor in the least overrated their attainments and intelligence. In those more salient essentials, which will most, perhaps provoke the reader's incredulous wonder, I narrate a history, not invent a fiction.* All that romance which our own time affords is not more the romance than the philosophy of the time. Tragedy never quits the world—it surrounds us everywhere. We have but to look, wakeful and vigilant, abroad,—and from the age of Pelops to that of Borgia, the same crimes, though under different garbs, will stalk on our paths. Each age comprehends in itself specimens of every virtue and every vice which has ever inspired our love or moved our horror."

Apart from the terror of the tale and its fearful heroine, there are some other characters admirably drawn. The proud old cavalier gentleman, Sir Miles St. John, is a picture from the hand of a master. Sir Miles is thus introduced:

* These criminals were not, however, in actual life, as in the novel, intimates and accomplices. Their crimes were of similar character, effected by similar agencies, and committed at dates which embrace their several careers of guilt within the same period; but I have no authority to suppose that the one was known to the other.

“ Upon the terrace, and under cover of a temporary awning, sate the owner, Sir Miles St. John, of Laughton, a comely old man, dressed with faithful precision to the costume which he had been taught to consider appropriate to his rank of gentleman, and which was not yet wholly obsolete and eccentric. His hair, still thick and luxuriant, was carefully powdered, and collected into a club behind. His nether man attired in grey breeches and pearl-coloured silk stockings; his vest of silk, opening wide at the breast, and showing a profusion of frill, slightly sprinkled with the pulvilio of his favourite martinique; his three-cornered hat, placed on a stool at his side, with a gold headed crutch-cane,—hat made rather to be carried in the hand than worn on the head, the diamond in his shirt-breast, the diamond on his finger, the ruffles at his wrist,—all bespoke the gallant, who had chatted with Lord Chesterfield, and supped with Mrs. Clive. On a table before him, were placed two or three decanters of wine, the fruits of the season, an enamelled snuff-box, in which was set the portrait of a female—perhaps the Chloe or Phyllis of his early love ditties; a lighted taper, a small china jar containing tobacco, and three or four pipes of homely clay, for cherry-sticks and meerschaums were not then in fashion; and Sir Miles St. John, once a gay and sparkling beau, now a popular country gentleman, great at county meetings and sheep-shearing festivals, had taken to smoking, as in harmony with his bucolic transformation; an old setter lay dozing at his feet; a small spaniel—old, too—was sauntering lazily in the immediate neighbourhood, looking gravely out for such stray bits of biscuit as had been thrown forth to provoke him to exercise, which hitherto had escaped his attention.”

One haughty, but natural peculiarity of Sir Miles is most cleverly hit off: it is thus first alluded to:

“ ‘What sport, Ardworth?’

“ ‘A few large roach with the fly, and one pike with a gudgeon—a noble fellow!—look at him! He was lying under the reeds yonder; I saw his green back, and teased him into biting. A heavenly evening! I wonder you did not follow my example, and escape from a set, where neither you nor I can feel very much at home, to this green banquet of Nature, in which at least no man sits below the salt-cellar. The birds are an older family than the St. Johns; but they don’t throw their pedigree in our teeth, Mainwaring.’

“ ‘Nay, nay, my good friend, you wrong old Sir Miles; proud he is, no doubt, but neither you nor I have had to complain of his insolence.’

“ ‘Of his insolence! certainly not—of his condescension, yes! Hang it, William, it is his very politeness that galls me. Don’t you observe, that with Vernon, or Lord A——, or Lord B——, or Mr. C——, he is easy and off-hand, calls them by their names, pats them on the shoulder, rates them, and swears at them if they vex him; but with you and me and his French parasite, it is all stately decorum and punctilious courtesy:—‘Mr. Mainwaring, I am delighted to see you;’ ‘Mr. Ardworth, as you are so near, dare I ask you to ring the bell;’ ‘Mons. Dalibard, with the utmost deference, I venture to disagree with you.’”

Sir Miles is afterwards made by a skilful touch, to exhibit this same peculiarity.

“As this seeming intimacy had matured, Vernon and his partner had quitted the dance, and were conversing apart in the recess of one of the windows, which the newspaper readers had deserted, in the part of the room where Sir Miles and Dalibard, still seated, were about to commence their third game at chess. The baronet’s hand ceased from the task of arranging his pawns, his eye was upon the pair, and then, after a long and complacent gaze, it looked round without discovering the object it sought.

“ ‘I am about to task your kindness most improperly, Monsieur Dalibard,’ said the baronet, with that politeness so displeasing to Ardworth, ‘but will you do me the favour to move aside that fold of the screen. I wish for a better view of our young people. Thank you very much.’”

Vernon, Perceval St. John, and the fair and hapless Helen, who indescribably reminds us of our admired and gentle friend, Pauline Deschappelles, are graceful and graphic portraits.

To give an insight into the grand, and gloomy nature of the whole book, we cannot do better than extract a passage of singular thought, and potent description. The extract is a long one, but it would be spoiled by curtailment :

“The company were gone. The lights were out, all save the lights of heaven, and they came bright and still through the casements: Moonbeam and Starbeam, they seemed now to have the old house to themselves. In came the rays, brighter and longer and bolder—like fairies that march, rank upon rank, into their kingdom of solitude. Down the oak stairs, from the casements, blazoned with heraldry, moved the rays, creepingly, fearfully. On the armour in the hall, clustered the rays boldly and brightly, till the steel shone out like a mirror. In the library, long and low, they just entered, stopped short—it was no place for their play. In the drawing-room, now deserted, they were more curious and adventurous. Through the large window, still open, they came in freely and archly, as if to spy what had caused such disorder; the stiff chairs out of place, the smooth floor despoiled of its carpet—that flower dropped on the ground—that scarf forgotten on the table—the rays lingered, upon them all. Up and down, through the house, from the base to the roof, roved the children of the air,—and found but two spirits awake amidst the slumber of the rest.

“In that tower to the east—in the tapestry chamber—with the large gilded bed in the recess, came the rays, tamed and wan, as if scared by the grosser light on the table. By that table sat a girl, her brow leaning on one hand; in the other she held a rose—it is a love-token—exchanged with its sister rose, by stealth—in mute sign of reproach for doubt excited—an assurance and a reconciliation. A love-token!—shrink not, ye rays—there is something akin to ye in love. But, see, the hand closes convulsively on the flower—it hides it not in the breast—it lifts it not to the lip;—it throws it passionately aside. ‘How long,’ muttered the girl, impetuously—‘how long! and to think that *will* here cannot shorten an hour!’ Then she rose, and walked to and fro, and each time she gained a certain niche in the chamber, she paused, and then irresolutely passed on again. What is in that niche? Only books. What can books teach thee, pale girl? The step treads firmer; this time it halts more resolved. The hand that clasped the flower takes down a volume. The girl sits again before the light. See, oh, rays, what is the volume? Moon and Starbeam, ye love what lovers read by the lamp in the loneliness. No love-ditty this; no yet holier lesson to patience and moral to hope. What hast thou, young girl, strong in health and rich in years, with the lore of the leech,—with prognostics, and symptoms, and diseases? She is tracing with hard eyes the signs that precede the grim enemy, in his most sudden approach—the habits that invite him, the warnings that he gives. He whose wealth shall make her free, has twice had the visiting shock—he starves not—he lives free! She closes the volume, and, musing, metes him out the hours and days he has to live. Shrink back, ye rays! The love is disenhalloved: while the hand was on the rose the thought was on the charnel.

“Yonder, in the opposite tower, in the small casement near the roof, came the rays: Childhood is asleep. Moon and Starbeam, ye love the slumbers of the child! The door opens—a dark figure steals noiselessly in. The father comes to look on the sleep of his son. Holy tenderness, if this be all!

“‘Gabriel, wake!’ said a low, stern voice, and a rough hand shook the sleeper.

“The sharpest test of those nerves, upon which depends the mere animal courage, is to be roused suddenly in the depth of night, by a violent hand. The impulse of Gabriel, thus startled, was neither of timidity nor surprise. It was that of some boy Spartan, not new to danger: with a slight cry, and a fierce spring, the son’s hand clutched at the father’s throat. Dalibard shook him off

with an effort, and a smile half in approval, half in irony, played by the moonlight over his lips.

“‘Blood will out, young tiger,’ said he. ‘Hush, and hear me!’

“‘Is it you, father?’ said Gabriel; ‘I thought—I dreamed——’

“‘No matter; think—dream always, that man should be prepared for defence from peril!’

“‘Gabriel, (and the pale scholar seated himself on the bed,) turn your face to mine—nearer; let the moon fall on it; lift your eyes—look at me—so! Are you not playing false to me? Are you not Lucretia’s spy, while you are pretending to be mine? It is so; your eye betrays you. Now, heed me; you have a mind beyond your years. Do you love best the miserable garret in London, the hard fare and squalid dress,—or your lodgment here, the sense of luxury, the sight of splendour, the atmosphere of wealth? You have the choice before you.’

“‘I choose as you would have me, then,’ said the boy—‘the last.’

“‘I believe you. Attend! you do not love me—that is natural—you are the son of Clara Varney! You have supposed that in loving Lucretia Clavering, you might vex or thwart me, you scarce knew how; and Lucretia Clavering has gold and gifts, and soft words, and promises, to bribe withal. I now tell you openly my plan with regard to this girl: it is my aim to marry her—to be master of this house and these lands. If I succeed, you share them with me. By betraying me, word or look to Lucretia, you frustrate this aim; you plot against our rise and to our ruin. Deem not that you could escape my fall; if I am driven hence—as you might drive me—you share my fate; and, mark me, you are delivered up to my revenge! You cease to be my son—you are my foe. Child! you know me.’

“The boy, bold as he was, shuddered; but after a pause, so brief that a breath scarce passed between his silence and his words, he replied, with emphasis:

“‘Father, you have read my heart. I have been persuaded by Lucretia (for she bewitches me), to watch you—at least, when you are with Sir Miles. I knew that this was mixed up with Mr. Mainwaring. Now that you have made me understand your own views, I will be true, to you—true without threats.’

“The father looked hard on him, and seem satisfied with the gaze. ‘Remember, at least, that your future rests upon your truth: *that* is no threat—that is a thought of hope. Now sleep or muse on it.’ He dropped the curtain which his hand had drawn aside, and stole from the room as noiselessly as he had entered. The boy slept no more. Deceit, and cupidity, and corrupt ambition, were at work in his brain. Shrink back, Moon and Starbeam! On that child’s brow play the demons who had followed the father’s step to his bed of sleep.

“Back to his own room, close at hand, crept Oliver Dalibard. The walls were lined with books—many in language and deep in lore. Moon and Starbeam, ye love the midnight solitude of the scholar! The Provençal stole to the casement, and looked forth. All was serene; breathless trees, and gleaming sculpture, and whitened sward, girdled by the mass of shadow. Of what thought the man? not of the present loveliness which the scene gave to his eye, nor of the future mysteries which the stars should whisper to the soul. Gloomily over a stormy and a hideous past, roved the memory, stored with fraud and foul crime; plan upon plan, schemed with ruthless wisdom, followed up by remorseless daring, and yet all now a ruin and a blank!—an intellect at war with good, and the good had conquered! But the conviction neither touched the conscience, nor enlightened the reason; he felt, it is true, a moody sense of impotence, but it brought rage, not despondency: it was not that he submitted to Good, as too powerful to oppose, but that he deemed he had not yet gained all the mastery over the arsenal of Evil. And evil he called it not. Good or evil to him were but subordinate genii, at the command of Mind; they were the slaves of the lamp. But had he got at the true secret of the lamp itself? ‘How is it,’ he thought, as he turned impatiently from the casement, ‘that I am baffled here

where my fortunes seemed most assured? Here the mind has been of my own training, and prepared by nature to my hand;—here all opportunity has smiled. And suddenly the merest commonplace, in the vulgar lives of mortals—an unlooked for rival—rival, too, of the mould I had taught her to despise—one of the stock gallants of a comedy—no character, but youth and fair looks; yea, the lover of the stage starts up, and the fabric of years is overthrown.’ As he thus mused, he placed his hand upon a small box on one of the tables. ‘Yet, within this, resumed his soliloquy, and he struck the lid, that gave back a dull sound,—‘within this I hold the keys of life and death! Fool, the power does not reach to the heart, except to still it. Verily and indeed were the old heathens mistaken? Are there no philtres to change the current of desire?—but touch one chord in a girl’s affection, and all the rest is mine—all—all, lands, station, power—all the rest are in the opening of this lid!’

“Hide in the cloud, O Moon!—shrink back, ye Stars! send not your holy, pure, and trouble-lulling light to the countenance blanched and livid with the thoughts of murder.”

We regret that want of space precludes us from presenting much of the more philosophical portions of the work, which form one of its peculiar features. We cannot, however forbear from giving the following truthful aphorisms and remarks.

“A needy man can never be generous without being unjust. How give, if you are in debt.”

“Dalibard remained motionless for some minutes—at length, he muttered, ‘Ay, let him go, he is dangerous!—What son even revolted from the worst father, and throve in life?—Food for the gibbet!’”

“Men who over-cultivate the art that connects itself with the senses, with little counterpoise from the reason and pure intellect, are apt to be dissipated and irregular in their lives. This is frequently noticeable in the biographies of musicians, singers and painters, less so in poets, because he who deals with words, not signs, and tones, must perpetually compare his senses with the pure images of which the senses only see the appearances; in a word, he must employ his intellect, and his self-education must be large and comprehensive. But with most real genius, however fed merely by the senses—most really great painters, singers, and musicians, however easily led astray into temptation, the richness of the soil throws up abundant good qualities to countervail or redeem the evil—they are usually compassionate, generous, sympathizing. That Varney had not such beauties of soul and temperament it is unnecessary to add—principally, it is true, because of his nurture, education, parental example, the utter corruption in which his childhood and youth had passed—partly because he had no *real* genius: it was a false apparition of the divine spirit, reflected from the exquisite perfection of his frame, (which rendered all his senses so vigorous and acute,) and his riotous fancy, and his fitful energy, which was capable at times of great application, but not of definite purpose or earnest study. All about him was flashy and hollow.”

This book must, and will create a sensation. We hope that we may not be deceived when we hail it as the second dawn of that imagination which can re-embellish our fiction, and restore the flickering light of our national drama.

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THIS is a new species of publication to which the genius of Dickens has given rise, and which, like the Annuals, will very soon be overdone and obsolete; nor shall we be sorry when such is the case. These Christmas books are even in the hands of their great originator, mere trifles in literature. A short sentimental tale, a few sentimental characters, some sentimental remarks, and half a dozen sentimental wood cuts, and one has the contents of them all. Even the Annuals, bad as their literary contents were, presented exquisite engravings, and looked gorgeously on the drawing-room table, but these little books seem to serve no purpose at all. Yet we cannot deny that, as far as they go, some of the Christmas volumes are pleasingly written, though those that are so, might, with far more gratification to the reader, have been extended into the good, and sensible old fashioned style and size of novels. Be that as it may, our purpose is here to notice a few of these productions, if it be only to point out, while the rage lasts, which of them it is the wiser to purchase. We begin of course with Dickens.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE, A LOVE STORY; By CHARLES DICKENS. Bradbury and Evans, 1846.

THIS diminutive tome is undeniably beautifully written; the only vexation about it is, that it is too short. The story has the character of *Boz* in its every feature: it is full of his freshness, fancy and feeling. The two heroines, their servants, and the attorneys, are clearly the sketches of a master. The following description bespeaks at once the hand that drew it.

“It was a warm autumn afternoon, and there had been heavy rain. The sun burst suddenly from among the clouds: and the old battle-ground, sparkling brilliantly and cheerfully at sight of it in one green place, flashed a responsive welcome there, which spread along the country side as if a joyful beacon had been lighted up, and answered from a thousand stations.

“How beautiful the landscape kindling in the light, and that luxuriant influence passing on like a celestial presence, brightening everything! The wood, a sombre mass before, revealed its varied tints of yellow, green, brown, red; its different forms of trees, with raindrops glittering on their leaves and twinkling as they fell. The verdant meadow-land, bright and glowing, seemed as if it had been blind a minute since, and now had found a sense of sight wherewith to look up at the shining sky. Corn-fields, hedge-rows, fences, homesteads, the clustered roofs, the steeple of the church, the stream, the watermill, all sprung out of the gloomy darkness, smiling. Birds sang sweetly, flowers raised their drooping heads, fresh scents arose from the invigorated ground; the blue expanse above, extended and diffused itself; already the sun’s slanting rays pierced mortally the sullen bank of cloud that lingered in its flight; and a rainbow, spirit of all the colors that adorned the earth and sky, spanned the whole arch with its triumphant glory.

“At such a time, one little roadside Inn, snugly sheltered behind a great elm-tree with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious bole, addressed a cheerful front towards the traveller, as a house of entertainment ought, and tempted him with many mute but significant assurances of a comfortable welcome. The ruddy sign-board perched up in the tree, with its golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the passer-by from among the green leaves, like a jolly face, and promised good cheer.

The horse-trough, full of clear fresh water, and the ground below it, sprinkled with droppings of fragrant hay, made every horse that passed prick up his ears. The crimson curtains in the lower rooms, and the pure white hangings in the little bed-chambers above, beckoned, Come in! with every breath of air. Upon the bright green shutters, there were golden legends about beer and ale, and neat wines, and good beds; and an affecting picture of a brown jug frothing over at the top. Upon the window-sills were flowering plants in bright red pots, which made a lively show against the white front of the house; and in the darkness of the doorway there were streaks of light, which glanced off from the surfaces of bottles and tankards.

“On the door-step, appeared a proper figure of a landlord, too; for though he was a short man, he was round and broad; and stood with his hands in his pockets, and his legs just wide enough apart to express a mind at rest upon the subject of the cellar, and an easy confidence—too calm and virtuous to become a swagger—in the general resources of the Inn. The superabundant moisture, trickling from everything after the late rain, set him off well. Nothing near him was thirsty. Certain top-heavy dabbias, looking over the palings of his neat well-ordered garden, had swilled as much as they could carry—perhaps a trifle more—and may have been the worse for liquor; but the sweetbriar, roses, wall-flowers, the plants at the windows, and the leaves on the old tree, were in the beaming state of moderate company that had taken no more than was wholesome for them, and had served to develope their best qualities. Sprinkling dewy drops about them on the ground, they seemed profuse of innocent and sparkling mirth, that did good where it lighted, softening neglected corners which the steady rain could seldom reach, and hurting nothing.”

Still we maintain that a tale like this, is mere trifling for the Author of *Oliver Twist*.

JANUARY EVE, A TALE OF THE TIMES; BY GEORGE SOANE, B.A. E. Churton, Holles Street, 1847.

AN interesting, and pleasant narrative, by a clever and favourite literary, and dramatic writer. Mr. Soane, in this tale, demonstrates how much of the brawl and discontent of radicalism, with its assumed notions of general levelling, and universal benevolence, is owing to the mere position of the man. Give him wealth and power, and what a fearful change comes over him! The philanthropist is turned into a tyrant. The idea and machinery of Mr. Soane's plot are visibly, in part, borrowed from M. De Balzac's celebrated, philosophical romance, called “*La Peau de Chagrin* ;” but the characters and incidents are entirely different; they render the lesson, he would inculcate, a very pleasing one to peruse. The following portrait of the heroine Fanny, is graceful in design and execution.

“Though coarse and violent, and extremely fond of rule in his own person, Tom was not what is usually called an ill-tempered man—that is, not particularly ill-tempered. Let him have his own way in every thing, and his mood was, for the most part, placid enough. He had, besides, an exquisite appreciation of all that was most perfect in the sister arts of eating and drinking, the result possibly of early reminiscences, for his father, the corn-factor, had been a noted admirer of good-living. This angry mood, therefore, at once gave way to a well-pleased surprise when, upon entering the room below, he was greeted with the spectacle of a breakfast, such as had never been seen in the house of Starlight since the paternal decease. For a moment, he was dumb from wonder. Tea, indeed, there ge-

nerally was ; sugar sometimes ; bread and butter always, though in limited quantities, more particularly in regard to the latter ; but now, not only were these usual articles supplied upon a most unusual scale, but the table besides presented some important novelties. Ale in a mighty flagon was a novelty ; hot toast, in a pile equal to one of Grugeon's bread-mountains in the fairy tale, was a novelty ; a splendid ham, the property of some Yorkshire boar deceased, was a novelty ; a huge pie, which, like an Eastern mine, refused to reveal its hidden treasures till dug into, was a novelty ; and these novelties, combined would alone have been enough to persuade the most bilious subject into good-humour. But they were not alone. Presiding over them, like some beneficent fairy, was a bright-eyed, delicate young creature, who, although only Tom's sister, would have been much more in her proper place, had she been sitting at the breakfast-table in the Squire's mansion. How in so ungenial a climate she had ever shot up into the thing she was, can no more be explained than the sudden appearance of certain shrubs in ground where they have never been known for centuries. It belongs, indeed, to that class of wonders which men deny as long as they can, but which, when their existence cannot very well be disputed, are explained as being no wonders at all, but mere common events in the ordinary course of the world's doings. Not that Fanny had any of the acquired elegance of the drawing-room ; so far from it, we must needs own, as faithful historians, that there was a certain degree of rusticity in her manners. In short, she was a beautiful wild-flower, fresh from the wood or meadow, with little cultivation beyond what had been given to her by the hand of nature ; but then, as every one knows, that bountiful lady has some graces peculiar to herself and far beyond the reach of art, though it is seldom, and only to her especial favourites that she chooses to impart them."

The alteration that takes place in the radical, and poacher Tom, when made a Squire, is amusingly detailed.

"Events had been going on at a rail-road pace in the affairs of Thomas Starlight, Esq. of Taunton Hall ; the grub had sprung up into a butterfly, or rather into a flying dragon, if that interesting species of poetical zoology could ever be supposed to emanate from a chrysalis. Mr. Thomas was no more like Tom, the poacher, than Sunday with its fine clothes, and bells clanging from pure idleness is like any one of its rugged, hard-working brethren of the week, who hear no bells but what call them to labour, or perhaps to a hurried meal between while. Not that his nature was changed ; nature does not change so soon or so easily ; it was the same mind, just as much as it was the same face, only seen under other circumstances, and that makes a vast deal of difference ; we need but remind the ladies of a shot silk, and how it takes its colour from the way in which it happens to be held up to the light.

"One of his first measures had been to cut the Black Lions to a man : the reader will no doubt call to mind the village club assembled under that sign. They were obviously unfitted for the parlour of Taunton Hall—vulgar rascals with horny hands and unwashed faces—fellows that were always grumbling at their betters ; and, what was worse than all, they could not, or would not, forget their old companion. Scouted, therefore, they were by him to a man, the barber alone excepted : and he too had undergone a transformation, in his case the most convenient that could have happened ; no sooner had his cmony mounted up, as we have already said, into a dragon, than, reversing the process, from having been a butterfly he sank back again into a caterpillar, in which shape he crept and crawled in the dust before the new-made squire, so as to secure to himself a large portion of his benevolence ;—as large that is as the worthy gentleman had to bestow upon any one. He held the appointment of barber in ordinary to Mr. Thomas, it being tacitly understood between them that this included not only the duty of shaving and hair-cutting, but also the more important functions of listening to and spying out all that was said, done, or thought in the village, and retailing the same to his patron in his daily visitations.

"But Mr. Thomas—we must not call him Tom any longer—had not only found out the unfitness of his quondam friends for Taunton Hall, but had also made

some other discoveries from his present elevated position, which he never would have done so long as he stood on the low grounds of life, the top of a hill being notoriously the best place for a wide prospect. Thus he had learnt, without help from any one, that there were other rights besides the rights of man; territorial rights, for instance; the right of killing his own game, and of transporting any ragged rascal who presumed to want a share in the amusement; the right of pounding stray bipeds, who wandered without a home, as well as stray quadrupeds, a pair of legs more or less being the only essential difference between them; and many things of the like kind he had discovered, all with such an easy spirit of intuition that he, at last, persuaded himself he had never thought otherwise.

“With these new lights to guide him, Mr. Thomas began his career with the energy proper to so active and determined a character. He declared war to the knife against vagrants of every description, got the pauper allowance of food reduced one-half, and the pauper allowance of work augmented in the same proportion, shot a poacher with his own hand, and was the general dread of all misdoers. No wonder then that he had closed up the short cut through Taunton Hall Park, just as Lord Mowbray had done; and set up a notice against all trespassers, just as Lord Mowbray had done. Nay, he had even gone beyond his predecessor; the old board was not large enough, nor strong enough in its threats for him, so he had replaced it by one of twice the size, and more than twice the bitterness.”

This Christmas book does credit to its author.

THE FIRE-SIDE, A DOMESTIC TALE, BY PERCY ST. JOHN. II. K. Lewis, 15, Gower Street, North, 1847.

THIS is a prettily written story, but it is not a new one. It is taken from a tale which has appeared in America, and in this country, in Chamber's Tracts. Still, Mr. St. John, who is a promising writer, has embellished the narrative with his own elegant style, and sapient remarks, and has added an air of novelty to the whole.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME, OR THE WASSAIL BOWL, by JOHN MILLS.

With illustrations by Duncan, engraved by Linton. H. Hurst, King William Street, Strand.

THIS Christmas book, by an author of known ability, takes a somewhat higher flight than the others, and may be certainly classed among the best of them.

THE ILLUSTRATED MUSICAL ALMANACK, a visiting table Book, and Drawing-room Annual for 1847. Edited, and the songs written, by F. W. N. BAYLEY. The music composed expressly for the work by BALFE, WALLACE, ALEXANDER LEE, CROUCH, HATTON, FLORIMEL. The Illustrations by PHIZ, MEADOWS, DOYLE, WEIGALL, HINE, HAMMERTON, WARREN, CROWQUIL. The Comic pages and Facetiæ, by the author of "The New Tale of a Tub," the "Comic Nursery Stories" &c. Henry Hurst, 27, King William Street, West Strand, 1847.

THIS is a magnificent almanack. The idea is entirely novel; the contents, musical, poetic and pictorial, are excellent. What surpassingly beautiful specimens of wood engravings are the frontispieces, and that lovely portrait of an Irish peasant girl, illustrating a piece of music, by Crouch! Art can no further go.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- Albizzi, the Marchesa Maria Degli, of a dau. at Florence, 27th Nov.
- Allen, Mrs., wife of the Rev. John Allen, Chaplain of King's College, London, of a dau. 23rd Nov.
- Archerburton, Mrs., wife of Burton Archerburton Esq. Barrister-at-Law, of a dau. at Wharcliffe terrace, St. John's Wood, 22nd Nov.
- Archibald, Mrs. Charles, of a son, in Portland-place, 5th Dec.
- Atchison, Mrs., of a dau. in John street, Portland-place, 13th Nov.
- Beale, Mrs., wife of Salwey Beale, Esq. of a son, at Windsor, 12th Nov.
- Bingley, Mrs., wife of W. R. Bingley, Esq. of a dau. at 25, Bloomsbury street, 20th Nov.
- Blyth, Mrs., wife of Dr. Blyth, of a son, at Richmond, Surrey, 25th Nov.
- Borradaile, Mrs., wife of Major Borradaile, of a dau. 20th Dec.
- Bradford, Mrs., wife of Robert Bradford, Esq. of a son, at Golder's Hall, Hendon, 27th Nov.
- Brooke, Mrs., wife of Zachary Brooke, Esq., of a son, at Thurlow Park, Dulwich, 22nd Nov.
- Brown, Mrs., wife of the Rev. James Landy Brown, of a still-born child, 28th Nov.
- Budden, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. H. Budden, of a dau. at Mirzapore, East Indies, 19th Sep.
- Butler, Mrs. Thomas, of Ladyfield Hall, Northumberland, of a dau. 19th Dec.
- Chapman, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Islington, 20th Nov.
- Christopher, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Christopher, of a dau. at Myonpoorie, 21st Sep.
- Clark, Mrs., widow of John Percy Clark, Esq., of a son, at Maryville House, Hawkhurst, Kent, 16th Nov.
- Clayton, Mrs., wife of Rice R. Clayton, M.P., of a son, at Hedgerley Park, 5th Dec.
- Collis, Mrs., wife of James Collis, Esq., of a dau. at Eltham, Kent, 18th Nov.
- Crawford, Mrs., wife of H. M. [Consul at the Havanna, 19th Oct.
- Cullington, Mrs. Daniel, of a dau. in Craven-st., Strand, 23rd Nov.
- Cunyinghame, Mrs., wife of Colonel Cunyinghame, of a dau. 1st Dec.
- Davidson, Mrs. Septimus, of a son, at Lee, Kent, 19th Dec.
- Deedes, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Charles Deedes, of a son, at West Camel Rectory, Somersetshire, 25th Nov.
- Elibank, Rt. Hon. Lady, of a son, in Upper Grosvenor-street, 20th Nov.
- Eyre, Mrs., wife of George Edward Eyre, Esq., of a dau. in Lowndes-square, 27th Nov.
- Fane, Mrs. Cecil, of a dau. in Upper Brook-street, 27th Nov.
- Farquhar, Mrs., wife of T. N. Farquhar, of a dau. at Sydenham, 21st Nov.
- Flower, Mrs. T. W., of a dau. at Croydon, 24th Nov.
- Gambier, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Samuel James Gambier, of a son, at Boulogne, 26th Nov.
- Garland, Mrs., wife of A. G. Garland, Esq., of a dau. at Cheltenham, 25th Nov.
- Gaselee, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. Gaselee, of a dau. at the Rectory, Little Yeldham, Essex, 4th Dec.
- Goode, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. Goode, of a son, in Charterhouse-square, 20th Dec.
- Hall, Mrs. P. Braimes, of a son, in Cadogan-place, 25th Nov.
- Hatchard, Mrs., wife of the Rev. T. G. Hatchard, of a dau. at the Rectory, Havant, 13th Dec.
- Heath, Mrs. Christopher, of a dau. in Gordon-sq., 21st Nov.
- Hebden, Mrs., wife of R. J. Hebden, Esq., of a dau. at Ardpatrik House, Loch Fine, 5th Dec.
- Heron, Mrs. G. H., of a dau. at Uxbridge, 2nd Dec.
- Hill, Mrs., wife of John Hutton Hill, Esq., of a son, at Dover, 20th Nov.
- Hodgkinson, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Hodgkinson, R. N., of a dau. at Devonport, 22nd Nov.
- Horton, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Horton, R. N., of a dau. at Canterbury, 23rd Nov.
- Isaacs, Mrs. I., of a dau. in Dorset-square, 18th Dec.
- Jocelyn, Viscountess, of a son and heir, in Stanhope-street, 22nd Nov.
- Jones, Lady Millicent, of a dau. at 30, Grosvenor-street, 30th Nov.
- Jones, Mrs., wife of R. Minshall Jones, Esq., of a dau. in Fortress-terrace, Kentish Town, 20th Nov.
- Jones, Mrs., wife of David L. Lloyd Jones, Esq., of a son, at St. Bees, Cumberland, 29th Nov.
- Kingswill, Mrs. Wm., of a son, at Lambeth Palace, 20th Dec.
- Kinnis, Mrs., wife of John Kinnis, M.D., of a dau. at Victoria Hong Kong, 4th Sep.
- Laborde, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Horatio W. Laborde, B.A. of a dau. at Kingstown, St. Vincent, West Indies, 17th Sept.
- Langley, Mrs., of Brittas Castle, Tipperary, of a son, 4th Dec.
- Law, Hon. Mrs. Wm., of a son, at the Vicarage, Harborne, Staffordshire, 18th Dec.
- Le Breton, Mrs. Edward, of a son, 5th Dec.
- Littleton, Mrs., wife of Capt. Westcott Littleton, of a son, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, 3rd Nov.
- Lonsdale, Mrs. John, G., of a dau. in the Close, Lichfield, 28th Nov.
- Lorne, The Marchioness, of a son, at Stafford House, 18th Dec.
- Macfarren, Mrs. G. A., of a son, in Duke-street, Portland-place, 26th Nov.
- Mc Mullen, Mrs., wife of Capt. S. T. Mc Mullen, of a dau. at Perajepore, 28th Sept.
- Melgund, Viscountess, of a son, at 27, Eaton-place 17th Dec.
- Middleton, Mrs., wife of Joseph Middleton, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of a dau. at Grove House, near Leeds, 29th Nov.
- Milne, Mrs., wife of Frank Milne, Esq., of a dau. at 25, Oxford-terrace, 13th Dec.

- Moorson, Mrs., wife of Capt. Moorson, of a son, in Sussex-square, 21st Nov.
- Neville, Mrs., wife of Ralph Neville, M.P., of a son and heir.
- Park, Mrs., wife of Alexander Atherton Park, Esq., of a son, at Merton Grove, 21st Nov.
- Pennethorne, Mrs. James, of a son, at Elms Cot, Highgate, 30th Nov.
- Pocock, Mrs., wife of Rev. F. P. Pocock, of a dau. 15th Nov.
- Ray, Mrs., wife of Alfred Ray, Esq., of a son, at Heath Mount, Hampstead, 20th Nov.
- Reid, Mrs. Edward, of a son, at 23, Carlton Villas, Maida Vale, 28th Nov.
- Rennett, Mrs., wife of Robert Rennett, Esq., of the Inner Temple, of a dau. 23rd Nov.
- Reynolds, Mrs., wife of Capt. I. W. Reynolds, of a dau. in Radnor-place, Hyde-park, 2nd Dec.
- Riccard, Mrs., wife of Russell Martyn Riccard, Esq., of a son, at the Nunnery, South Molton, Devon, 4th Dec.
- Robinson, Mrs. Augustus, of a son, at 73, Eaton-place, 2nd Dec.
- Routh, Mrs. R. A., of a son, 29th Nov.
- Saunders, Mrs., wife of W. A. F. Saunders, Esq., of a dau. at Warmington Hall, Lancashire, 24th Nov.
- Saunders, Mrs. Andrew, of a dau. at the Downes, near Southampton, 13th Nov.
- Schomberg, Mrs., wife of Capt. Herbert Schomberg, R.N. of a son, at Kilmore, near Monaghan, Ireland, 19th Nov.
- Sheppard, Mrs., wife of Robert Sheppard, Esq., of the Grove, Stratford, of a son, 28th Nov.
- Sketchley, Mrs., wife of the Rev. A. E. Sketchley, of a son, at Deptford, 29th Nov.
- Stopford, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. in Chester-square, 6th Dec.
- Stuart, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Newton Stewart, 3rd Dec.
- Tattersall, Mrs., wife of George Tattersall, Esq., of a son, in Cadogan-place, 27th Nov.
- Thornton, Mrs., wife of H. Thornton, Esq., of a dau. in Queen street, May Fair, 22nd Nov.
- Tyndale, Mrs., wife of J. Warre Tyndale, Esq., of a dau. at Dinder, near Wells, 22nd Nov.
- Uniacke, Mrs., wife of Norman Uniacke, jun., Esq., of a dau. at Balfour, Fife, 29th Nov.
- Vavasour, Hon. Mrs., lady of the Hon. Wm. Vavasour, of a son, at Hazlewood Hall, Yorkshire, 28th Nov.
- Wakeman, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Henry Wakeman, of a son, at High Park, near Worcester, 19th Nov.
- Walford, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Oliver Walford, of a dau. in the Charterhouse, 25th Nov.
- Wilmot, Mrs., wife of Montague Wilmot, Esq., of a dau. in Chester-street, 28th Nov.
- Woodhouse, Mrs. William Secretan, of a son, at the Willows, near Abergavenny, 25th Nov.

MARRIAGES.

- Acworth, N. B. Esq., of 8, Chesham-place, and of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, late Registrar of the Supreme Court, Madras, to Anna Diana, eldest daughter of the Rev. F. Close, incumbent of Cheltenham, 17th Dec.
- Allen, James Vaughan, Esq., of Inchmartin, Perthshire, late of the 8th Hussars, to Barbara Elrington, third daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Neil Douglas, K.C.B. K.C.H. Commander of Her Majesty's Forces in North Britain, 8th Dec.
- Appleby, Thomas, Esq., of Holtby, Yorkshire, to Maria, eldest daughter of J. Browne, Esq., of Soho-square, 21st Dec.
- Beeching, Horatio, Esq., banker, of Tunbridge, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Thompson, Esq., of Southborough Hall, 2nd Dec.
- Buckton, George Hall, Esq., to Louisa, relict of the late Edward Bull, Esq., of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, 25th Nov.
- Cater, John, Esq. son of Major Cater, Royal Artillery, to Margaret Corsane, daughter of the late John Reid, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh, and sister of Sir James John Reid, 3rd Dec.
- Chevely, Robert, Esq. of Hammersmith, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Thomas Steele, surgeon, Reigate, Surrey, 28th Nov.
- Coombe, the Rev. J. A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and rector of Alburgh, Norfolk, to Sarah, youngest daughter of J. E. Wilson, Esq. late of Benet-street, Cambridge, 20th Nov.
- Cooper, Frederick, Esq. of the Madras Medical Service, to Barbara, daughter of the late William Tomlinson, Esq. of Newark, Notts, 1st Dec.
- Creed, Henry Herries, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. H. K. Creed, of Corse, Gloucestershire, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late William Graset, Esq. of Ovenden house, Sevenoaks, Kent, 24th Nov.
- Crouch, John, Junr. Esq. of Bruton, Somerset, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Whitehead Cockell, M. A. of Fitchhampton-house, Devizes, Wilts, 28th Nov.
- Dallett, Emily, only daughter of Matthew Dallett, Esq. of Putney, to Mr. Michael Pass, of Nine Elms, 14th Nov.
- Deedes, Edward, Esq., B. C. S., fourth son of the late William Deedes, Esq. of Sandling, in the county of Kent, to Emily Anne Barlow, dau. of G. N. Cheek, Esq. B.M.S., 23rd Sept.
- Drummond, Captain, late of the Rifle Brigade. to Effield, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Messier, Senior Chaplain to the Royal Artillery, 1st Dec.
- Falls, the Rev. John, A.M., to Sophia Louisa, only daughter of John Elias Atkins, Esq. of Portsmouth, 19th Dec.
- Fellowes, Peregrine Henry, Esq., R. N., son of Captain Sir Thomas Fellowes, R.N., C.B., to Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter of Major-General Forbes, Royal Artillery, 3rd Dec.
- Field, J. J., Esq. of Guildford-street, Russell square, to Louisa Ann, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Alfred Jenour, incumbent of Regent-square Chapel, 24th Nov.
- Forbes, Mr. Andrew, Portland place, Islington, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook, Kent, 15th Dec.
- Griesbach, the Rev. A.W., of Wollaston, Northamptonshire, to Elizabeth, widow of the late William Cheesman, Esq. of Dorking, Surrey, and dau. of the late Mr. Sanders, of Wollaston.
- Gurney, Henry, son of James Gurney, Esq. Grove house, Upper Holloway, to Eleanor, the only daughter of Richard Palin, Esq. of Artillery-place West, Finsbury, 5th Dec.
- Hadley, Henry George, eldest son of George Hadley, Esq. of Sloane-terrace, to Rosina Maynard, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Ball, Esq. of Bath, 18th Nov.
- Hall, Sydney, second son of Charles Hill Hall, Esq.

- of West Wickham, Kent, to Cornelia, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Hayden Cardew, rector of Curry Mallet, 3rd Dec.
- Hargreaves, James, Esq. of Mayfield, Bolton-le-Moors, to Ann Isabella, second daughter of Joseph Mann, Esq. of New Brighton, Cheshire, 24th Nov.
- Hastings, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Godolphin Henry, youngest son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Huntingdon, to Agnes, the sixth daughter of Henry-Fynes-Clinton, Esq. of Welwyn, 26th Nov.
- Hogg, Robert, second son of Mr. Hogg, of Clifton, Derbyshire, to Augustine, second daughter of Mr. Grindle, of Linden-grove, Notting-hill, 19th Dec.
- Hutchons, James, Esq. of the Regent's-park, London, to Catherine Church, eldest daughter of J. H. Payne, Esq. of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, 26th Nov.
- Irlam, William, youngest son of the late George Irlam, Esq. of Bootle-hall, near Liverpool, to Frances, second daughter of the late William Brook, Esq. of Gledbolt, near Huddersfield, 3rd Dec.
- Irving, Hon. William W., of Prince Edward's Island, to Joanna, the only child of the late Peter Forrest, Esq. of Gloucester-street, Bloomsbury, London, 17th Dec.
- Johnstone, Charles Cottingham, Esq. only son of the late James Johnstone, Esq. of Dromore Lodge, co. Monaghan, to the youngest daughter of the late Mark Synnot, Esq. 10th Dec.
- Jones, Charles Harries, Paymaster and Purser, R.N., to Mary Charlotte Isabella, only surviving child of Mr. Cherry, of Jermyn-street, 24th Nov.
- Jones, H. Stanley, Esq. Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, to Agnes, second daughter of Major Mutir, Royal Canadian Rifles, 27th Nov.
- Jones, Luke, Esq. M.A., of Parker's Piece, Cambridge, to Mary, widow of the late Captain H.S.H. Isaacson, of the Hon. East India Company's Maritime Service, and daughter of the late Joseph Chitty, Esq. Barrister-at-law, 17th Dec.
- Just, Leonard, Esq. Junr., of Hong Kong, to Jamesana Chisholm, youngest daughter of the late Major Donald M'Kenzie, of the Royal African Corps, and Governor of Cape Coast Castle, 24th Nov.
- Kibbey, John, Esq. of the Collegiate School, Peckham, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Thomas Jenvey, Esq. of Trinity-square, 19th Dec.
- Lardner, Dr., to Mary, only daughter of Colonel Spicer, late of the 12th Lancers, the marriage having been previously solemnized in the United States, 2nd August.
- Lawley, the Hon. Beilby, eldest son of Lord Wenlock, to the Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, third daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, 28th Nov.
- Lloyd, Thomas Davies, Esq. of Bronwydd, co. Cardigan and of Kilrue, co. Pembroke, to Henrietta-Mary, fourth daughter of the late George Reid, Esq. of Providence and Bunker's Hill, in the Island of Jamaica, and granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., Governor of Madras, 22nd Dec.
- MacGregor, Fitzjames Stuart, Esq. son of Lieut.-General J. A. Paul MacGeger, Bathford-house, to Louisa Jane, daughter of John Wiltshire, Esq. of Shockerwick, near Bath, 1st Dec.
- Malton, Charles James, Esq. of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, to Sophia, third dau. of Thomas Smith, Esq. of Dartford, 5th Dec.
- Mathias, George, son of Charles Mathias, Esq. of Lamphrey-court, Pembroke, to Caroline, dau. of Captain Edward Bedwell Law, of Staplegrove-lodge, Taunton, 5th Dec.
- Mellersh, Alfred, second son of the late William Mellersh, Esq. of Battersea-rise, to Priscilla, eldest daughter of John Gifford, Esq. of Netherbury, Dorset, 17th Dec.
- Murdoch, John, Esq. solicitor, of Holloway, and Furnival's-inn, Holborn, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late James Watt, of Southampton-street, Pentonville, 3rd Dec.
- Neale, William Johnstoun, Esq., Barrister-at-law, second son of the late Adam Neale, M.D. Physician to the Forces, to Fanny Herbert, daughter of the late Captain Josiah Nisbet, R.N. and granddaughter of the late Right Hon. the Viscountess Nelson, Duchess of Bronté, 12th Dec.
- Newman, Henry Wenman, Esq. of Thornbury-park, Gloucestershire, and Clifton, Bristol, to Frances Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Joseph Goodenough, D. D., rector of Broughton Pogis, co. Oxford, and great niece of the late Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, [5th Dec.
- Nisbet, Robert Barry, Esq. of Southbroom-house, Wilts, to Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of the late Edward Greene, of Hinxtion-hall, Cambridgeshire, Esq. and relict of the late Rev. Henry Curtis Smith, son of Sir John Smith, of Sydling, and the Down-house, Dorset, Bart. 10th Dec.
- Palmer, Cadwallader Edwards, Esq. Junr. of Barnstaple, Devon, to Harriet third daughter of the late Gervase Wheeler, Esq. of Elm-villa, Finchley, 19th Dec.
- Parker, the Rev. Charles, M.A., to Mary, second daughter of Thomas Cubit, Esq. of Clapham-park, 1st Dec.
- Parry, Henry A., Esq. of Hendon, Middlesex, to Sarah Susannah, second daughter of E. R. Le Mare, Esq. of Belmont, Cheshire, 24th Nov.
- Preston, Henry John, Esq. Junr. of Brunswick-square, to Elizabeth Bromley, of Fitzroy-square, 12th Dec.
- Prockter, Henry Watson, second son of Edward Prockter, Esq. of Her Majesty's Excise-office, London, to Caroline Sophia, second daughter of Frederick Flint, Esq. of Stoke Newington, 12th Dec.
- Radcliffe, Charles Henry, Esq. to Ellen, daughter of Samuel Foot, Esq. of that city, 26th Nov.
- Reade, John Edmund, to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of George Compton Reade, Esq. of Elvaston, Budleigh Salterton, 1st Oct.
- Richardson, Wormley Edward, Esq. of Riccall Hall, co. York, to Isabel, fifth daughter of Sir Boynton, Bart. of Burton Agnes, 4th Nov.
- Scaife, John, Esq., to Emily Sarah Frances, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. Wilkinson and Lady Heslirige, 24th Nov.
- Scudamore, John, Esq., to Anne, relict of John Holland, Esq. Lieutenant R.N., and daughter of the late Captain William Boxer, R.N., 26th Nov.
- Shaw, Thomas Slemmon, Esq. M.A., T.C.D., of Comber, county of Down, Ireland, eldest son of William Shaw, Esq. of Longford, to Mary Ann, fourth daughter of John Watson, Esq. of Milend, 21st Nov.
- Skrine, Clasmont, Esq. 47th Regiment, to Mari- anne Auchmuty, eldest daughter of the late Major Bennett, 64th Regiment, 16th Dec.
- Slater, James Henry, only son of J. H. Slater, Esq. Newick-park, Sussex, to Louisa Catherine, second daughter of Robert Fowler, Esq. Rath-snolvon, county of Meath, and niece of the Earl of Erne, 26th Nov.
- Smith, Arthur, to Anne Maria Francis, relict of the late Fleming Francis, Esq. of Westerham, Kent, 19th Dec.
- Sparling, William, of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-law, to Esther, eldest daughter of John Thomas Betts, Esq. of Bromfield, Clapham, 3rd Dec.
- Somes, Austin Major, Esq. of Chelsea, to Betsey Newell, eldest daughter of Jonathan Robinson, surgeon, of Osborn-place, Whitechapel, 26th Nov.
- Sutton, Mr. William, of Knightsbridge, to Eliza Ann, daughter of the late Richard Russell Tatton, Esq. of 25 Berkeley-square, 3rd Dec.

- Tatham, Charles John, son of the late Marmaduke Tatham, Esq. of Poplar, to Louisa, eldest dau. of Mr. John Shores, of Blackwall, 30th Nov.
- Tassell, Mr. James, of Faversham, solicitor, to Charlotte Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. J. G. Shepherd, of the same place, solicitor. 17th Dec.
- Tribe, Thomas, Esq. of Bombay, son of Lieutenant Tribe, of the Royal Navy, to Helen, daughter of W. Cunningham, Esq. late of Dromona, county of Antrim, Ireland, 3rd Dec.
- Twigg, the Rev. Robert, A.M., Vicar of Tilmanstone, Kent, fourth son of the late Rev. Thomas Twigg, vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street, London, to Ann Frances, youngest daughter of the late Charles Green, Esq., 28th Nov.
- Waller, T., Esq. of the Stock Exchange and Gibson-square Islington, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Robertson, 19th Dec.
- Whitehead, the Rev. William, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and Curate of Camberwell, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Richard Loxham, rector of Halsall, Lancashire, and incumbent of St. John's, Liverpool, 24th Nov.
- Williams, the Rev. Thomas Coombe, S.C.L., of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, second son of Thos. Williams, Esq. of Cowley-grove, Middlesex, to Elizabeth Blacker Nicholson, youngest daughter of the late John Nicholson, Esq. of Stramorehouse, county of Down, 3rd Dec.
- Wood, John Augustus, Esq. eldest son of General John Sullivan Wood, D.C.L., Lieutenant Governor of the Tower, and late of the 8th Hussars; to Louisa, only daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Liddiard, of Sydney-place, Bath, and granddaughter of the late John Tirel Morin, Esq. of Weedon-lodge, Bucks, and Hanover-square, London, 17th Dec.

Annotated Obituary.

- Allen, John, Esq., at his residence, Walcot, Bath, aged 80, 2nd Dec.
- Anderdon, John Proctor, Esq. of Farley-hall, Berkshire, in the 87th year of his age, at Ramsgate, 30th Nov.
- Austen, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Thos. Austen, Esq. late of Rose-hill, Herefordshire, at Falmouth, in the 35th year of her age, 24th Nov.
- Aylieff, Mrs. Martha, of Liverpool, 52 years of age, 17th Dec.
- Badger, Edward, Esq., formerly of the Stamp Office, aged 78, at Pimlico, 29th November.
- Baman, Mr. Samuel, for many years a faithful and valued servant, at the residence of Arthur Craven, Esq., Stamford-hill, 12th Dec
- Banister, Mr. Alderman, at New Windsor, aged 68, 25th Nov.
- Barlow, Sir George Hilario, Bart. G.C.B., at Fir-grove, Farnham, in the 84th year of his age, 18th Dec. He was the 4th son of William Barlow, Esq. of Bath, and brother of the late Sir Robert Barlow, a naval officer, distinguished for his gallant capture of the *Africaine*, French frigate. Early in life Sir George went to the East Indies, and eventually became, at the decease of Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, in 1805, Governor-Gen. of India. Two years before he had been created a Bart., and, in two years after, he was appointed Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. He married in 1789, Elizabeth, dau. of Burton Smith, Esq. of the co. of Westmeath, and by her (from whom he was divorced in 1816), he has left a very large family.
- Barneby, John Esq. of Brockhampton, co. Hereford, at his town residence, 34, Portman-square, 30th Nov. This gentleman, an influential landed proprietor in the West of England, acted as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Herefordshire, and sat in Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Worcester. Previously, in 1835, he had been elected for Droitwich. Mr. Barneby was eldest son of the late John Barneby, Esq. of Brockhampton, by Elizabeth, his wife, dau. and heiress of Robert Bulkeley, Esq. of Bulkeley, in Cheshire, and grandson of Bartholomew Richard Lutley, Esq. of Lawton, who assumed the surname of Barneby, as representative of his maternal ancestors, the first of whom on record is Thomas Barneby, Esq. of Ludlow, Treasurer to Edward IV. at the battle of Towton. At the period of his decease, Mr. Barneby had just completed his 47th year. He m. 24th July, 1638, Susan, eldest dau. of Henry Elwes, Esq. of Colesborne, co. Gloucester, and has left issue. His younger brother, Edmund, on succeeding to a considerable fortune, changed his name, and is the present Mr. Higginson, of Saltmarshe, the sale of whose magnificent gallery of paintings excited so much interest a few months since (see vol. i. p. 256.)
- Barney, John, Esq. of Lysses-house, Fareham, Hants, a magistrate of that county, aged 63, 15th Dec.
- Bartley, Martha Drew, wife of C. P. Bartley, Esq., of Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park Gardens, deeply regretted by all who knew her, 21st Nov.
- Baskerfield, Mrs. Sophia, relict of Thomas Baskerfield, Esq. of Colchester, Essex, at her residence, Highbury-place, Islington, 29th Nov.
- Bayley, Adelaide Augusta, eldest dau. of the late William Henry Bailey, Esq. of

- 24, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, aged 26, 13th Dec.
- Beauclerk, Admiral Lord Amelius, G.C.B. G.C.H., on the 10th instant, at his seat, Winchfield House, Hants, aged 75. At the period of his decease this distinguished officer held the important office of principal naval aide-de-camp to the Queen, and was a Knight Grand Cross of the Orders of the Bath and of Hanover. His Lordship entered the navy in 1782; and after passing through the intermediate grades, became post Captain of the *Nemesis* (28), in 1793. Subsequently serving off the coast of Ireland, in the *Dryad* (44), he captured *La Proserpine*; and in 1809, he participated in the Walcheren expedition. Lord Amelius Beauclerk was third son of Aubrey, fifth Duke of St. Albans, by Catherine, his wife, dau. of William, Earl of Besborough, and grandson of Lord Vere Beauclerk, a celebrated naval commander, who for his professional services; was created Baron Vere of Hanworth, in 1750.
- Bell, Miss Elizabeth, 53, Burton-crescent, at an advanced age, 13th Dec.
- Benthall, J. E., eldest son of the Rev. John Benthall, at Feltham, Middlesex, after a long illness, 19th Nov.
- Benezet, Claude, Esq., formerly of the Treasury, Calcutta, at his house, at Dover, aged 81, 11th Dec.
- Bennett, Mrs. Harriet Eliza, relict of the late Rev. John Leigh Bennett, at Thorpe-place, Surrey, aged 76, 11th Dec.
- Biscoe, Vincent Hilton, Esq. at the Priory, Great Malvern, aged 79, 26th Nov.
- Bischoff, Mrs. Margaret, relict of the late Thomas Bischoff, Esq. at Killingbeck-hall, near Leeds, in her 81st year, 5th December.
- Bowker, James, Esq. of King's Lynn, at Pisa, aged 55, 11th Nov.
- Brant, Mrs. Maria, relict of the late Richard Brant, Esq. of West-hill, Surrey, in the 90th year of her age, at the Rectory, Weston, near Ross, 29th Nov.
- Brown, Mrs. Ann Pearce, the beloved wife of Samuel Brown Esq. of 24, Bloombury-square, in the 69th year of her age, 29th Nov.
- Byam, Mrs. Jane Akers, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Byam, D.D., and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty George III., at Brussels, in the 68th year of her age, 26th Nov.
- Byass, Harry William, second son of Robt. B. Byass, Esq. of Westwood-cottage, Sydenham, Kent, deeply and sincerely regretted, in his 10th year, of an affection of the heart. 21st Nov.
- Buckle, Elizabeth Eleanor, dau. of the late Rev. William Buckle, Vicar of Pyrton, Oxon, and of Banstead, Surrey, 17th December.
- Bullen, the Rev. Charles, A.M., Incumbent of Rainford, Lancashire, aged 31, at Hastings, 30th Nov.
- Burton, Mary, relict of the Rev. Henry Burton, Vicar of Atcham, Salop, at Hulton, 75 years of age, 18th Dec.
- Butler, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Colonel Edward K. S. Butler, and youngest dau. of the late Colonel Bagot, of Nurney, co. Kildare, at Martock, near Windsor, Nova Scotia, 4th Dec.
- Cameron, William, youngest son of the late David Cameron, Esq. of Northaw-place, Herts, 30th Nov.
- Carr, Bridget, relict of the late Rev. Robert Carr, in Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, in the 91st year of her age, 3rd Dec.
- Cathcart, the Lady Augusta Sophia, at Cathcart House, near Glasgow, 18th Dec., in her 47th year. This respected lady, was the youngest dau. of the late gallant Earl Cathcart, by Elizabeth, his wife, dau. of Andrew Elliot, Esq. Governor of New York. The antiquity of the family from which her Ladyship derived, is attested by the fact that Reinaldus de Kethcart, appears as a subscribing witness to a grant by Alan, the son of Walter Dapifer Regis, of the patronage of the Church of Kethcart to the monastery of Paisley, in the year 1178. From this Reinaldus lineally descended Sir Alan Cathcart, Knt., whose valour at the battle of Loudoun Hill, 1307, is thus recorded:—
- A Knight that then was in his rout,
Worthy and with, stalwart and stout,
Courteous and fair, and of good fame,
Sir Alan Cathcart was his name.
- In reference to these lines, and to the gallant character of Sir Alan's descendants, Lord Hailes observes that it is pleasant to trace a family likeness in an ancient picture.
- Caton, Mrs., mother of the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness Wellesley, and Lady Stafford, at Maryland, U.S., 15th November.
- Chipchase, James, Esq., Solicitor, Gray's-in-road, third son of Alderman Thomas Chipchase, sen. of the city of Durham, aged 67, 20th Nov.
- Clark, Capt. Charles, Bengal Fusileers, at Scobathoo, after protracted suffering, the effects of a severe wound received in action at Ferozeshah, to the inexpressible grief of his surviving relatives and friends, 13th Oct.
- Clifford, Mrs. Louisa, the wife of John Clifford, Esq. of Aban-court, Cheltenham, and youngest dau. of the late Sir Thomas Wentworth Blackett, Bart. of Bretton-hall, Yorkshire, 14th Dec.
- Col, James Peal, Esq. of H. M. Customs,

- at Kingston, Jamaica, aged 28, 12th October.
- Copeland, Charles Yates, second son of W. T. Copeland, Esq. M.P., 17 years of age, 21st Nov.
- Covey, John, Esq., in the 64th year of his age, at Holloway, 8th Dec.
- Cross, William Henry, Esq. Solicitor, of 28, Surrey-street, Strand, at his residence, Barnes, Surrey, in the 57th year of his age, 22nd Nov.
- Curran, Richard, Esq. eldest son of the late John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls, in Ireland, at his residence, Argyl-house, King's-road, Chelsea, after a protracted illness, 11th Dec.
- Davies, Colonel Thomas Henry Hastings, of Elmley-park, who represented for so many years the city of Worcester in Parliament, on Whig principles, died on the 11th Dec., in his 58th year. The gallant officer, whose ancestors were in very early times seated in Montgomeryshire, was eldest son of the late Thomas Davies, Esq. Advocate-General to the East India Company, by Anna, his wife, dau. of Hugh Baillie, Esq. of Monkton, in Ayrshire. He married 17th Jan. 1824, Augusta Anne, only child of the late Thomas Crespigny, Esq. but has left no child. His surviving brothers are, Warburton Davies, Esq. of Woodgate, Sussex, and Lieut.-Colonel Francis John Davies, of Danehurst, in the same co.
- Davis, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the Rev. Henry Davis, many years Vicar of Peter Church, Herefordshire, at the Rectory, Shire Newton, Monmouthshire, in her 82nd year, 2nd Dec.
- Deacon, the Rev. Thomas, Incumbent of Strood, in the 61st year of his age, at Rochester, 4th Dec.
- Dennis, Rev. Jonas, in December. By the Rev. gentleman's death, Cresswell or Karswell Prebend is now void. Its patron, General Richard Colleton Dickinson, died the day before the late Prebendary. Queen Elizabeth had granted on June 10th, 1564, the advowson and right of patronage to William John Killigrew, of Arwenack, Cornwall, who sold it on the same day to William Floyd and Geffry Tothill. These patrons presented Geffrys, a layman, incumbent in 1584. This appointment of a layman will not so much surprise the reader, who recollects that Thos. Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Prime Minister to Hen. VIII., was Dean of Wells, from 1537 until his execution on the scaffold, 28th July, 1540.
- Deshayes, Monsieur, the renowned ballet master, died recently at Paris. He was the famed successor of those Terpsichorean men of note, Gordel and Noverre. If ballets be graceful and pleasant spec-
- tacles—and who can deny it? M. Deshayes deserves a tribute of regret at his departure, for he was the inventor of some of the prettiest ballets of the present age, to wit, among others, of the famed one of "Benyosky." The proximate cause of poor Deshayes' death was singular. Returning home, while in London, from a jovial dinner, where Taglioni and Cerito were among the guests, he fell into a pit, and from the injuries he then sustained, he never afterwards recovered.
- Dickinson, Lieut.-Gen. Rd. Coneton, Col. Commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Artillery, at his residence, Notting-hill, Bayswater, in his 84th year, 5th Dec.
- Dickson, the Hon. Robert, of Woodlawn, Niagara, Canada, at Leghorn, after a short illness, 27th Nov.
- Down, Mrs. Martha, the beloved wife of Captain Edward Down, of the 8th Light Cavalry, at Kamptée, Madras Presidency, 8th Oct.
- Drummond, Lady Caroline, at her house in Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, 4th Dec.
- Dyer, Mary, relict of the Rev. William Charles Dyer, M.A., Rector of Abbess Roding Essex, aged 85, 23rd Nov.
- Edwards, G. Nigel, Esq., at Henlow-grange, in the county of Bedford, in the 79th year of his age, after a short illness, 21st November. Mr. Edwards was son of the late Richard Raynsford, Esq. and inherited the Henlow Grange property at the decease of his maternal uncle, Geo. Edwards, Esq., upon which occasion he assumed the surname and arms of Edwards. Subsequently he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Bedfordshire, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1827. He married in 1803, Katherine, second dau. of Robert Peers, Esq. of Chislehampton Lodge, co. Oxford, but became a widower without issue, in 1840.
- Elwin, Lieut. Col. Fountain, Knight of the Crescent, at Peckham, 8th Dec. He was a very gallant and distinguished officer, and during his active services in the army, from 1798 to 1816, his name was always associated with the brilliant and dashing performances of the old 44th, from which regiment he retired on half pay in 1816 as Major. He entered the army in April, 1798, and was promoted to a Lieutenantcy the following month. He received his commission as Captain in January, 1802; became Major, June, 1813; and attained the rank of Lieut. Colonel in July, 1830.
- Faircloth, Rich., Esq.; at Milfield-house, York, aged 66, 26th Nov.
- Fawcett, Maria D., relict of John Fawcett, Esq. of Bierley-hall, Yorkshire, and of

- Manchester, in the Chaussée d'Austin, Paris, 18th Nov.
- Finch, John Drake, Esq. in the 41st year of his age, deeply lamented by all who knew him, at Greenwich, 18th Dec.
- Foley, Dr. John, in Charles-street, Manchester-square, 14th Dec.
- Foster, Joanna Slade, relict of the Rev. Robert Foster, late prebendary of Wells Cathedral, and Rector of Sutton Bonington, Notts, aged 68, 22nd Nov.
- Francis Henry, Esq. of Maize-hill, Greenwich, and of Monument-yard, London, Solicitor, in the 70th year of his age, 1st December.
- Fry, Mrs. Joanna, wife of Peter Fry, Esq. of Compton-house, Somerset, aged 79, 19th Dec.; and on the same day, of apoplexy, Peter Fry, Esq. aged 77, surviving his wife one hour.
- Gaskoin, Frampton Augustus Esq. Ensign 5th Regt. Bengal Infantry, in the 21st year of his age, eldest son of John S. Gaskoin, Esq. of Clarges-street, Piccadilly, at Dacca, 2nd Oct.
- Gillanders, George, Esq. of the house of Gillanders, Arbutnot, and Co. of Calcutta, and of Highfield, in the county of Ross, deeply lamented by all who knew him, at Calcutta, 12th Oct.
- Goldney, Anne, wife of Francis Bennett Goldney, Esq. of the Manor-house, Brixton, in the 51st year of her age, 23rd November.
- Goodford, Maria, widow of the late John Old Goodford, Esq. of Yeovil, Somerset, in the 90th year of her age, 25th Nov.
- Goodhart, Christiana, the beloved wife of Emanuel Goodhart, of Langley-park, Kent, Esq., at his residence, Crescent-lodge, Brighton, in her 67th year.
- Gore, Charles Arthur, Esq. formerly of the 1st Life Guards, after a painful illness of several years duration, at Brussels, aged 44.
- Grant, Sir George Macpherson, Bart., of Ballindalloch and Invershie, at Ballindalloch Castle, his seat in Elginshire, on the 24th Nov. He formerly represented, for a considerable period, the County of Sutherland in Parliament, and obtained his patent of Baronetcy in 1838. Sir George was the elder son of Captain John Macpherson, and inherited as heir of provision to his father's maternal uncle, General James Grant, the estate of Ballindalloch, whereupon he assumed the surname of Grant. The family he paternally represented, the Macphersons of Invershie, are the chiefs of a large tribe, which for ages has been distinguished under the designation of "Slioch Gillies." The deceased Baronet, who was born 25th Feb. 1781, married 26th Aug., 1803, Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Carnegie, Esq., of Craigs, and has left several children, the eldest of whom, John, some time Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, succeeds to the title.
- Gregory, Frances, relict of the late Francis Gregory, Esq. of Styvechale, co. Warwick, at Leamington, aged 86, 21st Nov.
- Grenville, The Right Hon. Thomas, aged 90, 18th Dec. This venerable statesman was elder son of George Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1763, by his wife a daughter of Sir W. Wyndham, and brother of the late William Wyndham, Baron Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury. The Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville was also great uncle of the present Duke of Buckingham. He was born the 31st Dec. 1755. He early in life displayed, like many members of his distinguished family, great intellect and promise; but his after life seems to have been one of flickering eminence, he every now and then coming forward with energy and excellence sufficient to lead him to substantial political power and fame, and then retiring into long and dignified seclusions. Thus do we view him at divers periods of his life—at one time a graceful and fluent orator in the Commons—the supporter of Fox and the terror of Pitt; then a diplomatist; afterwards a recluse, devoted to the study of classical literature; then a Member of Parliament, and a diplomatist again; and anon a Minister; lastly, he returns once more to private life, to share in, and to enjoy to the utmost, for nearly forty years, its most refined and rational pleasures. Literature, society, and hospitality, found Thomas Grenville a willing and a delighted votary; and the statesman that might have been, departs this life, after having abandoned worldly honours for, perhaps, the wiser, the more virtuous, and the happier course. The offices and appointments which Mr. Grenville held may be briefly stated. He was a member of Parliament for many years, and represented there Aldborough, and afterwards Buckingham. He was chosen Plenipotentiary to arrange peace with America, but, a change of Ministry occurring, he did not go. In 1795 he went as Minister Extraordinary to the Court at Berlin, and suffered a memorable shipwreck in his voyage thither. In 1800 he was appointed "Chief Justice in Eyre, South of the Trent," a sinecure office, which dies with him. In 1806 he obtained the station of First Lord of the Admiralty; resigning which the following year, he finally retired into a privacy which has only terminated with his death. Mr. Grenville was never married.

Greville, Arthur, Esq. formerly Solicitor in Sun-court, Cornhill, after a short but severe illness, much respected, 30th Nov.

Hartley, Mrs. Jane, wife of the Rev. Rich. Hartley, Rector of Staveley, co. York, in the 62d year of her age, 27th Nov.

Hebden, A. O., Esq. of Blackheath, aged 71, 20th Nov.

Hesse Homburg, Philip Augustus Frederick, Sovereign Landgrave of, Field Marshal in the Austrian service, and Governor of the Federal Fortress of Mayence, was the son of the Landgrave Frederick, and the brother of the Landgrave Louis. His Serene Highness Philip was born on the 11th March, 1779, and succeeded his brother Louis the 19th January, 1839. His Serene Highness expired on the 10th instant, at Homburg-es-Monte. He had espoused, the 26th June, 1835, inmorganatic, or left-handed wedlock, Antonia, Countess of Naumburg, but is succeeded in his sovereignty by his next brother, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, now reigning Landgrave of Hesse Homburg.

Howard, Lady Harriet, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wicklow, 16th December.

Hozier, James, Esq. formerly of Kingston, Jamaica; at Northwick-terrace, St. John's-wood, in the 54th year of his age, deeply regretted, 22nd Nov.

Hunter, General Sir Martin, G.C.H., G. C.M.G. at Anton's Hill, co. Berwick, 9th Dec. This gallant officer was the son and heir of Cuthbert Hunter, Esq. of Medomsley. in the county of Durham, by Anne, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Martin Nixon, Vicar of Haultwhistle. He entered the Army in 1771: his services of indefatigable and brilliant repute, extended through the great American War; through the battles against Tippoo Saib, in the East Indies; and through the campaign under Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the West Indies, in 1798. Hunter was at the battles of Bunker's Hill, Brooklyn, and Brandywine; his service is also in honourable association with the siege of Connamore, the engagement near Seringapatam, and the capture of Trinidad. In 1800, he commanded the 48th Foot at the siege and surrender of Malta. He also held military command at Halifax, North America, and he was Governor of New Brunswick. He was afterwards made a General: in 1832, he was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle. General Hunter was, previous to his demise, the oldest officer in the British Army, and the last survivor of the leading heroes of Bunker's Hill. The gallant General married, in 1797, Jean, daughter and heiress of James Dickson, Esq. of An-

ton's Hill, in the County of Berwick, and has left a large family.

Irvine, the Rev. Andrew, vicar of St. Margaret's, Leicester, who died 4th Dec., was instituted to the Vicarage of St. Margaret's in 1830, having previously held the appointments of Chaplain to the Tower, Assistant Preacher at the Temple, and a mastership at the Charter House School. From his first taking possession of this important post of Vicar of St. Margaret's to the hour of his lamented death, his labours were indefatigable for the good of the people committed to his charge. Those who are acquainted with the condition of the parish sixteen years since, will bear in grateful remembrance his unceasing and successful efforts for the education and spiritual improvement of the poor, as witnessed especially by the erection of the large National Schools, and the new District Church, both of which were established by his exertions; and at this very time, he had undertaken the restoration of the beautiful Church of St. Margaret's, commencing with the chancel, which is now fast advancing towards completion. In him the distressed in every condition of life were sure to find an active and generous friend and counsellor; his thoughts were constantly employed on the means of conferring happiness and benefits on others; his time was cheerfully given to the active support of almost every religious and benevolent association in the town; his life was literally an unwearied round of labours, such as very few men have energy sufficient to sustain; the poor of his parish always looked up to him as their friend in need, and seldom or never looked in vain; exemplary in every domestic relation of life, a tender husband, an affectionate father, a warm-hearted and constant friend, he has left behind him many long to deplore his loss and respect his memory.

Jameson, Mrs. John, at Inverness, 21st Nov.

Jones, the Rev. Charles William Ireland, vicar of Loddiswell, at the vicarage, aged 31, 24th Nov.

Lake, Sir James Samuel, Bart., on the 10th December. Sir James was son and heir of the late Sir James Samuel William Lake, Bart., by Maria, his wife, daughter of Samuel Turner, Esq. and derived in direct descent from Sir Bibye Lake, Sub-Governor of the African Company, who was created a Baronet in 1711. Sir James married, 1st May, 1833, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart. and has left two sons.

Lander, Charles A. Esq. Her Britannic

- Majesty's Consul, at the Dardanelles, aged 60, 10th Nov.
- Lane, Mrs. Ann widow of the late Thomas Lane, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, at her house, 5, Osnaburgh-terrace, Regent's-park, aged 86, 5th Dec.
- Lang, Maria, relict of the late Robert Lang, Esq. at her residence in Sussex-square, Hyde-park, aged 69, 18th Dec.
- Lilley, James, Esq. Colonial Surgeon, at Cape Coast Castle, Western Africa, after an illness of 11 days, from the fever of the country, in the 40th year of his age, 11th Aug.
- Livesey, Thomas, Esq. deeply regretted and respected, 13th Dec. By his death the poor have lost a kind benefactor and the uneducated a zealous advocate. His long and useful life was not confined to the sphere of benevolence alone. He was one of the early founders and successful promoters of gas lighting, and filled for many years (with singular ability and advantage to the Company, and equal honour to himself) the deputy-chairmanship of the Chartered Gas Company.
- Llewellyn, David, Esq. at his residence, Rowham-cottage, Hotwells, Clifton, after a protracted illness, aged 68, 23d Nov., upwards of 34 years lessee and occupier of Rowham Ferry.
- Lochner, Mrs. Ann, wife of W. C. Lochner, Esq. youngest daughter of the late John Copeland, Esq. at Haxted Lingfield, Surrey, aged 58, 3rd Dec.
- Lovell, Ann Elizabeth, wife of George Lovell, Esq. Her Majesty's Inspector of Small Arms, and daughter of the late Captain Francis Drummond, of Sloane-street, aged 59, 22d Nov.
- Lovesey, Conway Whitehorne, Esq. of Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, in the 66th year of his age, 26th Nov.
- Lowe, William, Esq. at his residence, Albion-place, Hockley, near Birmingham, in the 87th year of his age, 1st Dec.
- Lubbock, the Dowager Lady, at St. Leonards on sea, in her 95th year, 14th Dec.
- Lukin, the Rev. John, at Nursling, near Southampton, for 37 years rector of that parish, aged 64, 15th Dec.
- Macauley, Henry, William, Esq. at Boa Vista, Cape Verde Islands, Her Majesty's Commissioner in the Court established at that Island under the treaty with Portugal for the suppression of the slave trade, 24th Sept.
- Macdonald, Mrs. wife of Capt. C. Macdonald, R.N. at Saltwood, Kent, 20th Nov.
- Mackenrot, Anthony, Esq. at Cadiz, 65th year of his age, 11th Nov.
- MacIntosh, Robert, Esq. at Hornton-villas, Kensington, late of Edinburgh, 2d Dec.
- M'Tear, the Rev. James, who died recently, a well known clergyman, politician, and public speaker in Glasgow, was a native of Ireland, and came to Glasgow with his father, immediately after the Irish Rebellion, and when he was about nineteen years of age. Having received a good education, he commenced teaching, and proved very successful in that profession: but his inclinations were strong to the ministry of the Gospel, a preacher of which he became in connection with the Relief Synod. While studying divinity at the University, an event affected to a considerable degree his prospects as a clergyman in the west of Scotland. He had been accustomed, while a teacher, to let his class-room to friendly and other societies. Under the Castlereagh Administration, one of these societies were suspected of meeting for seditious purposes; and Mr. M'Tear was apprehended and committed to prison. Though liberated in a few days, without a trial, the fact of his having been imprisoned caused him to be regarded with suspicion in some country churches in this quarter. But his character was vindicated at the time in public advertisements, by the Professors of the University, by his fellow-students, by ministers of all denominations, and by a defence by Henry (now Lord) Brougham in the House of Commons. On account of his increasing family, Mr. M'Tear resumed his profession as a teacher in Glasgow; and, though continuing to preach occasionally, he prosecuted the occupation of instruction with much success for several years, but retired from it when the advance of age impaired his activity. He died in the sixty-seventh year of his age.
- Mahon, Lieut. Col. Knight of the Legion of Honour, and formerly Aide-de-Camp to Marshals Mortier and Lannes, 7th Dec. The deceased officer, who was descended from an Irish family, was born in 1772, of French parents, in France. He was but nineteen when he entered the career of arms just after the breaking out of the French Revolution. He was almost immediately promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant of the First Battalion of the Loire; appointed on the 25th January, 1792, Lieutenant in the 13th Regiment of Dragoons; he shortly, through his brilliant conduct, got to be a Captain on the Staff of the Army of the Rhine, and in this capacity made the campaigns of 1792. Having retired during the reign of terror, he again entered the service in 1795, and was successively Aide-de-Camp to Marshal Lannes and to Marshal Mortier, at the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, Stal-field, Jena, Pultusk, Ostrolenka, Fried-

- land, Saragossa, and Ocana. During this period he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, for his courageous conduct in swimming across a river with his dispatches and his sword between his teeth, under the fire of the Spanish lines, which had already brought down two of his comrades charged with a like mission. He was also present at the engagements of Sierra Morena, Campo Mayor, and Badajos; at the siege of the last place he was severely wounded by the bursting of a howitzer. He was the bearer from Marshal Lannes of the account to the Emperor of the fall of the fortress of Spandau, to which he had valiantly contributed. After serving in the Russian campaign, he distinguished himself at the siege of Dantzic, where the efforts of 100,000 Russians and Prussians were resisted by 40,000 French. Reduced to 8000 by the horrors of that memorable siege, the remains of the garrison obtained a capitulation, which granted them their return to France, with all the honours of war. This capitulation was violated, and the heroic defenders of Dantzic were sent prisoners to Siberia. On the 2nd of January, 1814, after an exile of eight months, and enduring the greatest hardships, they were exchanged. M. Mahon returned to France in 1815, where he finished his career at the family estate of La Grillonire, at the age of 74.
- Manby Captain Joseph Lane, late Paymaster of Her Majesty's 85th Regiment of Light Infantry, at Cheltenham, 22d Nov.
- Melfort, the Lady Emily Drummond, dau. of James, third Duke de Melfort, in France, and Earl of Melfort, in Scotland, at Amiens, in her 91st year, 29th Nov.
- Merriman, Mrs. Ann Hughes, widow of the late George Frederick Merriman, aged 53, 9th Dec.
- Messiter, Frances Effield, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Messiter, of the 28th Regiment, at Woolwich common, in her 19th year, 8th Dec.
- Mills, Albert, youngest son of late John Mills, Esq. of Brandesson Hall, Suffolk, 23d Nov.
- Minet, Mariana Augusta, youngest daughter of William Brissaut Minet, Esq. of Warwick-villas, Maida-hill, aged 7 months, 18th Dec.
- Morgan, Sir Charles Gould, Bart. of Tredegar, co. Monmouth, aged 85, 5th Dec. This respected Baronet, one of the most influential and opulent in England, was son of the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Gould, an eminent civilian, Judge Advocate and Judge Martial of the Forces, who married Jane, eldest daughter of Thomas Morgan, Esq. of Ruperra, co. Glamorgan, and assumed, in conformity with the testamentary injunction of his brother-in-law, John Morgan, Esq. the surname and arms of Morgan, of Tredegar. Sir Charles married Mary Margaret, daughter of Captain George Stoney R.N. and by her, who died 24th March, 1807, leaves surviving issue—1. Sir Charles Morgan Robinson Morgan, the present Baronet, and other children, of whom the eldest daughter, Maria Margaret, is wife of General Milman; and the second, Charlotte Georgiana, widow of George, third Lord Rodney. The family of Morgan of Tredegar is of ancient Cambrian lineage. At a very early period, its immediate ancestor, Llewelyn ap Ivor, Lord of St. Clears, acquired the broad lands of Tredegar by marriage with Angharad, daughter and coheir of Sir Morgan Meredith.
- Morgan, Mary, relict of the late Colonel James Morgan, of Southampton, and eldest daughter of Joseph Warton, head master of Winchester College, in the 85th year of her age, 18th Nov.
- Moorsom, Mr. John Lister, last surviving son of the late William Moorsom, Esq. banker, Scarborough, 8th Dec.
- Moxhay, Charles Fisher, son of Edward Moxhay, Esq. of Stamford Field, of consumption, at Torquay, in the 24th year of his age, on the 18th Nov.
- Munro, Mrs. Mary Ann Barnett, the beloved wife of William Munro, Esq. of DruidsStoke, in the county of Gloucester, 5th Dec.
- Munn, Alice Harvey, aged 8 years and 9 months, 7th Dec. and on Wednesday, the 9th Dec. Mary Elizabeth, aged 10 years, the beloved children of William Augustus Munn, Esq. of Throwley-house, neat Faversham, Kent
- Newbery, William Frances, eldest son of the Rev. H. J. Newbery, rector of St. Margaret Pattens, City, in his 13th year, 1st. Dec.
- Nichols, Rev. B. E. M.A. curate of St. John's Walthamstow, aged 50, 23d Nov. most deeply lamented by his family and flock.
- Ogilvie, Ann, widow of the late James Ogilvie, Esq. of Campbeltown, Invernesshire, in her 80th year, 2d Dec.
- Ogilvy, Alexander, Esq. formerly member of the Bengal Medical Board, and son of the late Sir John Ogilvy, of Innerquhart, Bart. at 13, Montague-square, in the 77th year of his age, 29th Nov.
- O'Malley, Francis Birmingham, youngest child of P. Frederic O'Malley, Esq. in Chester-square, aged 1 year and 3 weeks, 29th Nov.
- Osborne, Charles Davers, Esq. second son of Sir John Osborne. Bart. at Heavitree,

- Devon, in the 28th year of his age, 8th Dec.
- Ottley, Warner, Esq. of York Terrace, Regent's Park, and Stanwell house, Middlesex, at his town residence, in the 72nd year of his age, 8th Dec. At an early age he commanded a company of Rangers in St. Vincent, West Indies, during the Carib Insurrection, and distinguished himself at the Storming of Dorsetshire Hill and the Vigil. During that period two incidents occurred which may not be out of place in this memoir. A child of one of the Carib Chiefs had been made a prisoner by the company under the command of Mr. Ottley; upon being brought before him, he ordered it to be taken to his own tent, and showed it such attention, that when an opportunity presented itself for sending the child back, it could hardly be prevailed upon to leave him. On another occasion, a coloured servant of his brother proved the regard he had for him by placing himself before him when he perceived his life in imminent danger, and absolutely receiving a shot destined for his breast! The wound was, happily, not mortal.
- Parkinson, Luke, Esq. formerly of Oxford road, Manchester, at his residence, Stancliffe Hall, Darley Dale, in the county of Derby, 16th Dec.
- Parry, Joseph Martin, Esq. son of the late William Parry, Esq. of Montague square, at the Chateau de Wolfsberg, Lake of Constance, 20th Nov.
- Paxton, Lady, widow of the late Sir William Paxton, of Middleton hall, Carmarthenshire, at Cholderton house, Wilts, at the residence of her son, A. F. Paxton, Esq. in the 82nd year of her age, 3rd Dec.
- Pennant, Lady Emma, at her residence, in Queen's park, Brighton, 2nd Dec. Her Ladyship, who was 4th daughter of the late Earl of Cardigan, was born 13th Sept. 1804; and married, 10th Oct. 1827, David Pennant, Esq. (only son and heir of David Pennant, Esq. of Downing and Bychton, county Flint), by whom, who died in 1835, her Ladyship leaves an only child, Louisa, heiress of the ancient family of Pennant, married to Viscount Fielding, son of the Earl of Denbigh. Of Lady Emma Pennant's sisters, the second, Harriet Georgiana, was the late Countess Howe; the fourth, Mary, is wife of the Earl of Chichester; and the youngest, Anne, of the Earl of Lucan.
- Penrice, Thomas, Esq. of Kilvrough, co. Glamorgan, aged 57, 12th Dec. This gentleman was second son of the late Thomas Penrice, Esq. of Yarmouth, the residuary legatee of John Howe; Lord Chedworth, and the successor to his Lordship's estates in the counties of Gloucester and Wilts. Inheriting from his father a considerable property, Mr. Thomas Penrice purchased in 1820, the manor of Kilvrough, near Swansea, and other lands in Glamorganshire. Early in life he entered the military service, and was in all the Peninsular campaigns of the Duke of Wellington. Captain Penrice has died unmarried, leaving two brothers, John, of Yarmouth, and Charles, of Plumstead, a clergyman, besides two sisters, Hannah Green, widow of Andrew Fountaine, Esq. of Narford, and Mary, married to Thomas Trench Berney, Esq. of Morton Hall.
- Phelps, Mrs. Susan, the beloved wife of John Phelps, Esq. at Highgate, in the 69th year of her age, 7th Dec.
- Phillimore, William Robert, Esq. of Newberries, Herts, and South street, Grosvenor square, at Brighton, 30th Nov.
- Pilgrim, Isabella Jane, youngest daughter of Stephen Pilgrim, Esq. late of London, deceased, at Leamington Priory, Warwickshire, 25th Nov.
- Player, Lorenzo Charles, son of Rosa Folkestone Williams by her first husband, the late William Francis Player, Esq. formerly of Court hill house, Slindon, Sussex, in Coleshill street, Eaton square, of dysentery, in his 14th year, 2nd Dec.
- Playfair, George, Esq. late Inspector General of Hospitals, Bengal, at St. Andrews, 26th Nov.
- Prichard, Henry, Esq. of Newgate street, London, for many years member of the corporation, and deputy of the ward of Farringdon Within, much beloved and respected, at Islington, in the 77th year of his age, 28th Nov.
- Reid, Mrs. Mary, the beloved wife of James Reid, Esq. and daughter of the late John Robins, Esq. of Norwood-green, in the county of Middlesex, at Merton, Surrey, 8th Dec.
- Reynolds, Thomas, Esq. at No. 36, Bedford square, aged 48, 8th Dec.
- Robertson, Lieut. George Carnaby, at Deyrah Doon, East Indies, 15th Sept.
- Rogers, Mrs. Ann, relict of the late Obadiah Wicks Rogers, Esq. of the Bank of England, in her 78th year, 7th Dec.
- Ross, Duncan, Esq. at Hartfield, near Tain, North Britain, much lamented, 26th Nov.
- Russell, John, Esq. advocate, author of "A Tour in Germany, &c. Compelled by illness to abandon in the prime of life both the pursuits of literature and the practice of his profession, he found compensation in the Christian meditations and hopes which cheered a long period of bodily affliction; of a disease

- of the heart, at Helensburgh, Dumbar-tonshire, 30 Nov.
- Saltmarshe, Philip, Esq. of Saltmarshe, in the county of York, after a few days' illness, in his 67th year, 28th Nov.
- Scott, the Rev. Thomas, rector of Nether Broughton, Leicestershire, and late of Little Oakley, Essex, for many years an active magistrate of that county, 26 Nov.
- Scott, the Right Rev. Dr., Roman Catholic Bishop, at his residence, Greenock, 4th Dec. This excellent prelate was well-known in Glasgow, where he officiated for a lengthened period; and his death will no doubt cast a gloom over a large circle of friends and admirers, by whom he was esteemed for his unostentatious gentlemanly manners, and for the zeal he at all times manifested for the spiritual interests of those of his own persuasion.
- Stourton, William, 17th Lord, aged 70, 4th Dec. His Lordship was representative of one of the oldest Catholic families in all England, whose pedigree can be traced to a period antecedent to the Conquest. At that memorable epoch, Botolph Stourton, an active adherent of Harold, gallantly disputed every inch of ground with the invader, and finally obtained from William his own terms. Having broken down the sea walls of the Severn, Botolph entered Glastonbury, when the victorious Norman had made his appearance in the West; and thus protected, compelled the Conqueror to grant whatsoever he demanded. Sir John Stourton, the first Lord Stourton—a direct descendant of the patriotic soldier to whom we have just referred, acquired renown as a statesman and warrior in the reign of Henry VI.; and many of the subsequent inheritors of the coronet became distinguished in the political transactions of their times. The nobleman whose decease we record was eldest son of Charles Philip, Lord Stourton, by Mary, his wife, daughter and coheir of Marmaduke, Lord Langdale, and grandson of William, fifteenth Lord, by Winifred, his wife, daughter and coheir of Philip Howard, Esq. of Buckenham, in Norfolk. Through his descent from this lady, who became eventually coheir of her uncles, Thomas and Edward, eighth and ninth Dukes of Norfolk, his Lordship was one of the coheirs of the dormant Baronies of Howard, Mowbray, Braose, &c. He married in October, 1800, Catherine, daughter of Thomas Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, and has left a very large family, the eldest son of which, Charles, present Lord Stourton, is married to Mary Lucy, daughter of Charles, seventh Lord Clif-
- ford. Of the deceased peer's brothers, the second assumed the surname of Vavasour, and is the present Baronet of Haslewood, while the third, Charles, who has changed his patronymic to Langdale, is well known as a leading member of the Catholic Aristocracy.
- Strachey, Mrs. Julia, widow of Edward Strachey, Esq. late of the Bengal Civil Establishment, at Perugia, 20th Nov.
- Sumner, Mrs. mother of the Bishops of Chester and Winchester, at Godalming, in her 89th year, 10th Dec.
- Tait, Miss Jane, the second daughter of William Tait, Esq. and granddaughter of the late John Hunter, LL.D. Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard, in the University of St. Andrews, N. B. at 43, Upper Gower street, 12th Dec.
- Tatam, William Colston, Esq. 23 years the British Vice-Consul at that place, formerly of the Bank of England, at Venice, 4th Dec.
- Urquhart, Robert William, infant son of Mr. William Corston Hutchison, aged three months, at Liverpool, 21st Nov.
- Westminster, Eleanor, Marchioness of, 29th Nov. of an internal complaint, from which she had suffered for some time. Her Ladyship was only dau. and heiress of the late Sir Thos. Egerton, Bt. of Egerton and Outon, who was elevated to the peerage in 1784 as Baron Grey de Wilton, and subsequently in 1801 obtained a new patent creating him Viscount Grey de Wilton and Earl of Wilton, with special remainder to the second, and to all the younger sons successively of his daughter. That lady married in 1794 Robert, Viscount Belgrave (who succeeded his father as Earl Grosvenor in 1802, and was made Marquis of Westminster in 1831) and by him has left issue three sons, Richard, present Marquis; Thomas, Earl of Wilton; and Robert. Her ladyship's age was seventy-six. Under the late Peer's will she received an annuity of £6500, in addition to her marriage settlement.
- Westwood, Robert, Esq. of Newgate street, London, and Chatham place, Hackney, for many years a member of the corporation, and deputy of the ward of Farringdon Within, in his 77th year, 29th Nov.
- Whitbread, the Rt. Hon. Lady Elizabeth, at Grove House, Kensington Gore, in the 82nd year of her age, 28th Nov.
- Wright, Mrs. Louisa, widow of the late Samuel Townsend Wright, Esq. of Lurra house, county of Cork, aged 71, at Bath, 30th Nov.
- Youngusband, William, Esq. Commander in the Hon. East India Company's late maritime service, aged 74, 22nd Nov.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Penshurst, co. Kent.

.....Like Romance in stone ;
Still to the present does it preach the past
With more than language ! There the moral sigh
O'er the gone splendour of heroic times
May well be heaved, when Chivalry prevailed,
And knightly bosoms with heroic pulse
Were beating nobly, as became the brave !

EVERY county in fair England, has its sacred ground associated with some never-fading glory, or hallowed by the memory of the illustrious dead. In Kent, Penshurst has, in this respect, no rival ; it is the sunny, verdant spot in the dull waste of local history, the shrine at which the poetic pilgrim pays his warmest adoration. Bright are the recollections called forth by a visit to this ancient Manor House ! In the days of feudal pomp, the residence, successively, of the Penshursts, the Pulteneys, and the Lovaines, it became in the 15th century, part of the possessions of the Regent Bedford, and subsequently passed to the Staffords, the ill-fated Dukes of Buckingham. The halo, however, that glitters around Penshurst owes its brilliancy to the chivalrous race, in whose descendant the property still remains.

Penshurst takes its name from the old British words *Pen*, the top, and *hyrst*, a wood, and at the period of the Domesday Survey, was the seat of a family to which it gave designation. In the reign of Edward I., we find the lands enjoyed by Sir Stephen de Peneshurste, Knt., Constable of Dover Castle, and Warden of the Cinque Ports, and after his death, by his widow Margery. That lady died 2 Edward II., when, on a partition between the two daughters of the deceased Sir Stephen, Penshurst, together with the adjoining manor of Lyghe, was assigned to the younger, Alice, wife of John de Columbers, and passed not long after by sale to Sir John de Pulteney, Lord Mayor of London, renowned for his extensive charities and not less for his wealth and magnificence. Under him the property became greatly improved, and a licence to embattle the mansion was granted by Edward II. Sir John Pulteney, (who founded a college in the church of St. Laurence, since called Poultney, in London) died 23 Edward III., leaving an only child William, at whose decease Penshurst vested in Margaret, Lady Pulteney, widow of Sir John and then wife of Sir Nicholas Lovaine.

From her it descended to her son, Nicholas Lovaine. This gentleman, allied by marriage to the great house of De Vere, died *s.p.*, and was succeeded in the possession of his estates by his widow, the Lady Margaret, who took to her third husband Sir John Devereux Knt., a gallant soldier, and a Banneret of the time of Richard II. He died before his wife—who survived until 10 Henry IV., when the property passed to Margaret the sister of her second husband, Nicholas Lovaine. This richly portioned heiress wedded twice, and both her husbands seem, in turn, to have possessed the manor. The first was Richard Chamberlayne, Esq., of Sherburn, in Oxfordshire, and the second Sir Philip St. Clere of Ightham. By the latter, the Lady of Penshurst left a son John St. Clere, who alienated his mother's inheritance to John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, the hero of the French war, and the renowned Regent of England. This famous soldier, whose splendid achievements, great, glorious, and gallant as they were, lie for ever obscured beneath one dark deed of inhumanity, his vindictive treatment of the renowned Joan of Arc died in 1435, and, as he left no issue, his manors in Kent devolved on his brother, Humphrey the Good, Duke of Gloucester, at whose decease, also without children, Penshurst vested in the King, his cousin, and was, shortly after, granted to Humphrey, Earl of Stafford, a nobleman of great influence and power, nearly related to the Royal Family through his mother, Lady Anne Plantagenet. Serving with great gallantry in the French wars, his Lordship received in requital, and in regard of his near propinquity to the throne, a grant of the Dukedom of Buckingham, with precedence of all dukes whatsoever. Before we pass to the next possessors of Penshurst, we cannot forbear glancing at the fate of the illustrious house of Stafford, marked as it was by a more than ordinary degree of misfortune. Edmund, Earl of Stafford, his son, Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, and his grandson Humphrey, Earl of Stafford, all fell in the desolating war of the Roses, and Henry 2nd Duke of Buckingham, and his son, Edward, 3rd and last Duke, were both beheaded, and sacrificed to the feuds of party and to private malignity. With the third duke sunk for ever the splendour, princely honour and great wealth of the ancient and renowned family of Stafford.

Its last male representative, Roger Stafford, grandson of Henry Lord Stafford, by Ursula Pole, his wife, grand niece of King Edward IV., went in his youth by the name of Fludd—for what reason has not been explained—perhaps with the indignant pride that the very name of Stafford should not be associated with the obscurity of his lot. At the age of sixty-five, he became, by the early death of his cousin Henry, Lord Stafford, heir male of his noble house; and petitioned Parliament accordingly: but he eventually submitted his claim to King Charles, who decided that, having no part of the inheritance of the Stafford lands, he should surrender the title to his Majesty, which order being obeyed by the petitioner, the honour was conferred on Sir William Howard and Mary Stafford his wife. Roger Stafford died unmarried in 1640. His only sister, Jane Stafford, married a joiner, and had a son a shoemaker, living at Newport in Shropshire, A.D. 1637. Thus the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, the daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, sunk to the grade of a cobbler! On the attainder of Edward Stafford 3rd Duke of Buckingham, 13 Henry VIII., Penshurst reverted to the Crown, and continued thus vested, until Edward VI. conferred it on SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY, a celebrated soldier, who had held a chief command at Flodden, and had shared in the glory of the French campaign. This gallant knight fixed his residence on his newly acquired manor, and dying in 1553 was succeeded in its possession by his son,

SIR HENRY SIDNEY, an eminent personage of his time, who erected the tower over the gateway of the principal entrance and caused the following inscription to be thereon engraven, over the Royal Arms :—

The most religiovs and renowned Prince Edward the sixt, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this Hovse of Pencester, with the Mannors, Landes, and Appvrtenavnces there vnto belonging, vnto his trvstye and well beloved Servant Syr William Sydney, Knight Bannaret, servinge him from the time of his Birth unto his Coronation, in the Offices of Chamberlayne and Stvarde of his Hovshold, in Commemoration of which most worthie and famous King, Syr Henrye Sydney, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Lord President of the Covnsell established in the Marches of Wales, Sonne and Heyer to the afore named Syr William, caused this Tower to be byvlded, and that most excellent Princes Arms to be erected. Anno Domini, 1585.

Sir Henry Sidney enjoyed, in an unprecedented degree, the favour of Edward VI., who took such delight in his company as rarely to give him leave of absence from court. Upon the death of the king in 1552, Sir Henry oppressed by grief, retired to Penshurst and sought consolation in its calm and pensive groves. Short, however, was the term of his inaction. His country's service soon claimed his attention, and in the 2nd of Philip and Mary, he became Vice Treasurer of Ireland. Under Mary's successor, he still basked in the sunshine of royal favour, being appointed by Elizabeth, Lord President of Wales, invested with the Garter and thrice constituted Lord Deputy of Ireland. In that kingdom he greatly signalised himself in suppressing repeated rebellions, and in executing several public works, which were of lasting benefit to the country. His death occurred on the 5th May, 1585, at Ludlow in Shropshire, whence his body was removed by command of the Queen, and buried with great pomp in the chancel of Penshurst church. Sir Henry had married Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and left by her a daughter, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, and three sons, of whom the eldest, born at Penshurst, 29th Nov. 1554, was SIR PHILIP SYDNEY—the soldier—the scholar—the statesman, and the poet; eminent as each, the favourite of his sovereign, the idol of the people;—possessed alike of gentle sentiment and manly daring. His life was a romance, from its commencement to its close. At an early age he married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham—a lady of exquisite beauty; but his heart was given to another. The Lady Penelope Devereux won it and kept it till he fell on the field of Zutphen. "Family regards" (we quote an elegant writer*) "had forbad their marriage: but she was united to the immortal part of him, and that contract has not yet been dissolved. She is still the Philoclea of the *Arcadia* and *Stella* in the poems of *Astrophel*."

It would be idle to attempt, in this space, to give even a faint sketch of this celebrated man—

"The president
Of nobleness and Chivalrie."

We will only add in the words of Camden that "he was the great glory of his family, the great hope of mankind, the most lovely pattern of virtue and the darling of the learned world."

At Sir Philip's death (he left an only child Elizabeth, Countess of Rut-

* S. C. Hall.

land,) his next brother, Sir Robert Sidney succeeded as heir male. This gallant person, an hereditary soldier, acquired renown in arms, first under his uncle the Earl of Leicester, in the Netherlands, and afterwards with Sir Francis Vere, when he shared in the victory achieved at Turnholt in Brabant. For these services, he was created by James I., Baron Sidney of Penshurst, Viscount L'Isle, and Earl of Leicester, and appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. His death happened in 1626. The next inheritor of Penshurst, Robert Sydney, 2d Earl of Leicester, son of the preceding Lord, lived to the age of eighty years and eleven months, esteemed for his great learning, and upright, unbending character. During his Lordship's time, the young Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, children of Charles I. were sent to Penshurst, and remained there nearly twelve months. The Earl married Lady Dorothy Percy, and had (with four daughters—the eldest of whom the Lady Dorothy was the Sacharissa of the Poet Waller) four sons, Philip his successor, ALGERNON, the celebrated Patriot, born at Penshurst, who suffered death by decapitation on Tower Hill, 7th Dec. 1683, Robert who died in 1674, and Henry, created Earl of Romney. Of these the eldest, Philip, 3rd Earl of Leicester, was father of Robert, 4th Earl, whose youngest and last surviving son, Jocelyne, 7th Earl dying in 1743, without issue, the estates (including Penshurst) devolved upon (the daughter of his brother the Hon. Colonel Thomas Sidney,) his niece Elizabeth, the wife of William Perry, Esq. of Wormington, co. Gloucester and were conveyed by that lady's only daughter and heiress Elizabeth Jane Sydney, in marriage, to Sir Bysshe Shelley, Bart. of Castle Goring, from whom they descended to their son and heir Sir JOHN SHELLEY SYDNEY, now of Penshurst, created a baronet in 1818—the father of Sir Philip Charles Sydney, elevated to the Peerage in 1835, as Baron de l'Isle and Dudley.

Until within the last twenty or thirty years, Penshurst, though crumbling under the hand of time, which spares not the brightest associations, still preserved the form, and the appropriate adornment of bygone ages. The fine old timber roof was then entire and the side walls throughout were covered with pikes, lances and matchlocks, while at the end of the hall, stood erect in frowning dignity, whole rows of men-shaped suits of armour—one recorded to have been worn by the "incomparable knight himself." The creaking of the rusty gates, the desolate echo, and the noiseless calm, spoke of other days, and we unconsciously hold communion with those mighty spirits, whose memory imparts undying interest to the scene. All the glory of Penshurst is of the past—and modern improvement and modern innovation tend but to dissolve the charm which encircles the Hall of the Sydneys.

The park is very extensive: but that tree which is said to have stood

" — the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth,"

will be sought for, in vain, amid its umbrageous tenantry,—

That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the muses met,

and which Ben Johnson, in his immortal verse, has set afresh, has been cut down! and exists alone in the "Forest" of "rare Ben," where in the words of Waller,

"It lives in description, and looks green in song."

The principal front of the noble edifice itself extends upwards of three

hundred feet in length. It is a plain stone and brick building, without ornament, but the general appearance cannot fail to impress the mind with an idea of its ancient grandeur. The mansion, nearly the whole of which has been restored and incloses a spacious quadrangle, contains a fine old Baronial Hall measuring fifty-four feet long by thirty-eight wide, and more than sixty in height, a magnificent saloon, tapestry room, picture gallery, minstrel's gallery, &c., and is in all respects one of the most attractive and interesting seats in England.

Broughton, co. York.

"It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect, how much more to behold an ancient family which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time!"—BACON.

"THE trunk of an aged oak (we borrow the pleasing expressions of Dr. Whitaker,) is not unfrequently seen to push forth a vigorous and lively shoot, which gradually rivals the parent stock. Such are Bracewell and Broughton (both seats of the Tempests.) The former is a monument of imprudence, dereliction and decay: the house dilapidated, the parks laid waste, the ponds dry, the woods felled. The latter, with enough of antiquity to render it respectable, bears every mark of present attention: the woods are preserved and thriving, the park stocked, the grounds modernized, the brook expanded, the house improved: the whole, in short, a result of good taste united with economy."

At the Domesday Survey, Broughton formed part of the possessions of Roger of Poitou, and not long after, in conjunction with Elslac, was united to the Skipton Fee. In the reign of Edward I., the hamlet was a part of the hundred pound lands granted by that monarch to Sir John de Eston, and by deed, sans date, that gentleman's nephew granted to John Tempest, of Bracewell, one capital message in Brocton, together with the services of certain free tenants, among whom was Peter Gilliott: yet at the time of Kirkley's inquisition, taken 9 Edward II., Peter Gilliott, William de Eston, Henry de Marton, Geoffrey Dawtry and William de Skipton, were found to be Lords of Broughton. In the Gilliotts, the manor continued for many successive generations, until conveyed in marriage, by Katherine, only daughter and heir of Sir Piers Gilliott, to her husband, Roger Tempest, second son of Sir Piers Tempest, one of the heroes of Agincourt. Roger Tempest thus richly endowed in Yorkshire, served as high sheriff of that county, in 1434, and his descendants have, from that remote period even to the present day, held, uninterruptedly, a leading position among the great northern proprietors, being still possessed of the lands acquired with the heiress of Gilliott, and being still seated at her ancient Hall of Broughton. Their present representative is Sir Charles Robert Tempest, Bart. Three members of the Broughton branch of the Tempests deserve distinct notice, but our limits forbid more than the mere mention of their names—they were Francis Tempest, many years abbot of Lambspring, the English Benedictine Monastery, in Westphalia; Stephen Tempest, author of the "*Religio Laici*," and John Tempest, a learned ecclesiastic, who died in 1737, "*pietate, doctrinâ, et suavitate morum omnibus dilectus.*"

During the great civil war, Broughton, situated on the highway almost at an equal distance between the hostile garrisons of Skipton and Thornton,

had its full share of devastation and misery. Stephen Tempest, Esq. the head of the family, and his eldest son Sir Stephen, had both arrayed themselves under the king's banner, and both held captain's commissions in Charles's army. The consequence was that, when the cause of royalty sunk, and parliamentary confiscation ensued, the estate of Broughton was seized, and only preserved by a repurchase of the whole. Tradition relates that, in an engagement in the park of Broughton, a son of the family was shot on the lawn, and that the village became so completely pillaged of household furniture that an old helmet passed, in succession, from house to house, for the purpose of boiling broth and pottage. "There is something," continues Whitaker, "in the nature of all privations which exposes them to be burlesqued; and accordingly a poet, who was not in love with hardships, has hit upon this very circumstance:—

"In days of old our fathers went to war
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare,
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket hilts their beverage brewed."

Parr, co. Lancaster.

PARR is a township and manor in the parish of Prescot. From no mention of it occurring in Domesday, we may conclude that it was at that time a waste, probably forming part of the Manor of Knowsley. The first record, in which the name appears, bears date 12 Edward II. (1318), in a deed of gift from Robert de Birch, to John de Hulton, witnessed by "Henry de Parr." Not longer after, about 1350, Sir JOHN DE PARRE, married Matilda, dau. of Sir Richard de Leyborne, and was father of Sir WILLIAM DE PARRE, who married in 1383, ELIZABETH DE ROS, grand-dau. and heir of Sir THOS. de Ros, Baron of Kendal, and thus acquired the castle and estates of Kendal. From this alliance sprang the great house of PARR of KENDAL, of which we shall give some account in a future article. Fourth in descent from Sir William de Parre, was Sir THOMAS PARRE, of Kendal, Master of the Wards and Comptroller to Henry VIII., who died the 9th of that monarch's reign, and by *Inq. p. m.* of his lands in Lancashire, was found to have held messuages, lands, woods and rents, in Parre, with the Manor of Thurnham, and other estates in Lancashire. Sir Thomas was succeeded by his only son, WILLIAM PARR, afterwards the celebrated Marquess of Northampton. This nobleman having been attainted for siding with Lady Jane Grey, his estates were forfeited to the Crown, and though restored to him by Queen Elizabeth, seem to have reverted thereto at his death, for, in 1592, we find Thomas Norris claiming, in right of John Dudley, by grant from the crown, the capital messuage called Laghooge,* with lands and wastes in the lordship of Parr. The claim was resisted by Roger Wood, William Parre, and John Gerard, in right of William, Marquis of Northampton. There was another dispute concerning this estate of Laghooge in 1600, when Thurstan Parre, eldest son of John Parre deceased, was plaintiff, and Thos. Foxe, John Standyche, and Thomas Parre, defendants, but the result does

* The ancient mansion of Laghooge (now called Leafog), which was once the occasional residence of the Parrs, still exists.

not appear by the roll of pleadings. Though, as is shewn by what is stated above, the PARRS of Kendal, possessed considerable property within the township to the time of their extinction, it does not appear that they held the Manor of Parre from the time of seating themselves in Westmoreland. *That*, as well as the mansion house of Parre, was in the possession of a collateral branch, the first Inquisition relating to which, preserved among the Duchy records, is in 1528, when BRYAN PARRE,* was found to have held the Manor of Parre, with messuages and appurtenances in the township, of Edward, Earl of Derby, at the 10th part of a knight's fee, and 7s. 3d. rent. Thomas Parre, his son and heir, being then aged twelve years. About this time, Mathew Standyshe, deputy escheator of the county, claimed for the Crown, the Wardship of Thomas Parre, and of a messuage called Parre Hall, in opposition to the claim of Sir Richard Bolde and Thomas Gerard. Thomas Parre maintained his rights as Lord of the Manor, by prosecuting Bryan Arosmythe and others, for obstructing the highway from Parre Hall to Parre Wood, in 1549. He married Katherine, dau. of William Leyland, Esq. of Morley, and by her, who married 2ndly, John Byrom, Esq. of Byrom, had four sons and six daughters. Thomas Parre *d.* in 1559, and was succeeded by his eldest son, then aged nineteen, WILLIAM PARRE, Esq. of Parre. This proprietor appears by the Duchy records, to have been greatly involved in litigation with his step-father, John Byrom and others, respecting the family property, which disputes seem to have ended in the Byroms obtaining considerable part of that ancient inheritance.

William Parr wedded Katherine, dau. of Thomas Eccleston, Esq. of Eccleston, and had three sons, BRYAN, Henry, and Thomas; and three daughters. The eldest son, BRYAN PARR, Esq. of Parr, married Alice Twiss, and had a son HENRY PARR, of Parr, living in 1621, then of the age of 20 years, and three daughters, Mary, Katherine, and Elizabeth. From this time the family pedigree is imperfect: several collateral branches subsisted within the township in reduced circumstances, until the commencement of the eighteenth century, but are all now extinct or removed from the neighbourhood.† A younger son of the family establishing himself in the neighbouring port of Liverpool, about the commencement of the seventeenth century, founded a branch which occupied a distinguished position in the commercial world for nearly a century and a half, and of this is the present THOMAS PARR, Esq. now of Lythwood Hall, Salop.

To return to the Manor of Parr.—In 12 James I., Henry Byrom, son of the before mentioned John Byrom, who married Margaret Parre, *d.* seized of the Manors of Parre and Byrom. In the Byrom family it continued for a few years longer, but was again alienated, and the lands of Parr are now shared by various proprietors. The lordship is claimed by Charles Orrell, Esq. of Black-brook House, but no manorial court is held. The ancient mansion, Parr Hall, is still to be seen near the town of St. Helens, and was lately occupied as a lady's boarding school.

* By *Inq. p. m.* dated 23 Henry VIII. (1531), JOHN PARRE, Esq. was found to have held messuages, lands, and tenements, in Parre and Lathom, by knight service, under Edward, Earl of Derby; his daughter and heir, GRACE PARRE, being then of the age of three years.

† The Will of William Parr, of Parr, yeoman, was proved at Chester so late as 1729, but his descent is uncertain.

Wallington, co. Northumberland.

Harnham was headless, Bradford breadless,
 Shaftoe picked at the crow;
 Capheaton was a wee bonny place,
 But Wallington banged them a'.

THIS extensive estate, whereon, according to Leland, the famous family "of the Fenwicks" had "chefist howse," was, with its members Camboe, Fawns, and Farneylaw, comprised, at an early period, within the barony of Bolbeck. In 1168, Hugh de Crauden (afterwards a canon of Barnwell Monastery) held one Knight's fee of Walter de Bolbeck, in which were, unquestionably included Wallington, and Whitcheater, and about the year 1240, we find those lands (together with the Manor of Crauden in Cambridgeshire) in the possession of Sybilla de Crauden. How or when Wallington passed from these early proprietors, we cannot learn, but we have good authority for stating that in 1326, it belonged to John Grey, who took the local name of "de Wallington." From his family it was conveyed, probably by marriage, to the Strothers, for in 1352, Wallington East, and Wallington West, are enumerated among the estates of Alan del' Strother, who served as High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1356 and 1357. This is the Alan del' Strother, who was a contemporary of Chaucer at Cambridge, and one of the "two clerkes of Soller's-hall," mentioned by the poet in his Reve Tale, or as he calls them, "Yonge pore Scholleris two," who were

"John hight that one, and Alein hight that other,
 Of oo towne were they both, that highte Strother,
 Fer in the north I cannot tellen where."

Allan became, in 1368, Warden of the Castle of Roxburgh, and was appointed in the following year Bailiff of Tindale. His grandson William del Strother, Mayor of Newcastle, and M.P. for that town, resided in Wallington Tower, and had the adjacent Lordship: but, as he died without issue, all his possessions fell to his sisters as coheirs, Wallington passing, with the youngest Mary, in marriage, to Sir John Fenwick of Fenwick Tower. Thus originated its connexion with one of the most distinguished Houses in Northumberland, conspicuous in Border strife, and celebrated in Border minstrelsy;—

"I saw come merching owre the knows,
 Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock:
 With jack and spair and bowis all bent,
 And warlike weaponis at their will."

With the Fenwicks, Wallington remained until the year 1689, when Sir John Fenwick Bart, alienated that, Hexham, and his other estates to Sir William Blackett, Bart. for £4000, and an annuity of £2000 for himself and Lady Mary, his wife. Sir John, who thus disposed of the inheritance of a long line of ancestry, possessed considerable talent, and was romantically attached to the house of Stuart, but his "moral character," as a witness on his trial observed, "was none of the best." He destroyed an ancient family, was attainted of high treason, and beheaded; but he had

splendid traits in his character, and good men pitied his death on account of the harsh and unconstitutional measure by which it was accomplished. His restless spirit had led him, in the year 1694, to assist in concerting plans for the restoration of James II., but in 1696, finding that government was acquainted with his proceedings, he set out for France, but was apprehended at New Romney, in Kent, committed to the Tower, and indicted at the Old Bailey, on the oaths of George Porter, Esq., and Cordel Goodman, gent. on the 28th of May, in that year, for "compassing and imagining the death and destruction of the King, and adhering to his enemies." Finding his case a bad one, Sir John Fenwick and his friends managed, by various plans and devices, in postponing the trial until they had succeeded, by golden persuasions, in removing Goodman out of the country, and thus, as they thought, rendered the conviction, on the oath of only one witness, illegal. An experiment was tried too, of softening William's heart; but the stern spirit that ruled the land in that monarch's day, was a stranger to mercy: Sir John was condemned by a law, made on purpose to stain the scaffold with his blood, and enacted after the crime was done for which he was accused by a guilty oppressor. His wife, Lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of Charles, Earl of Carlisle, exerted herself with the most devoted zeal and tenderness, to save the life of her husband, and sought to be the sharer of his prison. After the last scene in her husband's tragic story had closed, she buried his remains near the altar of St. Martin's Church, close to those of his three sons, and erected in York Cathedral a monumental pillar to his memory.

In a volume of "Poems on State Affairs" published in 1705, the following lines refer to the death of this ill-fated gentleman:—

Here lye the relics of a martyr'd knight,
Whose loyalty uspotted as the light,
Seal'd with his blood his injured So—gn's right.

The state his head did from his body sever,
Because, when living, 'twas his chief endeavour
To set the nation and its head together.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping soldiers,
Imploing heaven for the good of the beholders,
So to cut H—d's head from England's shoulders.

Sir William Blackett, the purchaser of Wallington, and the builder of a Mansion House there, was youngest son of Sir William Blackett, Bart., of Newcastle, an eminent and successful merchant, who amassed a considerable fortune by his mines and collieries. He, like his father, the younger Blackett, realized great wealth, and made extensive purchases in Northumberland. In parliament, as member for his native town, he gained distinction as a popular speaker, and was offered (but declined) public employment after the revolution. By James II. he had been created a baronet in 1685. His son and successor, Sir William Blackett, Bart. of Wallington, M. P. died without legitimate issue in 1728, but he left an illegitimate daughter, Elizabeth Orde, to whom he bequeathed his estates, on condition that she should, within twelve months, intermarry with Sir William's nephew, Walter Calverley, and that Mr. Calverley should assume the surname of Blackett. These conditions being complied with, Mr. Calverley became (having inherited the Baronetcy of his own family) Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, Bart., and took up his abode at Wallington, to the improvement of which

he devoted much attention. It was his favourite spot, and on its adornment he expended vast sums. His death occurred in 1777, when this fine estate devolved on his nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., of Nettlecombe, and is now the inheritance of his grandson, SIR WALTER CALVERLEY TREVELYAN.

The old tower of Wallington owed its erection, in all probability, to the Strothers, and the stone house adjoining was added by the Fenwicks. The present mansion arose in the time of the first Sir William Blackett. Some of the walls of the tower still remain in the turning room near the north-west corner of the house: and, in the walls of the cellars, many stones with gothic mouldings for doorways and mullions of windows evidence that the stone house of the Fenwicks was not without its decorations: that chivalrous race made it their chief residence for many ages, and kept up in it the profuse and jovial hospitality of their times in so high a style as to have made it the subject of convivial songs, and many traditionary tales of frolics and frays that happened after a hard day's chase. "Show us the way to Wallington" is an old and favourite air in the neighbourhood. "This hospitality of the house," says the historian of Northumberland, "could not, however, be supported, after a frequent residence in London, and the profligate habits of the court of Charles the Second began to make their demands upon the rental of the estate: and it is not improbable that the same cause which led to the sale of the property of this once powerful family, had also a hand in leading the last of its owners to his ignominious end. When the hope of patronage and reward for a wasteful and extravagant attention to the court of one prince, became extinguished by a hostile successor of opposite views and interests mounting the throne, it is not to be wondered that disappointment and revenge should advise desperate means of escaping from ruin." In exchanging owners, the place, however, had none of its former magnificence abated. An old rhymster, alluding to the festal habits of the place, and the rebuilding of it, says:—

"The wine of Wallington old songsters praise,
The Phoenix* from her ashes Blacketts raise."

* Alluding to the Fenwick crest.

SIR JOHN FROISSART.

A SKETCH.

—“The mode of that romantic age—
 The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,
 Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
 The sober eye of truth, and dazzl'd ev'n
 The Sage himself.”—MASON.

How much does not history owe to the immortal Froissart ! Compare his gigantic and Herculean labours with those of the monastic chroniclers and our admiration of this illustrious historian will be truly unbounded. A phrase, a line, a word, were considered as sufficient memorials of the birth or death, of a king, the appearance of a comet, or of an eclipse, the erection of a minster, or the calamities of a storm, a plague, a famine. Events like these were alone recorded, and the transactions of centuries could be included in the vacant leaf of the Liturgy or the Bible. Some of these germs of histories, mere chronological tables, are still extant in their first ungarnished form, without addition or interpolation. In these, from time to time the diligence of a monk inserted other facts which he acquired by reading or by oral information. The enlarged edition was often transcribed and transmitted to a newly-founded monastery, and then again it received fresh additions, until by degrees the compilation began to acquire the bulk and consequence of a history. Thus, through the united assistance of a monastery of monks, joined to a period of ages, a work was produced, that in point of size alone, formed but a mere shadow in comparison with the voluminous chronicles of Froissart. But this consideration great and startling as it is, illustrating the industry and perseverance of one man, is still of minor importance when compared with the subject matter of the work itself, recording as it does the mighty events of a chivalrous, warlike, and momentous age, in the spirit of an impartial, and enthusiastic eye-witness of scenes which the chronicler has described so graphically, so forcibly, and so quaintly. Where is the man who has perused these relicts of by-gone times and not felt himself transported back to the days of Cressy and Poitiers ? Truly they have less the air of a narrative, than of a dramatic representation. The figures live and move before us, we not only know their deeds, but the mode and process of the action become familiar to us. We hear the gallant hero-knights arrange the terms of combat, and the manner of the onset ; we hear their soldiers shout their war-cry ; we see them drive home their spurs into the flanks of their barbs, and, hurried along by the liveliness of the narrative, we mingle with them in the whirlwind of battle. We feel no hesitation in stating that a skirmish before

a petty fortress, thus told, interests us more than the general information that twenty thousand Frenchmen bled on the field of Cressy; indeed such must ever be the case, while we prefer a knowledge of mankind to a mere acquaintance with their actions, and so long also must we consider Froissart to be the most entertaining and the most valuable historian of the middle ages. Viewing him in this light we have been tempted to give the following sketch of the life and character of this venerable chronicler.

John Froissart, priest, canon and treasurer of the Collegiate Church of Chimay, was born at Valenciennes, about 1337. He was the son, as is conjectured from a passage in his poems, of Thomas Froissart, a herald painter, no inconsiderable profession in those days, and one which required much of such knowledge as was then in vogue. The youth of Froissart from twelve years upwards, as in his poems he has frequently informed us, was spent in every species of elegant indulgence. In allusion to this joyous period he gives the following account of the luxuries in which he delighted to revel—"My ears quickened at the sound of uncorking the wine flask, for I took great pleasure in drinking, and in fair array, and in delicate and fresh cates. I love to see the early violets and the white and red roses, and also chambers fairly lighted; justs, dances, and late vigils, and fair beds for refreshment; and for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine mingled with spice."

In the midst of his dissipation however, Froissart early discovered the ardent and inquisitive spirit to which we owe so much, and even at the age of twenty, at the command of his dear lord and master Sir Robert De Namur, Lord of Beaufort, he began to write the history of the French wars. The period from 1326 to 1356, was chiefly filled up from the Chronicles of Jean le Bel, canon of Liege, a confidant of John of Hainault, and celebrated by Froissart for his diligence and accuracy. It is reasonable to believe that this work was interrupted during a journey to England, in the train of Philippa of Hainault, the heroic wife of Edward III. and mother of the Black Prince. Froissart was for three or four years secretary or clerk of her chamber; a situation which he would probably have retained, but for an ill-fated and deep rooted passion for a lady of Flanders, which induced him to return to that country, a circumstance equally favorable to the history of the continent, and unfortunate to that of Britain.

During his residence in England, he visited the Highlands of Scotland, which he traversed on a palfrey, carrying his own portmanteau, and attended only by a greyhound. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his equipment and retinue, his character of a poet and historian introduced him to the court of David II., and to the hardly less honourable distinction of fifteen days abode at the Castle of Dalkeith, with William Earl of Douglas, where he became personally acquainted with that race of heroes whose deeds he subsequently repeatedly celebrated. After this he attended Edward the Black Prince, then bound on his Spanish expedition against Henry the Bastard: in which he would not, however, permit Froissart to accompany him, but sent him back to attend his mother Queen Philippa.

In the year 1368, Froissart was present at the splendid nuptials of Lionel Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., with Yolande of Milan. On his return he attended Lionel at the court of the Duke of Savoy,

who gave our historian a splendid garment worth twenty florins. He boasts in his poems of similar favours from the King of Cyprus, and of having seen an emperor at the Papal Court.

While thus travelling from court to court, and from castle to castle, his train was gradually augmented by a hackney and an attendant. The death of Philippa removed Froissart's desire to return to England; but he still kept up a friendly intercourse with that court, and had prepared to send to King Edward a splendid copy of his Chronicle, when it was arrested by the Duke of Anjou, as destined to the enemy of France. At this time he had become curate of Lestines in the diocese of Liege, where he says that the vintners had 500 francs of his money during a very short time. It may be conjectured from this circumstance that they were more obliged to his attention than any of his other parishioners. He was probably soon convinced that it was better to drink at free cost; for previous to 1384, he became an attendant on the court of the Duke de Brabant, whom he assisted in composing a sort of poetical romance, called *Meliador*, or the Knight of the Golden Sun; and after the death of that prince, he attached himself to the Earl of Blois, who engaged him to resume his historical labours. Accordingly he seems now to have commenced the second volume of his Chronicle, which was finished about 1388, three years after the peace between the Duke of Burgundy and the citizens of Ghent, which is one of the last events recorded in that performance. About the same year, he made his celebrated visit to Gaston, Earl of Foix, travelling in company with a gallant knight of that court called *Espaing de Lyon*. He has narrated the history of this journey with great naiveté and liveliness. The intestine wars of France had raged in every corner of the territories they were to traverse; scarcely a stream, hill, or pass, but had been the distinguished scene of obstinate and bloody conflict. Froissart's curiosity was every moment awakened by some memorials of deeds of chivalry; and his courteous and communicative companion readily detailed events with which he was well acquainted, and many of which he had witnessed.

In consideration of these lively narratives the good natured reader will easily pardon the minute information, that the two travellers lodged and took their ease, at the sign of the Star, and that they were visited by the Chastellan of Malvoisin, who brought with him four flaggons of the best wine our historian ever drank in his life. At length they arrived at the Earl of Foix's Court of Ortez, where Froissart was hospitably received and admitted as a member of his household. This courteous prince not only deigned to accept a copy of the Romance of *Meliador*, containing the songs, ballads, rondeaux and virelays, compiled and made by the gentle Duke de Brabant, in his time, but he indulged Froissart in reading his compositions aloud: "and every night after supper I read thereon to him, *and while I read there was none durst speak any word*, because he would that I should be well understood, wherein he took great solace."

The great virtue and nobleness of the Earl of Foix, the concourse of valiant chivalry from every scene of glory who crowded his court, the long discourses of arms and amours amongst the noble dames, knights, pages and damsels, the tidings which daily arrived from every seat of war, and perhaps the patient audience afforded by the Earl to our historian's recitation, induced him to prefer Ortez to every court he had

seen, whether of king, duke, earl, or great ladye. In truth, the daily orisons and almsgiving of that worthy prince, his bounty in gifts to heralds and minstrels, his love of hounds, hawks, and hunting, his easy and amorous conversation, his delight in arms, chivalry, and lady's love, were far more than enough, in Froissarts' estimation, to counterbalance the Count's treacherous murder of his cousin, and his cutting with his own hands the throat of his only son, who most unreasonably refused to eat his dinner.

Froissart expresses this last incident very delicately. "And so in great displeasure he thrust his hand to his son's throat, and the point of the knife a little entered into his throat, into a certain vein; and the Earl said, 'Ah, traitor, why doest thou not eat thy meal?' And therewith the Earl departed, without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble from fasting; *and the point of the knife a little entered into his throat, so he fell down suddenly and died.*"—Berner's Froissart, Vol. 2, cap. xxvi.

After a long sojourn at the court of Ortez, he returned to Flanders by the route of Avignon. We learn from a poem referred to by Mons. de St. Palazo, that on this occasion, the historian, always in quest of adventures, met a personal one with which he would have dispensed, being robbed of all the ready money which his travels had left him. We may hope that this was no great sum; for besides the expense of transcribing his history, for which he anticipates his claim on the gratitude of posterity, he had spent above 2,000 francs among the tavern keepers of Lestones, as well as in his frequent journeys, in which he takes care to tell us he was always handsomely dressed and well mounted, and above all made admirable cheer. After this sad event, we find Froissart following the annunciation of every feast, bridal, or tournament from Avignon to Paris, from Paris to Hainault, to Holland, to Picardie, to Languedoc, to Valenciennes, &c. &c.

About 1390, having collected what appeared to him sufficient materials, he settled in Flanders and recommenced his history. Here however an interruption occurred highly evincing his zealous and impartial search after truth: he bethought him that in narrating the wars of Spain upon the sole authorities of the Spanish and Gascon warriors whom he had seen at Ortez, he could only give the statements of the one party, contrary to his constant practice and indispensable duty. It happened that a Portuguese nobleman had just arrived in Zealand. Froissart instantly took shipping, joined him at Middleburg, insinuated himself into the acquaintance of the stranger with an art that never failed him, and obtained from him a full account of the affairs of Portugal. After this interview he is believed to have again visited Rome, perhaps in search of preferment, for we find him shortly afterwards designating himself canon and treasurer of the Collegiate church of Chimay and expectant canon of Lisle. This last dignity he never attained.

In 1395, Froissart revisited England; and at the shrine of Canterbury he saw Richard II., grandson of his early patroness Philippa of Hainault. Edmond of York, brother of the Black Prince, received our historian graciously; and patronized by that prince, and by Thomas Percy, he was introduced to the royal presence. After a residence of

three months, Froissart left England for ever; and at his departure, received from the king a silver goblet containing one hundred nobles in return for a magnificently illuminated and ornamented copy of his chronicles, with which he had presented him. He finally settled at his benefice of Chimay, and employed as usual the hours of his leisure in arranging and detailing the information collected in his travels. Four years brought him to 1399, when the melancholy fate of his benefactor Richard II. became the subject of his latest labours. How long Froissart survived the death of Richard is uncertain. He was then about sixty, and died shortly after at Chimay, according to an entry in the obituary of the Chapter.

From this slight sketch, doubtless our readers will have formed the same opinion of the Chronicler's character as is given in the following ingenious words of Montagne. "I love historians unaffected or excellent: the unaffected, who have not wherewithal to add of their own, and who are only careful to collect and pick up every thing which falls within their notice, and to put down every thing without choice and without sorting, give us the opportunity of wholly judging of their truth. Such for example, is the worthy Froissart, who has gone on with his work with such a frank simplicity that, having committed a fault, he is no way ashamed of avowing it, and correcting it at the place where he is informed of it, and who tells us the diversity of rumours which were current, and the different accounts that were told to him. It is history naked and unadorned; every one may profit from it, according to the depth of his understanding."

Unlike most of his predecessors in history, he was no sequestered monk who from the depths of his cloister casts a timid and inexperienced eye upon worldly transactions, still less could he contract that spirit of prejudice and interested superstition which too often defaces the writings of an ascetic.

Froissart though a churchman, was but ill-qualified for the office of the cure of souls, as well from his love of pleasure, as from his devotedness to historical research and composition. Bodin, Pasquier, Brantome, Sorel, La Popliniere, and Le Latoureur, have charged him with gross partiality towards the English: they bring against him the crime of making Edward and his son the heroes of his history. But it cannot be denied that they were the heroes of the age in which they flourished, and therefore our impartial historian was compelled to represent them in their true colours, and to make them the leading characters of the day. It would indeed have been difficult to have narrated the victories of Cressy and Poitiers without wounding the national vanity of France, but if Froissart were patronised by Queen Philippa, he was also admitted a member of the household of King John of France—if he were the familiar friend of Percy, he had been the guest of Douglas—if he admired the Black Prince, equally did he admire Bertrand Du Guesclin; and if a distinction can be made, his natural generosity would seem to have inclined rather towards the side of the French *noblesse*—whose individual valour and most disinterested and generous self-devotion struggled to support in an overwhelming tempest the throne of their monarchs and the independence of their country; in a word, he seems to have mourned over the death of each valiant knight, to have exulted in the success of every daring exploit, and to have

been carried away by the soul-thrilling spirit of chivalrous enthusiasm, independent of the inglorious thralldom and shackles of party considerations.

Froissart's principle was, — To Record the Deeds of Chivalry and to Stigmatise with Eternal Shame the Actions of the Recreant or Dishonorable.

TO AN AUTUMNAL LEAF.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

Pauvre feuille dessechée, de ta tige détachée
 Où vas tu? Je ne'en sais rien,
 L'orage a brisé le chêne
 Qui seul étoit mon soutien—
 De son inconstante haleine
 Le Zéphyr ou l'Aquilon,
 De ce jour me promène
 De la montagne ou vallon—
 De la forêt, dans la plaine
 Je vais où le vent m'amène,
 Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
 Je vais, où va toute chose,
 Où va la feuille de Laurier—
 Où va la feuille de Rose.

[TRANSLATION.]

“Wan exile of the forest, lone orphan of the bough,
 All trembling, yet all wildly, where dost thou wander now?”
 “I know not; from the hour, the storm in his wild play
 Came rushing thro' our forest-homes, and bore me far away;
 My father-tree lies levell'd low—I wander now, the slave
 Of the wind which is my destiny, as he rushes o'er the wave,
 As he wanders thro' the valley, or climbs the heathery hills—
 All reckless uncomplainingly I am borne where he wills—
 My only goal the quiet grave, where all things find repose,
 The glory of the Laurel, and the beauty of the Rose.”

[CONTINUATION.]

“Lone wanderer of the world, methinks I find in thee,
 An emblem of my own, and my father's destiny;
 Our ancestral tree was planted, in ages long gone by,
 By those whose names are nothing now, but then were proud and high;
 Among the loftiest of the land that ancient tree hath stood,
 Its bed was dug by Victory's sword, and water'd with brave blood:
 It shelter'd Freedom's infant years, and brav'd Rebellion's blast,
 But then our branch was torn away, to other climes it past;
 That branch is full of foliage now, that ancient tree is bare,
 But a stranger fills our ancient place, a stranger's name is there.
 And we must wander houseless, wheresoever tends the wave,
 And tide of fateful circumstance, to our common home, the grave;
 And if the laurel wave not there, the rose at least shall bloom,
 In honour and in stainlessness above the wanderer's tomb.”

D'EU.

THE DRAMA OF MODERN FRANCE.

NO. I. THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL—VICTOR HUGO'S *LUCRETIA BORGIA*.

THE *Iliad* of Homer made at once, and for ever so great an impression on the intellectual world, that subsequent epic poems at all times, and in all countries, have been modelled upon the Homeric standard. Thus did it also nearly happen with regard to tragedy. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the original architects of the drama, were for ages closely and servilely followed by the writers who succeeded them. Observation of the Grecian orders was no more necessary to the student in architecture, than was adherence to the rules, that were founded on the productions of the three great masters of the stage, requisite for the aspirant to dramatic fame. The Parthenon, towering on the Acropolis, proudly told to the world what future temples ought to be; the stage at Athens with equal power dictated the scenic law. But this was not to be perennial. Architecture, and the drama both underwent a mighty change, on the advent of Christianity. The churches of the Christians introduced the Gothic style, rivalling in beauty and surpassing in variety the cold and stately magnificence of Pagan fabrics. Chivalry, the offspring of Christendom, came, with all its love and romancé, over the spirit of the drama, and imparted a new, a stranger, and a no less exquisite vitality. Among Christian countries, Spain was the first to rebel against the pedantic dominion of the classic school, and as she rose to the height of civilisation and Catholicism, she brought the modern drama into existence and excellence. *Cervantes*, *Lope de Vega*, and *Calderon*, successively contested with the great triumvirate of ancient Greece their, till then, undivided sway over the minds of men. With these eminent Spanish writers originated the romantic school. Yet, coeval with the formation of their stage, and similar to, though independent of it, another theatre arose, whose presiding genius dethroned the domination of antiquity, and grasped the supreme scenic sceptre, to hold it firmly, fixedly, and probably for ever. Greece might for the future be the object of deserved admiration and imitation, but she was no longer absolute. Her classic empire sunk before the majesty of England's *Shakespeare*. The schools and universities might still cling to the classic codes of *Aristotle*, and *Horace*, and their embarrassing unities: they might still put forth alone as models the authors of *Agamemnon*, *Electra*, and *Medea*, but the world of letters could triumphantly reply, by pointing to the author of *Othello*. There perhaps never was a greater revolution in literature, than that, which, by *Shakespeare's* works, was gradually, but certainly effected throughout the enlightened universe. The very strongest proof of this, is the introduction latterly of his style into

France, the most prejudiced of nations; his school has there superseded, in a great measure, those would-be classic plays of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, about which Frenchmen used formerly to boast so much. The fact is the French have not, nor ever had a national serious drama. Their great tragic writers of the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., though admirable as poets, were, in their plots, and characters, mere copyists of ancient Greece; their engrafting French feelings, and French manners upon their imitations, led them often into much absurdity. In Schlegel's excellent work on "Dramatic Art and Literature" there are some very able remarks on the singular state of the French stage, which continued, until a late period, to be as he describes. After observing on the absurd adherence to the ancient unity of place, by the French dramatists, who invariably had the scene in a single locality throughout the five acts, M. Schlegel writes as follows:

"I come now to an important point, namely, to that of the materials not being handled in a manner suitable to their nature and quality. The Greek tragedians, with a few exceptions, always selected objects from their native mythology. The French tragedians borrow theirs sometimes from the ancient mythology, but much more frequently from the history of almost all ages and nations, and their manner of treating mythological and historical subjects is but too often not properly mythological, and not properly historical. I shall explain myself more distinctly. The poet who selects an ancient mythological fable, that is, a fable connected by sacred tradition with the religious belief of the Greeks, should enter himself, and in like manner enable his spectators to enter, into the spirit of antiquity; he should preserve the simple manners of the heroic ages, with which such violent passions and actions could alone be consistent or credible; his persons should bear that near resemblance to the gods which from their descent, and the frequency of their immediate intercourse with them, the ancients believed them to possess; what is wonderful in the Grecian religion should not be purposely avoided or under-stated, but placed in its true character before the imaginations of the spectators, who ought to be supposed capable of entering fully into the belief of it. Instead of this however the French poets have given to their mythological heroes and heroines the refinement of the fashionable world, and the court manners of the present day; they have, because those heroes were princes (shepherds of the people, Homer calls them), given such descriptions of their situations and views as could only correspond with the calculating policy of a different age, and not merely set antiquarian learning at defiance, but also violated every thing like characteristic costume. In *Phædra*, this princess is to be declared regret for her son till he come of age, after the supposed death of Theseus. How could this be compatible with the relations of the Grecian women of that day? It brings us down to the times of a Cleopatra. Hermione remains alone, without the protection of a brother or a father, at the court of Pyrrhus, nay even in his palace, and yet she is not married to him. With the ancients, and not merely in the Homeric age, marriage consisted in receiving the bride into the house of the bridegroom. But whatever justification there may be for the situation of Hermione in the practice of European courts, it is not the less repugnant to every thing like female dignity, and the more indecorous, as Hermione is in love with the unwilling Pyrrhus, and urges the marriage

in every possible way. What do we think the Greeks would have thought of this bold and indecent measure? No doubt it might appear equally offensive to French spectators, if Andromache were exhibited to them in the situation in which she appears in Euripides, where, as a captive, her person is possessed by the conqueror of her country. But when the way of thinking of two nations are so totally different, why will they torment themselves with attempts to fashion a subject founded on the manners of the one to suit the manners of the other? What is allowed to remain will always exhibit a striking incongruity with that which is new modelled, and to change the whole is either impossible, or in no wise preferable to a new invention. The Grecian tragedians certainly allowed themselves a great latitude in changing the circumstances of the fables, but the alterations were always consistent with the general ideas of the heroic age. On the other hand they always left the characters as they received them from tradition and early fable, by means of which the cunning of Ulysses, the wisdom of Nestor, and the impetuous rage of Achilles, had almost become proverbial. Horace particularly insists on the rule. But how unlike the Achilles in Racine's *Iphigenia* to the Achilles of Homer! The gallantry ascribed to him is not merely a sin against Homer, but it renders the whole story improbable. Are human sacrifices conceivable among a people whose chiefs and heroes are so susceptible of the most tender feelings? In vain recourse is had to the power of religious motives: history teaches us that a cruel religion becomes always milder with the manners of a people.

“So much with respect to the manner of handling mythological materials. The same objection is in the first place applicable in the case of the historical, namely, that the French manners of the day are substituted to those which properly belong to the different persons, and that the characters do not sufficiently bear the stamp of their age and their nation. But to this we must add another detrimental circumstance. A mythological subject is in its nature poetical, and ready for a new poetical attempt. In the French tragedy as in the Greek, an equal and constant dignity is required, and the French language is even much more fastidious in this respect, as very many things cannot be at all mentioned in poetry. But in history we are in a prosaic province, and the truth of the picture requires definitions, circumstances, and features, which cannot be given without a greater or less descent from the elevation of the tragical cothurnus. This has been done by Shakespeare the most perfect of all historical dramatists. The French tragedians however have not been able to bring their minds to submit to this, and hence their works are frequently deficient in those circumstances which give life and truth to a picture, and when an obstinate prosaic circumstance must at last be mentioned, they avail themselves of laboured and artificial circumlocutions.”

In England imitations of the Greek school were never very popular; Addison's *Cato* is perhaps the only play of its class that survives, and even its fine poetry cannot secure for it a frequent performance. One brilliant exception to this however deserves especial mention: we mean the tragedy of *Ion*, by Sergeant Talfourd: the chief reason perhaps why that drama proves an exception is, because it avoids the errors of the French school, and presents, with its noble classic contour, and its fine notion of inevitable destiny, the nearest possible type of the his-

trionic perfection of Athens. The very novelty and strangeness of the play of *Ion* took with the audience, and caused it to triumph over every impediment: the inherent genius, and energetic passion it displays will always render it, when well acted, attractive and acceptable. Yet we maintain that the example of *Ion* is a difficult, and dangerous one to follow, for the dramatic spirit of England is not classic, but thoroughly Shakesperian, and romantic.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago, France, from a servile attachment to what might be coarsely termed a mongrel classicism, commenced its transit to the extreme of the romantic school. M. Victor Hugo, a lofty and original genius, was the first to arouse his countrymen to a due appreciation of Shakespeare, and to make them lay aside their prejudice of more than a century: it was he who made them first aware that the flight of the fine tragic spirit was not to be controlled, in the ages of Chivalry and Christianity, by the cold classic forms of the Pagans. He showed that the great poet of England had not curbed his energies in endeavouring to force an accord between modern customs and manners, and ancient times with which they had no sympathy: that Shakespeare had revelled in the freedom of his own glorious imagination,—that he had painted nature as it is, and drawn men as they are, with all the excellencies and the foibles of humanity about them; and had made the five acts of a play the actual representation of the occurrences of life. France since this has become so enraptured with Shakespeare, and the romantic school, that, of late years, most dramas there have been in that style only. M. Hugo himself led the way, and has produced a variety of Shakesperian plays; but unfortunately, he, and the other modern French tragic writers, in their ardour to escape from classic bondage, and to become thoroughly romantic, have gone far beyond their great original, and rushed into much eccentricity and extravagance. Shakespeare was wild and singular, but he was ever true to nature: the romantic dramatists of the day in France are often absurdly unnatural. The stories of their plots are frequently far fetched, and the conduct and bearing of some of their characters now and then verge upon lunacy. They have fallen also into another and a graver error, one from which Shakespeare was totally free. The fault is this: they depict vice and crime without attaching the moral consequences—odium and punishment; and they present men's misdeeds upon the stage, apparently for no other purpose than to gratify a depraved taste for the villainous and the horrible. This Shakespeare never did; nor ought it to be done. How ably is the matter explained in the lectures of that eminent author, Dr. Blair, who lived long before the era of these French romancists.

“As tragedy is a high and distinguished species of composition; so also, in its general strain and spirit, it is favourable to virtue. Such power hath virtue happily over the human mind, by the wise and gracious constitution of our nature, that as admiration cannot be raised in epic poetry, so neither in tragic poetry can our passions be strongly moved, unless virtuous emotions be awakened within us. Every poet finds, that it is impossible to interest us in any character, without representing that character as worthy and honourable, though it may not be perfect; and that the great secret for raising indignation is, to paint the person who is to be the object of it, in the colours of vice and de-

pravity. He may, indeed, nay, he must, represent the virtuous as sometimes unfortunate, because this is often the case in real life; but he will always study to engage our hearts in their behalf; and though they may be described as unprosperous, yet there is no instance of a tragic poet representing vice as fully triumphant and happy in the catastrophe of the piece. Even when bad men succeed in their designs, punishment is made always to attend them; and misery of one kind or other, is shewn to be unavoidably connected with guilt. Love and admiration of virtuous characters, compassion for the injured and the distressed, and indignation against the authors of their sufferings, are sentiments most generally excited by tragedy. And, therefore, though dramatic writers may sometimes, like other writers, be guilty of improprieties, though they may fail of placing virtue precisely in the due point of light, yet no reasonable person can deny tragedy to be a moral species of composition."

What would the reverend and learned doctor say to some of the tragedies of recent popularity in Paris? Yet with all these imperfections, we cannot deny that many of the modern French dramatists, and M. Hugo especially, display great powers of variety and invention; their productions are full of fine language, and stirring adventure. The romantic drama in France therefore, though not coming up to that of Spain, or England, is on the whole a graceful and an attractive innovation.

In taking a review of the leading French Shakesperian dramatists, we naturally commence with Victor Hugo. His principal plays are "Hernani," "Angelo," "Cromwell," "Marian De L'Orme," "Le Roi S'Amuse," and "Lucrece Borgia." A close inspection of any one of these will give a fair conception of the extraordinary style, and tenor of not only the others, but of the French romantic school in general. We choose for specimen, "Lucrece Borgia," perhaps the ablest, and the most abounding in horrors. The plot of Hugo's "Lucrece Borgia" is somewhat familiar to an English audience, as forming the libretto of one of Donèzetti's popular operas. The story, which adopts the worst calumnies current against the Borgias, is this:

Lucretia Borgia, married to Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, has, unknown to her husband, a grown up son, whose father we leave the reader to find out in the drama itself. She is devotedly attached to this son, and secretly follows him, and watches over his advancement, though he is unaware of his strange and horrid parentage. At one period she meets him in a masquerade at Venice; and, masked herself, enters into a tender conversation with him: his companions however discover who she is; her mask is torn off, and she is loaded with insult, this same son, Gennaro, joining in the general execrations cast upon her. Some time after, Gennaro, being in the public place of Ferrara, displays his hatred of the Borgias, by rubbing out the letter B from the name over their escutcheon, and converting the word into "Orgia." For this insult, he is brought before the Duke, who is already aware and jealous of his wife's attentions to him. The Duke recognises in Gennaro one who saved his father's life, and he pretends to pardon and discharge him, but relentlessly contrives, to the agony of Lucretia, who is present, that he shall in parting drink his health in a cup of poisoned Syracuse wine. On the Duke

however immediately withdrawing, Lucretia produces an antidote, and Gennaro is for this time saved. She makes him promise to quit Ferrara. Deeming his departure certain, she causes his companions to be invited to a grand supper at the house of the Princess Negroni, where she purposes poisoning them all, in revenge for their insulting her at Venice. But Gennaro is not gone; for, finding that his inseparable friend Maffio is determined on enjoying the festivity at the Princess Negroni's, he defers his journey, and accompanies the rest thither. Then comes the third and last act, an affair of terror, the entire of which we here translate.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dona Lucretia Borgia.
 Gennaro.
 Gubetta, *a traitor, and secret agent of the Borgias.*
 Maffio Orsini.
 Jeppo Liveretto.
 Don Apostolo Gazella.
 Ascanio Petrucci.
 Oloferno Vitellozzo.
 The Princess Negroni.
 Ladies, Pages and Monks.

SCENE.—*A magnificent Hall in the Palace Negroni. To the right, a side door; at the end, large and wide folding doors; in the centre, a table superbly laid out according to the fashion of the fifteenth century. Little black pages dressed in brocade of gold surrounding it, and assisting in waiting. As the curtain rises, fourteen guests are seated at table, Jeppo, Maffio, Ascanio, Oloferno, Apostolo, Gennaro, and Gubetta, and also seven young ladies handsome and elegantly attired. All are eating and drinking, or laughing in the utmost licence, except Gennaro who appears thoughtful and silent.*

OLOFERNO, *his glass in his hand.* The wine of Xeres for ever! Xeres de la Frontera is a town of Paradise.

MAFFIO, *with glass in hand.* The wine that we are drinking, is worth more than the tales you are relating, Jeppo.

ASCANIO. Jeppo has the failing of telling stories after he has drunk.

DON APOSTOLO. The other day, the scene was at Venice, at the house of the most serene doge, Barbarigo; to day it is at Ferrara, at the abode of the divine Princess Negroni.

JEPP0. The other day the tale was a gloomy one; to day it is a gay one.

MAFFIO. How a gay story, Jeppo! didst thou not narrate that Don Siliceo, a handsome cavalier of thirty, who had lost his patrimony in gambling, married the very rich Marchioness Calpurnia, who reckoned forty-eight summers. By Bacchus! you find that gay?

GUBETTA. It is a sad and common place thing; merely a ruined man marrying a woman in ruins—a circumstance which is to be seen every day. (*The supper commences. From time to time some rise from the table, and come forward to converse in front of the stage, whilst the wine is going round.*)

THE PRINCESS NEGRONI to MAFFIO, *pointing to GENNARO.* Count Orsini, you have there a friend who appears to me very sad.

MAFFIO. He is always so, Madam. You must pardon me for having brought him, without the honour of his receiving an invitation from you: He is my brother in arms; he saved my life at the storming of Rimini. I received at the attack

on the bridge of Vicenza, a thrust which was intended for him. We are never separate; we live together: a gipsy has foretold that we shall die on the same day.

NEGRONI, *laughing*. Was it told you that it would be in the evening, or the morning?

MAFFIO. It was said that it would be in the morning.

NEGRONI, *laughing still more*. Your gipsy did not know what he was saying. So you like that young man more than passing well?

MAFFIO. As much as one can like his fellow man.

NEGRONI. Well, you suit each other: you are happy.

MAFFIO. Friendship does not fill the heart entirely Madam.

NEGRONI. My goodness! what is it that entirely fills the heart?

MAFFIO. Love.

NEGRONI. You have always love upon your tongue.

MAFFIO. And you have it ever in your eyes.

NEGRONI. How singular you are!

MAFFIO. How handsome you are! (*he takes her by the waist.*)

NEGRONI. Count Orsini, leave me!

MAFFIO. A kiss on your hand?

NEGRONI. No. (*she escapes him.*)

GUBETTA, *accosting MAFFIO*. You are on good terms with the princess.

MAFFIO. Yet she always says, No.

GUBETTA. On the lips of a woman, no is only the elder brother of yes.

JEPPU *suddenly to MAFFIO*. What do you think of the Princess Negroni?

MAFFIO. Adorable! between ourselves she begins to immoderately move my heart.

JEPPU. And her supper?

MAFFIO. A perfect revel!

JEPPU. The princess is a widow.

MAFFIO. One sees that already by her gaiety.

JEPPU. I hope you will no longer be suspicious of her supper?

MAFFIO. Me! when I suspected, I was mad.

JEPPU *to GUBETTA*. Signor de Belverana, you will not believe that Maffio was afraid to come to the princess's supper?

GUBETTA. Was afraid? why?

JEPPU. Because the Palace Negroni is contiguous to the Palace Borgia.

GUBETTA. Borgia to the Fiend! let us drink!

JEPPU, *in an under tone, to MAFFIO*. What I like in that Belverana is, that he does not admire the Borgias.

MAFFIO, *in an under tone*. Really he never misses an opportunity of sending them to the deuce with particular grace: still, my dear Jeppo.

JEPPU. Well!

MAFFIO. I have watched, from the commencement of the supper, that pretended Spaniard; he has not yet drunk anything but water.

JEPPU. Your suspicions return then, my good friend, Maffio: The wine makes you strangely monotonous.

MAFFIO. Perhaps you are right. I am foolish.

GUBETTA, *returning and looking at Maffio from head to foot*. Do you know Signor Maffio that you are constructed for a life of ninety years, and you resemble a grandfather of mine who lasted to that age, and whose name, like my own, was Gil—Basilio—Fernan—Ireneo—Felipe—Frasco—Frasquito, Count de Belverana.

JEPPU, *in a low tone, to MAFFIO*. I hope that you no longer doubt his character of Spaniard; he has at least twenty christian names. What a litany, Signor de Belverana!

GUBETTA. Alas! our parents have the custom of giving us more names at our baptism, than crowns at our marriage; but what are they laughing at there beyond? (*Aside.*) It is necessary however that the women should have an excuse for retiring. What is to be done? (*He returns and seats himself at the table.*)

OLOFERNO, *drinking*. By Hercules! Gentlemen, I have never passed an evening so delightfully. Ladies, taste this wine, it is sweeter than Lacryna Christi, and more ardent than the wine of Cyprus. It is Syracuse wine, gentlemen.

GUBETTA, *eating*. Oloferno is tipsy to all appearance.

OLOFERNO. Ladies I must repeat a few verses to you that I have just made. I would I were more of a poet than I am, to celebrate such admirable women.

GUBETTA. And as for me I should like to be richer than I have the honour of being, to give such suppers as these to my friends.

OLOFERNO. Nothing is more agreeable than to sing the praises of a fine woman and a good feast.

GUBETTA. If it be only to embrace the one, and eat the other.

OLOFERNO. Yes I should like to be a poet—I should like to be able to raise myself to heaven—I should like to have two wings.

GUBETTA. Some pheasant on my plate.

OLOFERNO. I will however give you my sonnet.

GUBETTA. By the Fiend! Signor Marquis Oloferno Vitellozzo, I dispense with your sonnet. Permit us to drink.

OLOFERNO. You dispense with my sonnet?

GUBETTA. As I dispense with dogs biting me, the Pope blessing me, and passers-by throwing stones at me.

OLOFERNO. By Heavens! you insult me, you paltry Spaniard.

GUBETTA. I do not insult you, Italian Colossus as you are. I decline listening to your sonnet, nothing more; my throat has more thirst for the Cyprus wine, than my ears for poetry.

OLOFERNO. Your ears! you surly Castilian, I will nail them to your heels.

GUBETTA. You are an absurd fellow. Fie! has anybody ever seen such a simpleton? to intoxicate himself with the Syracuse wine, and to look as if he had got tipsy with beer!

OLOFERNO. Do you know that I will cut you in quarters: I will, by the Cross!

GUBETTA, *carving a pheasant*. I will not say so much to you, I do not carve such large fowls as yourself—ladies may I offer you some pheasant.

OLOFERNO, *seizing hold of a knife*. By Jove, I will pierce that rascal through, were he more of a gentleman than the Emperor himself!

The LADIES, *rising from the table*. Heavens! they are going to fight.

The MEN. Gently, Oloferno.

(*They disarm Oloferno, who wishes to throw himself on Gubetta, during which the women disappear by the side door.*)

OLOFERNO, *struggling*. Good God!

GUBETTA. You rhyme so richly in the name of God, my dear poet, that you have put those ladies to flight. You are a regular awkward fellow.

JEPP0. That is true, what the deuce is become of the ladies?

MAFFIO. They are frightened. The knife glitters—the woman flies.

ASCANIO. Nonsense! they will return.

OLOFERNO, *threatening* GUBETTA. I will meet you to-morrow, my little devil, Belverana.

GUBETTA. To-morrow as often as you please. (*Oloferno reseats himself trembling with rage.—Gubetta laughs.*) That idiot puts all the prettiest women of Ferrara to the route with a knife which has a sonnet round the handle! To be angry about verses! I quite believe that he has wings; he is not a man, he is a green goose. That Oloferno ought to roost and sleep on one leg.

JEPP0. There, there, make peace gentlemen. You can gallantly cut your throats to-morrow morning. By Jove, you will then fight at least like gentlemen, with swords, and not with knives.

ASCANIO. By the way, what have we done with our swords?

DON APOSTOLO. You forget, that they made us leave them in the anteroom.

GUBETTA. And the precaution was good, for otherwise we should have fought in the presence of the ladies, a thing the Flemish, intoxicated with tobacco, would have been ashamed to do.

GENNARO. A good precaution certainly.

MAFFIO. By Jove, my brother Gennaro! that is the first time that you have spoken since the commencement of the supper, and you do not drink—is it that you are thinking of Lucretia Borgia? Gennaro! you have decidedly some little intrigue with her—do not say no.

GENNARO. Pour me out something to drink Maffio. I do not forsake my friends more at the table, than in the heat of an engagement.

A BLACK PAGE, *holding two decanters*. Gentlemen, some Cyprus, or some Syracuse wine?

MAFFIO. Some Syracuse; it is the best.

(The black page fills all the glasses.)

JEPP0. The plague to Oloferno! will not the ladies return. *(He goes successively to the two doors.)* The doors are bolted outside, Gentlemen!

MAFFIO. Be not afraid in your turn, Jeppo! the ladies do not wish us to follow them, it is quite clear.

GENNARO. Let us drink gentlemen.

(They touch each other's glasses.)

MAFFIO. Your health, Gennaro! and that you may soon discover your mother!

GENNARO. May God hear you!

(All drink except Gubetta, who throws his wine over his shoulder.)

MAFFIO, *in an under tone*, to JEPP0. For once, Jeppo, I have seen clearly.

JEPP0, *in a whisper*. What?

MAFFIO. The Spaniard has not drunk.

JEPP0. Well.

MAFFIO. He has thrown his wine over his shoulder.

JEPP0. He is tipsy, and you also.

MAFFIO. Possibly so.

GUBETTA. A Bacchanalian song, gentlemen.—I will sing you a Bacchanalian song, which will be more acceptable than the sonnet of the Marquis Oloferno. I swear by the good old skull of my father, that it is not I who composed the song, as I am no poet; nor have I wit sufficiently galant to make two rhymes at the end of an idea. Here is my song.

JEPP0, *in a low tone*, to MAFFIO. He is more than tipsy, he is drunk.

ALL, *except Gennaro*. The song! the song!

GUBETTA commences singing a Bacchanalian song.

The rest join in chorus, except Gennaro.

(They touch their glasses while laughing boisterously—suddenly voices at a distance are heard chanting in a mournful tone.)

VOICES, *from without*. Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus, Initium sapientiae timor Domini.

JEPP0, *laughing still more heartily*. Listen Gentlemen! By the heart of Bacchus, whilst we sing a drinking song, the echo chants vespers.

ALL. Listen.

VOICES, *from without, coming a little nearer*. Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat, qui custodit eam.

(All burst into loud laughter.)

JEPP0. Plain chanting in its purity—quite pure!

MAFFIO. Some procession that is passing.

GENNARO. At midnight! it is rather late.

JEPP0. Bah! Continue, Signor de Belverana.

VOICES, *from without, which approach nearer and nearer*. Oculos habent, et non videbunt. Nares habent, et non odorabunt. Aures habent, et non audient.

(All laugh still more heartily.)

JEPP0. What noisy persons those monks are!

MAFFIO. Look then, Gennaro, the lamps are going out, we shall soon be in darkness.

(The lamps become gradually paler as though they had no more oil.)

VOICES, *from without, nearer*. Manus habent, et non palpabunt, pedes habent: et non ambulabunt, non clamabunt in gutture suo.

GENNARO. It appears to me that the voices draw nearer.

JEPP0. To me the procession has the effect at this moment of passing beneath our windows.

MAFFIO. They are the prayers for the dead.

ASCANIO. It is some funeral.

JEPP0. Let us drink health to the soul of him whom they are going to bury.

GUBETTA. May there not be many?

JEPP0. Well then to the souls' health of all.

APOSTOLO to GUBETTA. Bravo! and let us on our part continue our invocation.

GUBETTA finishes his song.

The great door at the end opens silently in its full width. Beyond, appears a spacious hall covered with a black carpet, lighted by several torches; a large silver cross stands at the further end. A long train of monks and penitents clothed in black and white, of whom nothing can be seen but their eyes through the holes in their cowls—the cross before them, and torches in their hands, enter by the great door, singing in a lugubrious accent and loud voice:

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.

(Then they approach and arrange themselves silently on each side of the hall, and there remain immovable like statues, whilst the youthful cavaliers stupefied look at them.)

MAFFIO. What does this mean?

JEPP0 attempting to laugh. It is a joke; I wager my horse against a hog, and my name of Liveretto against the name of Borgia, that they are our charming Countesses disguised in that manner to try our mettle: if we by chance raise one of those cowls we shall find beneath, the fresh and tantalizing face of a pretty woman—However let us see. *(He laughingly raises one of the cowls, and he is petrified on discovering beneath, the livid face of an immovable monk with torch in hand and eyes drooping; he lets the cowl fall and draws back.)* This begins to be strange.

MAFFIO. I know not why, but my blood congeals in my veins.

The MONKS, singing with thundering voices. *Conquassabit capita in terra multorum!*

JEPP0. What a frightful snare! our swords, our swords! Oh! Gentlemen, gentlemen, we are at the house of the devil.

LUCRETIA, suddenly appearing at the step of the door, dressed in black. You are at my house!

ALL, with the exception of GENNARO, who observes the whole from a corner of the stage where he is not perceived by Lucretia. *Lucretia Borgia!*

LUCRETIA. Some days ago, ye all, the same that are here, pronounced my name with triumph. You repeat it to day with terror: Yes, you may well look at me with your eyes fixed in horror. It is indeed I.—Gentlemen, I Lucretia Borgia come to announce news to you: You are all poisoned, and there is not one of you who has another quarter of an hour to live. Move not. The hall on one side is full of spearmen: Now is my turn to speak loud, and to put my heel upon your skulls! Jeppo Liveretto, go and meet your uncle Vitelli again, whom I caused to be stabbed in the caves of the Vatican! Ascanio Petrucci, go and find your cousin Pandolfo, whom I had assassinated to rob him of his city! Oloferno Vitellozzo, your uncle awaits you—you well know—Iago d'Appianni, whom I poisoned at a festival! Maffio Orsini, go and speak of me in another world to your brother de Gravina, whom I caused to be strangled whilst sleeping! Apostolo Gazella I had your father Francisco Gazella beheaded; I have had your cousin Alphonso d'Aragon's throat cut—go and join them. Upon my soul; you have given me a ball at Venice, and in return I give you a supper at Ferrara: fête for fête, gentlemen.

JEPP0. This is an awful waking summons, Maffio.

MAFFIO. Let us think of God.

LUCRETIA. Ah! my youthful friends of the last carnival! you did not

expect this! By heaven! it now seems that I am revenged. What do you say to it, gentlemen? Who is there here that knows what real vengeance is? This is not so bad I think! eh! what do you think of it? for a woman too! (*To the Monks.*)——My fathers, conduct these gentlemen to the adjoining hall, which is prepared for them, let them confess, and profit by the few moments which remain for them, to save, that which may yet be saved by each of them. Gentlemen, those among you who have souls to save, take warning. Be calm. They are in good hands. Those worthy fathers are the regulars of St. Sixtus, whom our Holy Father the Pope has permitted to assist me on occasions like this—And if I have had care of your souls, I have also had the care of your bodies! Hold! (*To the Monks who are in front of the door at the end of the hall.*) Disarrange yourselves a little, my fathers, that these gentlemen may see. (*The Monks disarrange themselves, leaving in sight five coffins before the door.*) The number is there: there are exactly five. Ah! young men, you tortured the feelings of an unhappy woman, and you believe that she will not be revenged! Here is thy coffin, Jeppo. Maffio, here is thine. Oloferno, Apostolo, Ascanio, here are yours!

GENNARO, *whom she has not seen till now, stepping forward.* A sixth will be required, Madam.

LUCRETIA. Oh heavens! Gennaro!

GENNARO. Aye, he himself.

LUCRETIA. Let every one leave this, that Gennaro and I may be alone. You, Gubetta, whatever may happen—whatever may be heard without, of what is going on here, let no one enter.

GUBETTA. That is sufficient.

(*The Monks leave in procession, conducting within their ranks the five signors trembling and lost in dismay. Gennaro and Lucretia remain. A few lamps still scarcely glimmer in the apartment. The doors are again closed. Lucretia, and Gennaro, remain alone: they look at each other for some moments in silence, as if they know not how to begin speaking.*)

LUCRETIA, *speaking to herself.* It is Gennaro!

MONKS, *chanting without.* Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laborant qui ædificant eam.

LUCRETIA. Thou again, Gennaro! thou art always in reach of the blows I would strike! God of Heaven! why hast thou meddled in this.

GENNARO. I suspected all.

LUCRETIA. Thou art again poisoned; thou wilt die.

GENNARO. If I wish—I have the antidote.

LUCRETIA. Ah yes! God be praised!

GENNARO. One word Madam—You are skilful in these matters. Is there sufficient elixir in this phial to save the signors whom your monks have just dragged to that tomb?

LUCRETIA, *examining the phial.* There is scarcely sufficient for thee, Gennaro!

GENNARO. You cannot obtain more immediately?

LUCRETIA. I have given thee all I have.

GENNARO. It is well.

LUCRETIA. What art thou doing, Gennaro? Hasten then; play not with things so terrible. One can never take an antidote too quickly; drink, in the name of Heaven! My God! how imprudently thou hast acted; put thy life in safety. I will let thee out of the palace by a secret door that I know. All can be remedied yet. It is night.—Horses will soon be saddled.—To-morrow morning thou wilt be far from Ferrara. Have there not been things done here which terrify thee? drink and let us part.—Thou must live; thou must be saved.

GENNARO, *taking a knife from the table.* That is, thou must die.

LUCRETIA. How! sayest thou?

GENNARO. I say that thou hast just treacherously poisoned five gentlemen, my friends, my best of friends.—By Heaven! amongst them was Maffio Orsini, my brother in arms, who saved my life at Vicenza, with whom all injury and all

vengeance are in common with me. I tell thee that thou hast committed an infamous act, that I must avenge Maffio, and the others, and that thou must die.

LUCRETIA. Heaven and Earth!

GENNARO. Offer up thy prayer, woman, and let it be short; I am poisoned. I have not time to wait.

LUCRETIA. It cannot be—Ah! Gennaro kills me! is it possible?

GENNARO. It is pure reality, woman, and I swear to God that in thy place I should silently pray on my knees with clasped hands. Hold! here is an altar suited for the purpose.

LUCRETIA. No, I tell thee that it is impossible. No! Among the most terrible ideas that have traversed the mind, never has this reached me. Ah! thou raisest the knife! wait! Gennaro! I have something to tell thee.

GENNARO. Speak quickly.

LUCRETIA. Cast thy knife aside, unhappy one! cast it I tell thee! knowest thou who thou art? Knowest thou who I am? Thou art ignorant how dear thou art to me! Must I tell him all! the same blood runs in our veins, Gennaro! thy father was John Borgia, Duke of Gandia!

GENNARO. Thy brother! Thou art my aunt!

LUCRETIA, *aside*. His aunt!

GENNARO. I am your nephew! That unfortunate Duchess of Gandia, whom all the Borgias made so unhappy, was my mother! Madam Lucretia, my mother speaks to me of you in her letters. You are among the number of those unnatural relations whom she mentioned to me with horror, and who killed my father, and who drowned her destiny in tears and blood. I have now in addition to my own wrongs my father to avenge, my mother to save from you. You my aunt! I am a Borgia! That makes me mad! Listen to me, Dona Lucretia Borgia, you have lived a long time, and you are so covered with wicked actions that you ought to be odious and abominable to yourself. You have wearied even life itself. Is it not so? Well! your existence must be terminated. In families like ours, where crime is hereditary, and is transmitted from father to son, as is the name of our house, it always happens that this fatality closes by a murder which is usually a family murder, a last crime which washes away all the others.—A gentleman has never been blamed for having cut off a bad branch from the tree of his genealogy. The Spaniard Mudarra killed his uncle Rodrigo de Lara, for less than you have done. That Spaniard was praised by all for having slain his uncle; do you hear that my aunt? I have said enough! commit your soul to God, if you even acknowledge a God and a soul.

LUCRETIA. Gennaro! in pity to thyself—thou art still innocent—do not commit this crime!

GENNARO. A crime! Ah! my brain wanders, and is confused! will this be a crime? Well! even if I do commit a crime! I am a Borgia, aye, I! kneel I say! my aunt, kneel!

LUCRETIA. Speakest thou really what thou thinkest, my Gennaro? Is it thus that thou payest my love for thee?

GENNARO. Love!!!

LUCRETIA. It is impossible—I wish to save thee from thyself.—I will call, I will scream.

GENNARO. You shall not open that door, you shall not take one step; your cries cannot save you. Have you not just ordered that nobody should enter, whatever might be heard without of what is passing here?

LUCRETIA. But what you do is cowardly, Gennaro! to kill a woman! a defenceless woman! Oh! you have more noble feelings than that in your soul! listen to me, you may kill me afterwards if you will; I am careless of life, but my breast must unburden itself; it is full of anguish from the manner you have ever treated me even until now. You are young, and youth is too severe. Ah! if I ought to die, I will not die by thy hand. It is not possible! to die by your hand! you know not yourself to what extent the horror would be. Besides, Gennaro, my hour is not yet come. It is true I have committed many bad deeds; I am a great culprit, and it is because I am a great culprit that I must be allowed time to

become myself again and to repent. It is absolutely necessary, hear you Gennaro?

GENNARO. You are my aunt; you are the sister of my father: what have you done with my mother, Lucretia Borgia?

LUCRETIA. Stay, stay! my God! I cannot tell all—and then, if I told thee all, I should perhaps only increase thy horror, and thy contempt for me! listen to me, oh yet one moment. Oh, receive me in repentance at thy feet! Thou wilt grant me my life, wilt thou not? I will take the veil. I will go into a cloister. It may be told thee afterwards that an unhappy woman lies on ashes, digs her grave with her hands, and prays to God night and day, not for herself who requires it, but for thee—that she does all this in hope that thou mayest one day bestow a look of mercy on her and drop a tear on all the sharp wounds of her heart, that thou mayest not cry out again in a voice more severe than the trumpet tone of the last judgment “You are Lucretia Borgia!” If this repentance be related to thee, would’st thou have the heart to repulse me? Oh mercy! do not kill me, my Gennaro! let us both live—thou to pardon me—I to repent! have some compassion for me! After all, it is of no use to treat without mercy, a poor woman who asks for naught but pity! A little pity! Leave to live! And then, dost thou understand, my Gennaro, I say it to thee for thyself, thy deed would be cowardly, it would be a frightful crime—an assassination—a man to kill a woman! a man who is the stronger! ah! thou would’st not!

GENNARO, *shaken*. Woman!

LUCRETIA. Ah I see it clearly, I have my pardon, it is told in thine eyes. Ah! let me weep at thy feet!

A VOICE, *from without*. Gennaro!

GENNARO. Who calls me.

THE VOICE. Thy brother, Gennaro!

GENNARO. It is Maffio.

THE VOICE. Gennaro! I am dying, avenge me

GENNARO, *raising the knife*. I have said it, I listen no more. You heard what I spoke, woman—You must die!

LUCRETIA, *struggling and seizing hold of his arm*. Mercy! mercy! still one word!

GENNARO. No!

LUCRETIA. Mercy! listen to me!

GENNARO. No!

LUCRETIA. In the name of Heaven!

GENNARO. No! *(he stabs her.)*

LUCRETIA. Ah! thou hast killed me. Gennaro, I am thy mother!

(The curtain falls.)

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. VI.—THE TRIAL OF ROBERT FEILDING, COMMONLY CALLED BEAU
FEILDING, FOR BIGAMY, IN MARRYING THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

THIS is altogether a singular case, independently of its connection with the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland, then in her old age. Robert Feilding, the defendant in this trial, and the Orlando the Fair of the Tatler, was so fine a man, as to be generally designated Beau, or Handsome Feilding: he was very notorious in his time, and is frequently mentioned in the contemporary periodical, and other publications. Swift places among the persons who made a mean, contemptible figure in some action or circumstance of their lives, this “Beau Feilding at fifty years old, when in a quarrel on the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened, and shewed to the ladies that he might move their love and pity, but they all fell a laughing.”

The Duchess of Cleveland was the well known Barbara Villiers, only child of William, Viscount Grandison, wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, and first mistress to Charles II. after his Restoration. Indeed according to one historian, Oldmixon, it was currently reported, that on the very evening of the king's coming to London, his majesty took her from her husband. In 1661, Roger Palmer was created Baron Palmer, and Earl of Castlemaine, in the peerage of Ireland, of which honours it has been said, he was not very proud; and in 1670, his wife was created Baroness Non-Such, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, in the peerage of England. The Duchess of Cleveland, like her colleague the Duchess of Portsmouth, seems to have been a compound of misconduct, and avarice.

The trial took place at the Old Bailey, on the 4th December, 1706. The charge in the indictment was, that the said Robert Feilding, on the 9th November, in the fourth year of the reign of Queen Anne, at the parish of St. James', Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, took to wife one Mary Wadsworth, spinster, and that afterwards, viz. on the 25th of the same month of November, in the year aforesaid, at the parish of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, in the said county, he did feloniously take to wife the Most Noble, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, the said Mary Wadsworth, his former wife, being then alive.

The case was stated by the senior counsel for the crown, Sir James Mountague; and a more singular matrimonial history never was related.

Sir James Mountague. My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I am of counsel with the Queen against the prisoner, Mr. Robert Feilding, who stands indicted, for taking to wife Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, after he had before married one Mary Wadsworth, who is still alive: this is a crime that amounts to felony; and though the law doth not take away from him that shall be convicted thereof, the benefit of his clergy;

yet, since it is such a crime, as doth take away from the prisoner the assistance of counsel, I shall only state matter of fact, which is as followeth:—About a year ago, or a little better, there was a young lady left a widow by Mr. Deleau, and reputed a great fortune; Mr. Feilding thinking himself qualified for the greatest fortune, had a design upon this lady, and in August 1705, he applied himself to one Mrs. Streights to consult with her, and contrive some method how he might have access to court this widow. This Mrs. Streights had no acquaintance with the widow herself, but knew Mrs. Charlotte Villars was acquainted with her, and used to cut her hair; so the best thing they could think of at that time, was to make Mrs. Villars their friend, that by her means he might have admittance into the lady's company; for he did not question that if the lady had but once a sight of his very handsome person, she would have the same affection for him, that he had met with from other ladies, even on their first seeing of him. Mrs. Villars was promised 500*l.* to bring this affair about; and though she doubted with herself whether she could ever accomplish it, yet by these means she might perhaps make a penny of it to herself: and thereupon she promises Mrs. Streights to use her endeavour to serve the major-general, meaning Mr. Feilding, though Mrs. Villars could not be sure such an overture would be well received by Mrs. Deleau: yet being well acquainted with one Mary Wadsworth, a young woman, not much unlike in person to Mrs. Deleau, she imagined it would be no difficult matter for her to set up the said Mrs. Wadsworth to represent Mrs. Deleau; and accordingly it was done, and Mr. Feilding proved so intent upon the matter, that he went in a few days to Doctors' Commons, to see for Mr. Deleau's will, (and found thereby that Mrs. Deleau was left very considerable). And that he might judge the better whether she were truly the fortune she was represented to him, he took a copy of the said will, and soon after went to Mrs. Villars, and told her, that what Mrs. Streights had said concerning Mrs. Deleau's fortune was true: and being very well satisfied with her fortune, he was resolved to get a view of her. Soon after, Mr. Feilding went to Tunbridge, and after two or three days stay there, returned and called at Waddon, the place where Mrs. Deleau resided, with a pretence to see the house and gardens, but in reality it was to see the widow; he thought nothing else was then to be done, but to give the lady a sight of his handsome person he designed to lay at her feet; but it happened that the lady would not be seen herself, but her servants were permitted to shew him the gardens, and he fancied himself that he had had a sight of Mrs. Deleau too; for a kinswoman of Mrs. Deleau's looking out into the garden while he was there, gave him the sight of a woman at the window, and he presently concluded it could be nobody but Mrs. Deleau admiring Beau Feilding. About three days after Mr. Feilding's return from Tunbridge, which was about a fortnight after St. Bartholomew's-tide last was twelvemonth, he told Mrs. Villars of his calling at Waddon, and that he had acquainted the Duchess of Cleveland of the fine gardens that were there, and he said that her grace had a great desire to see them, and therefore directed Mrs. Villars to go from her grace to Mrs. Deleau to ask the favour of her to permit her grace to see the house and gardens. Accordingly Mrs. Villars went down to Waddon; and Mrs. Deleau treated her very civilly, and told her whenever her grace pleased, she should see her house and gardens; but as she was a widow

she could not attend upon her grace : but though the duchess was expected after this, yet she did not go, for indeed she did not know any thing of the message. So the next time Mr. Feilding attempted to see her, was at a horse-race at Banstead-Downs, whither he went for that purpose, but did not see her. After this, or some time before, he sent a letter to Mrs. Deleau's house, but the servants, when they saw the name to it, knowing the character of Mr. Feilding, threw it into the fire.—When Mrs. Villars found that the Duchess of Cleveland knew nothing of her being sent to Waddon, and that it was only a contrivance of Mr. Feilding's to get an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Deleau, and that in truth he had never seen her, she resolved to play trick for trick with him, and thereupon proposed the matter to Mary Wadsworth, the woman I before mentioned to be of her acquaintance, but one that Mr. Feilding did not know, and one that would not worst herself much by such an undertaking, whether it succeeded or not. Mrs. Wadsworth upon the first opening of it readily embraced the offer : and thereupon Mrs. Villars went to Mr. Feilding and told him she had proposed the matter to the lady (Mrs. Deleau) which she at first rejected, but at last did give a favourable ear to it ; and that she did not fear, but if matters could be prudently managed, his desires might be accomplished.

A little before my lord mayor's day last was twelvemonth, she told Mr. Feilding that she had at length obtained of the lady the favour of a promise of an interview, and that she was shortly to bring her to his lodgings, but he must take care not to let her know they were his lodgings, or to give her the least cause to suspect he had any thing to do there : accordingly Mrs. Villars, the evening of my lord mayor's day, brought Mrs. Wadsworth in a mourning coach and widow's dress to Mr. Feilding's lodgings : he was not within at the time they came thither, but being sent for came in soon after, and was extremely complaisant for some time ; but at length, though he had been cautioned not to let the lady know they were his lodgings, yet he could not forbear shewing her his fine clothes, and what furniture he had, and in a little time after sent for Mrs. Margaretta to sing to her ; and pretended he was so extremely taken with her, that nothing would satisfy him but being married that night ; but she, with a seeming modesty, checked his forward behaviour, and made a shew of going away in displeasure ; but before they parted, he prevailed upon her to promise not to put off their marriage longer than Wednesday seven-night. My lord, Mr. Feilding rightly judged by this conversation what an interest he had fixed in the lady, and looking upon himself to be sure of her, he actually went to a goldsmith, and bespoke a ring, and directed himself what posy should be engraved. When the day came which had been first agreed on, sham pretences were made, not to seem over hasty in so serious a matter, and the marriage was put off till the Friday following, being the 9th of November last was twelvemonth ; at which time Mrs. Villars and the lady came again to Mr. Feilding's lodgings, where he received her with an extraordinary transport of joy, and the marriage must immediately be proceeded on ; but she for some time framed several put-offs, and at length made an offer to have gone away : but Mr. Feilding by no means would permit her to go, without making her his own, which he was resolved should be done presently ; and to make all things sure, he ran out and locked the chamber-door to keep her and Mrs. Villars in, whilst he went for a

priest; and taking coach immediately drove to Count Gallas's, the emperor's envoy; when he came to his gate, he enquired of the porter for one Francisco Drian, that was styled, The Father in Red, upon account of a red habit he usually wore; but he not being within, Mr. Feilding asked for another Father; and one Father Florence was called to him, whom he acquainted with the business he came about; but whilst he was treating with Father Florence, the Father in Red luckily came in, and Mr. Feilding immediately took him away with him in the hackney-coach to his lodgings. My lord, and gentlemen, we shall shew you, that this Father in Red stayed there about an hour, and then went away.—We shall shew your lordship likewise, that Mr. Feilding and Mary Wadsworth supped together, and after supper he was actually married to Mrs. Wadsworth. And that this marriage was complete, we shall prove by several particulars, viz. That all ceremonies were performed that are usual upon such occasions; and the next day the lady and Mrs. Villars went away, and as Mr. Feilding supposed, to Waddon, the widow Deleau's house, to which place your lordship and the jury will find he directed his letters to her afterwards, and in the superscriptions styles her the Countess of Feilding. To corroborate this evidence we shall likewise prove to your lordship, that about a week after he was with her again at the very same lodgings; and we can make it appear that they met three several times since this first night, twice before, and once after his marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland. My lord, we shall shew you, that he made her presents, furnished her with money, and treated her as his wife, until the cheat was found out, which was not till May after; and then finding how he had been served, that instead of marrying a fortune of 60,000*l.* he had been imposed upon, and married one not worth so many farthings, he discarded her in great wrath.

The evidence of the first witness, Mrs. Villars, as to the cruel deceit she put upon Mr. Feilding, is an amplification of the learned counsel's narrative, but it is of too curious interest to be omitted.

Mrs. *Villars*. My lord, there came one Mrs. Streights to my lodgings, and wanted to speak with me, (it was Bartholomew-tide was twelve-month) but I was not at home; when I came home, they told me Mrs. Streights had been there, and left word that I was always out of the way when it was to do myself good; she said it would be five hundred pounds out of my way if I did not come to her. I met with her and Mr. Feilding, and being acquainted with Mr. Feilding's design upon Mrs. Deleau, he asked me whether I knew the lady? I said I had no particular acquaintance with her, but I used to cut her hair. He told me that he was in love with her, and asked me, whether I would assist him in his courtship? And whether a marriage might be brought about? I told him I could not tell, I did not know whether I had that interest in the lady as to be made serviceable in such a design. Mr. Feilding enquired very strictly after her, and said, he would try means to come into her company, that he might gain her acquaintance: upon which we parted at that time.—And about three days after Mrs. Streights came to my house again, and said, Mr. Feilding would speak with me. I went to him; and he told me, he found that the lady was worth 60,000*l.* as he had been told before. He asked me where it was she lived? I told him, in Cophthal-court, near the Change. I told him likewise where her country-house was; that it was at Waddon in Surrey. Mr. Feilding told me, he would go to Tunbridge, and call by the way to see the

gardens ; and by that means he might have an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Deleau ; which he did accordingly. I was sent for again ; and he told me he had seen the gardens, and they were very fine : and that he saw the lady through a casement ; and that she might have the more perfect view of him, he took divers turns in the gardens, pulled out his watch, and set it by the sun-dial : and that he came round the country, and almost murdered his horses, to get a sight of her. But he desired to be in her company, that he might have a full view of her. He desired me to go to Mrs. Deleau, and tell her, that the Duchess of Cleveland had heard a great character of her gardens, and was very desirous to see them.—I went and acquainted Mrs. Deleau with it ; she said she would not refuse a woman of her quality, but would take it as a great favour, to shew her any thing that belonged to her ; but desired that it might not be that week, but the week following ; because she was to see a race on Banstead Downs. I told Mr. Feilding this ; and he made answer for the Duchess of Cleveland, and said the duchess was not well ; and could not go to see the gardens. When I found that Mr. Feilding did not send me from the duchess, but from himself, I was out of countenance, that I should innocently impose upon the lady. Mr. Feilding told me, he would go and see the race upon the Downs ; and when he came back, he would send for me, and acquaint me whether he had seen the lady. And when he came to town again, he sent Mrs. Streights to me to come to him ; and when I came to him he told me he saw Mrs. Deleau, he believed upon the Downs. Mr. Feilding made a bow to them, and they to him. He said from thence he went to Epsom, and sent a letter to be delivered into Mrs. Deleau's own hands, by a servant of his, not in a livery. I think, it was accordingly delivered. Mr. Feilding told me, Mrs. Deleau read it, and said it required no answer : and said no more. Mr. Feilding asked me whether I could not get a letter to Mrs. Deleau ; he said, he was much in love with her. I told him, I believed he was mistaken : and that it was another whom he saw.—I perceived that he had no knowledge of Mrs. Deleau.—I acquainted a young woman (Mrs. Wadsworth, whom I supposed he might have seen,) with his inclination : she said, she did not expect to be so happy ; but wished it might be so. I engaged to Mr. Feilding to do what I could to bring it about.—There were divers letters passed between them till my lord mayor's day. Divers presents were sent from Mr. Feilding, by me, to the lady. The first present was a gold apron struck with green : that was the first present Mr. Feilding sent to Mrs. Wadsworth, whom he thought was Mrs. Deleau all the while ; but it was Mrs. Wadsworth. I did not think Mrs. Deleau, who was a great fortune, would agree to marry a man of Mr. Feilding's character. Mr. Feilding kept sending of presents and letters from that time, from the latter end of Bartholomew-tide, to my lord mayor's day. He sent her a suit of white satin knots and gloves, and other things. He desired I would bring her to his lodgings on my lord mayor's day, at night ; which I did, about nine o'clock, in a mourning coach. Mr. Feilding was not at home, but came immediately. When he came in, he fell down upon his knees, and kissed her ; and expressed abundance of fond expressions. He asked her, why she stayed so long ? And whether she loved singing ? He said he would send for Margaretta to come up. When she came, Mr. Feilding bid her sing the two songs which he loved ;—which she did ; the one was, Charming Creature ;

and the other was, Ianthe the Lovely. After which, Mr. Feilding sent for two pints of wine, and some plum cakes. He urged very much to marry her; but she declined it, and made him a promise to come to him the Wednesday following. In the interim she sent him a letter, to acquaint him she could not come according to her appointment; but she would come to him on the Friday following, which was the 9th of November. Then he sent her another letter, to desire her not to fail, but come to his arms; and told her, that there wanted nothing but the holy father to join their happiness; for their hearts were all one already. And when Friday came, Mrs. Wadsworth and I went to Mr. Feilding's lodgings again: he was not within, but came running into the room in a little time after, with a great deal of joy, and took Mrs. Wadsworth into his arms, and said, "Nothing could ease his mind, but a promise to make him happy, in marrying him presently."—He said he would fetch the priest? but Mrs. Wadsworth refused his proposal, and would have dissuaded him from going then; and desired him to put it off till another time, and would have gone away. But he would not hear of it; and said, she had disappointed him before; and that he repented he had let her go away before; but now he was resolved to make her his own, before she went away. Mr. Feilding then went for the priest, and locked the chamber-door after him, and took the key with him, for fear Mrs. Wadsworth should go away; and ordered Boucher to let no body into the dining-room till his return. Mr. Feilding returned in a little time, and brought a priest with him, in a long red gown lined with blue, and long beard, and a fur cap. Mr. Feilding told her that this was the holy father that was to make them one. Mr. Feilding then ordered the man to lay the cloth, and fetch a dish of pickles to supper.—At supper Mrs. Wadsworth seemed cautious; and for fear the priest should not be in orders, said, "How shall I know that this is a priest in orders?" Mr. Feilding questioned him. Then the priest pulled a picture out of his pocket, about the bigness of a crown-piece, and told them "that none but priests had such pictures." And that she might still be further satisfied, she desired another token.

After this, Boucher, and the rest of the servants, were ordered down stairs. Then the priest called for water, salt, and rosemary, to prepare holy water. Boucher brought up water and salt but could get no rosemary. Mr. Feilding and I received it at the dining-room door. Then Mr. Feilding locked the door, and took the key in the inside. Mr. Feilding asked Mrs. Wadsworth, whether it should be done in the bed-chamber, or dining-room? Mrs. Wadsworth agreed it should be in the bed-chamber. There were none present but Mr. Feilding, Mrs. Wadsworth, the priest, and myself. The priest prepared holy water, and blessed it: then he set Mrs. Wadsworth at the right of Mr. Feilding; the priest stood before them, and read the ceremony in Latin, as I understood; and Mrs. Wadsworth said, "She was not yet satisfied he was a priest." Then he laid down his book, took from under his gown a piece of silk like a scarf, that was marked with a cross in the middle; and said, none but priests used such a thing. Then Mrs. Wadsworth was well satisfied he was a priest. Says Mr. Feilding to her, "Do you think, my dear, that I would have any body to do this business but the holy father?" Mrs. Wadsworth was well satisfied, till he came to that part, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" She desired it might be spoke in English by him as well as he could. He did so. He asked Mr. Feilding,

"Whether he would have this gentlewoman to be his wedded wife?" He said, "Yes, with all my heart." He asked the lady then, "Whether she would have this gentleman for her husband?" She said, "Yes," faintly: But says Mr. Feilding, you don't speak it so earnestly as I do: you must say, "With all my heart and soul;" which she did. Then the priest blessed the ring and gave it to Mr. Feilding, to put on the lady's finger. He said something in Latin; but what it was I know not. Then we went into the dining-room. Boucher brought up wine; and when all had drank, the priest was discharged.

Counsel. Why was this marriage kept private?

Villars. Because Mr. Feilding took the lady to be Mrs. Deleau.

Justice Powel. How long was it before it was discovered?

Villars. It was not discovered till the latter end of May last, or the beginning of June.

Justice Powel. When was the time Mr. Feilding was married?

Villars. It was the 9th of November was twelvemonth.

Counsel. What was the reason why the marriage was carried on so privately?

Villars. The reason was, because Mrs. Deleau had a father alive, who had in his hands a part of her fortune; and for fear of disobliging him, Mrs. Wadsworth, that went for Mrs. Deleau, was willing it should be kept private.

Counsel. Can you tell the reason of its being discovered?

Villars. Mrs. Wadsworth sent to Mr. Feilding for money.—Then Mr. Feilding found he had not a woman of that fortune which he took her to be. When Mr. Feilding did find it out, he took Mrs. Streights into a closet, at the Duchess of Cleveland's, and sent for me there: Then Mr. Feilding wanted to have the presents returned. Mr. Feilding then beat me, and asked me whether that was a fit wife for him? And then took a thing made of steel at one end, and a hammer at the other end; and told me, if I would not unsay what I said of his marriage with Wadsworth, he would slit my nose off: And that he would get two blacks, the one should hold me upon his back, and the other should break my bones.

Justice Powel. One would have thought you should have been afraid to have seen Mr. Feilding.

Villars. My lord, it was not till then found out.

Sir Ja. Mountague. My lord, I think she hath clearly proved the marriage; and that she saw them three times together, in the space of six weeks after the marriage.

Feilding. By what name did Mrs. Wadsworth go?

Villars. By no name at all.

Feilding. Did I ever appear with her in public?

Villars. No, never.

Feilding. What was the first place I saw her in?

Villars. The first place you saw her, was at your lodgings, last lord mayor's day was twelvemonth.

Feilding. My lord, I desire it may be asked her, how she came to think that I should send such mean presents as she hath mentioned, to a lady of Mrs. Deleau's fortune? They were not at all suitable to Mrs. Deleau.

Just. Powel. Ay, Mrs. Villars, what say you to that? Mr. Feilding

thinks it a very strange thing, that he should send such trifles to a lady of Mrs. Deleau's quality.

Villars. He did think, at that time, that he made his addresses to Mrs. Deleau; and I am sure such presents were sent; and he was really married to her, and married her for Mrs. Deleau.

Just. Powel. Mrs. Villars, Mr. Feilding desires this question should be asked you; when was the first time you acquainted the Duchess of Cleveland with this matter?

Villars. I will tell your lordship. Mrs. Feilding, that is now, told me, Mr. Feilding beat her at the lodge at Whitehall (I did not see the beating) and said, she should have occasion to bring me upon my oath, to prove that Mr. Feilding was married to her the 9th of November. I went with Mrs. Feilding to the Duke of Grafton, and told him, I was sure he was married the 9th of November before.

Just. Powel. How long was it after the beating, before you and Mrs. Feilding went to the Duke of Grafton?

Villars. It was about three weeks.

Just. Powel. Are you sure it was before that time that there was any parting betwixt Mr. Feilding and the Duchess of Cleveland.

Villars. Mrs. Feilding acquainted me with it herself, that the beating was before the difference between the Duchess of Cleveland and Mr. Feilding.

Counsel. Although you did not see what passed at Whitehall; whether was this before the difference between the Duchess and Mr. Feilding?

Villars. I believe it was about a fortnight or three weeks.

Feilding. How came it to pass that it was not discovered till now of late?

Villars. It was not discovered till she sent to Mr. Feilding for money, about May, after the marriage.

Just. Powel. Why did you not apply yourself to Mr. Feilding for the reward?

Villars. I was to have no reward.

Feilding. Mrs. Villars, what reward did the Duchess of Cleveland promise you?

Villars. I never saw the Duchess of Cleveland; and I was never promised any reward.

Just. Powel. Was you not to have had a reward for helping Mr. Feilding to Mrs. Deleau?

Villars. Mrs. Streights left such word at my lodgings; but I had no promise of it from Mr. Feilding.

It became unnecessary to prove the second marriage on the part of the prosecution, in consequence of the following admission.

Sir Ja. Mountague. My lord, Mrs. Villars has given you so full an account of every thing I have opened, that all that we have to do now, is to support Mrs. Villars' evidence; and to make it appear to your lordship, that she is right in all these particulars that she tells you of. And the better to make ourselves understood, we will go on, and give your lordship an account how these things were carried on from time to time. But first we shall prove to your lordship, how that after Mr. Feilding was thus married to Mrs. Wadsworth he did actually marry the Duchess of Cleveland.

Feilding. My lord, I do not deny my marriage to the Duchess of Cleveland.

Sir Ja. Mountague. Then, my lord, we will not trouble you with any proof of that matter, but go on with making out the circumstances of his marriage with Mrs. Wadsworth; and we shall verify in every particular, Mrs. Villars' evidence.

The testimony of Mrs. Villars was in the main supported. From the evidence in corroboration we take the following passages, the only portions which give a further insight into the story.

Sir Ja. Mountague. The next thing we shall prove, is, that Mr. Feilding was actually at Waddon, Mrs. Deleau's house: And we shall prove that even by Mrs. Deleau. (Who was sworn.)

Counsel. Pray, Madam, have you any acquaintance with Mr. Feilding?

Deleau. None at all.

Counsel. Do you remember he came to your house in the country?

Deleau. He did about Bartholomew-tide was twelve-month.

Counsel. When he was there, had he a sight of you, Madam?

Deleau. No, my lord; he was not in the house, but in the garden.

Counsel. Do you know Mrs. Villars?

Deleau. I do, my lord.

Counsel. Did she ever come to you upon such a message, That my lady Duchess of Cleveland and Mr. Feilding had a desire to see the gardens?

Deleau. She did so; and it was about the same time Mr. Feilding had been there, or some little time after, I believe.

Counsel. Did you go to the race on Banstead Downs?

Deleau. No, my lord.

Counsel. Did Mrs. Villars use to cut your hair?

Deleau. No, my lord—her mistress did.

Counsel. Was there any letters brought to your house from Mr. Feilding?

Deleau. I heard there was.

Counsel. Who received the letter from Mr. Feilding?

Deleau. Some of the servants, but I received none; but some of the servants received it. I was then at my father's, and left orders that they should take in no letters but such as came from my relations, which would come by themselves.

Counsel. When had you notice of Mr. Feilding's being at your house?

Deleau. My own butler came up, and acquainted me Mr. Feilding was below. He came to my house with the character of Major-General Villars. I did not see him; but here is the lady that saw him out of the window; who, it seems, he took for myself.

(That lady sworn.)

Counsel. My lord, we only bring this lady to prove what the first witness said, That Mr. Feilding saw Mrs. Deleau through a window.—Madam, Do you remember Mr. Feilding was at Waddon, and when?

Lady. He was there about Bartholomew-tide was twelve-month. I did see him through a window, and informed my cousin of it.

Counsel. Then call Mr. Boucher. (Who was sworn.)

Counsel. Mr. Boucher, pray, give my lord and the jury an account of all you know of this matter.

Boucher. My lord, I went with Mr. Feilding to my lord-mayor's show last lord-mayor's day was twelve-month. He went in his chariot to Mr. Feilding's, a linen-draper, at the Three Legs in Cheapside. I looked into the balcony, and saw Mrs. Villars there.—My master came down again, and went to Sir Basil Firebrass's; from thence I was ordered to go home, and meet my master in Bond-street; which I did. He asked me whether any body had been at his lodgings to enquire for him? I said, no, and went home again. Then I found the lady and Mrs. Villars at Mr. Feilding's lodgings. They had been there but a little time, but Mr. Feilding came in. Mr. Feilding complimented the lady, and asked her if she loved singing? Mrs. Margaretta was sent for, and accommodated this lady and Mrs. Villars with two songs. Mr. Feilding treated them with a bottle of wine and a plum cake.—Margaretta went away, and soon after Mrs. Villars and this lady went away. So, says Mrs. Heath afterwards to me, Do you know what woman of quality that is in the coach? This Mrs. Heath is the landlady where Mr. Feilding lodged. Mrs. Villars and the lady went away in a coach. She was in a mourning dress, and the coach was a mourning coach.

Counsel. What time was this?

Boucher. It was my lord-mayor's day was twelve-month, on the 29th of October.

Counsel. Well, go on, and tell what you know of the marriage.

Boucher. Not long after this, my master ordered me to be at home, to get clean sheets for the bed, wax candles, and sconces, and fires in both the rooms: He told me some ladies would be there that night; and ordered if he was not at home when they came, to tell them, that he would be there presently. Accordingly they came, and he was not at home; but in a little time he came and went up to them. Some time after that, he came down stairs in great haste, and said, Boucher, go and bespeak a dish of pickles. I did so; and brought over a cloth, and the rest of the things, and left them in the window. I stayed by the stairs till he came back in a hackney coach, with a priest along with him in a long gown, and long beard, and a fur cap; I knew him to belong to the Emperor's envoy; and I heard Mr. Feilding call him reverend father. Then I was ordered to set the table and glasses, and wine, and things of that kind, upon the side-board. I waited at table all the while. When supper was over, Mr. Feilding ordered me to go down and fetch water, salt, and rosemary, I went and got water and salt, but could get no rosemary. Then I was ordered to go down, and they were locked in about three quarters of an hour: He then called, Boucher, says he, Will you fill some wine?—I did so, and perceived upon the thumb of this lady, upon her left hand, a plain gold ring, which before supper she had not. When this was over, the priest went away.

Counsel. Then call Matthew Paul. (Who was sworn.)

Counsel. Do you give my lord and the jury an account of Mr. Feilding's beating a gentle-woman; and if any marriage was claimed at that time by a gentlewoman.

Paul. Mr. Feilding came to Whitehall-gate in a chariot; he lit out of it. There was a hackney coach brought two women; one of these women got out of the coach, and came up to Mr. Feilding: Mr. Feild-

ing called her 'Vagabond;' the lady called him 'Rogue,' and said: She was his lawful wife; at that Mr. Feilding having a stick, he punched it at her: it happened upon her mouth, and made her teeth bleed. He ordered the sentry to keep her till he was gone, and he would give him a crown. She said, as I told you before, That she was his lawful wife, and for that reason they did not care to meddle with her.

Counsel. Sir, do you know what time this was?

Paul. I cannot justly tell: it was, as near as I can judge, about the latter end of May.

Counsel. Pray, call Mrs. Feilding, and let the witness see if he knows the woman again that he saw Mr. Feilding beat.

Mrs. Feilding called into court.

Counsel. Is this the woman you saw?

Paul. This is the woman, my lord, I really believe.

Mr. Feilding's letters to his wife, the supposed Mrs. Deleau, were also read in court, they were the following:—

"To the Countess of Feilding."

"*Sunday Night.*

"I hope my dearest wife will easily believe that nothing can be welcome to me than the assurance of her health; but as I received hers but this day, I could not have the felicity of seeing her to-morrow, and she have notice of it; therefore, if she thinks fit on Thursday next at four o'clock, I will see her at Puggy's, (a name for Mrs. Villars,) and there endeavour to repair this tedious absence. Eternally your own,

"FEILDING."

"To my dearest Wife, the Countess of Feilding.

"*Friday.*

"I had returned my dear wife's favour long before now, but my lady Duchess's sickness on one hand, and more than ordinary business (of which I will give my dear a particular account) on the other hand, has not given me a moment of time to write to my love. Puggy brings you the set of knots you desired, and the pattern of the damask; or if my dearest life wants any thing else, she may with pleasure command it; for I am never so well pleased as when employed by my dearest wife, and must be ever her affectionate husband till death,

"FEILDING."

"*Nov. 27, 1705.*

"The last letter I had from my dearest wife has mortified me much, finding, that notwithstanding all my kindnesses, she taxes me with coldness in my letters, which I call Heaven to witness I never in the least intended; and beg my dearest to give me some warning before she taxes me of unkindness. Puggy tells me that my dear designs to come to town to-morrow, which I hope she will put off till another day, because I am obliged to be at her grace's to-morrow all the afternoon, and till late at night; but any other day my dear shall find she is always welcome to the arms of him who loves her more than life itself; and I shall never fail of giving her fresh proofs that I am her loving and affectionate husband,

"FEILDING."

Feilding rested his defence on the notoriously bad character of Mrs. Villars, on the fact of her being promised a reward by the Duchess of Cleveland, and also on the previous marriage of Mrs. Wadsworth at the Fleet to another party. He however failed to satisfy the jury, and he was found guilty; but the Court suspended the judgment, till the next sessions, and accepted bail for Mr. Feilding's appearance.

The next sessions, on the 15th of January, Mr. Feilding appeared, and it being demanded, what he could say, why judgment of death should not pass upon him? he prayed the benefit of his clergy, which was allowed; and he produced the Queen's warrant to suspend the burning in the hand; and was admitted to bail.

Her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland having also instituted a cause of nullity of marriage, against Mr. Feilding, by reason of a former marriage with Mary Wadsworth, in the Arches Court of Canterbury, she proceeded to obtain the sentence of the Court, and accordingly, on the 23rd of May, 1707, the Right Worshipful Sir John Cook, Knt., Doctor of Laws, official Principal of the Court, judicially sitting in the great hall of Doctors' Commons, in the presence of the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earls of Litchfield, Sussex, and Jersey, and the Lord Quarrendon, and also of the respective proctors of her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland, and of Mr. Feilding, at the petition of her Grace's proctor, read and promulged his definitive sentence in Latin. Wherein, after process and grounds on which the sentence is founded are recited, he concluded, We do pronounce, decree, and declare, that the said Most Noble Lady, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, was, and is, free from any bond of marriage with the said Robert Feilding, and had and hath the liberty and freedom of marrying with any other person.

Mr. Feilding, by his proctor, then renounced all benefit of appeal from this sentence; and the gold ring, and seven letters, that had been exhibited on the part of the Lady Duchess, were re-delivered to her, the letters being first registered in Court.

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

SARDANAPALUS. Ah Myrrha! I have been where we shall be.

MYRRHA. My lord.

SARDANAPALUS. I've been in the grave—where worms are lords,
And Kings are—But I did not deem it so ;
I thought 'twas nothing.

.....
I fear it not ; but I have felt—have seen—
A legion of the dead.

BYRON.

EDWARD I., the Justinian of England, and the wisest and most energetic monarch that ever swayed her sceptre, met with his death at the least reputable period of his life. Some sixteen years previously, the gentler spirit, which had tempered the stern mind of this great king into goodness, was departed. Edward's admirable consort, Eleanor of Castille was no more, and the former magnificent legislator of his own subjects, had become the unjustifiable oppressor of another people. It was a glorious time for Scotland: the demise of her terrible enemy occurred at the very dawn of the brightest era that ever shone on Caledonia. Robert Bruce had taken the command of her armies, and Bannockburn was to be the result of a struggle continued by Edward's weak successor. Sir Walter Scott thus relates the death of Edward I.

The gradual and increasing reputation of Bruce, the renown of his exploits, the talents which his conduct proved him to possess, reached the ears of Edward I. more and more frequently, and stung the aged sovereign with the most acute sense of wounded pride and mortified ambition. In fulfilment of his romantic vow to heaven and the swans, Edward had advanced as far as Carlisle, to his proposed campaign against the Scots, but had been detained there during the whole winter by the wasting effects of a dysentery. As the season of action approached, and the rumours of Bruce's success increased, the king persuaded himself that resentment would restore him the strength which age and disease had impaired. It was indeed a mortifying condition in which he found himself. For the space of nineteen or twenty years, the conquest of Scotland had been the darling object of his thoughts and plans. It had cost him the utmost exertion of his bold and crafty faculties; blood had been shed without measure—wealth lavished without grudging to accomplish this darling plan; and now, when disease had abated his strength and energies, he was doomed to see from his sick bed the hills of Scotland, while he knew that they were still free. As if endeavouring to restore by a strong effort of the mind the failing strength of his body; he declared himself recovered, hung up in the cathedral the horse-litter in which he had hitherto travelled, but which he conceived he should need no longer, and mounting his war-horse, proceeded northward. It

was too forced an effort to be continued long. Edward only reached the village of Burgh on the Sands, and expired there on the 7th July, 1307. On his death-bed his thoughts were entirely on the Scottish affairs; he made his son swear that he would prosecute the war without truce or breathing-space: he repeated the strange injunction, that his flesh being boiled from his bones, the latter should be transported at the head of the army with which he was about to invade Scotland, and never be restored to the tomb till that obstinate nation was entirely subdued. By way of corollary to this singular precept, the dying king bequeathed his heart to be sent to the Holy Land, in whose defence he had once fought.

Humanity must ever shudder at mention of the horrid termination to the miserable existence of EDWARD II. This unfortunate prince, unsuited to the iron age in which he lived, had no worse vices than indolence and love of ease and pleasure: he did no deeds of injustice or oppression; he loved his people, and treated them with mildness, yet was he deposed from his throne, imprisoned, insulted, and most barbarously murdered. What adds to the dreadful nature of the transaction is, that his own wife was the instigator of the villainy, which was done in the name of his son, innocent, and unconscious of the crime. The facts are these:

The attention of the Earl of Lancaster to alleviate the suffering of the captive Edward, did not accord with the views of the queen and her paramour. He was given to the custody of Sir John de Maltravers, a man who, by his former sufferings, had proved his attachment to the party. To conceal the place of Edward's residence, he successively transferred the prisoner from Kenilworth to Corfe, Bristol, and Berkeley, and by the indignities which were offered to him, and the severities which were inflicted, laboured to deprive him of his reason or to shorten his life. It was in vain that the deposed monarch solicited an interview with his wife, or to be indulged with the company of his children. Isabella had not the courage to face the husband whom she had so cruelly injured, nor would she trust her sons in the presence of their father. Though in possession of the sovereign power, she was still harrassed with the most gloomy apprehensions. In several parts of the kingdom associations were known to exist for the avowed purpose of liberating the captive: her scandalous connexion with Mortimer was publicly noticed by the clergy in their sermons; and there was reason to fear that the church might compel her by censures to cohabit with her consort. To prevent the last, she had recourse to her usual expedient. As her son led an army against the Scots, she called an assembly of prelates and barons at Stamford, laid before them her pretended reasons for dreading the sanguinary vengeance of her husband, and prevailed on them to declare that, even if she desired it, they would not permit her to return to the society of Edward of Carnarvon.

Thomas Lord Berkeley, the owner of Berkeley Castle, was now joined with Sir John Maltravers in the commission of guarding the captive monarch. It chanced that the former was detained at his manor of Bradley by a dangerous malady, during which the duty of watching the king devolved on two of his officers, Thomas Gourney and William Ogle. One night, while the monarch was under their charge, the inmates of the castle were alarmed by the shrieks which issued from his apartment; the next morning the neighbouring gentry, with the citizens of Bristol,

were invited to behold his dead body. Externally it exhibited no marks of violence: but the distortion of the features betrayed the horrible torments in which he had expired: his death had been procured by the forcible introduction of a red-hot iron into the bowels. The screams that had dismayed the castle, were the dying cries of the agonized sufferer, while his intestines were consuming. No further investigation was made, and the corpse was interred in the abbey church of St. Peter at Gloucester. This happened in September, 1327.

The dazzling career of EDWARD III., had changed into gloom before his warlike soul departed. The death of the Black Prince levelled, at a blow, the triumphant spirits and fond hopes of the monarch and his people. In one year, the sire followed the son to the grave. Yet that single twelvemonth sadly altered the aged victor of Crécy. From a firm and able prince, he became a mere driveller, and gave himself up to the controul of one Mistress Alice Perrers, formerly a lady of the bedchamber to his great queen Phillipa, of Hainault. Long distinguished for her wit and beauty, Alice Perrers gained a complete ascendancy over the mind of Edward, who lived in obscurity at Eltham, in Kent, abandoned to her care or mercy. As he daily grew weaker, she removed with him from Eltham to Shene, but kept him in ignorance of his approaching dissolution. On the morning of his death she drew the ring from his finger and departed. The other domestics had separated to plunder the palace; but a priest, who chanced to be present, hastening to the bed of the dying monarch, admonished him of his situation, and bade him prepare himself before his Creator. Edward, who had just strength sufficient to thank him, took a crucifix into his hands, kissed it, wept, and expired. His death happened in the sixty-fifth year of his life, and the fifty-first of his glorious reign, on the 21st June, 1377.

RICHARD II. was a very weak and a very tyrannic monarch. Yet the misfortunes which ended with his life, far outweighed his errors. His death happened on Valentine's Day, 1400, during the reign of his usurping successor. For the account, we may here again borrow from Shakespeare, who has merely cast the historic narrative given by Froissart and Fabian into verse.

RICHARD II., ACT. V.—SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spoke it twice.
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—POMFRET. *The Dungeon of the Castle. King RICHARD and a Groom.*

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay. [*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, wilt please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee !
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help !

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this rude assault ?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another, then EXTON strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :

Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good ?

For now the devil that told me—I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear !—

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

Henry IV. expiated his foul usurpation of the crown, by a harrassed life, and a premature old age and death. At the time just previous to his demise, though he was only forty-five years, he bore about him all the symptoms of declining age. Soon after Archbishop Scrope's insurrection, he became afflicted with the most loathsome eruptions on his face, which by the common people were considered as a punishment for the death of that prelate ; and a succession of epileptic fits, gradually increasing in violence, was now hurrying him to the grave. The prospect of his fate brought, we are told, to his recollection, the means by which he had acquired, and the blood by which he had preserved, the crown. He began at length to doubt the certainty of his favourite maxim, that the success of the enterprise was a proof that it had received the approbation of Heaven. One day, when he was lying in a fit, and to all appearance was dead, the prince conveyed into another room the crown, which according to custom had been laid on a cushion by the bed side. The king returning to himself, sternly asked who had borne it away ; and on the report of his guards, required the immediate return of the prince. Pacified by his dutiful expressions, he asked him with a sigh : " Alas ! fair son, what right have you to the crown, when you know your father had none ? " " My liege," answered the young Henry, " with the sword

you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." After a pause the king faintly replied: "well, do as you think best. I leave the issue to God. and hope he will have mercy on my soul."

His last fit seized him while he was praying in St. Edward's chapel at Westminster. He was carried into the abbot's chamber, and quickly expired, on the 19th of March, 1413, and in the fourteenth year of his reign.

HENRY V.—Harry of Lancaster! "that made all France to quake,"—he who fixed the eternal renown of Agincourt on our annals, and whose name to this day sounds cheerily in our ears, was but thirty-three when he died. At the moment of the dread summons, the warrior-king stood at the very acme of glory, and happiness—the regent, and acknowledged heir of France—the darling and pride of the English people,—the doating husband of a young and beautiful wife, and the father of a son upon whom two crowns were to devolve. Yet he met with composure his fate, which happened in France at the Bois de Vincennes, and was caused by a secret malady, some say a fistula, others a pleurisy. He divided the short remnant of his time between the concerns of his soul and those of his family. Whatever might be his feelings, he saw the French crown, the great object of his ambition, slip from his grasp without expressing a regret. But for the prosperity of his son he appeared deeply solicitous; the evils of a long and perhaps tumultuous minority offered themselves to his mind; and his apprehensions and advice, his wishes and commands, were strongly and repeatedly inculcated to the members of his council. On the day of his death he called to his bedside the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Warwick, and four other noblemen of distinction. To their loyalty he recommended his wife and her child: and then appointed the Earl of Warwick tutor to the prince, the Duke of Gloucester guardian of the kingdom. As his last advice, he conjured them to cultivate the friendship of the Duke of Burgundy, and offer to him the regency of France; but should he refuse, to give it to his fair brother of Bedford. The issue of the war, he observed was in the hands of God; but he forbade them, whatever might happen, to release from captivity the French princes of the blood during the minority of his son; or to conclude any peace with the dauphin, unless Normandy were ceded in full sovereignty to the crown of England. Then turning to his physicians, he requested to know how long he might expect to live; and was told that the Almighty had it in his power to restore him to health. Dissatisfied with the evasion, he repeated his question, and required a direct answer. "Then, sir," replied one of them, falling on his knee, "attend to the health of your soul, you cannot live more than two hours." He heard the awful denunciation unmoved, sent for his confessor, and devoted the remaining moments to exercises of devotion. While the assistants recited around his bed the penitential psalms, he interrupted them at the verse, "Thou shalt build up the walls of Jerusalem," and said in a faint voice, that it had always been his intention to visit Palestine, and free the holy city from the yoke of the Saracens. He expired in a few hours after, on the last day of August in the year 1422.

(To be continued)

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

(Annotated.)

GEORGES. Of the family, planted by the Georges of Hastings, branches spread over the counties of Hereford, Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts. In the last named shires it was seated at Langford, and possessed so influential a position, that Sir Edward Georges, of Langford, obtained a baronetcy in 1612, and was afterwards raised to the peerage of Ireland, as Baron Georges of Dundalk. That title is now extinct; but a male heir of the old family of Gorges still exists in the person of the present HAMILTON GORGES, Esq. of Kilbrew, co. Meath.

GERNOUN. The descendants of this knight, were a family of baronial rank, great possessions, and much personal distinction, the parent stem, it is stated, of the noble House of Cavendish.

GIFFARD. When William of Normandy desired to invade England, many of his nobles held cautiously back from proffering aid, being wearied and impoverished by the continued struggles in which the Duke had been engaged since his father's death. But a few staunch adherents, amongst the foremost of whom were Walter de Gyffarde, Count of Longuéville, and Osborne, his brother, the sons of Osborne de Bolebec, coming nobly forward with offers of men, ships, &c. the laggards were thereby warmed to the undertaking, and the expedition was carried out. In the subsequent success of his chief, the Comte de Longuéville largely participated, obtaining no less than one hundred and seven lordships in the conquered country, and was constituted Earl of the county of Buckingham. His brother Osborne had also his portion of the spoil, the fertile county of Gloucester being allotted as the locality of his reward. Here he held the extensive manors of Brimesfield, Rochemtune, Alderrie, and Stoche; upon the first named of which he settled, and there subsequently a great castle was built, (*temp.* STEPHEN,) which continued to

be the residence of the family until it was destroyed by the army of EDWARD II., in the Baronial war, *anno* 1322. From Osborne descended the BARONS GIFFARD of Brimsfield, and the GIFFARDS of Chillington, co. Stafford, now represented by THOMAS WILLIAM GIFFARD, Esq. of that place, Peter Giffard, Esq. the chief of the latter distinguished house, *temp.* Charles I., in his extended and chequered life, saw the entire downfall and the perfect restoration of his family. From the commencement of the great rebellion, he appears to have taken an active and decided part in it, for at an early period we find his estates confiscated, and himself a prisoner. Chillington, recently receiving a royal guest in the person of Queen Elizabeth, became a royal garrison. The estates were sold by the Drury House Commissioners; and the members of the family, after fighting in the king's army as long as an army existed, were in prison, in banishment, or in concealment. When the second CHARLES made his ill-advised descent on England, in 1651, several of the Giffards joined him and fought on the fatal field of Worcester. After his defeat, the king returned towards Kidderminster, and was advised by the Earl of Derby to seek a temporary retreat at Boscobel, where the Earl had been safely concealed for many days, during a hot pursuit, in an earlier part of the war. The king assenting to this proposition, moved with his few faithful followers in the direction of Kidderminster; but on Kinfare Heath, it being night, was terribly discomfited by the acknowledgment of his guide that he had lost his way. In this dilemma, a gentleman among his followers offered his services as guide; this was Charles Giffard, a nephew of Peter Giffard, of Chillington. Well and cleverly did he perform his task, guiding the royal fugitive safely and quickly to the spot where immediate security might be found. Peter Giffard survived the trou-

blous period to which we refer, and after the Restoration, received (somewhat tardily) a royal grant of his estreated possessions. A few months after this, having survived his lady, and most of his contemporaries, he executed a deed, by which he surrendered all he possessed to his eldest son, reserving only for himself a small farm, the service of two retainers, and such maintenance (saith the deed) "as was becoming to a gentleman of his quality." He did not long enjoy the calm this arrangement seemed to promise, but having seen his family reinstated in the wealth, influence, and honour which was their heritage, he died "full of days," 25th June, 1663.

GOWER. This, we apprehend, is another monkish addition. All our antiquaries coincide in attaching a long and distinguished line of ancestors to the noble house of Gower, but they all assert for it an Anglo-Saxon origin. From a remote period its members acted a prominent part in public affairs, and so far back as the close of the 18th century, Sir John Gower was one of the persons of note summoned to be at Carlisle, with horse and arms, on the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, to march against the Scots. From him descends, in direct line, the present **DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.**

GRAUNT.—An error may possibly exist in the addition of the letter *R* to this name. Among the soldiers of the Conquest, few were more largely rewarded than Duke William's nephew Gilbert de Gaunt, son of Baldwin Earl of Flanders, and it is therefore very unlikely that his name should be altogether omitted in the Roll of Battle Abbey. Besides we have no trace of any Norman knight bearing the designation of Graunt.

At the period of the general survey, we find Gilbert de Gant possessed of manors in the counties of Berks, Oxford, York, Cambridge, Bucks, Huntingdon, Northampton, Rutland, Leicester, Warwick, Notts, and Lincoln, in all a hundred and seventy three Lordships, of which Folkingham was Caput baroniae. Like most of the great lords of his time, Gilbert disgorged a part of the spoil, thus acquired, to the Church, and amongst other acts of piety, restored Bardney Abbey, in Lincolnshire, which had been destroyed by the Pagan Danes, Inquar and Hubba. The son and suc-

cessor of this renowned feudal chief was Walter de Gant, a distinguished commander at the Battle of the Standard, "where" says Dugdale, "by his eloquent speech and prudent conduct, the whole army received such encouragement, as that the Scots were utterly vanquished." He died 4 King Stephen leaving a son Gilbert de Gant, who became Earl of Lincoln, *jure uxoris.*

GRAUNSON. The first of the descendants of this Norman adventurer, whom we find to have attained public eminence, was Sir Otho de Grandison, Secretary to King Edward I., and at one time Ambassador to Rome. He received summons to parliament as a baron 1299, but died without issue, when the title became extinct. From his brother, William, derived the subsequent Barons Grandison.

GRAY. Anschitel de Croy or de Grey, son of John Lord of Croy in Normandy, the Conqueror's companion in arms, held lands of the fee of William Fitz-Osborne, as recorded in Domesday Book. Of the ancient chivalric family of Grey, many branches had baronial summons to Parliament—the Greys of Codnor, the Greys of Wilton, the Greys of Ruthyn, the Greys of Rotherfield, the Greys of Groby, the Greys of Werke, &c. The Groby line has the proud distinction of having given birth to Lady Jane Grey, who was eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Duke of Suffolk, by the Lady Frances Brandon, his wife, niece of King Henry VIII. The principal existing families of the name are those of Ruthyn, represented by the Marchioness of Hastings and Howick, whose chief is the present Earl Grey.

GRENDON. This soldier of the conquest received as his share of the spoil a fair lordship in Warwickshire, and thence assuming a surname, founded a knightly family which obtained baronial rank in the reign of Edward I., when Sir Ralph de Grendon, had summons to parliament, A.D. 1299. His only son, Robert, second Lord, being of weak intellect, much litigation arose regarding the Lordship of Grendon, with Sir Roger and Sir Philip Chetwynds (who were allied to the family by marriage) and endured for a considerable time. At length an agreement was entered into, under which the estate passed

to the Chatwynds, by whose descendant Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., it is now held.

GRENVILLE. Richard, surnamed de Grenville from one of his Lordships, was younger brother of the renowned conqueror of Glamorganshire, Robert Fitz-Hamon, and derived in direct descent from Rollo, the Dane. Accompanying his royal kinsman to England, he fought at Hastings, and participated in the spoils of victory. He inherited also the Norman honours of his house and was Earl of Corbeil and Baron of Thorigny and Granville. From him sprang the Granvilles of Stow, in Cornwall, a race of men distinguished in each successive generation, but preeminently illustrious in the 16th and 17th centuries, when the achievements of the Granvilles illumine with their brilliancy the pages of their country's annals. We can only glance in passing at the heroic death of the gallant Admiral Granville, the friend and relative of Raleigh, and exclaim with John Evelyn than this, "what have we more? What can be greater?" His two grandsons, however, acted so conspicuous a part in the Civil War, that we cannot omit a slight reference to their exploits. The elder, the famed Sir Bevil Granville, one of the boldest and most successful of the Cavalier leaders, joined the Royal Standard on the first outbreak of the rebellion; and marching into Cornwall, rescued that whole county from the Parliament, attacked the partisans of the Commons, who had risen in great numbers in the west, and routed them at Bodmin, Launceston, and Stratton. His last and most brilliant action was at Lansdowne Hill, near Bath, where he fell, in the arms of victory, on the 5th July, 1643. "On the king's part," says Clarendon in detailing this engagement, "there were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than common men, and more hurt than slain. That which would have clouded any victory and made the loss of others less spoken of was the death of Sir Bevil Granville."

The younger brother of this gallant soldier Sir Richard Granville was also a Cavalier commander of great celebrity, who advanced the Royal cause, in an especial degree, by his consummate skill and chivalrous bravery. He eventually fixed his residence in France, and dying

at Ghent, was interred in the English church, where this simple inscription marks the sacred spot: "Sir Richard Granville, the king's general in the west." In more recent times, the name of Granville again became distinguished in the person of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, a poet of considerable reputation: The present representative of this illustrious race is COURT GRANVILLE, Esq. of Calwich Abbey, co. Stafford.

GURDON. The Seigneurie of Gourdon near Cahors on the borders of Perigord was the patrimony of this Norman adventurer. His descendant Sir Adam de Gurdon, Knt., living *temp.* Henry III., was in that monarch's reign Bailiff of Alton: but joining the Montford faction, he suffered outlawry, which was not removed until the following reign, when Sir Adam received the custody of the forest of Wolmer. From this celebrated knight, whose lands at Selborne, Hants, known still as Gurdon manor, belong to Magdalen College, Oxford, spring the GURDONS of ASSINGTON, co. Suffolk, and the GURDONS, of LETTON, co. Norfolk. The former estate was purchased from Sir Miles Corbet by Robert Gurdon, Esq., in the 16th century, and the latter, acquired by his son, John Gurdon, Esq., in marriage with Amy, dau. and heir of William Brampton, Esq.

GUINES. In the reign of King John we find Ernold Count of Ghisnes in France possessed of twelve knight's fees in England. His son and heir was Baldwin Ghisnes and the next on record, Robert de Ghisnes, living A.D. 1248, is styled uncle to Arnulph, Earl of Ghisnes. The name does not again occur until 1 Edward I., when we meet with mention of Ingelram de Ghisnes, otherwise de Cursi, a noble Baron of France, whose successor also named Ingelram, a distinguished commander in the Scottish wars, was summoned to Parliament as a baron. The grandson of this nobleman, Ingelram de Ghisnes or de Courcy, allying himself to the Royal House of Plantagenet, by his marriage with the Lady Isabella, dau. of Edward III., received a grant of the Earldom of Bedford, with the ribbon of the Garter.

HAUNSARD. The descendants of this Norman established themselves in

the counties of York, Lincoln, Lancaster, Sussex, &c., and bore for arms "Gu. three mullets or." A scion of the Yorkshire branch, settled in Ireland, *temp.* JAMES II., was represented by the late RICHARD MASSEY HANSARD, Esq. of Miskin House, Glamorganshire.

HASTINGS. Robert, Steward to William of Normandy, accompanied the expedition to England, and was rewarded with the Lordship of Fillongley, co. Warwick. He received also the appointment of Portgrave of Hastings, and thence arose a surname, which his illustrious descendants rendered renowned in the Cabinet and in the Field. Robert's successor, Walter de Hastings, became steward to Henry I., as owner of the manor of Ashills, co. Norfolk, which he held on condition of taking charge of the *naperie* (table linen) at the Coronation. His descendant, Henry de Hastings, Baron Hastings, married Ada, dau. of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and was father of the bold defender of Kenilworth Castle, Henry, Lord Hastings, whose grandson John Hastings, seneschal of Aquitaine, was one of the aspirants to the Scottish throne, A.D. 1290, in right of his great grandmother Ada, who was niece to William the Lion. This potent noble wedded for his first wife, Isabel, sister and coheir of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and had by her a son John, ancestor of the Earls of Pembroke, whose last representative, John Hastings, third Earl, was accidentally slain in a tournament, by Sir John St. John at Woodstock, in 1389. The superstition of the period attributed the untimely fate of the youthful Earl to a divine judgment upon the family, in regard that Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke his ancestor, was one of those who passed sentence of death upon Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, at Pontefract: for, it was observed, that subsequently to that judgment, not one of the Earls of Pembroke saw his father, nor any father of them took delight in seeing his children.

From the second marriage of John de Hastings, the competitor for the throne of Scotland, derived the Lord Hastings of Gressing Hall. One great branch of the family still exists, that represented in the male line, by the EARL OF HUNTINGDON. It springs from Thomas, a younger son of William de

Hastings, steward to Henry II., grandson of Walter de Hastings, Lord of Fillongley, steward to Henry I.; and was first ennobled in the person of the celebrated Sir William Hastings, created Baron Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, by King Edward IV., in 1461. His Lordship, who was one of the most powerful persons in the kingdom, erected at Ashby a magnificent castle, which continued to be for two hundred years the residence of his descendants, and was afterwards remarkable as the temporary prison of Mary, Queen of Scots. He fell a victim, eventually, to the Protector Gloucester and was beheaded in the Tower, A.D. 1483. Of his Lordship, Fuller says—"The reder needeth not my dim candle to direct him to this illustrious person, whom King Edward IV., or rather Edward Plantagenet (because more in human than in his royal capacity) so delighted in, that he made him his Lord Chamberlain, Baron Hastings of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, &c." The first Earl of Huntingdon was this nobleman's grandson, George, who attended Henry VIII. to Therouenne and Tournay, and was rewarded with an earl's coronet. His son, the second Earl, formed a brilliant alliance, marrying Katherine, dau. and coheir of Henry Pole Lord Montagu, and granddaughter of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, dau. and sole heir of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. By this high born lady, he had six sons and five daughters: of the youngest of the latter, the beautiful Lady Mary Hastings, the following circumstance is related:—"John Vassilivich, Great Duke and Emperor of Russia, having a desire to marry an English lady, was told of the Lady Mary Hastings, who being of the blood royal, he began to affect, whereupon making his desires known to Queen Elizabeth, who did well approve thereof, he sent over Theodore Pissemskoie, a nobleman of great account, his ambassador, who, in the name of his master, offered great advantage to the Queen in the event of the marriage. The Queen hereupon caused the lady to be attended with divers ladies and young noblemen, that so the ambassador might have a sight of her, which was accomplished in York House Garden, near Charing Cross. There, was the envoy brought into her presence, and casting down his counte-

nance, fell prostrate before her, then rising back with his face still towards her, (the lady with the rest admiring at his strange salutation) he said, by his interpreter, 'it sufficed him to behold the angelic presence of her who, he hoped, would be his master's spouse and empress!' The alliance did not, however, take place, and the lady died unmarried.

HUSEE. The visitation of Dorset, A.D. 1623, as well as a manuscript in ancient French said to have been found in the Abbey of Glastonbury at its dissolution, records that **HUBERT HUSEE**, a Norman noble, having married the Countess Helen, dau. of Richard 5th Duke of Normandy, accompanied the Conqueror to England, and had a grant of the office of High Constable, with considerable possessions. Certain it is that the family of Hussey appear among the great landed proprietors at a very early period, and soon attained a distinguished position in various parts of the Kingdom. In the reign of the fourth Edward, Sir William Hussey, an eminent lawyer, held the dignified office of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and his son Sir John Hussey was elevated to the peerage by Henry VIII., as Baron Hussey of Sleaford, in 1534. A younger branch, the **HUSSEYS** of **HONINGTON**, co. Lincoln, distinguished for their devotion to the Royal cause, obtained a Baronetcy from James I. in 1611, but their male line expired in 1734. Charlotte, sister and heiress of Sir Edward Hussey, the last Baronet, *m.* Thomas Pochin, Esq. of Barkby, and was mother of Charlotte Pochin, wife of **CHARLES JAMES PACKE**, Esq. of Prestwold Hall, co. Leicester. So far back as the time of Henry II., a scion of the house, Sir Hugh Hussey, went to Ireland, wedded the sister of Theobald FitzWalter, the first Butler of that kingdom, and died seised of large possessions in the county of Meath from the grant of Hugh de Lacie. He was ancestor of the **HUSSEYS**, **BARONS** of **GALTRIM**, of whom the Husseys of Westown, co. Dublin, are a derivative branch.

In England some descendants of the Norman Husèe still exist, among whom

we may mention the **HUSSEYS** of **LYME**, and **MARNHULL**, co. **DORSET**, and the **HUSSEYS** of **SCOTNEY CASTLE**, **KENT**.

HERCY. In the reign of Henry III., Malveysin de Hercy, doubtless a descendant of the Hercy of the Battle Roll, was Constable of Tykhill. He acquired, by his marriage with Theophania, dau. and coheir of Gilbert de Arches, the estate of Grove, Notts, and became ancestor of the Hercys of that place; and also of the Hercys of Cruchfield, Berks, now represented by **JOHN HERCY**, Esq. of Cruchfield.

HERIOUN. From this adventurer, sprang the warlike race of Heron, so celebrated in border feud and border minstrelsy. In 1100, they possessed by grant from Henry I., the Barony of Heron in Northumberland, and in 1166, exactly a century after their Norman ancestor set foot in England, Jordan Hairun is named in the *Liber niger Scaccarii*, amongst the knights then enjoying great estates in the north. In the reign of Henry III., the marriage of William Herioun, Governor of Bamborough castle with the daughter and heir of Odonel de Ford transplanted the family to the lands of her inheritance and there—at Ford Castle,—they continued in high repute for several generations, William Heron of Ford being summoned to parliament as a Baron in 1371. In the contests between Percy and Douglas, the Herons were arrayed under the banner of the former, and at the memorable Battle of Otterburn, their chief, Sir William Heron, fought with distinguished bravery. The Ballad of Chevy Chase erroneously ranks him among the slain.

Thear was slayne with the Lord Perse,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the Hinde Hartly.
Sir Willam the bolde Hearone.

The history of the Herons and their achievements in all their various lines, would fill a volume: here we must content ourselves with enumerating some of the more distinguished branches: next in importance to that of Ford, were the Herons of Prudhoe, the Herons of Chipchase, the Herons of Cressy, and the Herons of Newark-upon-Trent.

[To be continued.]

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Lismore Castle, co. Waterford.

—“More gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore ;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE river Blackwater in Munster—the Rhine of Ireland—is no less celebrated for its romantic scenery and historical associations, than for the many splendid mansions, which are spread along its banks from its fountain head in Kerry to its junction with the sea at Youghal.* Of these, not the least interesting to the visitor is LISMORE, the princely seat of HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,—a consecrated spot, for here, on the 25th of January, 1626, was born the philosopher ROBERT BOYLE.

The castle of Lismore was founded in 1185 by the young Earl of Moreton, afterwards KING JOHN ; and is said to have been the last of three fortresses he erected in Ireland during a stay of eight months. Four years after, it was taken by surprise, and desolated by the native Irish, who put the garrison to the sword, along with Robert de Barry, the governor. It was ere long rebuilt, and for the next four centuries was made the episcopal residence. In 1589, Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel and Bishop of Lismore, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter, granted the castle and manor to SIR WALTER RALEIGH at a small annual rent. Of Raleigh, and his Irish *sejour*, we shall speak hereafter, when describing his ancient residence at Youghal. From the chivalrous, but unfortunate knight, the estate passed, along with his other possessions in Ireland, to SIR RICHARD BOYLE, the great Earl of Cork, who beautified the castle and added many buildings, with the intention of making it his residence. Here, as we have said above, his seventh son, ROBERT, was born ; and the apartment is yet shown the visitor almost in its original state. On the breaking out of the great civil war of 1641, the castle of Lismore was invested by five thousand Irish, under Sir Richard Beling, but it was gallantly defended by Lord Broghill, the Earl of Cork's third son, who eventually compelled the rebels to raise the siege. His undaunted letter to his father, written just before the commencement of hostile operations, has been often quoted with well-merited applause.

“I have sent out my quarter-master to know the posture of the enemy ; they are, as I am informed by those who were in the action,

* We may mention, *en passant*, that the scenery of the Blackwater is now rendered accessible by steam, and that an excellent Guide-book was published a year or two since by Mr. How, of Fleet Street.

5,000 strong, and well armed, and that they intend to attack Lismore. When I have received certain intelligence, if I am a third part of their number I will meet them to-morrow morning, and give them one blow before they besiege us. If their numbers be such, that it will be more folly than valour, I will make good this place which I am in.

“I tried one of the ordnances made at the forge, and it held with a pound charge; so that I will plant it upon the terrace over the river. My Lord, fear nothing for Lismore; for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your lordship’s blessing, and styles himself,

My Lord,
Your Lordship’s most humble, most obliged, and
Most dutiful son and servant,
BROGHILL.

Two years after, Lismore was again attacked by the Irish with superior numbers, but with no better success. A very circumstantial account is furnished in a manuscript diary of the Earl of Cork, which is preserved, with many interesting relics, in the library of the castle.

“1643, July 10. This day the rebel Lieutenant-General Purcell, commanding again in chief, in revenge of his former defeat received at Cappoquin, reinforced his army to 7,000 foot and 900 horse, with three pieces of ordnance, and drew near again to Cappoquin, and there continued four days, wasting and spoiling the country round about, but attempted nothing of any consequence. And when the 22nd at night, that the Lord Viscount Muskrie came to the Irish army with some addition of new forces, they removed from Cappoquin in the night, before my castle of Lismore. And on Sunday morning the 23rd July, 1643, they began their battery from the church, to the east of Lismore house, and made a breach into my own house, which Captain Broadripp and my warders, being about 150, repaired stronger with earth than it was before, and shot there till the Thursday the 27th, and never durst attempt to enter the breach, my ordnance and musket-shot from my castle did so apply them. Then they removed their battery to the south-west of my castle, and continued beating against my orchard wall, but never ventured into my orchard, my shot from my turrets did so continually beat and clear the curteyn of the wall. The 28th of July, God sent my two sons, Dungarvan and Broghill, to land at Youghal out of England; and the 29th they rode to the Lord of Inchiquin’s, who with the army were drawn to Tallagh, and staid there in expectation of Colonel Peyn, with his regiment from Tymolay, who failed to join, but Inchiquin, Dungarvan, and Broghill and Sir John Powlett, the Saturday in the evening (upon some other directions brought over by Dungarvan from His Majesty,) he made a treaty that evening with Muskrie and others, and Sunday the 30th, they agreed upon a cessation for six days. Monday night, when they could not enter my house, they removed their siege and withdrew the ordnance and army—two or three barrels of powder—two or three pieces of ordnance of twenty-three pounds, and killed but one of my side, God be praised.”

The insurgents, in 1645, under Lord Castlehaven, once more assailed the castle, which they captured and set on fire. The garrison consisted of one hundred of the Earl of Cork’s tenantry, commanded by Major Power; they made an heroic defence, killing five hundred of the be-

siegers, and only capitulating when their powder was wholly expended. On the restoration of tranquillity Lismore was re-edified by Richard, second Earl of Cork and Burlington, who constantly resided here. He placed over the principal gateway his father's well-known motto, as the visitor can yet trace it, *God's Providence is our Inheritance*; and greatly improved the whole pile. The next memorable event is the (literally) flying visit of the discrowned JAMES THE SECOND, in 1690, on his way from the lost field of the Boyne to Waterford for embarkation. The fugitive prince halted for a few hours at the castle, and had refreshments. It is said that when he rose to continue his hasty journey, he proceeded to a large bay window which overhangs the river, for the purpose of enjoying a prospect, at all times lovely, and now rendered yet more beautiful in the falling shades of a summer evening. But he straightway drew back in alarm, for he saw that he stood on the dizzy height of a hundred feet, with a rapid river hurrying on in its course below. This traditionary anecdote has conferred the name of "King James's window," on the embayed recess in question. In 1753, on the decease of Richard, fourth Earl of Cork and third of Burlington, the greater portion of the family estates, both in England and Ireland, devolved on his daughter, the Lady Charlotte Boyle, who in 1748 had married William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire. The present duke has assigned Lismore Castle to his agent for a residence. His Grace has at various times expended large sums of money on its repair; and it is probable that at no period since its foundation was this interesting building in higher preservation than at present. Many changes in the internal decorations have been made, in order to keep pace with modern improvements; but the battlemented towers, and "loop-hole grates," and flanking walls have all been preserved with jealous care, and irresistibly lead back the mind to the contemplation of the hard-fought struggles which they have witnessed in days—happily gone by—when each man's hand was raised against his brother.

Myrtle Grove, Youghal, co. Cork.

"Blest silent groves! O may ye be
 For ever mirth's best nursery!
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
 Upon these meads!" SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THESE lines—a portion of some beautiful verses in praise of country life and the careless pleasures it affords—seem fit introduction to a notice of RALEIGH'S retired Irish residence, where, perhaps, either their inspiration was originally received, or at least memories were found, that afterwards, amidst sorrow and trouble, continually abode in the writer's heart. We have never perused the following stanzas without imagining that the mind of the gifted, but hapless, knight must have often wandered back to the tranquillity which it here enjoyed, before the turmoil of a court was known; and we have ever fancied that the lines themselves must have been penned amid the scenes to which they bear evident reference:

“ Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
 Fly, fly to courts,
 Fly to find worldlings’ sports ;
 Where strained sardonic smiles are glazing still,
 And Grief is forced to laugh against her will ;
 Where mirth’s but mummery
 And sorrows only real be.

“ Fly from our country’s pastimes, fly,
 Sad troop of human misery !
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
 Or the pure azur’d heaven that smiles to see
 The rich attendance upon poverty.
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

“ Abused mortals, did you know
 Where joy, heart’s ease, and comforts grow,
 You’d scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers ;
 Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake
 But blustering care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e’er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.”

The College of Youghal was founded, 27 December 1464, by Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, the lord deputy of Ireland. This foundation was confirmed by his son James in 1472, and by Maurice, his brother, in 1496. The community at first consisted of a warden, eight fellows, and eight choristers, who lived in a collegiate manner, having a common table, together with other necessaries, and a yearly stipend allowed them. The value of the whole donation was £600 per annum, which was a considerable sum in those days. The foundation charter and the several appropriations were confirmed, at various periods, by the Bishops of Cloyne in whose diocese the establishment was situated, and by Popes Alexander, Julius, and Paul, who granted indulgences to such persons as contributed to its revenues. The college enjoyed its lands and privileges for a considerable period after the reformation ; but, about the year, 1590, Nathaniel Baxter, the warden, finding that the establishment was likely to share the fate of other monastic institutions, privately authorized Godfrey Armitage, Edmund Harris, and William Parker, to dispose of the college revenues, who accordingly demised them and the college house to Sir Thomas Norris, the lord President of Munster. Dr. Meredith Hanmer, the author of a Chronicle of Ireland, succeeded Baxter, and renewed the lease made by his predecessor, demising the revenues of the establishment to William Jones, in trust for SIR WALTER RALEIGH. We have thus brought down the account of the place (which, as the reader will perceive by glancing at the name heading our paper, is now called “ Myrtle Grove,”) to RALEIGH’S time, and shall here supply a few particulars of his personal history.

When RALEIGH first came to Ireland, in 1579, he was a mere soldier of fortune. On the breaking out of the Desmond* revolt in this year,

* Gerald, the unfortunate sixteenth Earl of Desmond—the *ingens rebellibus exemplar*, as historians call him—was, at the time of his insurrection, the most powerful

reinforcements had been sent to the lord deputy, Lord Grey de Wilton, from Devonshire; and RALEIGH, then in his twenty-seventh year, raised a troop of horse in his native county, and with them repaired to the scene of Irish hostilities. Here he did such good service with his few troopers; exhibiting undaunted heroism united with clear-headed discretion, that he rose without delay to the highest honours. Before the close of the succeeding year, we find him one of three royal commissioners, who were appointed to govern Munster during Ormond's absence in England; and on the attainder of Desmond, a warrant of privy seal, dated 3rd of February, 1585-6, granted him three seignories and a half (containing forty-two thousand acres of land) of the Earl's forfeitures in the counties of Cork and Waterford, which grant was confirmed by letters patent, bearing date the 16th of October, 29 Elizabeth (1586). The locale of this grand allotment was the valley of the river Blackwater, extending from the city of Lismore to the sea, and including the Geraldine town of Youghal, where RALEIGH now took up his residence in the warden's house of the old collegiate establishment. How long his restless spirit may have contented itself in the privacy of retirement, it is difficult to determine; but here was his home for the next few years at least. He was Mayor of Youghal in 1588, which implies a settled residence at that season. This was the memorable year of the Spanish Armada; and we may conjecture that RALEIGH's being placed over the worthy burghers of the town had some reference to his warlike capabilities in the event of any hostile ships entering Youghal harbour. The next year he was also in Ireland; for we find him then visiting his friend SPENSER at his castle of Kilcolman. This interview the poet has celebrated in *Colin Clout*:

—————"I sate, as was my trade,
 Under the foot of Mole, that mountain here;
 Keeping my sheep amongst the cooling shade
 Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.
 There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,
 Whither allur'd with my pipe's delight,
 Whose pleasing sound ysprilled far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
 Whom when I asked from what place he came
 And how he hight, himself he did yeleep
 The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main sea deep."

The biographers of SPENSER generally state that the approval which RALEIGH gave, during this visit, to the *Fairie Queene*, submitted to him in manuscript, was the immediate cause of the appearance of that magnificent allegory in the early part of the succeeding year. It is certain that the twain, "friends beloved," embarked for England together, soon after this memorable interview; and as Youghal was at the time

subject in Europe. His lands in Munster stretched from sea to sea, comprising the counties of Waterford, Cork, Kerry and Limerick, or the greater part of them, and were considered to contain 574,628 English acres. He could bring together by his summons, six hundred cavalry and two thousand footmen; and of these, five hundred were gentlemen of his own name and kindred. He perished miserably, 11th Nov. 1583, being slain by one Daniel Kelly; and his head was spiked on the old London Bridge.

the favourite port for all such voyagers, we may without blame conclude that here was the scene of their departure, "In this spot," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall,* of the garden at Myrtle Grove, "beyond question, have been often read portions of the Faerie Queene, long before the world became familiar with the divine conception—

'At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept.'

For here, certainly, the immortal bard held commune with his "deare friend" and brotner poet, whom he described as 'the summer nightingale'—

'Himselfe as skilful in that art as any.'

In the garden there is a group of four aged yew trees, which tradition states to have been planted by Raleigh; and where it requires no stretch of fancy to believe that he has many a time sat, read, and talked, or lolled in the summer time, dreaming of the El Dorado, in the vain search for which he sacrificed his fortune and ultimately his life." Another modern writer † pursues the train of meditations, suggested by the theme and place, and warms into enthusiasm. "Raleigh's house is here," at Youghal, "quite unchanged in its outward appearance, and but slightly modified in its internal arrangements; and while one gazes on that roof-tree, it is hard to keep the fancy from wandering away to the incidents in the chivalrous being's history. The soldier poet is your one leading thought; and—without effort—the broken events of a life where romantic adventure was a daily occurrence, pass before you in shadowing review. Ay, with half-closed eye you behold again the first introduction to his sovereign—so admirably painted in *Kenilworth*—where the broidered cloak, hastily removed from the shoulder, was made a carpet for the royal foot to tread upon; and you remark the benignant expression of that proud woman's eyes, as with one glance she rewarded such duteous gallantry. You see him again, when ambition had enkindled her fires in his bosom, tracing out on the pavilion's window-pane the legend.

'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,'

—that motto, which first conducted him to the proudest heights of glory, and then brought him down to defeat and ruin. You accompany his restless spirit to the new world, where, in remembrance of its royal donor, his settlement received the name it yet bears, 'Virginia'—a graceful and acceptable tribute. You picture him, too, a prisoner in the Tower, with his matchless lady, sharing joyfully his captivity, when the evening closed in, dark and wild, after his busy day; and still you behold a great man. He turned, as you know, calmly to study and reflection; and prepared to meet death with a serenity of purpose, which baffled the malice of his many foes. And then, the last scene of all flits before you—the headsman's axe in the old palace yard, 'that sharp cure for all diseases,'—the myriads of human faces in every quarter encircling the scaffold, some indignant, some pitying, a few triumphant; the sun-rays flashed back from the descending steel; the dull dead sound, and. . . stillness. And in the gardens of his Youghal retreat, with the world all untried by him as it then was, you can readily imagine what day-dreams were, doubtless, present to that mind now expanding

* Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Ireland,"—Vol. i, p. 87.

† Dublin University Magazine,—Sept. 1845, p. 319.

in youthful freshness and vigour. Beneath those trees—they are not too young for the honour—he must often have sate, in his fixed musing, on the Dorado which he was never to find; and here, in more active moments, were haply composed some of those writings which remain to our own day to prove him an almost universal genius. . . . Here, too, with Spenser for a companion, did he linger over the Faerie Queene, as yet in manuscript, and pronounce on it the approving fiat which gave it forth to an admiring world."

The mansion of Myrtle Grove is built on the usual plan of the English manor-house of the sixteenth century; and was probably changed to its present character either by Sir George Carew, or Sir Richard Boyle, both of whom resided here. Three tall gables form the front and beneath the central one are the hall and entrance doorway. Raleigh's Youghal dwelling bears a close resemblance to his birthplace in Devonshire, Hayes Farm; and the likeness is so obvious, that his quick mind must have often perceived it. Within, the house has undergone but little alteration. The windows have been modernized, the old glazing consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and the portion of the chief staircase has been changed; these are the only apparent alterations. The interior is throughout wainscotted with Irish oak, now through age, of almost ebony hue, and the panelling is in many places richly decorated. There is a chimney-piece in the drawing-room of oak, reaching to the ceiling, and covered over with grotesque figures, which would not disgrace Grinling Gibbons. It is "an elaborate and exquisite specimen of carved work in the richest designs, the lower cornice resting upon three beautiful figures representing Faith, Hope and Charity, and the whole embellished with a profusion of richly carved figures and emblematical devices."* Behind the wainscoting of this room, a recess was a few years since revealed, in which a part of the old monkish library, hidden at the period of the Reformation, was discovered. One volume was a curious specimen of early printing. It consists of two distinct portions—the first was printed at Mantua in 1479, in black letter, with coloured initials, being a compendium of scriptural events from the creation to the days of the Apostles; the other portion was printed at Strasburgh in 1483, and is Peter Cornestor's Ecclesiastical History, dedicated to Prince Gonzales, by John Schallus, Professor of Physic at Hornfield. This ancient volume is now in the possession of MATTHEW HAYMAN, Esq., of South Abbey, Youghal.

The demesne is remarkable for the luxuriant growth of myrtles, bays, the arbutus, and other exotics in the open air. Some of the myrtles exceed twenty feet in height; and from their embowering shade have given the place the name it has borne for nearly a century. It was known to RALEIGH as "The College House of Youghal." In the gardens he is said to have planted, for the first time in these islands, the potato which his colonists had brought home with them from Virginia; and the traditionary story, as given by Smith, the Cork historian, is amusing:—"The person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them, but not liking their taste, neglected their roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and

* Lewis' Topographical Dictionary of Ireland: Art. *Youghal*.

to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From these few, this country was furnished with seed." It is difficult to say whether the introduction of the esculant has been a bane or a blessing to Ireland, if we look to the matter in the abstract: Cobbett's denunciation of the root is too well known than to be more than alluded to; and the existing distress in the island bears testimony to the truthfulness of some of his positions.

It but remains for us briefly to notice the history of this interesting place, subsequent to RALEIGH's occupation of it. His sun went down at the death of his royal mistress; and on the accession of her successor he was accused, and through the instrumentality of a venal jury convicted, of participation in the alleged treason of the Lady Arabella Stuart. Fearing an attainder he disposed of his Irish estates—his three seignories and a half—in 1602, to SIR RICHARD BOYLE, created subsequently Earl of Cork. In the deed of transfer, which is dated, 7th December of this year, special mention is made of the college of Youghal, where the Earl of Cork now established himself as owner and occupier. Here he died in the month of September 1643, while engaged in the maintenance of Youghal against the insurgents. From his successor, Richard, the second Earl, the place was purchased, 24th February, 1670, by SAMUEL HAYMAN, Esq., of the ancient Kentish and Somerset family of that name, and it has since continued in the possession of his descendants.* Myrtle Grove is now the property of the representatives of the late WALTER ATKINS HAYMAN, Esq., and by them has been let to strangers. It has not been in the immediate occupation of the family since that gentleman's decease in 1816.

Courstown Castle, co. Kilkenny.

"O Courtstown! thy walls rise in beauty and pride
From thy watch tower's summit the bold foe is derided;
Though the hearts of thy children with courage o'erflow,
Still their strength is the war-shout of *Grasagh aboe*."

WAR SONG OF THE GRACES. *From the Irish.*

THE magnificent ruins of COURSTOWN, the ancient baronial residence of the GRACE family, are situated within a few miles of Kilkenny. RAYMOND LE GROS, by his marriage with the Lady Basilia de Clare, was constituted constable and standard-bearer of Leinster. He received also, with his bride, a great district in the county of Kilkenny, subsequently denominated, "The Cantred of Grace's country, which comprised the three baronies of Crannagh, Galmoy, and Shillelogher, and contained by computation about eight thousand Irish acres. In the centre of this district, selected as a *caput Baronie* from its commanding site, was erected the feudal pile of COURSTOWN, which even in its ruins sufficiently shows its original grandeur and importance.

"Courtstown castle," says Mr. Sheffield Grace in his invaluable

* For further details we refer our readers to the *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*, by LEWIS, and to O'FLANAGAN'S *Guide to the Blackwater in Munster*, pp. 16—27. London, 1844.

family history, "consisted of an outward ballium or envelope, having a round tower at each angle, and also at each side of an embattled entrance to the south, which was further defended by a portcullis. Within this area, or outward court, comprehending nearly an acre of ground, stood the body of the castle, enclosing an inner court of an oblong form. The general figure of the building was polygonal. A massive quadrangular tower, or keep, projected from the centre of the south front, directly opposite to the embattled entrance of the exterior area above-mentioned. The walls of this tower were of considerable thickness, and the rests and fire-places within showed it to have originally admitted five floors. From the sides of this great square tower two wings extended, which terminated on the east and west with round towers. The east front consequently exhibited on its southern angle one of these round towers, and further northwards stood a similar tower, flanking a portal which led into the inner court, formerly furnished with a portcullis. Between this last flanking round tower, and a square tower at the northern angle, was a spacious room or hall, of an oblong shape, occupying the entire space. The north front consisted of a high embattled wall, connecting two square towers, and enclosing the inner area on that side. The western front externally corresponded with the eastern. There is said to have been a communication round the buildings of the inner court by a gallery, and in the centre of it, the traces of a drawwell are still visible; as are also the vestiges, beyond the outside walls, of the bowling green, cock-pit, fish-ponds, &c. Some mounds of earth to the south of the castle, called 'bow-butts,' are likewise visible, and are reported by tradition to have been the place where the followers were exercised in the practice of archery.

This minute description requires but little addition from our hands. So stood the castle until the middle of last century, from which time to the present it has been made to furnish building materials for all the neighbouring structures, and, as though this were not sufficient "undoing" for the baronial edifice, the stones have been drawn away for the repairs of roads and for similar base purposes. The poet's contemplation on the ultimate destiny of Cæsar's dust finds its counterpart in the desecration of the ancient halls of the GRACES—a family, whose founder was progenitor of eight great houses that possessed among themselves, in addition to nine baronetcies, no less than fifty-eight peerages, viz. one dukedom, two marquisesates, fourteen earldoms, thirteen viscounties, and twenty-eight baronies. The lords of Courtstown were for centuries governors of the counties of Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Carlow. Barons William le Gras, in 1355, John le Gras, in 1381, Adamar le Gras, in 1388, John le Gras, in 1410, Oliver le Gras, 1470, and Oliver Grace, of the Leagan, in 1563, were each the *custos pacis* of Kilkenny; and in 1576, Oliver Grace, baron of Courtstown, and Philip Grace his kinsman were appointed to the seneschalship, or sovereignty, of the same county, during the absence of the Earl of Ormonde. At this last period, and long after the reign of Elizabeth, the head of the house was uniformly designated by the Irish — *An Grasagh more Ballynacourty* (the Great GRACE of Courtstown.) In 1593, Sir John Grace appeared at the general hosting held at Tarah, accompanied by several archers on horseback, furnished at his own charge, for the defence of the English Pale and Marches. Colonel Richard Grace, of Moyella Castle, was the last man

of note who, in the unhappy struggle between CHARLES I. and the Parliament, upheld the royal cause in Ireland against the republican party. In 1652, when he capitulated, he was at the head of nearly 3000 men. Their devotion to the house of the STUART eventually led to the overthrow and ruin of this illustrious family. John Grace, Baron of Courtstown, in 1688, raised and equipped a regiment at his own expense for the service of King JAMES, of which his son, Robert Grace, was lieutenant-colonel. It was denominated "Grace's Regiment," and was engaged in all the chief actions fought during the War of the Succession, and at Aughrim it was almost annihilated. Then came attainder and forfeitures, and the Baron John Grace was, at one fell swoop, deprived of 32,870 acres, and of his castle of Courtstown. He died in 1690, and was succeeded by his son ROBERT, who was included in the articles of peace signed at Limerick, at which place he died the year after his father. JOHN GRACE, his son, who had been aid-de-camp to SARSFIELD, Earl of Lucan during the civil war, long survived these troublous times; and, dying in London in 1736, left an only child ROBERT GRACE, with whom the Courtstown line terminated. ROBERT GRACE had been a captain in the French army, but resigned his commission on inheriting, as co-heir-at-law with his maternal uncle MICHAEL GRACE, of Gracefield, the undivided estates of EDMUND SHEFFIELD, last DUKE of BUCKINGHAM and NORMANBY. He then settled at Isleworth near London, where he *d. s. p. circ.* 1764, and in his person the senior line of the GRACES became extinct

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF EUROPE.

PORTUGAL.

DONNA MARIA II., DA GLORIA, Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, *b.* 4 April, 1819, ascended the throne on the abdication of her father, Don Pedro, 2 May, 1826, *m.* first, 26 January, 1835, Augustus de Beauharnois, Duke of Leuchtenberg, but by him (who *d.* 28 March, 1835) her Majesty has no issue. The Queen wedded secondly, in 1836, Ferdinand Augustus, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, *b.* 29 Oct., 1816, eldest son of Duke Ferdinand, uncle of Prince Albert, and by his Highness (who, as Consort Royal, bears the title of King of Portugal, has issue :

DON PEDRO d'Alcantara, of Braganza Bourbon, Prince Royal, *b.* 16 Sept., 1837.

Don Louis, Duke of Oporto, *b.* 31 Oct., 1838.

Don John, Duke of Beja, *b.* 16 March, 1842.

Don Ferdinand, *b.* 23 July, 1846.

Donna Maria, *b.* 21 July, 1843.

Donna Antonia, *b.* 17 Feb. 1845.

Lineage

PORTUGAL, the Lusitania of the ancients, derives its modern name from PORTO-CALE (port of Cale), a colony planted by the inhabitants of Cale upon the site of the present city of Oporto. The Moors, after making themselves masters of Spain, penetrated into Portugal, and obtained a footing there; and the kingdom finally fell under the sceptre of the sovereigns of Leon, when it became a county (earldom) dependent upon the Spanish monarchy. In 1094, Portugal, comprising the provinces of *Entre Minho e Douro*, and *Tras os Montes*, was conferred as a dowry by Alphonso IV., King of Castille and Leon, upon his daughter the Consort of ROBERT, Duke of Burgundy, which Robert was descended from Robert, grandson of Hugh Capet; and thus the Princes of Portugal claim a common ancestor with the Capetian line of France. The son and successor of the Duke of Burgundy and the Castillian Princess, having achieved on the plains of Ourique, on the banks of the Tagus, a great victory over the

united armies of five Moorish sovereigns, assumed in 1139, the title of

ALPHONSO I., King of Portugal, a dignity confirmed by the Cortes of Lamego, in 1145, which body, after the recognition of Pope Alexander III., conferred a constitution upon the new kingdom. Alphonsus subsequently extended his territories to Santarem, and made himself master of Lisbon in 1147, by means of the crusaders' fleet. He *d.* in 1185, renowned for courage and patriotism, and was succeeded by his son,

SANCHO I., a prince not unworthy of his distinguished predecessor. An ardent lover of peace, he began with great assiduity to rebuild the cities that had suffered in the late wars, and to restore the prosperity of the kingdom at large. This Prince, who conquered part of ALENTEJO, from the Arabs, *d.* in 1212, and was succeeded by his son,

ALPHONSO II., who *m.* Urraca, dau. of Alphonso VIII., King of Castile, and

dying in 1244, was succeeded by his eldest son,

SANCHO II., who was driven from his throne by his subjects, and succeeded by his brother,

ALPHONSO III., surnamed the *Wise*, *b.* 10 May, 1210, who *m.* 1235, Matilda, heiress of Bologne and Dammartin, from whom he was divorced. He then *m.* 1256, Beatrix, natural dau. of Alphonso X., King of Castile and Leon, and *d.* 20 March, 1279, leaving with other issue,

Robert, Count of Bologne, from whom descended Catherine de Medicis, wife of Henry II., King of France, who, in 1580, made pretensions to the throne of Portugal.

DIONYSIUS or DENYS.

Alphonso, Lord of Portalegre, *b.* 1263, *m.* Jolanda, dau. of Emanuel, Infant of Castile, and had issue.

Bianca, Abbess of Lorrain.

The successor to the throne,

DIONYSIUS or DENYS, *b.* 9 Oct. 1261, was a monarch of great justice and liberality, who enriched the kingdom with many edifices, founded the University of Coimbra, and distributed schools throughout the country. To Denys is also owing the institution of the Order of Christ, in 1318. He *m.* in 1281, St. Elizabeth,* dau. of Peter III., King of Arragon, and dying 7 Jan. 1323, after a reign of forty-five years, conspicuous for wisdom, justice and munificence, but embittered by domestic dissension and popular disaffection, was succeeded by his son,

ALPHONSO IV., surnamed the *Brave*, *b.* 8 Feb. 1290, who *m.* in 1306, Beatrix, dau. of Sancho IV., King of Castile, and had with other issue,

PETER, his heir.

Mary, *m.* to Alphonso XI., King of Castile.

Eleonora, *m.* Peter IV., King of Arragon.

Johanna, *m.* Peter Manuel, Lord of Montalegre.

The careless humour of this prince, his love of pleasure, and his heedless dis-

regard of State affairs, contrasted strongly with the character and occupation of the deceased monarch. The diversions of the chase occupied Alphonso's chief attention, and in the royal forests of Cintra, he forgot the graver interests of his country. Returning one day from his favourite haunts, he entered the Council Chamber, full of the recollection of a month thus spent, dwelt with eager minuteness on his sylvan sports, and in a spirit of jocose defiance, challenged his ministers to a comparison of pursuits. No sooner had he finished than one of them arose, reminded him that courts and camps, not woods and deserts, were made for kings, and that there were exploits and topics more worthy of a monarch than the adventures and stories of the chase; "If your Majesty attend to the wants of your people, you will find them obedient; if not—" "If not, what then?" sharply interrupted Alphonso. "If not," continued the minister, in the same unruffled tone, "they must look for another and a better king." Bursting with indignation, the monarch loudly expressed his wrath and quitted the apartment, but soon after returned, acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and promised henceforward to discharge the duties which his position demanded. The subsequent career of Alphonso bore out the sincerity of Lis promise, but one sad blot tarnishes his memory: the tragedy of Inez de Castro, the beautiful bride of his son. That unhappy lady, whose romantic life has afforded such interesting materials to the poet and the dramatist, fell a victim to Royal suspicion, and was assassinated by the orders of the king, in 1355. In two years after, Alphonso himself died, and was succeeded by his son,

PETER the *Severe*, *b.* 19 April, 1320, who *m.* 1st, Bianca, dau. of Peter, Infant of Castile, by whom he had no issue, and from whom he was divorced. His 2nd marriage took place in 1340: the lady whom he then wedded, was Constantia, dau. of John Manuel, Lord of

* The Portuguese historians overflow with praises of her piety, and with the miracles of which she was in consequence the subject. One is too fanciful and pleasing to be omitted. Passing one day with her bosom full of money for the poor, Elizabeth chanced to meet the king, who enquired what she was carrying; "Rosas inquit regina; rosæque explicato sinu per hyemen alienis mensibus pulcherrimo colore affirmatæ, apparuerunt."

Vellena and Escalona, and by her he had FERDINAND, his successor.

Mary, *m.* to Ferdinand, Marquis of Tortosa.

The third wife of Peter, was the hapless Inez de Castro, and by her he was father of JOHN, Duke of Valencia de Comos; Dionysius, of Cifuentes, Patriarch of the Lords and Counts of Viller, and Beatrix, *m.* to Sancho de Castile, Count of Albuquerque.

This monarch had likewise a natural son JOHN, Grand Master of Avis, who succeeded his brother: of him presently.

Peter *the Severe*, *d.* in 1387, and was succeeded by his son,

FERDINAND, *b.* 27 Feb. 1340, who by LEONORA, his queen, dau. of Martin Alphonso Telez (previously the wife of John Laurentius, of Acunia, had an only dau.

Beatrix, *m.* to John I., King of Castile.

Ferdinand *d.* 29 Oct. 1393, when the Cortes offered the crown to his bastard brother,

JOHN I., *b.* 11 April, 1350. This disposition of the Portuguese monarchy was, however, opposed by John of Castile, the son-in-law of the late sovereign, and he maintained his pretensions until defeated in 1385, in the great battle of ALJABAROTES. Subsequently the king accompanied by his sons made an expedition into Africa, against the Moors, and planted his victorious banners on the walls of Ceuta. John *m.* Philippa, dau. of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and sister of Henry IV., King of England, and by her had

EDWARD, his successor.

Peter, *b.* 1392, Duke of Coimbrã, and Regent during the minority of his nephew, ALPHONSO V., *m.* Isabel, dau. of James, Count of Urgel, and had besides other issue, Peter, constable of Portugal, *d.* 1466. John Duke of Coimbrã, *m.* Charlotte, dau. of John, King of Cyprus, and Isabel, *m.* to her cousin, Alphonso V. Henry, Duke of Viseo, Grand Master of the Order of Christ, a great astronomer and mathematician, the illustrious promoter of Portuguese discovery. To his master mind, the grand impulse is owing which led to the enterprises of da Gama and Columbus. Prince Henry, *d.* in 1460.

John, Grand Master of the Order of St. James, and Constable of Portugal, *m.* Isabel, dau. of Alphonso, Duke of Braganza, and had issue, James, Grand Master of the Order of St. James, Isabel, *m.* to John II., King of Castile, and Beatrix, *m.* to Ferdinand, Duke of Viseo.

Ferdinand, whose barbarous captivity by the Moors, caused his brother's disastrous expedition into Africa. Ferdinand *d.* a hostage in 1443.

Isabel, *m.* in 1429, Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

John had besides his legitimate issue, a natural son, ALPHONSO, founder of the DUCAL HOUSE OF BRAGANZA, and a natural dau. Beatrix, *m.* in 1404, to Thomas Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel. In his wars with the Castilians, John was eminently successful, and he led, triumphantly, several expeditions against the Moorish territories, but his fame is not confined to these achievements. With the name of John I. of Portugal, the history of navigation and the progress of discovery are inseparably connected: a department of enterprise and skill in which Portugal has gained almost unrivalled distinction. The long reign of ignorance, the constant enemy of every curious inquiry and of every new undertaking was approaching to its period; the light of science began to dawn; and the Portuguese were the first to follow its guiding rays. Not only was John himself anxious to forward any plan, which had for its object the progress of discovery, but Prince Henry, his fourth son, was from his great talents and ardent enthusiasm, peculiarly formed for espousing a cause which might prove not only beneficial but splendid and honourable. Under such distinguished patronage, an impulse was given to the spirit of enterprise unknown before, which resulted in the most brilliant success. Not only were the Islands of Porto Sancto, Madeira, Cape de Verd, and the Azores, discovered, but, before long, the western coast of Africa was traced, and Bartholomew Diaz had descried that lofty promontory, which bounds this great continent on the south; which the discoverer himself denominated the Stormy Cape, but to which the king,

his master, as he now entertained little doubt of having found the long desired route to India, gave a name more inviting and of better omen—the Cape of Good Hope. These great discoveries, commenced under John I., were carried out in subsequent reigns of Edward, Alphonso V., and John II., but we have deemed it more concise to refer generally to them at once, than extend the description over the details of each monarch. John I. *d.* 14 Aug. 1433, and was succeeded by his son,

EDWARD, *b.* 1391, who *m.* in 1428, Eleonora, dau. of Ferdinand I., King of Arragon and Sicily, and had issue.

ALPHONSO, his heir.

Ferdinand, Duke of Vesco, and Constable of Portugal, *b.* 1433, *m.* Beatrix, dau. of John, Infant of Portugal, and *d.* 8 Sept. 1470, having had issue,

1. John, Duke of Viseo, *d.v.p.*
 2. James, Duke of Viseo, slain by his brother-in-law, King John, for conspiring against him in 1482.
 3. EMANUEL, successor to his cousin, as King of Portugal.
1. Eleonora, *m.* to her cousin, John II., King of Portugal.
 2. Isabel, *m.* to Ferdinand, Duke of Braganza.

Eleonora, *m.* the Emperor Frederick III., and had a son, Maximilian I., Emperor, who contended with Emanuel for the succession, in right of his mother.

Catherine, a nun.

Johanna (posthumous), *m.* Henry IV., King of Castile, and had a dau. Johanna, wife of Alphonso V., King of Portugal.

Edward *d.* 18 Sept. 1438, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

ALPHONSO V., a minor, *b.* 1432, under the regency of his uncle Peter, Duke of Coimbrã. This warlike monarch achieved the conquest of Tangier, and thus acquired the title of “the African.” He *m.* Isabel, dau. of Peter, Count of Coimbrã, and dying 28 Aug. 1481, was succeeded by his only son,

JOHN II., *b.* 4 May, 1455, who *m.* his cousin Eleonora, dau. of Ferdinand, Duke of Viseo, and by her had an only son, Alphonso, *b.* 1482, who *d.v.p.* 1493, having *m.* Isabel, dau. of Ferdinand,

King of Spain, but by her, who *m.* 2ndly, Emanuel, King of Portugal, had no issue. John II. died in his 40th year, leaving for his successor a firm seat upon the throne; a people grateful for his just and equitable government, an aristocracy taught to hold its princes in respect; established peace, economized national resources, an extended and consolidated monarchy. His spirit of enterprise had paved the way for the success of Columbus; and at the period of his death, Vasquez da Gama, was making preparations for the voyage which opened the new passage to the East. King John *d.* 25 Oct. 1495, and was succeeded by his cousin,

EMANUEL, *b.* 31 May, 1469, a prince of bravery, prudence, and liberality. It was in the second year of his reign, that the great expedition to the East, to which we have just alluded, sailed from Lisbon. The voyage of Da Gama, was a speculation of genius, aided only by Providence and the explorer's own great heart; and it proved a long and perilous one. At length he passed the old latitudes that had so long defied the skill and daring of his countrymen, and in the language of his great poetic historian, held parley with “the spirit of the Stormy Cape.” Theory and surmise were reduced to certainty, and the proud adventurer had the delight, on the 22 May, 1498, of landing at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar. A decisive victory over the naval armament of the Sultan of the Mamelukes in the Red Sea, consolidated these discoveries, and the conquerors succeeded in forming a commercial empire in the East—at that time without a parallel in the history of nations. In addition, the important province of Brazil, became an appanage of the crown, and opulence and happiness reigned throughout the mother country. This was truly the meridian of Portuguese glory. Emanuel *m.* 1st, Isabel, eldest dau. of Ferdinand, King of Spain, and widow of Alphonso, Prince of Portugal, by whom he had an only son, Michael, *b.* in 1498, *d.* young, in 1500. He *m.* 2ndly, Mary, third dau. of Ferdinand, King of Spain, and by her had issue, of whom JOHN, his heir.

HENRY, who succeeded to the

throne on the death of his grand-nephew.

Edward, Duke of Giumaranes, and Constable of Portugal, *b.* 7 Sept. 1515, *m.* Isabel, dau. of James, Duke of Braganza, and *d.* in 1540, having had issue;

Edward, Duke of Giumaranes, and *d.s.p.* in 1576.

Mary, *m.* Alexander, Duke of Parma.

Catharine, *m.* John, Duke of Braganza, Constable of Portugal, Knight of the Golden Fleece, &c. and had a son,

THEODOSIUS, Duke of Braganza, who *m.* Ann de Velasco, dau. of John Firnan-dez, Duc de Frias, and *d.* in 1630, leaving a son,

JOHN, Duke of Braganza, who was elected King of Portugal, in 1640.

Isabel, *m.* in 1526, the Emperor Chas.

V., and was mother of Philip II., King of Spain, who on the death of Henry, King of Portugal, seized upon that kingdom, which remained joined to the Spanish under his son Philip III., and grandson Philip IV., during whose reign the Portuguese nobility shook off the yoke, and elected John, Duke of Braganza, king.

Emanuel, *m.* 3rdly, Eleonora, dau. of Philip, King of Spain, and sister of Charles V., and by her had a son, Charles, *d.* an infant, and a dau. Mary, *d. unm.* He *d.* himself, 13 Dec. 1521, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

JOHN III., *b.* 6 June, 1502, under whose reign the kingdom continued in its flourishing condition, and its Indian possessions increased. To that distant land, his Majesty sent Francis Xavier with other Jesuits, to plant the Gospel. John III. *m.* in 1525, Catharine,

dau. of Philip I. King of Spain, and has issue,

John, *b.* 1537, who *m.* Johanna, dau. of the Emperor Charles V., and dying before his father, left a posthumous son,

SEBASTIAN, who succeeded his grandfather.

Mary, *m.* Philip II., King of Spain. John *d.* 1577-8, and was succeeded by his grandson,

SEBASTIAN, *b.* 20 Jan. 1554, a monarch remarkable for daring courage, rashness, obstinacy, and want of discrimination. Wishing to distinguish himself in a war against the infidels, he undertook two crusades into Barbary, and in the second invasion, was met by the famous Muley-Moloch, the Moorish King, by whom he was defeated and slain* in the celebrated battle of Alcazar. Few conflicts of any period were so desperately contested as this; the Moors succeeded only by renewed and overwhelming numbers, and destroyed rather than conquered the gallant army that fought, while life lasted, for the maintenance of their national glory. In this memorable battle may be said to have expired the ancient chivalry of Portugal, and never again did that country hold among nations the same elevated rank. Sebastian did not marry, and at his death, in 1578, the crown devolved on his grand-uncle, the Cardinal Henry, who ascended the throne as

HENRY I. This monarch, *b.* 31 Jan. 1512, had been Archbishop of Lisbon, and was created Cardinal in 1545. His feeble reign lasted only two years, and was chiefly characterized by the numerous claims advanced to the succession. He *d.* in 1580, when PHILIP II. of Spain, having concentrated an army under the celebrated Alva, invaded Portugal, and seized upon the throne, which remained subject to the

* Some twenty years after the battle of Alcazar, a person appeared at Venice, who affirmed that he was Sebastian, and his account of himself appeared so plausible, as to be countenanced by the Venetian government. He declared that after the heat of the battle, he extricated himself from the dead bodies under which he lay, and after long wanderings and sufferings, he at length reached the shores of Portugal: he entered his own palace, but was withheld, by fear of being accused as an impostor, from making himself known. Numbers of Portuguese recognized and even acknowledged him; but the Spanish ambassador refused to sanction the imposition, and the assumed king was driven from Venice. The sequel of his fate is enveloped in mystery. Arrested at the instance of the Court of Spain, he soon removed from Italy, and the last we hear of him is his captivity in a Castilian prison.

Spanish yoke until 1640, when the people freed themselves by a revolution, and in one day overthrew the rule of the oppressor throughout the Portuguese dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Thus suddenly closed the sway of the Spanish dynasty in Portugal, and John, Duke of Braganza (great-grandson of EMANUEL), being declared king, ascended the throne under the title of

JOHN IV. This excellent monarch, *b.* 19 March, 1604, *m.* in 1635, Louisa, dau. of John Emanuel, Duke of Medina Sidonia, and had issue,

ALPHONSO his heir.

Peter, who succeeded his brother.

Catharine, *m.* Charles II., King of England.

John *d.* 6 Nov. 1656, and was succeeded by his son,

ALPHONSO VI., *b.* 21 Aug. 1643. The young king's character was vicious, imbecile, and passionate, almost to insanity, and the reins of government were placed in the hands of his mother as Regent, who nobly sustained the cause of Portugal. Aided by England, she presented a bold front to Spain, and had the advantage in almost every affair during the long desultory war which ensued. Strengthening her arms by foreign alliance, she formed an auxiliary force of English, Dutch, and French adventurers, under the command of the renowned Schomberg, and thus was enabled to oppose successfully, Don John, of Austria, the Spanish general. Schomberg's campaigns terminated in the decisive victory of Villa Viciosa, and with this memorable and hard fought battle, the national war with Spain may be said to have ended. Meantime, the mind and temper of the King Alphonso, became so depraved and ungovernable, that he was at length (A. D. 1669) deposed, and his brother the Infant Peter, declared Regent, who, in fourteen years after, at the death of Alphonso, ascended the throne as

PETER II. This monarch's reign was passed in uninterrupted peace nearly to its close, when the great war of the Spanish succession broke out, and embroiled most of the Courts of Europe. His majesty *m.* 1st, Mary-Francis-Elizabeth d'Aumale, the beautiful dau. of the Duke de Nemours, and the wife of his elder brother Al-

phonso, from whom she was divorced by dispensation from the Pope. Of this marriage there was issue, an only dau. Isabel. Peter espoused 2ndly, in 1687, Mary Sophia, of Newburgh, dau. of Philip William, Elector Palatine, and by her left at his decease, 9 Dec. 1706, a son and successor,

JOHN V., *b.* 22 Oct. 1689, a prince of vigour, talent, and decision, whose calm, though uneventful reign, tended to consolidate the throne, and fix the fortune of the House of Braganza beyond the reach of Spanish intrigue or force. He *m.* 27 Oct. 1708, Mary Ann, dau. of the Emperor Leopold, and had issue,

JOSEPH, his heir.

PETER, successor to his brother.

Barbara Francisca, *m.* to Ferdinand VI., King of Spain.

Mary Josepha, also *m.* to Ferdinand VI., King of Spain.

The eldest son,

JOSEPH, succeeded his father under happier auspices than most of his predecessors, and his own wise, moderate disposition, increased the national prosperity. A fatal catastrophe, however occurred, the terrific earthquake at Lisbon, that filled the heart of the capital with consternation, and inflicted wide spread inevitable destruction. In addition, domestic treachery, which threatened the king's life, and the invasion of the country by a Spanish army, defeated only by the all-powerful aid of England, rendered the close of Joseph's reign as darksome as its opening had been bright. He *m.* Mary-Anne Victoria, dau. of Philip V., King of Spain, and by her at his decease, in 1777, left an only child,

MARIA I., who had previously married her uncle PETER, and ascended the throne conjointly with him, who *d.* 1786, when she reigned alone. In 1792, however, becoming insane, her son JOHN was invested with the Regency, and as such administered the government until the invasion of Portugal by the imperial army of France, in 1808, when he withdrew to his Brazilian dominions, leaving those of Europe in the possession of the English. The British, having eventually driven the French from the whole of the Portuguese and Spanish Peninsula, restored Portugal, in 1814, to the house of Braganza, and the next year JOHN, having formed his European

and American territories into one kingdom, assumed the title of

JOHN VI., King of Portugal and Brazil, and it being declared by the Cortes of Lamego, in 1820, that the presence of the sovereign was indispensable in Europe, his Majesty returned to Portugal in 1821.* He *m.* Maria Louisa, dau. of Charles IV., King of Spain, and *d.* in 1826, leaving issue,

PEDRO DE ALCANTARA, who in 1820, assumed the title of Emperor of Brazil, having previously dissolved the union between Brazil and Portugal.

MIGUEL, *b.* 26 Oct. 1802, usurped the throne of Portugal in 1828, but was obliged to abandon the country in 1834.

Maria-Theresa, Princess of Beira, *b.* in 1793, *m.* 1st, the Infant Peter of Spain, by whom, who *d.* in 1812, she has a son, the Infant Don Sebastian. Her Highness *m.* 2ndly, in 1838, Don Carlos, of Spain.

Maria-Francis, *m.* Don Carlos of Spain, and *d.* 4 Sept. 1834, leaving three sons, the eldest of whom is Carlos, Comte of Montemoulin.

Isabella, Regent of Portugal from 1826 to 1828.

Upon the decease of John VI., his eldest son, the Emperor of Brazil was declared king, as

PETER IV. (Pedro de Alcantara). His Majesty, *b.* 12 Oct. 1798, *m.* 1st, Leopoldine Caroline Josepha, Archduchess of Austria, and by her, who *d.* 11 Dec. 1826, had issue,

PEDRO II. (de Alcantara), Emperor of Brazil, *b.* 2 Dec. 1825, *m.* in 1843, Theresa, dau. of Francis I., late King of the two Sicilies.

MARIA DA GLORIA, Queen of Portugal.

Januaria, *b.* 11 March, 1822, Princess Imperial; *m.* 28 April, 1844, to Louis, Count d'Aquila, son of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies.

Frances, *b.* 2 Aug. 1824, *m.* 1 May, 1843, to Francis, of Orleans, Prince of Joinville.

Don Pedro *m.* 2ndly, in 1829, Amelia, dau. of the late Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince of Eichstaedt, and by her, who was *b.* 31 July, 1812, had an only daughter,

Maria-Amelia, *b.* 1 Dec. 1831.

Don Pedro abdicated the Portuguese throne, 2 May, 1826, in favour of his daughter, Donna MARIA DA GLORIA, present Queen.

* In May, 1823, a counter revolution, instigated by the Queen and her second son, Don Miguel, broke out in Portugal, which was followed by the abolition of the Cortes of Lamego. In 1825, the Independence of Brazil, and the dignity of Emperor assumed by Don Pedro, were recognised by a decree of his father Don John, and by treaty dated in the same year, when a reconciliation took place between the two sovereigns. Don John *d.* in March, 1826, and in the same year, Don Pedro, after granting a constitution to his European subjects, abdicated the throne of Portugal, in favour of his daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, which Princess was subsequently affianced to her uncle, Don Miguel, and he was declared, in consequence, on 3 July, 1827, Regent of Portugal, upon the express condition of swearing fidelity to the new constitution, an obligation which he subscribed, 28 April, 1828, yet within three months usurped the government as an absolute Monarch, and assumed the regal dignity, under the pretence that the declaration of the Cortes of Lamego, which had recalled his father, John VI., from Brazil, rendered it indispensable that the Sovereign of Portugal should reside in his European dominions; and he was proclaimed king accordingly. It must, however, be remembered, that the Revolution of 1823, subverted the power of the body under whose sanction the Pretender professed to reign.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

PRIVILEGE OF THE LORDS KINGSALE.

LORD KINGSALE, whose death is recorded in another portion of this month's Patrician, enjoyed the hereditary right of wearing his hat in the royal presence. This singular privilege dates from a very remote period, and originated in the following circumstance:—Sir John de Courcy, the renowned conqueror of Ulster, created Earl of that province in 1181, performed prodigies of valour in the Irish wars, and stood high in the favour of his royal master Henry II.; but, upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, Governor of Ireland, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized, while performing penance unarmed and bare-footed in the church-yard of Downpatrick; and sent over to England where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower. After his lordship, however, had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John and Philip Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision was referred to single combat, and King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which the King of France provided his champion; but the English monarch, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when everything was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the Monarchs of England, France and Spain, the opponent of the earl seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king, however, being informed of Ulster's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance that he not only restored the earl to his estates and honours, but desired him to ask anything within his gift, and it should be granted. To which, Ulster replied, that having lands and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his Highness and all future kings of England, which request was immediately granted. Thus arose this curious immunity, and generation after generation it has been since enjoyed by the Earl of Ulster's descendants the successive Lords Kingsale. Almericus, the 23rd Baron, appearing covered in the presence of William III., and that monarch expressing surprise at the circumstance, his lordship thus asserted his hereditary right:—"Sire, my name is Courcy; I am Lord of Kingsale, in your majesty's kingdom of Ireland; and the reason of my appearing covered in your majesty's presence is to maintain the ancient privilege of my family, granted to Sir John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, and his heirs, by John, King of England." William acknowledged the claim; and gave

the Baron his hand to kiss—whereupon Lord Kingsale paid his obeisance and continued covered.

THE CONDE DE MONTEMOLIN.

Carlos-Louis de Bourbon, Conde de Montemolin, derives paternally from the most illustrious of European dynasties, the Royal houses of France and Spain, and maternally from the Kings of Portugal, and Dukes of Braganza, his father, Don Carlos, being second son of Charles IV., King of Spain, and his mother, the Infanta Frances, daughter of John, King of Portugal. (See vol. ii. p. 264.) His Royal Highness is thus allied to the chief sovereign houses of Europe. Among his nearest relatives, after his own family are the King of the Two Sicilies, and Amelia, Queen of the French.

The Conde de Montemolin was born 31st January 1818, and has consequently just completed his 29th year. He is the eldest of three brothers, who all remain unmarried.

His claim to the throne of Spain is supported on the following grounds:—

According to the ancient law of Spain, as laid down by Mariana, in his celebrated work, “*De Rege et Regis Institutione*,” no female could inherit the Crown, at least while a single male relative survived; and this seems borne out by the early history of the country. In 1388, John I., King of Arragon, left two daughters, but was, nevertheless, succeeded by his brother Martin: so as to the throne of Leon in 1230, which Ferdinand then ascended, though the preceding monarch left two daughters: so again in Castile, in 1361, when Peter the Cruel’s sceptre was successfully wrested from the hand of his daughter, John of Gaunt’s consort, by her uncle, Henry of Transtamara. The case of Isabella, so well known as reigning with her husband, under the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Carlists do not allow to be any confutation of the rule, for they maintain that she was a mere usurper, possessing the Royal authority in despite of both male and female claims better than her own,

This being the ancient law, it is confirmed and nowise altered by Philip V., who, coming from France to rule over Spain, is generally but incorrectly, supposed to have introduced the French Salic Law, which excluded females altogether. He did no such thing, but merely declared that he “*entailed the crown on the males of his issue, according to the order of their birth, and excluded all females while a single male, however distant, remained.*” This declaratory act was first submitted to, and sanctioned by, the General Council of Castile, consisting of deputies, nobles, and prelates; was embodied in a Royal decree, and received the ratification of the Cortes, thus becoming a law of the kingdom, strictly correct in all its forms and bearings.

Now, the Carlists further assert that the famous alteration of this ancient and modern law by Ferdinand VII., which gave the succession to his daughter, was without similar requisites, and was not legally done—a fact scarcely denied by their opponents. Consequently, his decree is null and void; and consequently, also, if the rest of the Carlist proposition be correct, Don Carlos and his issue, as the nearest male relatives of the preceding monarch, are clearly entitled to be Kings of Spain.

PATRICK CAREY, THE POET.

“Ah, you do not know Pat Carey—a younger brother of Lord Falkland’s.”
WOODSTOCK.

SIR Walter Scott makes the disguised Prince Charles thus address Dr. Albany Rochecliffe, in explanation of the authorship of some farewell lines to Woodstock which the prince soon after quotes,

“Come, now that we’re parting, and ’tis one to ten
If the towers of sweet Woodstock I e’er see again,
Let us e’en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
While the goblet goes merrily round.”

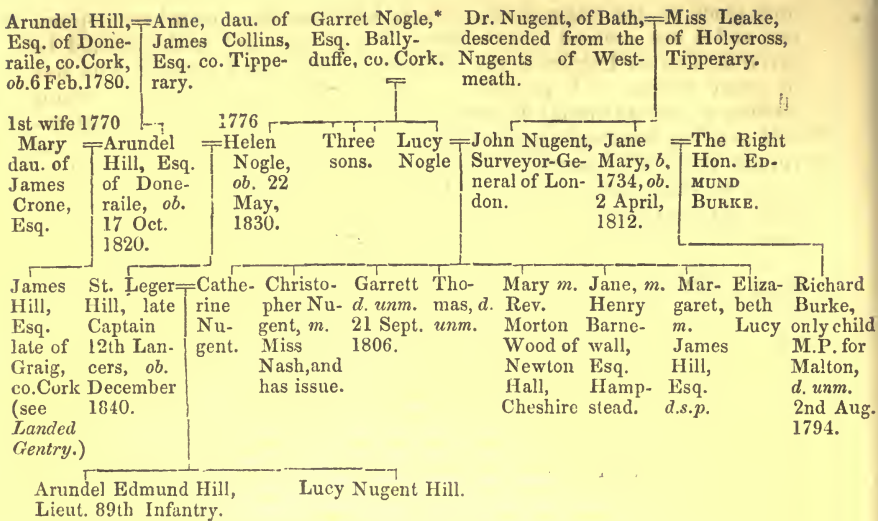
Many are, doubtless, in the same blissful state with good Doctor Rochecliffe, although two editions of the Poet’s works have been given to the world within our own time. In 1771, Mr. John Murray published the poems of Carey, from a collection alleged to be in the hands of a Rev. Pierspoint Crimp—apparently a fictitious name. So late as 1819, Sir Walter Scott, ignorant, as he confesses himself, at the time of Mr. Murray’s publication, edited once more the poems, employing an original manuscript of which he had become possessor. In a note on the passage we have quoted from *Woodstock* he sums up the information he had procured concerning the author, which, scanty as it is, is not without interest. “Of Carey,” writes Scott, “the second editor, like the first, only knew the name and the spirit of the verses. He has since been enabled to ascertain that the poetic cavalier was a younger brother of the celebrated Henry, Lord Carey, who fell at the battle of Newberry, and escaped the researches of Horace Walpole, to whose list of noble authors he would have been an important addition. So completely has the fame of the great Lord Falkland eclipsed that of his brothers, that his brother Patrick has been overlooked even by genealogists.”

This, it is probable, is the amount of knowledge which can at the present time be gained concerning the poet Carey. Of his illustrious brother we have abundant record. His noble portraiture is drawn by Clarendon in his history, with characteristic vigour.

DOCTOR NUGENT.

DOCTOR NUGENT, one of the original members of the *Literary Club*, an intimate associate of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, possesses higher claims on our attention from his being father-in-law of the statesman, EDMUND BURKE. We have collected, from original sources, some records of his personal history, which it may be advisable to write down; and we cannot doubt but that they will interest the reader.

Nugent was descendant from a highly respectable family in Westmeath in Ireland, but was himself born to a scanty inheritance. He made a runaway match with the daughter of Colonel Leake of Holycross, co. Tipperary; and by the timely aid of his wife’s fortune, which was a large one, was enabled to complete his medical studies, and settle in Bath as a duly qualified practitioner. By this union he had a son, JOHN NUGENT, whose issue are yet alive; and an only daughter, JANE MARY, who became the wife of EDMUND BURKE. We shall throw into a genealogical table the remaining history:—



THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

This celebrated assembly, which met for the first time at Westminster on the 3rd November 1640, commenced its proceedings at eight of the clock in the morning daily, but after some time the attendance of members being found slack and irregular, sundry devices were resorted to, in correction of the abuse. At one time a roll was called; and at another it was ordered that whoever did not come at eight o'clock and be at prayers, should pay a fine of one shilling. On the first morning after this order was made, there was an excellent attendance. The house was full, but prayers could not be said—Mr. Speaker himself was not there—at a quarter before nine, in he walked. Prayers over, Sir Harry Mildmay congratulated the House upon the good effect of yesterday's order; and said to the Speaker, that he did hope that hereafter he would come in time; which made the Speaker,† throw down twelve pence upon the table. Divers spake after him; and others as they came into the House, did pay each his shilling to the Sergeant. 'I speak,' said Sir Simonds D'Ewes (from whom we quote) 'to the orders of the House, that the order made yesterday was to fine, *after prayers*; and therefore you (addressing the Speaker) cannot be subject to pay; and for coming in a little after eight that was no great difference. Although I spake truly (he continued,) the Speaker, having cast down his shilling would not take it up again!' On the day following another little scene

* Bishop Burke, in his *Hibernia Dominicana*, cap. nonum, ed. 1762, thus alludes to this ancient family: "Nobilis pono familia ista 'de Angulo,' alias 'Nangle' (in Conacia 'McCostello') ex Angliâ in Hiberniam Henrico II. rege advenit; pluresque assecuta est possessiones tam in agro Midensi quam in Mayonensi atque palatinis. Ejusdem progenei surculus, et quidem insignis, floret in Momoniâ, appellatus 'NAGLE,' ex quo ortæ sunt illustres domus de Ballygriffin et de BALLYDUFFE, in agro Corcagiensi mihi probe notæ."

† Lenthall, member for Gloucester, a Barrister, of small practice.

took place on the same score. There were but forty members at prayers, and it was ordered that the fines of yesterday and to day should be given to Doctor Leighton, the sufferer in the Star Chamber, who was in great distress. A petition was then begun to be read: "Some coming in (again speaks D'Ewes) and refusing to pay, whilst the aforesaid petition was reading, divers called out to them to pay, and so interrupted the clerk's assistant who was reading it. Mr. John Hotham stood up and said, that the time appointed for men yesterday by the order was at eight, and that the chimes for that hour went just as he came into the House. But the Speaker telling of him, that prayers being past he must pay, and he still refusing, it was put to the question, ruled affirmatively, and ordered accordingly. Whereupon he took his shilling and threw it down upon the ground; at which some called him to the bar, others that he should withdraw, and the Speaker standing up, did sharply reprove him for that action as being a contempt for the House, which caused him, as I conceive, a little after to withdraw out of the House, though he returned again in the afternoon."

The shilling fine was soon however relinquished; but another rule adopted in this parliament attained a firmer footing. On the 26th of November 1640, there was a long dispute as to who should speak; many members stood up at one time, each claiming precedence, and each backed by his friends. The confusion became intolerable. Some rule preventing such discord in future was indispensable; and at last, as D'Ewes tells us, the House determined for Mr. White, and the SPEAKER'S EYE was adjudged to be evermore the rule.—So it has remained.

THE BALIOLS.

To the Editor of the Patrician.

Sir,

The account of Barnard Castle, co. Durham, in your December number, induces me to comment on the family of Baliol, one of whom was king of Scotland, *temp.* Edward I.

On this subject I can scarcely find two authors agree—I allude to Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i., p. 253, et seq.; Harl. Addit. MS. endorsed, "Kentish Pedigrees," No. 5520, p. 235; Johannis Fordenis Schotichronicon germinum, fo. 1759, vol. i., p. 149; Betham's Genealogical Tables, fo. 1795, and Hasted's Kent, fo. 1790, vol. iii., p. 292, note; and I propose to point out the differences, as they occur to me, in the hope of eliciting from you, or some of your learned contributors an authentic genealogy of this distinguished family.

It appears in the "Patrician," that Guy de Baliol, who came into England with the Conqueror, was succeeded by Bernard de Baliol; this is certainly to be inferred from Dugdale, but Betham, whose tables may not be much relied upon, shows that Bernard was son of *Hugh*, the son of Guy, *temp.* Henry II., son of Guy, Lord of the Forest of Teesdale and Marwood, &c.

It is also set forth in the Patrician, that Bernard *the Second*, succeeded his father. Now, I find no mention of a *second* Bernard, either in Dugdale or Betham. It is added that the next possessor of Barnard Castle, the son and heir of the former proprietor, was Eustace de Baliol. If there was really a Bernard *the second*, might he not have been a *brother* of

Eustace, who married the widow of Robert Fitz-Piers, and who was, according to Dugdale, the son of the Bernard, *temp.* King Stephen, and 20 Henry II., who married Agnes de Pincheni, though Dugdale shows only one other child, viz. Ingelram?

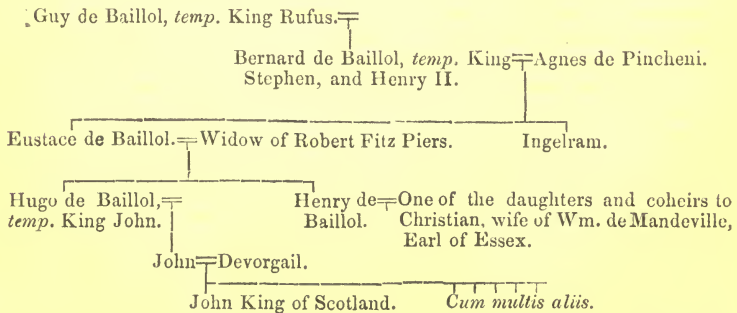
It is further alleged in your account of Bernard Castle, that John de Baliol (son of Hugo) who married Devorgail, (or Devorgil, Devergil, Dernigil, or Devorgilla, Devergilla, Dormgilla or Dornadilla), daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, &c. died in 1268, leaving a son *Alexander* de Baliol, *father of John*, the competitor for the crown with Bruce. Now from Dugdale and other authorities, it appears clear that John who married Devorgail, was the *father* of John the competitor, and was *brother* of Alexander, which Alexander had a son Alexander, who married Isabel, daughter and heir to Richard de Chilham, in Kent, (King) John de Baliol's estate was in Normandy, and according to Drake's account in his *Historia Anglo Scotia*, 8vo. 1703, p. 46, he "fell blind and languishing with old age, departed out of this life at *Castle Galliard*."

I agree with you, that in King John's son, Edward, expired the *chief* male line of Baliol, but I am inclined to think that the male line is still extant: certainly up to the commencement of the last century, it was, according to Hasted, one of the most eminent and knightly in the co. of Kent, and which, if my present remarks are worthy of notice, I may endeavour to show in a future number.

As an instance of difference amongst our historians, I may mention that Buchanan makes John Baliol, the husband of Devorgail, the competitor with Bruce, instead of her son: Abercrombie clearly elucidates this, and it is also noticed in Aikman's History of Scotland, 8vo. 1827, vol. i., p. 390 note. If such incongruities appear in history, I hope I may be excused, as a young and inexperienced searcher after historical and antiquarian matter, for which my professional avocations allow me very little time, in thus addressing you with reference to the Baliol family, referred to in your December number under the title of Barnard Castle.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
JOHN HARVEY BOYS.

Margate, 10th January, 1847.



THE FINE ARTS.

RENOVATION OF WOLSEY'S HALL AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.—SIR ROBERT PEEL'S NEW PORTRAIT GALLERY AT DRAYTON MANOR.

WOLSEY'S HALL.—The skill in architecture which has been displayed by Cardinal Wolsey is well known, and nobler proofs of it cannot be given than the Palace of Hampton Court, and the splendid Hall attached to it, which to this day retains the name of its ambitious founder. This magnificent Gothic apartment is 106 feet in length, 40 in width, and is of the height of 60 feet. The noble proportions of the Hall with its elaborately carved roof and spacious windows have an effect peculiarly striking; and that this effect has been much heightened by the recent improvements, will after a single glance be admitted by those who now visit it, after having seen it previous to its renovation.

The principal embellishments which have been lately made, consist in the introduction of stained glass in the several large windows of the Hall, which now present an appearance of gorgeous splendour, and in their design and execution reflect the highest credit on the acknowledged taste and ability of the artist, Mr. Willement, under whose superintendence they have been completed. It will be recollected by many of our readers that the compartments of the east and west windows are occupied by the heraldic achievements of Henry VIII., and with those of members of his family. The thirteen windows on the north and south sides of the Hall, are those which have been recently filled with stained glass, and which now accord in style with the decorations of the windows at the eastern and western ends, the productions of the same skilful artist. It is not alone in the artistic powers that Mr. Willement has displayed in the execution of his task consists the attraction, for he has in the present work brought to his assistance a profound knowledge of heraldry, and the introduction of allusions to historical facts, that render the Hall of Wolsey not only the most richly ornamented interior now existing, but impart to it an interest, combined with the association it calls forth, that few structures in the country possess.

As we have already mentioned, the windows at the eastern and western sides of the Hall contain the arms of Henry VIII. In the principal windows at the southern side are emblazoned the arms of Wolsey together with those of the See of York, and the four bishoprics he held. To perfect the illustration of the history of the times in which the proud cardinal and his royal master flourished, Mr. Willement has with equal taste and judgment, chosen for the decoration of six of the remaining windows the armorial bearings of the several queens of Henry VIII., to which he has added appropriate genealogical inscriptions. The alternate windows contain the distinctive badges of that monarch, among which we noticed the fleur-de-lis, the red-dragon, the portcullis, and the Tudor rose.

In each of the six windows are represented the armorial bearings of Henry VIII., impaled with those of the queen to whose pedigree the decoration of that window has been appropriated. The respective genealogies commence at the left corner of the window, whence they are continued until they reach the top, and passing to the right, descend at that side to the foot. Each of these windows, upwards of 20 feet in height and of a corresponding width, is now completely filled with richly coloured glass. Those devoted to the queenly pedigrees have a peculiarly gorgeous effect from the introduction of crimson in the ornaments, and contrast well with the more subdued light of the alternate windows. The tapestry with which the walls are partly decorated: the portraits, the banners, and the armour, all referring to the times in which the founder flourished, add to the interest, and complete a scene of courtly splendour, and unsurpassed magnificence.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.—This gallery which displays considerable taste in its architectural arrangement, and possesses some valuable works of art in the peculiar branch to which it has been devoted, has, after a considerable time bestowed on its construction, been lately completed, and presents in its design one of the most splendid private galleries in the country.

It is one hundred feet in length and forms a wing in extension of the northern front of the mansion of the Right Hon. Baronet at Drayton Manor. The style of architecture adopted, is that which prevailed in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of that of the succeeding sovereign, and the building is from the designs of Sidney Smirke, Esq., F.S.A. Along the three sides extends an arcade, surmounted by an entablature and small carved pinnacles, which give an appearance of lightness, and form a pleasing outline. At the southern side are two statues, (in proportion somewhat exceeding life-size) of Rubens and Vandyck; and at the northern side are placed corresponding figures of Reynolds and Lawrence.

The entrance is from the south side, and is approached by the principal corridor of the mansion, which conducts to an ante-room opening through spacious doors of richly carved oak to the gallery, which is divided by groups of sixteen marble columns and pilasters, into three compartments. The ceiling is deeply carved and profusely decorated with the tresses, frets, and pendants, which are the characteristic features of the style of architecture which has been adopted, and the Gallery is entirely lighted from the roof by horizontal sky-lights. The exquisitely designed *parquet* work which has been executed by Pratt of Bond-street, consists of an inlaid band of a scroll pattern composed of oak, walnut, and ebony.

The portraits which cover the walls of this gallery, in every part of which, elegance and taste are combined; are fifty-one in number. Among those which are valuable as works of art, we may notice the following:—

A splendid portrait of *Vandyck* by himself, and as a portrait, may be looked upon as the *capo d'opera* of that master. *Cowley* the poet, by *Sir Peter Lely*. This picture which was for many years in the possession of the Walpole family, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel at the sale at Strawberry Hill: Arthur. Murphy the dramatist, by *Sir*

Joshua Reynolds; and Edmund Burke, the orator and statesman, by the same master.

We now come to enumerate the works of *Lawrence* contained in this collection:—1. The EARL OF ABERDEEN, three-quarter length, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1830, the year in which the distinguished painter died:—2. The RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., three-quarter length, exhibited in the year 1826, and from the many engravings made from it familiar to all our readers:—3. LADY PEEL, a portrait of similar size, and one of *Lawrence*'s happiest efforts:—4. The LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, father of the present Baronet:—5. The LATE LORD ERSKINE:—6. FUSELI, the Royal Academician:—7. JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE as Rolla, this picture stands at the extreme end of the Gallery. If we mistake not there is a copy by *Lawrence* in the collection of Lord Yarborough at his seat Appuldercombe Park, in the Isle of Wight:—8. The RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, painted in 1825, and exhibited in the following year:—9. The LATE LORD STOWELL, painted expressly for Sir Robert Peel as a companion to:—10. The LATE EARL OF ELDON:—11. The LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HUSKISSON:—12. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON; this portrait, which was exhibited in 1825, represents the Duke wearing a military cloak, and with a telescope in his right hand:—13. The LATE EARL OF LIVERPOOL, painted for Sir Robert Peel, and exhibited in 1827:—14. SOUTHEY, the late Poet Laureat, completes the list of portraits by *Lawrence*.

In addition to the works we have mentioned, the Gallery contains portraits of several distinguished characters by *Beechy*, *Jackson*, and *Phillips*, and two by the gifted President of the Royal Academy, *Sir Martin Archer Shee*; both in his superior style.

This notice is confined to the works contained in the new Gallery. Sir Robert Peel possesses in addition several valuable portraits, and a splendid collection of cabinet and other pictures by some of the most eminent of the ancient masters.

Θῆρα.

THE THEATRES.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE French plays at this theatre have commenced their present season as prosperously as they continued throughout the whole of last. M. Perlet, a great actor of classic comedy, has been succeeded by the no less renowned performers of melo-drama, Mlle. Clarisse and Frederic Lemaître. The latter, the original impersonator of Robert Macaire, Ruy Blas, Don Cæsar de Bazan, and many other characters of universal popularity, enjoys as much favour in London as in Paris. His histrionic powers are admired and applauded nightly by refined, and aristocratic audiences, among which royalty itself frequently appears. Nor is this flattering reception undeserved. Melodrama has certainly never elsewhere or at any other time been done to such perfection as by M. Lemaître, and Mlle. Clarisse. Let us take for example the play which has such success at the St. James's Theatre, "La Dame de Saint Tropez." A few words about the drama itself may probably be deemed necessary. According to the frequent custom in France with melodramas, it is in five acts, though in the present instance the two first of these acts might have easily been spared. The authors are Messieurs Anicet, Bourgeois, and D'Ennery. The story is this,

Hortense D'Auberive, the daughter of a reduced noble is induced to marry her father's principal creditor, that she may relieve her parent from the ruin impending on the enforcement of the debt. This creditor is George Maurice, a blunt, honest, good hearted seaman of St. Tropez, a port in the south of France, who has risen to rank and wealth by his own merit and exertions. In wedding him, however, the lady relinquishes a previous, and dearer attachment, yet nevertheless resolves to devote herself to her present husband. The quondam lover happens strangely to be the son of an old captain of Maurice's, and his advancement in life is secretly furthered by the seaman in reparation for having, through a fatal error, killed his father. A sudden and momentary meeting with this former lover at an inn some time after, shakes Hortense's purpose for an instant, and her husband perceiving an alteration in her manner, conceives that he is despised and hated by her. Under this impression he lives miserably, and his jealousy is excited against his wife, by the machinations of his cousin, Antoine Caussade, who wishes to secure Maurice's fortune for himself and his family. At the same time, Maurice becoming suddenly dangerously ill, from an unknown cause, a suspicion of poison is raised, and this is confirmed by the arrival of a second physician, who tests a portion prepared by the wife, and finds it to contain a deadly drug. This physician is no other than Hortense's former lover. The inferences against the wife are strongly urged, and increased by the cousin, Antoine. The husband, at the point of death, is distracted by the idea that his wife is guilty, and by a wish, in his fondness, to save her from the hands of justice. That he may effect her preservation he sits down at his sick table to write an avowal that it is he who has poisoned himself, but, while doing so, he perceives through a mirror before him, Antoine, the real murderer, mixing behind him another deadly powder in his drink. With dying energy he rushes at the culprit and calls for

help : his wife enters, and others also come to his assistance. The villain leaps from the window, and is killed. Hortense is declared innocent by her husband, and he dies blessing her, and 'her former suitor, his own protégé, and the object of his private bounty.

At the St. James's Theatre the dramatis personæ are as follow :

Georges Maurice.....	F. Lemaitre.
Antoine Caussade, son Cousin.....	Dumery.
Charles d'Arbel.....	Pascal.
Langlois, Notaire.....	Cartigny.
Le Comte d'Auberive.....	Felix.
Jerome, Aubergiste.....	Lucien.
Gerfaut, Medecin.....	Masquillier.
Premier Ouvrier.....	Dorgebret.
Deuxième Ouvrier.....	Priston.
Dominique, vieux domestique chez M. d'Auberive.....	Tourillon.
Joseph, domestique de Georges.....	Cauvin.
Hortense D'Auberive.....	Mlle. Clarisse.
Pauline Langlois, Epouse de Langlois.....	Mlle. Angele.
Charlotte Caussade.....	Mlle. Amele Khin.
Toinette, Femme de Jerome.....	Mlle. Celina Fouquet.
Veronique, Servante.....	Mlle. Pascal.

The account of M. Lemaitre, Mlle. Clarisse, and M. Dumery's acting in this interesting and all exciting Drama, we borrow from the *Times* newspaper, for we cordially agree with the opinion there expressed, but go beyond it in our estimation of Mlle. Clarisse.

“The acting of M. Lemaitre, as the poisoned husband, in one of the most marvellous pieces of acting that can be conceived, and to miss the last two acts of this play is to remain ignorant of some of the most extraordinary effects that histrionic art can produce. First (that is to say, in the fourth act), we have the general effect of illness and debility—the utterances of mental anxiety checked by the slow torments of a gnawing physical pain. The expression with which Georges watches the movements of his wife's face, to ascertain if it bears the traces of guilt, is exquisitely fine. The mind seems to have acquired from the debility of the body a superhuman degree of acuteness. At the end of this scene when Georges discovers the intimacy between his wife and the young physician and immediately afterwards learns the name of the latter, showing him to be the son of the man whom he has wrongfully killed, there is a concentration of the most opposite passions into a short space of time, which cannot be described. His tenderness for his wife, interrupted by a storm of jealous rage, and that in its turn interrupted by the crushing sense of a divine judgment, produces a hurricane of contending emotions till the unfortunate man falls paralyzed by a multitude of co-operating causes. In the fifth act Georges is no longer the mere invalid—he is the dying man—the hue of death is on his face. The grand *coup* of the piece is his detection of the real murderer, Antoine, when in the mirror he observes him mixing the poisonous drugs with his potion. The sudden accession of strength to one who is almost a corpse is terrible ; he rises before the culprit with the majesty of an avenging spectre. It is probable that to many of the audience this lengthened exhibition of suffering, with the gloom of the sick room, may be painful, but the performance must produce an unique effect on all who can appreciate immense power joined with the greatest accuracy of detail. Mademoiselle Clarisse renders the pathetic portions of her character with truth and ear-

ness; and the dogged unintellectual villain is ably represented by Dumény.

Added to these dramas in which Lemaitre and Mlle. Clarisse have performed, there are also some lively vaudevilles, pleasantly represented by Mlle. Celina Fouquet, and the rest of the company. We purpose returning again and again to the subject of this theatre, as one of the most agreeable and of most real worth among the present histrionic amusements of London.

THE OTHER THEATRES.

The successful continuance of the opera of "The Bondman" at Drury Lane, has precluded any novelty there, beyond the pantomime,—also, we believe, a prosperous production. This journal however would rather avoid entering upon the subject of fairy burlesques, pantomimes, and Christmas spectacles, since its own aim and wish are, to draw attention to the more refined and intellectual departments of the drama, which afford matter instructive to consider, and pleasing to descant upon. These Christmas entertainments, therefore, leave little further at present to say. Yet, despite of them, Madame Celeste's impersonation at the Adelphi of Colomba, a Corsican heroine, just suited to her striking, and peculiar ability; the opera of Arna Bolena Anglecised, and excellently sung at the Princess's; and that fine, but disagreeable play "King and no King" by Beaumont and Fletcher, effectively represented at Sadlers' Wells, show that the better spirit of the stage is still in its vitality and vigour.

LITERATURE.

STRAWBERRY HILL; AN HISTORICAL NOVEL. By the Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends;" "Maids of Honour;" "Sir Roger de Coverley," &c. In three volumes. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. 1847.

"HERE are no assassins, no poisoners, no Neros, Borgias, Catilines, Richards of York! Here are the foibles of an age—no very bad one." Such is the device of the author of this novel—a device giving the real words of his singularly chosen hero, Horace Walpole, that caustic spirit, whose wit had preeminent sway in the last century, and whose power of writing a romance has saved him from oblivion in this. The period of the tale of "Strawberry Hill," is that of the reign of George II., a momentous age despite of Horace Walpole's above remark, when those two terrible powers, the Whigs and Tories, grew up into substantial and permanent existence—when the chivalry that attended the Stuarts and their adherents fell prostrate before the common-place, and the common sense of the House of Brunswick—when in fine, while honest loyalty to a lost cause bled upon the scaffold, and a minister openly bought the minds of men, and sought stability with gold, England increased in reason and strength, and gradually became the landmark of wisdom and independence. Such is the era of this pleasant novel, which, mixing up a little romance with a great deal of reality, places us at once among the politicians and wits, male and female, of that curious time. At the late celebrated *bal paré* of Queen Victoria we had these same personages corporally before us: here they are mentally so. The hero of the tale, the capricious satirist Horace Walpole, is thus introduced in his youth:

"His opponent was a young man of slight figure and pale complexion, dressed very elegantly in a claret-coloured coat, embroidered to the bottom and at the cuffs; a rich satin vest elaborately flowered; velvet breeches and fine cotton stockings, with shoes covering the instep, where each was fastened with a silver buckle; delicate ruffles at his wrists, a light sword at his side, and his hair powdered, tied behind, and surmounted by a richly-trimmed hat of the last fashion, proclaimed him a beau of the year 1741.

"There were many other points of dissimilitude between them, besides dress. The younger candidate had received the benefit of a classical education; had enjoyed his Virgil and his cricket-match at Eton; had had the advantages of Euclid and cock-fighting at Cambridge; since when, he had still further enriched his mind by foreign travel, having journeyed from Paris to Rome with a very different result from what was experienced by the less fortunate tourist who travelled from Dan to Beersheba—for he had gathered as he went a tolerable collection of coins and scandal, medals and *bon mots*, old pictures, new opera tunes, and the best authenticated modern antiques; with jests, anecdotes, satires and lampoons in great variety, and every thing necessary to set up a man of fashion as a virtuoso and a wit. There was a melancholy expression in those pale and thoughtful features, that gave the impression of one rushing upon a desperate enterprise to escape from the pressure of feelings too painful to be tolerated,—as though the young adventurer sought in the tumult of politics, oblivion of some misfortune that had overtaken him elsewhere. Nevertheless there was a smile

upon his lip. A world of cutting ridicule and biting sarcasm lurked in that smile. It was evident that he strove to conceal the bitterness of his feelings under cover of a jest.

“Such was Horace Walpole, the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, at the opening of our story, in the zenith of his fame as a powerful minister and an able statesman—in the zenith too of his unpopularity, as the inventor of innumerable imposts, and a favourer of monopolies, standing armies, despotic laws, and Hanoverian interests.”

Soon after this St. John Lord Bolingbroke is made appear upon the scene—Bolingbroke, statesman, philosopher and writer, who sacrificed all to low ambition and to courting the pride of Kings. The following scene, in which he figures with another and a regal notoriety of that age, is graphically drawn :

“At the period to which we are now referring, the room contained two individuals. One, a man of insignificant stature and mean appearance, was seated at his ease in a luxurious *fauteuil*, with a handsome three-cornered hat on his head, and a golden toothpick in his hand. His riding coat thrown open, displayed a star on the breast of his inner coat. The fine materials of his dress, and the handsome manner in which they were put together, proclaimed the wearer to be a person of distinction. He might still be considered young, and was not ill-looking; his complexion being fair, and each feature well-developed. The general expression was that of self-satisfaction and complacency. He had evidently been enjoying himself,—which might account for the gratified air which then illumined his somewhat too unintellectual countenance.

“The other inmate of the garden-house was to all appearance a well-dressed and well-bred man of fashion—of tall—of even commanding figure, with a fine intelligent look gaining its animation from a pair of eyes remarkable for their subtle expression. The countenance was now brimming over, as it were, with courtesy and respect, as, standing upright, and leaning on the back of the chair on which his companion was seated, he continued to address him.

“These two individuals were Frederick Prince of Wales, and St. John Viscount Bolingbroke.”

“The interview had already lasted some time; but whether his Royal Highness was fascinated with the excellent wine of his entertainer, or with his equally inspiring discourse, he shewed no symptoms of taking his departure, but kept sipping from his oft-replenished glass, and listening to his ever-attentive host, as though both claims on his attention should have his best consideration.

“The discourse must have had in it something unusually persuasive: its sonorous apothegms—its eloquent declamation—its transcendent philosophy—must have made an unusual impression on the Heir Apparent. Nor must we forget the consummate skill with which it was adapted to the limited intelligence that it was expected was to profit by it.

“The Prince listened, pretending that he understood every word spoken by the brilliant plotter. The well-directed appeals to his vanity effected more than would have done the most urgent appeals to his understanding. Perhaps it never struck the clever statesman, how extremely inconsistent was the part he was playing. He quite forgot how eagerly he had once plotted to shut out from all prospect of the throne the Prince he was now counselling to take a bold step in opposition to his father’s government. But he had now no thought of the Pretender—it is very likely he cared quite as little for every member of the Hanoverian dynasty—he cared but for one object, he entertained but one idea—to make use of the Prince of Wales as an agent likely to ensure the success of his grand scheme—to work the overthrow of his hated rival.

“The times never were so ripe for a change as at present, your Royal Highness,” he observed, by way of conclusion; ‘Walpole totters’ in his giddy elevation like an architrave too heavy for the slender pillar on which it has been mounted. He is threatened both from within and without—from his own coad-

jutors quite as much as from the most determined of his opponents. Newcastle hates him—Townshend has taken offence at some imagined slight: few of them can brook his airs of superiority and assumed omnipotence with his Sovereign.

“The Tories, as a party, are daily attacking him with greater boldness. There is a powerful body of members of the House of Commons, amongst whom Wyndham, Pulteney, and Marchmont are antagonists, at whose powerful voices he has long learned to tremble. There are men of great parts and influence in the House of Peers, who hold the name of the Minister in equal detestation.

“A combined attack is about being made upon him—certainly the most formidable he has ever had to defend himself against: let this be followed up by the proposed movement on the part of your Royal Highness—and I, who only desire to be considered the most humble of your Royal Highness’s well-wishers, will venture to state that the result will be the disgrace of an incompetent Minister, and the elevation to his proper position in the eyes of the English people, of a Prince who has given so many assurances that he is born to secure their prosperity.’

“That is just my way of thinking,’ replied the young man with admirable nonchalance, as he rose from his seat and began to adjust his riding-coat. ‘My father is not, in my opinion, likely to live much longer. I should like prodigiously to know how much longer it is possible for him to live.’

“That is not, I am afraid, a question capable of a ready solution,’ observed his philosophic counsellor. ‘Life is uncertain to us all; but with the aged, dissolution must be a matter of daily expectation.’

“He breaks fast,’ pithily observed his hopeful son.

“The signs of decay in his Majesty’s frame, it must be allowed, are becoming more and more conspicuous,’ said his equally hopeful counsellor. ‘Death, moreover, is our common obligation to Nature; and if the account has been long standing, we are the less likely to be allowed to defer the payment.’ |

“When I succeed to the throne,’ added the eager Heir Apparent, as he drew on his gloves, ‘I shall bear in mind the exertions of my friends in my behalf.’

“Such ideas are worthy of your Royal Highness’s generosity of mind. But,’ said his Lordship, with a marked air of self-denial, ‘if I may be allowed to speak of so humble an individual as myself, I must beg to assure your Royal Highness that office has no charms for me. I have foresworn ambition, to study virtue—I renounce politics in favour of philosophy.’

“Whether the amiable Telemachus put any faith in the professions of his skilful Mentor does not appear. He almost immediately took his leave, and mounting his horse, which was in waiting close at hand, he rode towards town with the full intention of losing no time in taking the bold step which had been represented as so certain of advantage to him.

“Now I have him!’ exclaimed the student of virtue, with much bitterness of emphasis, as, left alone in his luxurious retirement, he paced its confined limits with uneasy strides. ‘Walpole! the star which has been kept so long out of its sphere, now rapidly approaches to hurl you from yours! Though more than once balked of my revenge, I feel agreeably assured it is now within my grasp.’

Falkland, the Catholic lord, and his daughter, the heroine Arabella, give a tone of romantic interest to the whole story, and render palatable a deal of historical matter the book contains. There are indeed to be found among the fantastic actors and scenes of this novel much instruction and amusement.

FRAGMENTS DES ŒUVRES D’ALEXANDRE DUMAS, CHOISIS A L’USAGE DE LA JEUNESSE, par MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Londres: Pierre Rolandi, 20, Berners Street; Oxford Street. 1846.

A few months ago, we noticed a very elegant and excellent book brought out under the approbation of Miss Edgeworth, entitled “Selections from

the modern Poets of France" with accompanying translations into English verse. The lady author of that book, Mrs. Somers, rendered essential service to the public in presenting for general and especially for juvenile perusal, pure specimens of the French poetry of the day. The work now before us, consisting of fragments from the numerous productions of the renowned Alexander Dumas, is constructed on a somewhat similar plan, and the editor is no less a person than Miss Mitford.

"The compilation of this little work," says Miss Mitford in her short preface, "was undertaken in the hope that the English public would not be sorry to receive a volume of specimens of so brilliant and lively, a writer as M. Alexander Dumas, so carefully selected that it might be left with safety on the drawing room table, or placed with confidence in the hands of youth. The immense fertility of our author, and the general merit of his various productions has rendered the choice of extracts difficult; but his numerous travels, and histories have been for the most part preferred to his novels, as being more susceptible of an independent interest, and conveying in the pleasantest manner most solid information."

This task Miss Mitford has very carefully and agreeably accomplished: a more pleasant collection of instructive extracts could scarcely elsewhere be gathered from one existing author. An amusing sketch of M. Dumas's life precedes these fragments of his genius. The book itself is beautifully got up, and does much credit to the taste of the publisher, M. Rolandi.

MANUALS OF UTILITY, PRACTICAL INFORMATION, AND UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by JOHN TIMBS, Author of "Popular Errors explained, and illustrated" and Editor of "the Year Book of Facts," &c. THE MANUAL OF CHESS: containing the Elementary Principles of the Game; illustrated with numerous diagrams, recent games, and original problems, by CHARLES KENNY. David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. 1847.

THIS is the first of a series of manuals, the worth of which may be said to be assured by their being edited by that sagacious, and indefatigable author, Mr. Timbs, to whom the public is indebted for so many clever and tasteful productions. Mr. Kenny the writer of the present manual on the mighty subject of Chess, fully states his plan in the following graceful prefatory notice:

"This elementary Manual of 'the nice and abstruse Game' of Chess, though complete in itself, forms one of a series of Manuals of Utility. I willingly accepted the task of its preparation, and felt some degree of gratification in writing about a Game which has happily occupied me many a leisure hour, and enabled me pleasantly 'to ease the pain of coward thought.'

"This Game, as an intellectual amusement, would alone be sufficient to recommend its study; but the frequent opportunities all can now enjoy of meeting with the many fine players resident in London, is an additional inducement to know something of an art which the philosopher and scholar delight to practise.

I am much gratified to learn, from good authority, that Chess is on the increase among the middle classes of society; and to assist in so praiseworthy a diffusion of its delights is one of the object of this little work.

"Within its compass I have included all that is necessary for the beginner to learn; and should he feel inclined to 'drink deep' of the mysteries of Chess, I have referred, in the course of the work, to Treatises well worth his study.

"In recommendation of this Manual I can safely assert, that it contains more

than any publication of the same dimensions, and is cheaper than any yet produced. The Problems contained herein, as also one of the 'Games actually played,' are original, and have never been published. For these contributions, I return my sincerest thanks to Messrs. Horwitz, Kling, and Kuiper.

"These kindnesses, together with the recollection of many happy hours passed with Chess and Chess-players, warrant me in blessing the day when first I learned the moves.

"I cannot better conclude than with the following 'L'Envoy' to an old poem (N. Breton, 1638):—

"Then rule with care and quick conceit,
And fight with knowledge, as with force;
So bear a braine, to dash deceit,
And worke with reason and remorse:
 Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
 So give a mate, and go your way.

And when you plaie, beware of checke,
Know how to save and give a neck;
And with a checke beware of mate;
But cheefe ware had I wist too late:
 Lose not the Queene, for ten to one,
 If she be lost, the game is gone."

We need only further say that Mr. Kenny has perfectly done what he thus announced, and we conclude with his final valuable advice to chess players:

"Avoid the disagreeable habits that some Chess players fall into: for instance, the keeping hold of a piece longer than is necessary before its destined square is fixed upon; the pointing first to one piece, then to another, and the reckoning with the fingers half a dozen squares on the board.

"After some little practice, you will be able to recollect nearly the whole of the game you have just played. You would do well to cultivate the memory in this particular, as you will see, on playing over the game again, that you will readily discover the false moves that led to the loss of the game.

"Hood, in his 'Literary Reminiscences,' notices the benefit resulting from such a practice, following it up with a pleasing comparison. He says,—

"It is pleasant, after a match at Chess, particularly if we have won, to try back, and reconsider those important moves which have had a decisive influence on the result. It is still more interesting, in the game of Life, to recall the critical positions that have occurred during its progress, and review the false or judicious steps that have led to our subsequent good or ill fortune. There is, however, this difference, that Chess is a matter of pure skill and calculation; whereas the chequered board of human life is subject to the caprice of chance, the event being sometimes determined by combinations which never entered into the mind of the player."

"Practice—practice—practice, is the best advice, after all, and I would recommend you strongly to select a player who is able to give you odds; you will learn more by endeavouring to defend your game from his well-regulated attack, than by winning dozens of games from inferior players. Although the great pleasure resulting from a good name of Chess is the winning, still there is much more to be gained by losing a well-fought game than by many easy conquests.

"When your attack is in a prosperous way, be more careful of your play; every move must be carefully studied, as your adversary may purposely offer you a piece to induce you to take it, thereby gaining time to frustrate your attack.

"When you find that you have but little chance of winning, endeavour to draw the game, there being as much art and calculation required to force a drawn game as in winning.

"In conclusion, the best advice is that given by R. Penn, Esq.:—"Win as often as you can, but never make any display of insulting joy on the occasion. When you cannot win, lose (though you may not like it, with good temper.""

We hail the advent of a few more manuals of this promising series.

MRS. PERKINS' BALL. By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. Chapman and Hall, 136, Strand.

THERE are no other localities where many—perhaps most men sink into such thorough weakness, and become so absolutely asinine as on those two great female battle fields—the watering place, and the ball room. At the former, the watering place, ladies do just as they please with their victims, who, however previously sage, and serious they may be, undergo then the most comical changes. There are they to be seen, young and old, stout and lean,—with straw hats, jackets, neck-ribbons, pantouffles, and telescopes for insignia—in pony chaises and on piers and sandy promenades for perpetual recreation. But the innocent trivialites of a watering place, fall to nothing before the pranks of a ball room. Here feminine influence, feminine loveliness, and shall we say?—feminine sharpness, are absolute indeed. Here often are the elsewhere dull men delightful, the prosy playful, and often also the wise witless, and the sage and solemn silly, while each gladly glides into the net that doth enmesh them all. How precious and plentiful a subject to the satirist is the ball room: many and many a time has the comic and caricaturing spirit revelled in it, yet we may safely assert that it has never done so more happily than in these admirable sketches by Thackeray. Let him take what name he will—Titmarsh, Yellow Plush, Jeames, Fat Contributor, Snob—let him seize what subject he may, Mr. Thackeray is irresistible both with his pen, and pencil. To dilate upon, or to detail the scenes of Perkins's Ball, would be merely marring its interest and amusement. From the first introduction of the O'Mulligan to his final exit, the whole is a perfection of verbal and picturesque humour. We may be thought too ardent in our praise; let then one specimen bear us out: it is the last scene:

“Mind and send me a large piece of cake,” I go up and whisper archly to old Mr. Ward; and we look on rather sentimentally at the couple, almost the last in the rooms (there, I declare, go the musicians, and the clock is at five), when Grundsell, with an air effaré rushes up to me, and says. “For Ev'n's sake, Sir, go into the supper room: there's that Irish gent. a pitchin into Mr. P.” It was too true. I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments: everybody was gone; but the abominable Mulligan sate swinging his legs at the lonely supper table! Perkins was opposite gasping at him. *The Mulligan*.—I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne: it is good at this house. *Mr. Perkins*, (with dignity),—it is good at this house; but—*The Mulligan*.—Bht hwat? ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass. Go get the wine, and we'll drink it together, my old buck. *Mr. Perkins*.—My name, Sir, is Perkins. *The Mulligan*.—Well that rhymes with gerkins and Jerkins, my man of firkins; so dont let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkinings. *Mr. Perkins* (with apoplectic energy),—Sir I am the master of this house; and I order you to quit it, I'll not be insulted, Sir, I'll send for a policeman, Sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, Sir, by bringing this—this beast into my house, Sir? At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan of the hundred battles, sprang forward at his prey; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the young gentlemen, and myself rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity look on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving, and snorting frightfully. Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air and a

penn'ath of coffee that I got for him at a stall in the Regent-circus, revived him somewhat. When I quitted him, he was not angry, but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neil; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him; and I left him on a door step in tears."

ORIGINES PATRICIÆ; OR A DEDUCTION OF EUROPEAN TITLES OF NOBILITY AND DIGNIFIED OFFICES FROM THEIR PRIMITIVE SOURCES. By R. T. HAMPTON, Author of "Medii Ævi Kalendarium" &c. &c. London, Henry Kent Causton. 1846.

THIS work is an able application of profound learning and knowledge, to testing the origin and meaning of names of honour. The book displays the most curious, and indefatigable research, and is likely to prove of value to the lawyer, the antiquarian, and even from the quaint and singular character of its information, to the general reader.

AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE IN THE STREETS OF LONDON. With anecdotes of their more celebrated residents. By JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum; author of "Nollekens and his times" and "A Book for a Rainy day." Edited by CHARLES MACKAY, L.L.D. In two Volumes. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

THOUGH the subject is now somewhat hackneyed, there is still a good deal of pleasant information to be found in this posthumous work of Mr. Smith. For example, the following account of the celebrated O. P. riots will doubtless prove acceptable to most readers:

"The night of the opening of the New Covent Garden Theatre, September 18, 1809, will be ever memorable in the annals of the stage, as then began the famous, long-contested, bitter, but happily unsanguinary wars, which are immortalized under the name of O. P. There is nothing cabalistic in these letters, although these dissensions, of which they are the name, were doubtless in the first place the work of a cabal, which soon extended itself over the town, and drove it at last from its propriety.

"In consequence of the great expense of the new building, it was deemed advisable by the managers to raise the prices of admission from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings for the pit, and from six shillings to seven shillings for the boxes. This announcement, which was made some weeks previous, excited much angry comment in the newspapers, and as soon as the curtain drew up on the night of opening, the people in the pit made such an uproar, that not a word was audible the whole evening. Their cry was 'Old Prices,' which they kept up without intermission for hours, when some magistrates, who happened to be present, read the Riot Act from the stage, and some of the most noisy were taken into custody.

"On the next night the riot was still more violent, and placards bearing the words 'Old Prices' were introduced into the pit. For six nights in succession every variety of noise was made, by trumpets, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, hooting, hissing, groaning, and the imitation of the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, the braying of asses, and the lowing of bulls, till at last the actors made no efforts to proceed with their parts, but merely walked on the stage to see how the row went on, and then walked off again. At last it was found necessary to shut up the house. A statement of the affairs of the theatre was drawn up, and submitted to the arbitration of a committee of gentlemen, who decided, after a few days, that the average profits of the six preceding years had been but 6½ per cent., and that, even under the advanced price of the then season, owing to the great expense of rebuilding so magnificent a theatre, the profits would be but 3½

per cent. upon the capital expended, while a return to the Old Prices could only be effected at the ruinous loss of 15s. per cent. It was hoped that this statement would satisfy the play-goers, who by this time had resumed the name of O.P.s, but they were of opinion that this was not a true statement, and that inordinate salaries, which might advantageously be retrenched, were given to Madame Catalini, and other performers. The consequences were, that on the night of re-opening, the same system was recommenced. Plays were announced, but never performed. Kemble, formerly so great a favourite, was assailed with every opprobrious epithet; placards were stuck up in every quarter of the pit, and affixed on the top of poles, to be thrust into the faces of the actors when they appeared on the stage. Besides cat-calls, trumpets, French bugles, and watchmen's rattles, dustmen's bells were introduced into the pit and galleries to increase the uproar, until at last no person who valued his tympanum would venture into the house. The town seemed to have lost its senses on this subject, and O.P. handkerchiefs and O.P. waistcoats became all the rage; the latter, which were only worn in the theatre, had an O embroidered upon one flap, and a P on the other. O.P. hats, adorned with the same letters, were also worn; and even ladies sported O.P. bonnets. O.P. toothpicks and O.P. seals were also manufactured, and had a great sale. The O.P. handkerchiefs led to O.P. flags, which were brought into the galleries, and unfurled at intervals amid great applause. The attempts of the constables, and boxers in the manager's pay, to capture the bearers of flags and placards, led to constant fights, and although many were apprehended every evening, and held to bail at Bow Street Police Office, new men were constantly found to keep up the same system.

“After some weeks, it was thought that the crowd, who paid to join in the disturbance, were, notwithstanding all the uproar they created, filling the manager's pockets, and it was thereupon determined by the O.P.s that they would not, in future, favour him with their company till the half-price began. Thus, frequently the first part of the night's performances passed off with comparative quiet, but the O.P. had the remainder to themselves. The curtain generally fell at an early hour when the O.P.s, after singing ‘God save the King’ in full chorus, got up sham fights in the pit, scrambled over the benches into the boxes, and invaded the stage, concluding the whole by dancing the famous O.P. dance. This was done by a number of fellows forming into a ring, and stamping alternately with the right and left foot, calling out ‘O.P.’ at intervals of a minute or so, with a drawling and monotonous sound, sometimes loud enough to be heard in the street.

“Several lawsuits and prosecutions were the result, the most important of which were those brought by or against a barrister of the name of Clifford, who had, somehow or other, become the acknowledged leader of the O.P.s. Clifford brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, the box-keeper, for giving him into custody as a ringleader in these disturbances, and he gained his cause, with 5*l.* damages. This victory increased the numbers and pertinacity of the O.P.s, and the placards introduced into the pit bore the words ‘A British jury for ever,’ in addition to the letters ‘O.P.’ For sixty-six nights, in all, these riots, continued, when they were suddenly brought to a close by a concession on the part of Mr. Kemble.

“On the occasion of a grand public dinner, given at the ‘Crown and Anchor Tavern’ to Mr. Clifford, to celebrate his victory over the box-keeper, Mr. Kemble made his appearance among the bacchanalians, to their no little surprise, and a conference being held in an adjoining room, a treaty was ultimately agreed upon, by Mr. Kemble as captain of the defensive, and by Mr. Clifford as generalissimo of the offensive belligerents. The terms were, that the boxes should remain at the advanced price, that the pit admissions should be reduced to 3*s.* 6*d.*, and that all prosecutions and actions on both sides should be immediately stayed. This compromise was announced the same night at the theatre, where its reception was not very cordial, the inveterate O.P. insisting that Brandon, the box-keeper, should be instantly dismissed. To this the managers could not consent, as the man's only fault was his zeal in the service of his employers, and the pit, offended

at the refusal, once more danced the O.P. dance. On the following night it was announced that Brandon had resigned, and good humour was thus finally restored. Mr. Kemble was greeted, on his appearance, with the most rapturous applause; the various actors were severally called upon to receive congratulations; and a large placard, the last of its race, was exhibited in front of the pit, bearing in letters a foot long, the welcome words, 'WE ARE SATISFIED.' And thus ended the O.P. riots, which for months had kept the metropolis in an uproar."

We conclude our notice of this book by the following extract:—

"The Society of Antiquarians, established in 1572, met for many years at the Heralds' College, Doctors' Commons, but took up its abode in Somerset House about the same time as its sister society already mentioned. Among the original members of the infant society were Camden, 'the nourrice of antiquity,' Archbishop Parker, honest John Stow, and Sir Robert Cotton. Application was made to Queen Elizabeth, in 1589, for a charter of incorporation, but was refused, upon various pretexts. James, to whom a similar application was made, also refused it, and the society became extinct. It was revived again under happier auspices in 1707; but a charter was not obtained until 1751. The preamble to the charter states, that, "Whereas the study of antiquity and the history of former times has ever been esteemed highly commendable and useful, not only to improve the minds of men, but to incite them to virtuous and noble actions, and such as may hereafter render them famous and worthy examples to posterity; and whereas several of our loving subjects, who have for several years past met together for their mutual improvement in such studies and inquiries, have humbly besought us to grant unto them our Royal Charter of incorporation, for the better carrying on of the said purposes," &c. The charter then proceeds to set forth the arrangement and style of the society, which shall be called, 'The Society of the Antiquaries of London, of which we do hereby declare ourselves to be the founder and patron.' The first president was Martin Foulkes, and the president is the Earl of Aberdeen. The proceedings of the society are annually printed under the title of 'Archæologia.' Their library contains many valuable manuscripts, besides a choice and extensive collection of printed books."

VILLAGE TALES FROM THE BLACK FOREST, by BERTHOLD AUERBACH.
Translated from the German by META TAYLOR, with four illustrations
by John Absolon. David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. 1847.

WE recollect already noticing in a former number some of these pleasing tales, rendered into English by the same translator: we also remember then remarking that they bore a great affinity, in interest simplicity, and grace, to "Our Village" by Miss Mitford. The present edition seems a much more comprehensive one than the former, and is handsomely printed, and illustrated. The stories themselves we again cordially commend.

"AUNT CARRY'S BALLADS," by the Honourable Mrs. Norton: London, Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street.

THIS pretty volume, dedicated to the author's "little nephew and niece Brinsley and Edith Sheridan," comprises two stories, told in the attractive ballad style, so popular with youthful readers, and adorned by the

exquisite thought and elegant versification that always characterize Mrs. Norton's writings. One short extract is all our space will allow.

" Ah ! little Blanche, had *she* been there,
 Had prompted every word,
 For well that sweet child treasured up
 Whatever good she heard :
 She could have tracked her homeward path,
 Through all that waste of snow,
 And as her father told it then,
 She could have told it now ;
 How in the East, the glorious East,
 The lovely garden lay,
 Where Paradise was planted,
 In Creation's dawning day,
 How, in the East, the angel stood,
 With bright and flaming sword,
 When driven from the first fair home
 Appointed by the Lord.
 Sad Adam wandered forth with Eve,
 To earn his bread by toil,
 And till, in a more gloomy world,
 A hard ungrateful soil !
 How in the East, the glorious East,
 A second hope arose,
 Whose promise still abides with man,
 Until existence close ;
 The star, the wondrous star, which shone
 With clear and holy light,
 By simple shepherds first beheld,
 Who watched their flocks by night ;
 When wise men journeying from the East,
 With gifts of precious worth,
 Did homage to the Child divine,
 The Saviour of the Earth !
 How every morning, in the East,
 The Sun awakes and gives
 Light, warmth, and glory unto all,
 The meanest thing that lives :
 And like God's Mercy, looking down,
 Its beames of radiance know
 No difference 'twixt rich and poor :
 No rule of high and low.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- Bangor, The Viscountess, of a son, at Dublin, 27th Dec.
- Barrington, The Honourable Mrs., of a dau. at Beckett House, 16th Jan.
- Begbie, Mrs. T. S., of a son, at Elmback-crescent, Glasgow, 8th Jan.
- Bentley, Mrs. A. C., of a son, at Calver, Derbyshire, 17th Jan.
- Biggs, Mrs. J. G., of a son, at Reading, 2nd Jan.
- Boucolus, The Lady Julia, of a son, at Stoke Hammon, Bucks, 1st Jan.
- Bowden, Mrs. James, of a son, in Park Village East, Regent-park, 3rd Jan.
- Bradshaw, Mrs., wife of J. E. Bradshaw, Esq. of a son, at Sherbourne, Dorset, 20th Dec.
- Brougham, Mrs., of a dau. in Grosvenor-square, 24th Dec.
- Buxton, Mrs., wife of T. Fowell Buxton, Esq. of twin daus. 2nd Jan.
- Cartwright, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. H. Cartwright, of a son, at Compton Martin.
- Chiroi, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Alexander Chiroi, of a son, at St. James's Lodge, Enfield, 19th Dec.
- Clark, Mrs. Wm. T., of a son, in Bedford-row, 8th Jan.
- Clay, Mrs. Wm., of a dau. at Stamford Hill, 8th Jan.
- Coles, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. Stratton Coles, of a dau. at Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset, 23rd Dec.
- Coxhead, Mrs. John, of a son, in Mecklenburgh-square, 8th Jan.
- Dalhousie, The Countess of, of a son, still-born, 8th Jan.
- Davy, Mrs., wife of the Rev. C. R. Davy, of a dau. at Hurdcot, Wilts, 20th Dec.
- Deeds, Mrs., wife of Wm. Deeds, Esq., M.P., of a son, at Sandling Park, 12th Jan.
- Delap, Mrs., wife of the Rev. R. Delap, of a son, at Munuellan, county of Donegal, 8th Jan.
- Dickson, Mrs. T. A. H., of a dau. in Devonshire-place, 11th Jan.
- Dove, Mrs. Percy, of a son, at Clifton Park, Birkenhead, 15th Jan.
- Dudley, Mrs. Samuel Sheldon, at Mount Dudley, Roscrea, Ireland, 2nd Jan.
- Elias, Mrs. Ney, of a dau. at Winmore, 8th Jan.
- Ellis, Mrs. Francis, of a dau. at Littlehampton, Sussex, 21st Dec.
- Evres, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Col. Evres, of a dau. 3rd Jan.
- Fairlee, Mrs. James Ogilvy, of a son, at Coodham, Ayrshire, 15th Jan.
- Farren, Mrs., wife of Wm. Farren, jun., Esq., of a dau. at Florence, 5th Jan.
- Fawkes, Mrs., wife of Major Fawkes, 27th Regt. of a son, 22nd Dec.
- Ferrey, Mrs. Benjamin, of a dau. at The Grove Harley on Thames, 3rd Jan.
- Field, Mrs. Robert, of a son, at Streatham, 30th Dec.
- Finch, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Thomas Finch, of a dau. at Morpeth.
- Fitzclarence, The Lady Augustus, of twin daus. at the Vicarage, Maple-Durham, Oxon, 1st Jan.
- Ford, Mrs. T. J., of a dau. at Pinner's Hall, Clapham, 1st Jan.
- Furse, Mrs., wife of I. W. Furse, Esq., of a dau. at Naples, 7th Jan.
- Greville, Mrs. P. G., of a dau. at Park Ville, Holloway, 7th Jan.
- Hallett, Mrs., wife of Capt. Hallett, R. N., of a son, at Malta, 23rd Dec.
- Harris, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight, 17th Jan.
- Hawes, Mrs. Wm., of a son, in Leadenhall-street, 29th Dec.
- Hawes, Mrs., wife of Wm. Hawes, Esq., of a dau. at Montague-place, Russell-square, 14th Jan.
- Hayter, Mrs., wife of the Rev. G. G. Hayter, of a dau. at Hereford, 13th Jan.
- Hesketh, Lady Arabella, of a son and heir, at Misterton Hall, 9th Jan.
- Hodgson, Mrs. W. F., of a dau. at Stockwell, 11th Jan.
- Holt, Mrs. B. W., of a dau. in Abingdon-street, 23rd Dec.
- Hope, Lady Mildred, of a dau. at Connaught-place, 14th Jan.
- Horner, Mrs., wife of Capt. Horner, of a dau. at Market Drayton, 22nd Dec.
- Hughesdon, Mrs. Charles, of a dau. at Canton, 20th Oct. 1846.
- Humphrys, Mrs., wife of W. C. Humphrys, Esq. of a son, at Burleston, Southampton, 7th Jan.
- Humphery, Mrs., wife of John Humphery, Esq., M.P., of a dau. at Clapham Common, 28th Dec.
- Ingle, Mrs. John, of a son, at Stonehouse, Devon, 14th Jan.
- Jones, Mrs., wife of Capt. Jones, of a son, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, 5th Jan.
- Kent, Mrs. T. F., of a son, in Eaton-place, West, 24th Dec.
- Killick, Mrs., wife of the Rev. R. H. Killick, of a dau. at the Vicarage, Stratton, Cornwall, 28th Dec.
- Lacy, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Charles Lacy, Rector of Allhallows, London Wall, of a son, 24th Dec.
- Leach, Mrs., of a son, in Finsbury-square, 23rd Dec.
- Lloyd, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Col. John Lloyd, C.B. of a son, at Cheltenham, 7th Jan.
- Lucan, The Countess of, of a son, at Laleham, Surrey, 6th Jan.
- Lyall, Mrs., wife of G. Lyall, jun., Esq., of a dau. still-born, at Merstham Rectory, Surrey, 29th Dec.
- Mac Ilwaine, Mrs., wife of Cap. Mac Ilwaine, R.N. of a son, at Paignton, Devon, 7th Jan.
- Mainwarring, Mrs., wife of Cap. Rowland Mainwarring, of a son, at Whitmore Hall, 9th Jan.
- Manisty, Mrs. H., of a son, in Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square, 8th Jan.

- Marriott, Mrs., wife of the Rev. James Powell Marriott, of a son, 29th Dec.
- Mason, Mrs., wife of the Rev. John Mason, of a son, at Aldenham Lodge, Herts, 3rd Jan.
- Maxwell, Mrs. Wm. Constable, of a son, at Everingham Park, 16th Jan.
- Meek, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. R. F. Meek, of a son, at Burnham Overy, Norfolk, 7th Jan.
- Meyrick, Mrs., of a son, in Eastbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, 5th Jan.
- Mocatta, Mrs. John, of a dau. in Gloster-terrace, Hyde-park, 22nd Dec.
- Moore, Mrs. J. A., of a son, in Hunter-square, 19th Dec.
- Mozley, Mrs. Chas., of a son, at Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, 1st Jan.
- Mundy, Mrs., wife of Major R. M. Mundy, of a dau. at Guernsey, 9th Jan.
- Neate, Mrs. Rowland, of a dau. in Tavistock-sq., 9th Jan.
- Newry, Viscountess of, of a son, in Eaton-place, 6th Jan.
- Ogle, Mrs. Arthur, of a son, at the College, Durham, 24th Dec.
- Ogle, Mrs., of a dau. at Loudoun House, St. John's Wood, 2nd Jan.
- Osborn, The Lady Elizabeth, of a dau. at Chicksands Priory, 11th Jan.
- Park, Mrs., wife of Cap. Archibald Park, of a son, at Agra, 27th Oct.
- Peat, Mrs. W. H., of a dau. at Bow, 8th Jan.
- Phillimore, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. in Clarges st., 29th Dec.
- Povah, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. V. Povah, of a son, in Charterhouse-square, 18th Jan.
- Reynell, Mrs. H., of a son, at Bellevue, Hampstead, 21st Dec.
- Rhodes, Mrs., wife of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, of a dau. at Walthamstow, 6th Jan.
- Ridley, Mrs. J. M., of a dau. at Henshaugh, Northumberland, 4th Jan.
- Rodger, Mrs. Robert, of a son, in Montague-sq., 13th Jan.
- Routh, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. W. Routh, of a son, at the Rectory, Silehurst, Berks.
- Scott, Mrs. T. M., of a son, in Edinburgh, 29th Dec.
- Scott, Mrs. James, of a dau. in Cadogan-place, 1st Jan.
- Slous, Mrs., wife of F. L. Slous, Esq., of a son, at Crescent-place, Mornington-crescent, 28th Dec.
- Smith, Mrs., wife of Thos. Smith, Esq., of a son, at North Road House, Hertford, 3rd Jan.
- Smith, Mrs., wife of Francis Smith, Esq., of a son, at the Grove, Highgate, 30th Dec.
- Smyth, Mrs. Wm., of a dau. in Dublin, 16th Jan.
- Sparks, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Crewkerne, Somersetshire, 14th Jan.
- Still, Mrs. Robert, of a son, 30th Dec.
- Sutton, the Lady of the Honourable H. Manners Sutton, M.P., of a dau. at the Close, Norwich, 13th Jan.
- Sykes, Mrs. F. W., of a dau. in Queen Ann sq., 9th Jan.
- Taylor, Mrs., wife of P. G. E. Taylor, of a son, at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 30th Dec.
- Thornton, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Wm. Thornton, of a dau. at the Vicarage, Dodford, Northamptonshire, 31st Dec.
- Thwaites, Mrs. Otho, of a son, at Heverstock Hill, 10th Jan.
- Trevelyan, Mrs., wife of Major H. W. Trevelyan, of a son, at Bath, 4th Jan.
- Tritton, Mrs. Joseph, of a dau. at Olney Lodge, Battersea, 16th Jan.
- Villiers, the Honourable Mrs. Montague, of a dau. at Bloomsbury Rectory, 30th Dec.
- Walker, The Lady Jane, of a son, at the Manor House, Bushy, Herts.
- Walpole, Mrs., wife of Major Walpole, Rifle Brigade, of a son, at Dover, 11th Jan.
- Ward, Mrs., wife of the Rev. G. F. Ward, Rector of Haddington, Wilts, of a son, 8th Jan.
- Ward, The Honourable Mrs. Humble D., of a son, still born, at Widley Court, Worcester, 4th Jan.
- West, Mrs. C., of a dau. in Wimpole-street, 15th Jan.
- Williams, Mrs., wife of Dr. C. J. B. Williams, of Hollies-street, Cavendish-square, of a dau. 12th Jan.
- Wyatt, Mrs. W. H., of a dau. at Harrington-sq., 22nd Dec.

Marrriages.

- Aitkens, John, Esq. of 38, Upper Belgrave-place, to Jane, second daughter of the late John Baber, Esq. of Knightsbridge, 22nd Dec.
- Baines, John, Esq. of Park-road Holloway, to Jane Ann, eldest daughter of the late Henry Hayward, Esq. of Chobham, Surrey, 28th Dec.
- Baird, W. M.D., of the British Museum, late surgeon of the Hon. East India Company's ship Berwickshire, to Mary, second daughter of Edward Owen, Esq. Maesnynan, Denbighshire, 12th Jan.
- Bayley, John Raikes, Esq. solicitor, Devides, to Sarah, youngest daughter of James Burbidge, Esq. Bailbrook Villa, Bath, 5th Jan.
- Bayden, Thomas, Esq. of Brookland, Kent, to Mary, second daughter of Richard Winch, Esq. of Rochester, 7th Jan.
- Beck, Thomas Batman, Esq. of the Valley-house, Needham-market, Suffolk, and Gentleman Commoner of Magdalen hall, Oxford, to Mary Eliza, both Field, the only daughter of Edward Field, Esq. M.D. King-street, St. James's-square, London, and late of Ipswich, Suffolk, and of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, 21st Dec.
- Blackburne, William M. Esq. of Tankard's-town, in the county of Meath, eldest son of the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thorpe, minister of Belgrave Chapel.
- Boulthbee, the Rev. Thomas Pownall, M.A. Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, to Caroline Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. Lawrence, rector of Dorsington, 22nd Dec.
- Boyd, Robert, Esq. M.D. son of John Boyd, Esq. of Broadmeadows, Selkirkshire, to Anna Mary Augusta, only child of the late Rev. Richard Bawden, Rector of Warkley and Satterley, Devonshire, 29th Dec.
- Brenan, James Parke, Esq. of London, to Emily Staplyton, youngest daughter of J. H. Taylor, Esq. of Charyford, Kent, 20th Dec.
- Brooke, Charles Clements, Esq. to Letitia Catharine, third daughter of T. Wade, Esq. of Fairfield, county of Galway, 1st Jan.
- Brown, William Smith, eldest son of W. Brown, Esq. of Brunswick-terrace, Commercial-road, to Phæbe, eldest daughter of Christopher Tatham, Esq. of Poplar, and niece of Duncan Dunbar, Esq. of Limehouse, 7th Jan.
- Brownfield, William, Esq. of Chatterley house,

- Hanley, Staffordshire, to Ellen, only daughter of Charles Etches, Esq. of the former place, 14th Jan.
- Carr, Rev. J. A. Curate of Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Robins, Esq. of the first place, 31st Dec.
- Chave, the Rev. Edward W. T., M.A. Rector of St. Pancras, Exeter, to Annie Catherine, daughter of Lewis Rooke, Esq. of Trafalgar House, Newport, Barnstable, 30th Dec.
- Clare, the Rev. G. T. rector of Bointon, Yorkshire, to Mary, daughter of the late Captain Kemp, of Her Majesty's 30th Regt., 14th Jan.
- Cornell, James, of Whitehaven, Cumberland, to Elizabeth Brayton, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Brayton, Esq. of Briaco Bank, near the same town.
- Cornish, John, second son of William Cornish, of Marazion, Esq. to Jane Esther, second daughter of James S. Penny, Esq. of Penzance 7th Jan.
- Cotterill, the Rev. George, vicar of Earlham, in the county of Norfolk, to Lettie Watts, second daughter of the Rev. James Watts Ellaby, incumbent of Bulford, Wilts, 6th Jan.
- Dickson, Major Collingwood, Royal Horse Artillery, eldest surviving son of the late Sir Alexander Dickson, G.C.B., K.C.H. to Harriet, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Barnaby, of that place, 14th Jan.
- Duncan, Robert, Esq. M.D. of Tunbridge-wells, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Thornton, of Swadage, Dorsetshire, 6th Jan.
- Drummond, Maurice, Esq. to the Hon. Adelaide Lister, 12th Jan.
- Edwards, Thomas Guld, Esq. to Emily, third daughter of Dr. Lloyd Williams, of Henllan-place, Denbigh, 5th Jan.
- Elcum, Charles F. Esq. of 3, Promenade, Cheltenham, to Phoebe Mary, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Percy Cunningham, of the Hon. East India Company's Madras Army, and granddaughter of the late Thomas Cunningham, Esq. of Gloucester, 14th Jan.
- Fallow, the Rev. T. M. incumbent of St. Andrew's, Marylebone, to Horatia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Murdoch, Esq. of Portland-place, 5th Jan.
- Ferguson, the Rev. T. P. to Francesca Hutcheson, 5th Jan.
- Fuller, Charles Bowdler, Esq. of the Bombay Artillery, to Cordelia Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Fearon, at Poona, 12th Nov.
- Gill, Robert, Esq. to Fanny Sunannah, second daughter of the late Colonel Need, of Sherwood Hall, Notts, 29th Dec.
- Grounds, Lieutenant H. W. of the Indian Navy, to Martha Thomas, youngest daughter of J. B. Lake, Esq. 5th Jan.
- Hamilton, the Rev. James, minister of the National Scotch Church, Regent-square, to Anne Hovenden, eldest daughter of the late John Moore, Esq. of Calcutta, 5th Jan.
- Hargreaves, Jonathan, Esq. of Oak-hill, Accrington, Lancashire, to Anne Maria, second daughter of the late John Harland, Esq. of Ashbourne, 31st Dec.
- Hargreaves, George, of Birch-house, near Bolton, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert Snell, Esq. of Leyland, 5th Jan.
- Heanley, Marshall, Esq. of Croft, Lincolnshire, to Clara, third daughter of the Rev. Robert Cholmeley of Wainfleet, 30th Dec.
- Henderson, Andrew, Esq. of Montague-square, to Emily, only daughter of the late John Adolphus, Esq. 12th Jan.
- Hennah, the Rev. William V. incumbent of East Cowes, to Frances, third daughter of Richard Orlander, Esq. of Fairlee, 29th Dec.
- Hilton, William Curling, Esq. of Herne, Kent, to Fanny Eliza Coulson, of the Old Kent-road, second daughter of the late Robert Coulson, Esq. of Henley-on-Thames, 2nd Dec.
- Hughes, Henry Kent, Esq. of Westbourne-place, Eaton-square, to Sarah Hilditch, daughter of D. T. Johnson, Esq. of Aldermar-churchyard, 7th Jan.
- Jackson, Frances Constable, Lieut. 12th Regiment, R.N.I. to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Bruce, at Umballa, East Indies, 29th Oct.
- James, W. Rhodes, Esq. eldest son of the late Herbert Jarret James, Esq. of Spanish Town, Jamaica, to Mary, youngest daughter of James Lister, Esq. of Newport, in the borough of Barnstable, 5th Jan.
- Joyce, the Rev. James Wayland, rector of Burford, in the county of Salop, to Anne Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. John James, D.D. canon of Peterborough, 14th Jan.
- Kane, Joseph Seymour, Esq., only son of the late Joseph Thomas Kane, Esq. of Dublin, to Catherine Elizabeth Frances, only daughter of A. Crossley Hobart Seymour, Esq., of High Mount, in the county of Limerick, and granddaughter of the late John Geale, Esq., of Mount Geale, in the county of Kilkenny, at Venice, 21st Sept.
- Kane, George, Esq. of the Civil Department of Her Majesty's Ordnance, to Sophia, youngest dau. of the late William Ritchie, Overseer of East India Shipping, 9th Jan.
- Lang, Frederick Henry, Esq., captain in the 34th Regiment, son of the late Robert Lang, of Moorpark, in the county of Surrey, Esq., to Helen, second dau. of Major-General Conyers, C. B. at Corfu, 24th Dec.
- Latimer, Frederic, Esq., of Headington, Oxon, to Mary Anne, dau. of the late George Jones, Esq., of Rodleys Manor-house, Gloucestershire, 22nd Dec.
- Linden, the Baron de, Attache to the Legation from the Court of Wurtemberg, to Fanny, dau. of the late Colonel Affleck; the marriage ceremony having been previously performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, 23rd Dec.
- Lloyd, Thomas Davies, of Bronwydd, in the county of Cardigan, and Kilrue, in the county of Pembroke, Esq., to Henrietta Mary, fourth dau. of the late George Reid, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Sir Charles Oakley, Bart, 22nd Dec.
- Loch, William Adam, Esq., son of James Loch, Esq., M.P., to Sophia Brownrigg, youngest dau. of the late Major Bates, Royal Artillery, 5th Jan.
- Lowdell, George Esq., surgeon, Brighton, to Mary Caroline, dau. of the late William Joplin, Esq., of Miramichi, N. B. 16th Jan.
- Lowther, the Rev. Brabazon, son of Gorges Lowther, Esq., of Hampton Hall, Somerset, to Ellen Jane, dau. of Thomas Legh, Esq., of Lyme Park, Cheshire, 14th Jan.
- Marcel, Felix, Esq., of Lausanne, to Anna Sarah, only dau. of the late Dr. John Jones, of Great Coram-street, 16th Jan.
- Martin, John, Esq., M.P., of Berkely-square, and Ledbury, Herefordshire, to Maria Henrietta, eldest dau. of Evan Hamilton Baillie, Esq., of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, 7th Jan.
- Mason, William, Esq., of Brixton, Surrey, to Elixabeth, second dau. of Richard Rogers, Esq., of the former place, 7th Jan.
- Miles, Philip W. S. Esq., M.P., to Pamela Adelaide, fifth dau. of Major-General William F. P. Napier, 21st Dec.
- Neale, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward St. John, Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul at Alexandretta in Syria, to Adelaide, youngest dau. of the late Henry Sewell, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Madras Civil Service, at the British Embassy, Brussels, 22nd Dec.

- Neison, Francis G. P. of St. James's-square, to Esther Maria Teresa, relict of the late Lieutenant Arthur Gordon Shaw, 22nd Bombay N. I. 9th Jan.
- Newall, George Hair, Esq., of Dundee, to Eliza Syme, youngest dau. of Dr. Richard Hule, M.D., Edinburgh, 23rd Jan.
- Ornsby, Henry William, Esq., solicitor, Darlington, second son of the late George Ornsby, Esq., of Lanchester Lodge, in this county, to Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the late John Robinson, Esq. of Cockerton, 31st Dec.
- Pattenden, the Rev. G. E. B.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to Matilda Elizabeth Anne, eldest dau. of James Walbran, Esq., of Watling-street, 29th Dec.
- Phayre, the Rev. Richard, rector of West Rainham, Norfolk, to the Hon. Charlotte Laura, second dau. of the late Lord Wodehouse, 5th Jan.
- Poingdestre, J. Esq., of the House of Commons, to Emma, dau. of Robert R. Broad, Esq., K.N.L. Falmouth, 26th Dec.
- Pole, William, Esq., Professor of Civil Engineering in the Elphinstone College, to Matilda youngest dau. of the late Rev. Henry Gauntlett, vicar of Olney, Bucks, at Bombay, 26th Nov. 1846.
- Powell, the Rev. Thomas Edward, of Oriel College, Oxford, youngest son of the late David Powell, Esq., of Loughton, Essex, to Emma, dau. of Edgar Corrie, Esq., of Parley-lodge, near Croydon, Surrey, 5th Jan.
- Prout, John W. Esq., barrister, Lincoln's-inn, to Catherine Maria, only dau. of the late Colonel Nicoll, of Copt-hall, Hendon, Middlesex, 2nd Jan.
- Roeder, Baron Adolphe F. F. of Diersburg, Grand Duchy of Baden, Officer in the Austrian Service, to Georgina Montgomery, youngest dau. of Arthur Gibbon, Esq., 19th Dec.
- Saunders, George Henry, Esq., to Elizabeth, second dau. of the late William Lawton, of the Lodge, Overton, Esq., 17th Jan.
- Simmons, Jonathan Woller, of Croydon, to Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the late Henry Sarjant Say, of Colchester, Essex, 2nd Dec.
- Springett, Charles, Esq., of Tenterden, Kent, to Elizabeth, second dau. of the late Richard Knight, Esq. of Wittersham, in the same county, 16th Jan.
- Taylor, William Grimwood, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row, to Anne, eldest dau. of the late Rev. William Whitear, formerly rector of Stars-ton, Norfolk, 7th Jan.
- Temperley, Thomas Crane, youngest son of the late Nicholas Temperley, Esq., of Wanstead, Essex, to Louisa, second dau. of Mr. William Stocks, Huddersfield, 7th Jan.
- Thomond, The Marquess of, to Anne, widow of Rear-Admiral Fane, and sister of the late Sir Charles Flint, 5th Jan.
- Travers, John Ingram, Esq., of St. Swithin's-lane, and Portland-place, third son of the late John Travers, Esq., to Sarah Anne, only dau. of Samuel Amory, Esq. of Throgmorton-street, and Devonshire-street, Portland place, 9th Jan.
- Trower, the Rev. Arthur, B.A., incumbent of Codsall, Staffordshire, to Jane, fourth dau. of Edward Lawford, Esq. of Eden-park, Beckenham, Kent, 12th Jan.
- Walker, the Rev. James, minister of the Free Church, Carnwath, to Jane, only surviving dau. of the late Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Strathblane, 1st Jan.
- West, Captain the Hon. Mortimer Sackville, fourth son of the Earl and Countess De la Warr, to Fanny Charlotte, youngest dau. of Major-General Dickson, 14th Jan.
- Williams, Charles Reynolds, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn-fields, to Margaret Marshall, only dau. of John Romer, Esq., of Cambridge-terrace, Regent's Park, 31st Dec.
- Wood, Henry Hastings Ayleck, Esq., of the Bombay Rifle Corps, youngest son of General John Sullivan Wood, D. C. L., Lieutenant of the Tower, and late of the 8th Hussars, to Catharine, dau. of the late Henry Sankey, Esq., of Preston-house, Kent, and of Green-park-buildings, Bath, 22nd Dec.
- Wood, the Rev. Richard Nicholson, M.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge, and curate of St. Martin's Salisbury, to Mary Frances, eldest dau. of the late John Uniacke, Esq., of Boughton-house, Cheshire, and of Belmont, Bath, 7th Jan.
- Wood, the Rev. Henry Sotieby, Mathematical Master of the Collegiate School, Leicester, to Fanny, second dau. of Mr. Richard Ingall, Elm House, Kirton Holme, Lincolnshire, 31st Dec.

Annotated Obituary.

Allen, Mary M., near Tralee, 35 years of age, 17th Dec.

Allen, Thomas G., Esq. son of the late Captain G. Allen, of the 8th Royal Vet. Battalion, 31st Aug. last.

Anson, General Sir William, at Brockall, near Weedon, the residence of T. R. Thornton, Esq. in his 75th year, 13th Jan. This gallant officer was one of the oldest Generals in the army. His military career extended over a lengthened period, his first commission, that of Ensign in the 1st Foot Guards, bearing date in June, 1789. From 1806 to 1808, he served in Sicily, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and in the latter year embarking for Spain, participated in Sir

John Moore's campaign, and fought gallantly at Corunna. In 1809, he joined the expedition to Zealand; and in 1811, having received the brevet of Major-General, was attached to Kemmis's Brigade in the Peninsula. Here he gained high distinction, particularly at Salamanca, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Vittoria, Nivelle, and Toulouse, and received the thanks of Parliament. He was one of the Board of General Officers, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and Colonel of the 47th Foot. In 1831, he obtained a patent of Baronety. Sir William was the fourth son of George Adams Anson, Esq. of Shugborough, by Mary his wife, daughter of the first

- Lord Vernon; younger brother of Thomas, Viscount Anson, and uncle to the present Earl of Lichfield. Of George Anson, the celebrated circumnavigator, the deceased Baronet was grand-nephew. At the period of his decease, Sir William had completed his 74th year; he married 26th Jan. 1815, Louisa Frances Mary, only child and heiress of John Dickenson, Esq. of Birch Hall, Lancashire, descended maternally from the ducal House of Hamilton; and has left, besides the present Baronet (Sir John William Hamilton Anson,) two younger sons, and three daughters.
- Austin, Mrs. Helena, relict of J. Austin, Esq. 74 years of age, 17th Jan.
- Babington, Stephen, Esq. H. E. I. C. Civil Service, at Bombay, 27 years of age, 2nd Dec.
- Barnett, William, Esq. at his residence Gloucester-crescent, Regent's-park, in the 81st year of his age, 15th Dec.
- Bazett, Mrs. M., at Gloster-place, Portman-square, aged 72, 11th Jan.
- Bean, Mrs. Louisa, at Leigham House, Streatham, 6th Jan.
- Beck, Marian, second dau. of John Beck, Esq. of New Cross, Surrey, of scarlet fever, 23rd Dec.
- Bedwell, Emily Anna, the beloved wife of Percival Bedwell, Esq. of the Chancery Registrar's office, at Boulogne sur Mer, aged 36, 13th Jan.
- Bennett, Mrs. Sarah, wife of the Rev. Jas. Bennett, D.D. at Islington, 72 years of age, 14th Jan.
- Berkeley, John, second son of Robert Berkeley, Esq. Spetcheley Park, Worcester, 20 years of age, 2nd Jan.
- Bevan, David, Esq. in consequence of injuries received the week before from an accident by fire, at Belmont, Herts, aged 72, 25th Dec.
- Blunt, Major, son of General Blunt, 67th Regiment, 19th Dec.
- Boevey, Sir Thomas Crawley, Bart. at Flaxley Abbey, Gloucestershire, on the 10th inst., aged 77. He was eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey, by Anne, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Savage; and represented two ancient families, the Crawleys and Boeveys. The latter surname was assumed by Thomas Crawley, Esq. upon inheriting the estate of Flaxley Abbey, bequeathed to him by William Boevey, Esq. whose relict, Catherine, daughter of John Riches, Esq. of London, is supposed to be the Widow in "The Spectator," so inexorable to the addresses of Sir Roger de Coverley; and she is further described in Steel's Epistolary Correspondence. Sir Thomas, the respected gentleman whose death we record, married, 28th October, 1807, Mary Albinia, eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Hyde Page, and has left three daughters and one son, the present Sir Martin Hyde Crawley, Boevey, Bart.
- Boote, John, Esq. surgeon, in Guildford-street, Russell-square, aged 71, 7th Jan.
- Bowes, Mrs. Anna Maria, relict of the late Major General Frederick Bowes, C. D. E. I. C. S. Madras, at Genoa, aged 36, 22nd Dec.
- Brandon, Isaac, Esq. at Middlesex-place, New Road, 73 years of age, 11th Jan.
- Bridgman, William, Esq. F.R.S., F.A.S., at Frogmore, near Ross, Herefordshire, in the 80th year of his age, 6th Jan.
- Bruce, Mrs., relict of P. Cranford Bruce, Esq. 2nd Jan.
- Byng, George, Esq. M.P. at his seat, Wrotham Park, in the 83rd year of his age, 10th January. This venerable and much respected country gentleman, for fifty-six years Knight of the Shire for Middlesex, and at the period of his decease Father of the House of Commons, was son and heir of George Byng, Esq. also M.P. for the Metropolitan county, by Anne his wife, daughter of the Right Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, in Ireland, and inherited a very considerable landed estate. His descent he derived from a common source with the ennobled house of Torrington, and was grand-nephew of the ill-fated Admiral Byng, who was executed in 1757, at a period when "bravery and loyalty were insufficient securities for the life and honour of a naval officer." Mr. Byng's first election for Middlesex took place in 1790, and his parliamentary services extended over the most eventful and brilliant era of the House of Commons—the era of Pitt and Fox, Burke, Wyndham and Sheridan. His early days were spent in communion with those illustrious men, and with them he advocated, from the first moment of his public career, the great principles of freedom to which he remained devoted to the last hour of his existence. Most of those principles he had the happiness to see carried into practice, and he lived to witness the triumph of religious toleration, and of Parliamentary reform, the suppression of slavery, and the abolition of the Corn-laws. Mr. Byng was born 17th May, 1764, and had, consequently completed his 82nd year. He married Harriett, eighth daughter of the late Sir William Montgomery, Bart., but had no issue. His brother and heir is John, Lord Strafford, the distinguished General of the Peninsular-War.

- Byron, Emma Ann Dawson, the youngest and beloved daughter of Dr. Byron, of Sion House, Brighton, deeply regretted and lamented, aged 11 years, 12th Jan.
- Capel, John, Esq. at his residence, Russell-square, 80 years of age, 22nd Dec.
- Carey, Rev. W. S. C., Rector of Lezant, Cornwall, aged 47, 3rd Jan.
- Carse, Ann, wife of Alexander Carse, Esq. in Upper Berkeley-sq., aged 75, 22nd Dec.
- Carstenson, Fanny Elizabeth, the beloved wife of George Carstenson, Esq. and eldest daughter of Commander J. R. R. Webb, R.N., after having prematurely given birth to a daughter, still-born, on the 24th of the same month, 23 years of age, at Copenhagen, 29th Dec.
- Cartwright, William Ralph, Esq. M.P., 4th Jan. This gentleman, the descendant of an old and influential house, members of which represented Northamptonshire for centuries, sat in Parliament for that county uninterruptedly, with the single exception of the session of 1831, from 1798 to 1846. At the death of Mr. Pitt Mr. Cartwright was the mover of the Address to the King, praying that the debts of the deceased nobleman be paid out of the public purse. The family from which he sprang derives from a common ancestor with that of the late well-known Major Cartwright, and enjoys extensive estates in Northamptonshire. During the Civil Wars the then head of the family espoused the cause of the Parliament, and suffered severely. His mansion-house of Aynho was burnt to the ground, and his property fined to the extent of £800. The late Mr. Cartwright was born 30th March, 1771, and married twice. By his first wife, the Hon. Emma Maude, younger daughter of Cornwallis, first Viscount Hawarden, he had a large family, the eldest of which is Sir Thomas Cartwright, the distinguished diplomatist; and, by his second, Julia Frances, daughter of the late Colonel Richard Aubrey, he also leaves several children.
- Chandler, Capt., 17th Lancers. at Dundalk, 67 years of age, 29th Dec.
- Cheffins, Susanna, the beloved wife of George Cheffins, and last surviving dau. of the late Gaius Bishop, Esq., of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, at Hoddesden, Herts, 4th Jan.
- Cherry, Catherine Jane, daughter of the Rev. Curtis Cherry, Rector of Burghfield, Berks, aged 14, 19th Dec.
- Chilton, George, Esq. late one of the Masters of the Court of Exchequer, at Sydenham, 80 years of age, 3rd Jan.
- Clark, John Withers, Esq. near Marlbro', Wilts, aged 54, 29th Dec.
- Clarke, John Percy Montague, at Maryville House, Hawkhurst, Kent, aged 1 month, 17th Dec.
- Codner, Theophilus William, eldest son and last surviving child of William Codner, Esq. Sandfield-terrace, Lewisham, by his late wife Lydia, daughter of Theophilus Hearsey, Esq. formerly of Denmark-hill and Botolph-lane, aged 28, 31st Dec.
- Coleman, John, Esq. at Christ's Hospital, Hertford, 71 years of age, 15th Jan.
- Coleraine, Baroness Mary Ann Katherine, relict of the late Lord Coleraine, at her residence, Ridgemont-place, Hampstead-road, aged 70, 27 Dec.
- Cripps, Joseph, Esq. late M.P. for Cirencester, aged 81, 8th Jan.
- D'Aquilar, Marian, in South street, Finsbury, aged 63, 22nd Dec.
- Daly, Richard, Esq. twelve years special magistrate of Jamaica, and only brother of Colonel Daly, late of the 4th Light Dragoons, at Leguan, Demarara, aged 48, 30th Dec. This lamentable death has placed his widow and six children in the deepest affliction.
- Deere, Capt. Josiah Eyles, 94th Regiment, 16th Dec.
- Dyer, John, Esq. formerly chief clerk at the Admiralty, and many years secretary to Greenwich Hospital, in the 80th year of his age, at Upper Clapton, 6th Jan.
- East, the Rt. Honble. Sir Edward Hyde, Bart. at Sherwood Lodge, Battersea, 83 years of age, 8th Jan. The family of which this distinguished lawyer was the representative, emigrated from Kent in the reign of James I. and was amongst the earliest settlers in the county of Armagh. One of its descendants, a Captain in the army, joined the adventurers under Penn and Venables, for the conquest of Jamaica, and obtained, soon after the Restoration, a grant of a considerable estate in that island, which lineally descended to the deceased Baronet. Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. F.R.S., M.R.A.S. the eldest son of Edward East, Esq. of Whitehall, in Liguanea, Jamaica, by Amy his wife, dau. of James Hall, Esq. of Hyde Hall, in the same island,* was born on the 9th Sept. 1764. and was called to the Bar by the

* The Halls of Jamaica derived descent from the families of Lord Chancellor Hyde and the poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt. Their present representative is Thomas James Hall, Esq. Chief Police Magistrate of London.

- Hon. Society of the Inner Temple. He practised with success for many years, and was author of the works so well known to, and so well appreciated by, the profession, under the title of "The Term Reports," (Durnford and East's) and "East's Reports," and also the celebrated treatise called "East's Pleas of the Crown." He sat in Parliament for the borough of Great Bedwin, and was a staunch supporter of Mr. Pitt. In 1813, he was appointed Chief Justice of Bengal, and knighted. His mode of discharging his judicial duties in India, and his active and successful endeavours in spreading education there among the people, won for him general approbation. In acknowledgment, when he quitted the Presidency, his statue, in marble, by Chantrey, was erected in the Grand Jury Room of the Supreme Court at Calcutta. On Sir Edward's return to England, he was created a Baronet, and soon afterwards he re-entered Parliament, as member for Winchester, for which he continued to sit till 1830, and which has ever since been represented by his son. On the accession of William IV. Sir Edward was made a Privy Councillor, and attended regularly on the Judicial Committee since its formation, on the hearing of appeals from India. In private life, this eminent lawyer and Judge was distinguished for cheerfulness, benevolence, and for unbounded charity to the poor. Sir Edward Hyde East married, in December, 1786, Jane Isabella, daughter of Joseph Chaplin Hankey, Esq. of East Bergholt, in Suffolk, by whom (who died in 1844) he has left one daughter and one son, now Sir James Buller East, the second Baronet.
- Erskine, the Hon. Henry David, third son of the late John Francis, Earl of Mar, at Schawpark House, Clackmannanshire, 30th Dec. This gentleman, who was heir presumptive to the Earldom of Kellie, was born 10th May, 1776, and married, 22nd October, 1805, Mary Anne, dau. of John Cooksey, Esq. by whom he leaves issue, Walter Coningsby, Capt. 73rd Bengal N. I.; James Augustus; Henry David; Charles Thomas; and Anne Caroline.
- Evans, Lieutenant James of the 67th Regiment Native Infantry, son of Capt. James Evans, of the West India docks. Blackwall, at Delhi, in his 25th year, 8th Sept.
- Fallowdon, Charles Selby, Esq. of No. 58, Myddelton square, Clerkenwell, and of No. 2, Paper buildings, Inner Temple, at Hurst Green, Sussex, in his 32nd year, 30th Dec.
- Fellows, Lady, in Montague Place, 31 years of age, 3rd Jan.
- Fisher, Rev. John, M.A. at Wavendon, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, upwards of 40 years rector of that parish, aged 72, 23rd Dec.
- Fletcher, Mrs. Maria, relict of John Alexander Fletcher, Esq. at Chelsea, aged 70, 5th Jan.
- Fricker, Arabella, wife of Edward Fricker, Esq. 29th Dec.
- Gage, John, Esq. in Eaton Place, aged 79, 24th Dec.
- Gibbs, John, Esq. at Swinton street, St. Pancras, in the 60th year of his age, late Paymaster of the 51st (or King's Own) Light Infantry Regiment, to which he was appointed in the year 1810. He had been in actual service from that time up to the 31st July last, when he retired. He died deeply regretted by his surviving brother officers, and his numerous private friends and relatives, 21st Nov.
- Goodenough, Mary Anne, wife of Archdeacon Goodenough, at the Rectory, Marcham le Fen, Lincolnshire, 3rd Jan.
- Gore, Charlotte, wife of John Gore, at Harts Woodford, 29th Dec.
- Graham, G. C. Esq. at Holinwood, Dorking, aged 32, 21st Dec.
- Gribble, John, Esq. partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Drake, Gribble, and Marshall, of Barnstable, and Alderman of that borough, aged 76, 27th Dec.
- Gurney, Joseph John, Esq. at Earlham Hall, near Norwich, 59 years of age, 4th Jan. This excellent and philanthropic gentleman, whose ample means were devoted to acts of munificence and charity, was third son of the late John Gurney, Esq. of Earlham, whose father, John Gurney, Esq. of Keswick, represented an ancient Norfolk family derived from Hugh de Gournay, one of the most distinguished soldiers in the army of the Conqueror. On a recent occasion, in the Annotations of the Roll of Battle Abbey, we gave a brief summary of the descent, and to that portion of the Patrician we make reference for genealogical details. Suffice it here for us to state that, distinguished as their ancestral claims may be, the Gurneys have within our own times acquired a more enviable distinction by their personal reputation, their public spirit, and their unbounded benevolence. The present worthy chief of the house is HUDSON GURNEY, Esq. of Keswick, F.R.S.
- Haggitt, the Rev. John, at Denham, 79 years of age, 10th Jan.
- Hall, Mrs. Anne, relict of John Hall, Esq. at Somerton Court, Somerset, in the 88th year of her age, 23rd Dec.
- Hamilton, Mrs. Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Mr. John Jas. Hamilton, of the Legacy Duty Department, Somerset house, and eldest daughter of the late Murray Kath-

- rens, of the city of Dublin, Esq. at Chelsea, 22nd Dec.
- Hanun, Harriet, relict of the late John Frances Hanun, Esq. at Hackney, at an advanced age.
- Hardy, Mrs. Constantia Charlotte, last surviving sister of the late Lieutenant Colonel Hardy, Colonel Commandant of the York Fusileers, at Honiton, in the 82nd year of her age, 22nd Dec.
- Hawkins, Enoch, Esq. gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and lay Vicar of Westminster Abbey, at Gloster place, New Road, 9th Jan.
- Hawtayne, Edward, Esq. son of Rear Admiral Hawtayne, of Catton, aged 15.
- Haydon, Lieut. Thomas, of the Bengal Artillery, second son of Thomas Haydon, Esq. of Guildford, at Simlar, of dysentery, aged 21.
- Henslow, Stephen W. Esq. Solicitor, in his 43rd year, 22nd Dec.
- Hillary, Sir William, Bart. at Douglas, Isle of Man, 4th Jan. This excellent and philanthropic gentleman, who passed his whole life in endeavouring to promote the honour and welfare of his country, was born in 1769, the descendant of the very ancient family of Hillary. During the war with France, Sir William raised and commanded a regiment of yeomanry, and devoted £20,000 towards the defence of England. In consequence of this he was created a Baronet by George III. in 1805. Sir William was Equerry to the late Duke of Sussex, but the great feature in his admirable career was his foundation and support of "The Royal National Institution for the preservation of Life from Shipwreck," and his having actually aided personally, at different periods, in saving the lives of 500 individuals, being the crews of twenty-nine vessels, for which he had awarded to him five gold and fourteen silver medals. Sir William was also eminent as an elegant and perspicuous writer, of which his late pamphlet on "The Naval Ascendancy of Great Britain," is an example. In the Isle of Man, his residence, Sir William's usefulness was invaluable: he it was who caused to be constructed at Douglas a central harbour of refuge for the Irish seas, and secured for the island important improvements in its civil and fiscal laws. The beautiful Tower of Refuge on St. Mary's Rock, in the harbour of Douglas, was erected at his expense. Sir William married twice; first, Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late Louis Disney Fyche, Esq. of Flintham Hall; and secondly Emma, youngest daughter of the late P. Tobin, Esq. one of the Deemsters of the Isle of Man. By the first wife he has left an only son, his successor, now Sir Augustus Hillary late of the 6th Dragoon Guards.
- Hobhouse, Lady, relict of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., at Boulogne sur mer, 80 years of age, 31st Dec.
- Hogge, George, Esq. of Lynn, at Thornlaw Hall, Norfolk, 3rd Jan.
- Hollingworth, Marshall, Esq. at Turkey Mill, near Maidstone, 32nd year of his age, 20th Dec.
- Holmes, William, Esq. of Beolay Hall, in the county of Worcester, son and heir of the late Thomas Hunter, Esq. (whose patronymic was Holmes) of Beoley, and sometime of Gubbins, in the county of Hertford, in his 65th year, 4th Jan.
- Horner, Mrs. Anne, wife of Captain John Horner, at Market Drayton, 33 years of age, 11th Jan.
- Howard, Lord Bernard Thomas, third son of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. This youthful nobleman, third son of the present Duke of Norfolk by his Duchess, the Lady Charlotte Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, died suddenly of congestion of the brain, at Cairo, in Egypt, on the 21st Dec. He arrived at Alexandria on the 18th, and on the following day proceeded to Cairo, which he reached in the enjoyment of health and spirits. On the 21st he was busy making arrangements for a trip to Thebes, and at three o'clock that afternoon, returning from a visit to the French Consul, he fell down dead at the door of his hotel. Lord Bernard had just entered on his 22nd year, and was unmarried.
- Hughes, Lieut. Walter Scott, Royal Artillery, son of John Hughes, Esq. of Donnington Priory, Berks, at Berbice, 25th Nov.
- Illingworth, R. S. Esq., at Chester-street, Belgrave-square, aged 79, 12th Jan.
- Jeffreys, William Egerton, Esq. a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Shropshire, at Coton-hill, Shrewsbury, 2nd Jan. This respected gentleman, the son and heir of the late Thomas Jeffreys Esq. of Wem, by Mary Bayley, his wife, claimed descent from the ancient family of Jeffreys, of Acton, co. Denbigh. He was born 11th Sept. 1773, and married 4th Sept. 1799, Sarah, dau. and coheir of William Corfield, Esq. by whom he had issue, a son, William Egerton, and four daughters, the second Marianne, married to Richard Bryan Smith, Esq. F. S. A. of Lydiate, co. Lancaster, and the third, Susanna Emma, to Charles Whitmore, Esq.
- Jekyll, W. F. Esq. late Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 6th Foot, at Chirley Hants, aged 38, 28th Dec.
- Jerningham, the Hon. Isabella Stafford,

- youngest dau. of the Lord Stafford, at Genoa, 1st Jan.
- Johns, Edward, Esq. M.D. at Lower, Garthuryl, Montgomeryshire, aged 74, 26th Dec.
- Jones, Mrs. Agnes, relict of the Rev. Robert Jones, D.D. at Jersey, aged 58, 3rd Jan.
- Jones, Mrs. Jane, relict of the late Lieutenant Charles Jones, R.N. and dau. of the late Colonel Jones, 71st Regiment (Highlanders) at Toronto, Upper Canada, aged 37.
- Jones, Mrs. Jane, the wife of Thomas Jones, Esq. of the Admiralty, Somerset-house, and dau. of the late Colonel Forman, of Greenwich, in the 43rd year of her age, 2nd Jan.
- Keating, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Captain James Keating, eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry J. Keating, K. C. B. at St. Helier's Jersey, 4th Jan.
- Kingsale, Lord, at his seat, Ringrove, near Kingsbridge, 7th Jan. Stapleton, John de Courcy, Lord Kingsale, premier Baron in the Peerage of Ireland, was son of the late Hon. Captain Michael de Courcy, R.N. and succeeded to the family honours 25th Jan. 1832, at the decease of his uncle. He was born 17th Sept. 1805, and married, 2nd Oct. 1825, Sarah, dau. of Joseph Chadder, Esq. by whom he leaves issue, two sons and two daughters, the elder of the former, John Constantine, being now Lord Kingsale. A singular privilege—that of wearing the hat in the Royal presence—has been hereditary in the family of de Courcy since the time of King John. (*See Fragments of Family History in this Patrician.*)
- Laurie, Mrs. Mary Anne, at her house, Cheshunt, in the county of Hertford, in the 83d year of her age, 3d Jan.
- Macauley, Mary, of Hodnet Hall, in the county of Salop, wife of the Rev. S. H. Macauley, rector of Hodnet; at Brighton, 22d Dec. This Lady was only daughter of the late Rev. Reginald Heber, of Hodnet, Shropshire, and Marton, in the county of York, and full sister of Reginald, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Her half brother, the late Rich. Heber Esq. of Hodnet, who died unmarried 4th Oct. 1843, devised by will all his hereditary property, and personality to "his only sister Mary, with remainder to his nieces, the daughters of his late brother, Reginald." Mrs. Macauley's 1st husband was the Rev. Charles Cowper Cholmondely, Rector of Hodnet, eldest son of Charles Cholmondely, Esq. of Overleigh, and nephew of Thomas, Lord Delamere; and by him she had four sons.
- Margetts Mrs. Frances, at Hemmingford Grey, Huntingdonshire, 64 years of age, 22d Dec.
- Martin, Lady, relict of Sir Henry William Martin, Bart., at the Rectory Lyddington, Wilts, aged 74, 5th Jan.
- Martyn, Mrs. at Newcastle on Tyne, 27th Dec. This lady, formerly Miss INVERARITY, for some years a distinguished singer at Covent Garden Theatre, was born at Edinburgh, in March, 1813. She was the niece of the poet Ferguson, whom Burns called "that deathless cheil." Miss Inverarity early displayed great talents for singing, and became rapidly a proficient in musical knowledge. Her last master was Sir George Smart. In December, 1830, she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, with great success, as *Cinderella*, and, in 1831, her performance in "Azor and Zelmira" raised and established her in public favour. In 1836 she was married to Mr. Martin, a very reputable bass singer, and, at the expiration of their London engagement, she and her husband made a tour of the principal cities of America, with much profit and fame. The personal advantages of Mrs. Martyn also added to her attraction here and in America. After a stay of two years abroad Mr. and Mrs. Martyn returned to England, and finally established themselves as teachers of music in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mrs. Martyn's premature demise was caused by consumption. She was in her 34th year.
- Matthews, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the late Thomas Leman Matthews, Esq. surgeon, formerly of Debenham, Suffolk, and mother of Thomas Leman Matthews, Esq. surgeon to the Hon East India Company's 52nd Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, aged 73, 17th Jan.
- Milward, William, son of Rear Admiral Milward, of Caledonia-place, Clifton and Penzance, in the county of Wexford, at Alveston, Gloucestershire, 20 years of age, 5th Jan.
- Michell, General George, on the 22nd Dec. This gallant officer, who would have completed his eighty-ninth year if he had survived only a few days longer, died at Fisherton Anger, near Salisbury. His first commission bore date 6th February, 1776, and that of full General 10th January, 1837. In 1793, and the two following years, he served in Flanders, and participated in the actions from Tournay to Bremen, the sieges of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, and the affairs at Famars, Cateau, Thuyl, and Geldermalsen. General Michell was known to every person residing at Salisbury and its vicinity from the singularity of his

- habits, and many tales are told of his eccentricities. He repeatedly called in the poorest of his neighbours to share the hospitalities of his table, and he dispensed, with the most bountiful benevolence, aid and comfort to the poor.
- Nicholson, Charles, youngest son of the late William Steele Nicholson, Esq. of Ballow, co. Down, aged 18, 27th Dec.
- Oliver, Mrs. Alice, relict of James H. Oliver Esq. of Kingsbury, 10th Jan.
- Packer, Mrs. Ann, the beloved wife of the Rev. J. G. Packer, incumbent of St. Peter's, Bethnal-green, at the Parsonage, 6th Jan.
- Palmer, Mrs. Ann, wife of Philip Palmer, Esq. at Windsor, 74 years of age, 6th Jan.
- Paris, Mrs. Elizabeth C., relict of T. Paris, Esq. and mother of Dr. Paris, of Dovor Square, 84 years of age, 8th Jan.
- Peak, Lt. Charles, R. N. aged 52, 2nd Jan.
- Piggott, James, Esq. of Fitzhall Ipping, Sussex, aged 19, 3rd Jan.
- Poore, Philip Henry, M.D. He died at Andover, in the 83rd year of his age, 4th Jan. He was the senior liveryman of the Society of Apothecaries, and his long and useful life had gained for him the universal respect of those who lived within the extensive sphere of his professional practice.
- Poquter, Georgiana, second dau. of Ambrose Poquter, Esq. 25th Dec.
- Rawlins, John, Esq. at St. Peter's, Bedford, in his 74th year, 29th Dec.
- Reade, Lady, relict of the late Sir John Reade, Bart, and mother of Sir John Chandos Reade, Bart. of Shipton-court, Oxon, at her seat Addington House, Gloucestershire, aged 91, 17th Dec.
- Reguier, John Francis, Esq. in Chenie street, aged 73, 22nd Dec.
- Robertson, R. J., Esq., at Devonshire Place, aged 48, 9th Jan.
- Robson, Susanna, the beloved wife of William Robson, Esq. of the Hyde, Edmonton, 55 years of age, 3rd Jan.
- Rollo, John, eighth Lord Rollo, of Duncrub, county Perth, died in January. His Lordship succeeded to the title sixty-two years ago, at the decease, in 1782, of his father, James, seventh Baronet, and sat in Parliament as a Representative Peer for Scotland. He was born 22nd April, 1773, and married 12th June, 1806, Agnes, daughter of William Greig, Esq. of Gayfield Place, by whom he has left issue three sons and two daughters. Early in life Lord Rollo served in the Scots Fusilier Guards and carried the colours of that regiment at the battle of Lincelles, in Flanders.
- Roope, Mrs. Susan, wife of Cabel Roope, of Woburn square, aged 62.
- Rowley, William Ayscoughe, seventh and youngest son of Captain Richard F. Rowley, R.N. aged one year and eleven months, 14th Jan.
- Sandilands, Lt. Col. Patrick, at Woolwich, 5th Jan.
- Sargeant, Emily Mary Anna, daughter of Captain H. Sargeant, at Camberwell, aged 18, 10th Dec. ; also, on the 23rd Dec., at Acton place, Kingsland road, Elizabeth Burton, wife of the above Captain H. Sargeant, aged 51, deeply regretted by her husband and a numerous circle of friends.
- Searman, Mrs. Helena, in Pembroke square, Kensington, aged 79, 1st Jan.
- Scarpell, Mrs.; of Upper Clapton, aged 78, 20th Dec.
- Schalch, Edward Vernon, Esq. barrister at law of the Inner Temple, and late Professor of Oriental Languages at the East India College, Haileybury, at Glendearg lodge, St. John's Wood, in his 47th year, 17th Jan.
- Seawell, T. S., Esq. at Moulands, Hants, aged 58, 15th Jan.
- Shaw, Lieutenant James, of the 10th Light Cavalry, in his 23rd year, 17th Oct. last. This enterprising young officer lost his leg at Maharajpore, and subsequently accompanied Lord Ellenborough to England. He died of brain fever on his way up the country, on board the steamer Indus, and was buried at a village called Juggonauthpore, at the junction of the Ganges and Bhageruttee.
- Slushew, The Right Hon. Lady Mary, in Hyde Park Terrace, 7th Jan.
- Slous, Elizabeth Russell, the beloved and deeply lamented wife of Frederick L. Slous, Esq. of Crescent-place, Mornington-crescent, 25th year of her age, 2d Jan.
- Spooner, Anna Maria Sydney, the wife of the Venerable Archdeacon Spooner, at Elmdon Rectory, Warwickshire, in her 64th year, 24th Dec.
- Spry, Mrs. Anne, the wife of John Hume Spry, D.D., Rector of St. Marylebone, 30th Dec.
- Starbuck, George, Esq. at Carlisle, 15th Jan.
- Stokes, Frances, second dau. of the late John Stokes, Esq. of Sloane-street, at the residence of her nephew, 65, Brook-street, Hanover-square, in the 70th year of her age, 24th Dec.
- Stuart, Margaret, relict of the late Rear Admiral Stuart, and sister to the widow of the late Commander Field, R.N. of King's terrace, Southsea, Portsmouth, at Sevenoaks, Kent, 1st Jan.
- Tanquerry, Rev. Edward, 59 years Rector of Tingrith, and 33 years Rector of Tempsford, in the same county, at the Rectory Tingrith, Bedfordshire, in the 85th year of his age, 31st Dec.

- Thom, Robt., Esq., H.M. Consul at Ning-po, China, 14th Sept. last.
- Tomkyns, Wm. Esq., M.B., at Budleigh Salterton, Devon, aged 34, 22nd Dec.
- Towneley, Peregrine Edw., Esq., at Towneley, co. Lancaster, 84 years of age, 31st Dec. Among the great landed proprietors still to be found in the ranks of the untitled aristocracy, the Towneleys, of Towneley, whether regarded for wealth or ancestral distinction, may be classed in the foremost position. The family pedigree can be authentically deduced from the time of Alfred the Great; and scarcely a generation has passed away, from the remote period when the designation of Towneley was first assumed, in which the name cannot be honourably traced. In 1481, Sir Richard Towneley received Knighthood from Lord Stanley, at Hutton Field, in Scotland, for his gallantry on that occasion; and his son, Sir John Towneley, was also a memorable person of the time. He enjoyed the estate nearly sixty years, and augmented it by numerous purchases, enclosed the park at Hapton, and built the tower; founded the chantry of St. Mary, at Burneley; erected the Domestic Chapel at Towneley; lived to see the marriage of his grandson, Sir Richard Towneley, with the richly-portioned heiress of Wymbish of Nocton; avoided the pilgrimage of Grace, that ruined so many of his neighbours, and at last died, full of years and honours, about 1540. At the outbreak of the great Civil War, the Towneleys ranged themselves under the Royal banner; and their chief, Charles Towneley, Esq. of Towneley, fell at Marston Moor. In the sequel they suffered severely by sequestration; so severely, that their fine demesne of Nocton (rendered familiar to the public during the past year in connexion with Lord Ripon) was obliged to be sold by Richard Towneley, eminent as a philosopher and mathematician, in order to repair the breaches thus caused. Despite however, of these losses—which affected in an especial degree the old Catholic families, the landed estate that descended to the respected gentleman of whose decease we record, was of great value—estimated at full £50,000 per annum. He was only son of the late John Towneley, Esq. and first cousin of Charles Towneley, Esq. the accomplished collector of the Towneley Marbles. By Charlotte Theresa, his wife, dau. of Robt. Drummond, Esq. of Cadlands, Hants, who survived her husband a week or two only, he leaves a dau. Frances, Lady Camoys, and two sons, of whom the elder, the present Charles Towneley, Esq. of Towneley, is married to Lady Caroline Harriet Molyneux, dau. of the late Earl of Sefton. In this brief summary of the Towneley family, we have nearly forgotten to allude to one of its most distinguished members—John Towneley, the learned tutor of the Chevalier de St. George; a man of high literary attainments, who made a translation of “Hudibras” into French, displaying a most extraordinary knowledge of the stranger tongue, by adapting to its idiom the peculiar phraseology of that singular poem.
- Townshend, James Dudley Brownlow Stuart, naval cadet, second son of Capt. Townshend, R.N., 11th August last.
- Turner, Thomas, Esq. eldest son of the late Charles Turner, Esq. of Hanwell park, Middlesex, at 59, New Bond street, in the 40th year of his age, 22d Dec.
- Vallé, H. Esq., at Northumberland house, Margate, 15 Jan.
- Vernon, Mrs. Sarah, relict of Capt. Joseph Vernon, formerly of the 22d Light Dragoons, and second dau. of the late Rev. Bernard Fowley, Rector of Wormley, Herts, 11th Jan.
- Villebois, H., Esq., in Gloster place, aged 69, 2d Jan.
- Vitre, Jno. Denis de, Esq., Lieut. R.N., 90 years of age, 29th Dec.
- Uniacke, Norman FitzGerald, eldest son of the late Richard John Uniacke, Attorney General of Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 69, 11th Dec. He was for many years Attorney General of Lower Canada, a representative in General Assembly, and Judge of the Supreme Court of that colony.
- Walford, William, Esq. of Banbury, Oxon, aged 70, 21st Dec.
- Walmesley, Ann, at her residence, Yew-house, Hoddesdon, 2d Jan.
- Walker, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of George Frederic Walker, formerly of Taunton, Somerset, 30th Dec.
- Watt, Miss Margaret, sister of Dr. William C. Watt, Deputy Inspector of the Royal Naval Hospital; at Malta, 22nd Jan.
- Whitehead, Ann Elizabeth, dau. of the late Jacob Whitehead, Esq. of Loudham hall, Suffolk, at Brighton, Jan. 16th. Her kindness of disposition and unostentatious benevolence of character, will cause her to be long remembered.
- Wilson, Jonathan, only brother of the Rev. Edward Wilson, of Briglawton, near Congleton, at Furness, 16th Jan.; and on the 15th Jan. at Chester, where he had recently taken Holy Orders, the Reverend Henry Wilson, B.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, youngest son of the above mentioned Rev. Edw. Wilson.
- Winter, Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Robt.

Winter, Esq., formerly of H.M. 46th Regt., and Battersea Rise, Surrey, 4th Jan.

Wood, Sir Francis Lindley, Bart., on the 31st Dec. This venerable and much respected Baronet performed the duties of a country gentleman's life in the most exemplary manner, and his death has cast a deep gloom throughout the county of York, and more especially in the neighbourhood of Hickleton, near Doncaster, where he constantly resided. Sir Francis never went into Parliament; but for forty years he took an active and leading part among the Whigs of Yorkshire, in support of constitutional principles. He proposed the present Earl Fitzwilliam at his several elections for that county, and co-operated with the late Mr. Fawkes in the meetings held to promote Parliamentary Reform. He spoke in public with a heartiness and good humour that captivated his audience, and at the same time, with a degree of soundness of judgment, clearness, and ability, that bespoke a cultivated mind.

Sir Francis was born 16th Dec. 1771, the elder son of Captain Charles Wood, of Bowling Hall, a gallant naval officer, who died of wounds received in an engagement with Suffrin, the French Admiral, in 1782. To the Baronetcy he succeeded at the decease of his uncle, the late Sir Francis Wood, who obtained the creation, with a special limitation to his nephews. By Mary Anne, his wife, dau. and coheir of Samuel Buck, Esq. of New Granges, Recorder of Leeds, Sir Francis Wood leaves, besides the present Baronet, Sir Charles Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is *m.* to Lady Mary Grey, dau. of the late Earl Grey, another son, Samuel Francis, and one dau. Anne, wife of John Walbanke Childers, Esq., of Cantley, co. York.

Woolley, Basil I. S., Esq. only son of the Rev. Dr. Woolley, 22nd Dec.

Young, Lieut. Arthur, S., 3d Regt. B.N.I. and Adjutant of the Guzerat Irregular Horse, at Ahmedated, 29th Oct. last.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Hagley, co. Worcester.

Here Pallas dwells : she built these stately towers
On classic ground, and near Parnassian hills ;
She formed these smiling lawns, these solemn bowers,
These ever murmuring streams, and ever tinkling rills ;
Delighted with her Lyttelton's domains
Where sit the Muses, and Apollo reigns.

Though Hagley's home for graceful strength may vie
With Grecian domes, and down from age to age
The tooth of time and envy shall defy ;
Thy learned pen and thy historic page,
O Hagley's justly honoured lord ! shall raise
A far more lasting monument of praise.

THIS ancient Manor, the classic ground of poetry and wit, the theme of Thomson, and the home of the Lytteltons, will afford, we feel assured, an attractive feature in our description of the Lands of England. Here art and nature seem to go, hand in hand, in friendly rivalry, and here all the charms, that natural beauty and landscape gardening can impart, combine to please the eye, and delight the mind. How truly and how exquisitely does the Bard of the Seasons picture Hagley. He was the friend of its honoured lord, and many and many a time did he wander, with poetic inspiration, through its verdant groves. But we cannot resist transferring to our pages the poet's own words :—

Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park you stray,
The British Tempe ! There along the Dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,

And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;
 And snatched o'er hill and dale and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosomed soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by dusky columus mark'd
 Of rising smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable genius harbours still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into ridgy hills ;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, doubtful, rise.

In Domesday book, Hagley, written Hageleia, and derived from the Saxon Haga, *domus* and Lega, *locus*, indicative of its being the chief residence or manor-place of a great Saxon Thane, is recorded as one of the fourteen lordships which William Fitz-Ansculph possessed in Worcestershire, *Spectans baroniam de Dudley*. Before the Conquest, Godirc, a Thane of Edward the Confessor, held it, and the annual value at that period was stated to be sixty shillings. Fitz-Ansculph died without male issue, and the Paganel and Somerys, successive Barons of Dudley, became lords paramount of Hagley. Under them and subsequently under the great Baronial House of Botetourt, a family, bearing the local designation of de Haggale, enjoyed the lands, and for a series of generations maintained a distinguished position among the gentlemen of the shire. From them the manor passed by sale, A. D. 1411, to Thomas Walwyn, Esq., who, very soon after the purchase, alienated it to Jane Beauchamp, Lady Bergavenny, and her ladyship devised it to her grandson, Sir James Butler, knt., son and heir of the Earl of Ormonde. The wars of the Roses breaking out within a brief period, Sir James Butler, created Earl of Wiltshire, by Henry VI., participated in the misfortunes of the royal House of Lancaster, was taken prisoner at Towton field, and beheaded at Newcastle, all his lands being confiscated and disposed of among the Yorkists. The manor of Hagley, Edward IV., by letters patent, granted immediately after to Fulk Stafford, Esq., but at that gentleman's decease in the following year, it reverted to the crown, with the exception of that part which Margaret his widow held in dower; whereupon the king conferred the property on Thomas Prout, Esq., who occurs as lord of the manor in 1465. At this period the succession of proprietors seems to have been very rapid: for in 1473, a grant occurs of Hagley, together with Cradley to the royal consort Elizabeth Widville, and in 1478, both these lordships were assigned to the Abbot and convent of Westminster, for the maintenance of a charity in St. Erasmus's Chapel adjoining to the Abbey Church; with an appointment of two "monks to celebrate daily masses therein, for the souls of the said king and queen after their decease; and the convent to erect a hearse in the said chapel, with wax candles of six pounds each, constantly burning therein." The pious brethren, however, held brief possession. Thomas Butler, the Earl of Wiltshire's brother, winning the king's favour, procured

a restoration of Hagley, together with other forfeited lands and manors of the deceased Earl. What compensation the church of Westminster received does not appear, but doubtless, in those days of religious observances, the convent had ample satisfaction. In the sequel, Thomas Butler succeeded to the Earldom of Ormonde, and in his lordship's undisturbed possession, Hagley remained until a great contest arose respecting it between the Earl on the one part, and Sir Henry Willoughby, Sir Thomas Ferrers, and John Aston, on the other. Much litigation ensued, but the dispute was finally adjusted by an award made 10 Henry VII., by which the several manors in question were confirmed to Ormonde, on his paying £800 to the other claimants. Not long after, in 1495, this nobleman was summoned to the English parliament as Baron Rochford. He died in 1515, leaving by Anne, his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir Richard Hankford, knt., two daughters, Margaret, wife of Sir William Boleyn, of Blickling, Norfolk, (grandfather by her of Anna Boleyn, King Henry's ill-fated consort,) and Anne, wife of Sir James St. Leger, of Annery, in Devon. The latter, on the partition of her father's lands, took for her share, the lordship and advowson of Hagley, and these descended, in course of time, to her grandson, Sir John St. Leger, by whom they were sold in 1564 to Sir JOHN LYTTTELTON, knt., of Frankley. Thus Hagley became associated with the distinguished race in whose descendant it still vests, and thenceforward, in connexion with the genius, wit, and eminence of its subsequent lords, and their noble patronage of literary merit, it has gained a classic name—far more lasting and far more brilliant than could have been derived from the warlike pursuits of its early feudal chiefs, whose remains, “unhonoured and unsung,” repose in the neighbouring churchyard. Sir John Lyttelton, the purchaser of Hagley, was granted by Queen Mary, the office of Constable of Dudley Castle, and received, from Queen Elizabeth, the honour of knighthood at Kenilworth, when Her Majesty visited the Earl of Leicester there. His grandson, John Lyttelton, Esq., appears to have resided constantly in Worcestershire, and to have sat in parliament as knight of that shire. Subsequently, participating in the ill-advised conspiracy of Essex, he lost his estate and died in prison; but his widow, Muriel, daughter of Sir Thomas Bromley, a lady of incomparable prudence, obtained, upon the accession of James I., a reversal of the attainder, and a restoration of the lands of Hagley. For the next three generations, the chiefs of the House of Lyttelton acted a prominent part in the cause of royalty, and suffered in consequence imprisonment and confiscation. The fidelity of the family seems to have been fully appreciated by the king, as we learn from the following letter addressed to Sir Henry Lyttelton, in the exiled monarch's own hand a short time before his restoration:—

“To Sir Henry Lyttelton—I am well informed how much and how often you have suffered for me, and how much I am beholding to all your relations; and you may be very sure I have the sense of it I ought to have, of which you shall one day have evidence: in the meantime, cherish your health and prepare for better times, which we shall enjoy together. Commend me to all your friends, and be confident you shall always find me to be,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.

The present mansion of Hagley was erected by George, first Lord Lyttelton, the distinguished poet and historian, and still remains an elegant memorial of his architectural taste. His Lordship also improved the sur-

rounding demesne (which appears, from an old rental in Sir John Botetourt's time, to have been a park as early as the reign of Edward III.) and thus rendered the seat of the Lytteltons the most beautiful in the county of Worcester. The care of the subsequent proprietors has never allowed its attractions to decrease and the whole is kept in such order, that there is perhaps scarcely a shade of difference since its Augustan days. A short distance from the house, an octagon temple, to the memory of Thomson the poet, records the affectionate regard in which the bard was held by the noble founder of these sylvan scenes; and a Doric temple with the inscription "Quieti et Musis," still further attests the poetic taste of the Lytteltons. The ruined Tower, a masterly deception, stands on the highest ground in the park, and commands an extensive prospect bounded by the Clent and Malvern hills, the black mountains of Wales, the Wrekin, and the Radnor Trump.

Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton formed a sad contrast to his distinguished father. "With great abilities generally very ill applied; with a strong sense of religion, which he never suffered to influence his conduct, his days were mostly passed in splendid misery and in the painful change of the most extravagant gaiety, and the deepest despair. The delight when he pleased of the first and most select societies, he chose to pass his time for the most part, with the most profligate and abandoned of both sexes. Solitude was to him the most unsupportable torment, and to banish reflection he flew to company whom he despised and ridiculed." He closed his unhappy life 27 Nov. 1779.—Two volumes of "Letters" published in 1780 and 1782, though attributed to him, are known to have been the production of another writer, and a quarto volume of "Poems" published in 1780 was as well as the Letters publicly disowned by his executors, but as to the Poems they added "Great part whereof are undoubtedly spurious."

In connection with his lordship, we cannot omit referring to circumstances too publicly known, to require any delicacy of concealment, which in fact are not drawn behind the veil of secrecy by remaining relatives; for Mr. Warner, in his tour, observes, that the *ghost story*, respecting a late possessor of Hagley, is actually believed by some of the family, so far as regards the reality of the supernatural appearance to his lordship, as a very near relative of his had a painting drawn of the occurrence in which he is represented in bed, at the foot of which stands a small female figure, bearing upon her finger a little bird whilst several spirits of a different nature, are hovering round his head; such being the vision, according to the account of his valet that had notified to him his death at a particular hour.—To this he adds a story, which though simple in details may not prove uninteresting.—He observes that amidst all those coruscations of wit and flashes of merriment which incessantly emanated from the young, gay and dissipated, though actually not unamiable nobleman, his heart was wrung with everlasting care and his soul harrowed by superstitious alarms—of the truth of which he adduces the following instance:

A very few months before he died, he made a visit to the seat of Lord ——— an old friend and neighbour. The mansion was then old and gloomy and well calculated to affect an imagination that could easily be acted upon; the spirits of his lordship appeared to be agitated on entrance, but after a time his accustomed hilarity returned, the magic of his tongue enraptured the circle and all apparently was festivity and delight. As the night waned and the hour of repose approached, his lordship's power of conversation became still more extraordinary; the company were rivetted to

their chairs, and as often as the clock admonished them to depart, so often did he prevail upon them to forget the admonition, by a fresh stock of anecdote or a new chain of witticisms. At length however the party broke up and retired to their rooms; where after a short time Lord —— was surprised by the hasty intrusion of his friend Lord Lyttelton who with a countenance of horror and consternation, requested that he might be allowed to sleep in the same room with him, as he had been frightened by the creaking of the floors when he first entered the house, and was not able to conquer the alarm which the noise had excited in his mind. From this it may be easily conceived, that the so much talked of vision was nothing more than a dream working upon a disturbed imagination, particularly if it be true that on the night of his death, one of his party of friends, considering the whole as a silly alarm, put the clock forward about ten minutes so that his lordship was alone at midnight *apparently* when the company, laughing at his fears, immediately separated to their apartments. His lordship returned to his room and sent his valet for something, who when he returned found him dead, with his watch in his hand then just past the hour of twelve—so that it has been rationally conjectured that Lord L——looking at his watch and finding the so much dreaded hour *not past*, but just arrived, may have been terrified by the circumstance, and thus verified the prediction which owing to the unfortunate officiousness of his friend, he thought he had escaped.

With one more interesting reference to this ancient estate, we will conclude :

At the time of JAMES I, Hagley was the scene of a very remarkable event, the concealment and strange discovery of two of the powder conspirators, a particular account of which is given in a MS. in Harleian Collection. The title is “ A true declaration of the flight and escape of Robert Winter, Esq; and Stephen Littleton, Gent., the strange manner of their living in concealment so long a time, how they shifted to several places, and in the end were descryed and taken at Hagley, being the house of Mrs. Littleton.” It begins thus—“ The bloody hunting match at Dunchurch being ordered and appointed by Sir Everard Digby, Knt. for surprising the Princess Elizabeth, whose residence was near that place, Master Catesby wrote unto Master Humphrey Littleton, entreating him to meet at Dunchurch, which he complied with, and on his arrival there demanding of him the matter in hand, Catesby told him, that it was a matter of weight, and for the special good and benefit of them all, which it was all that he would declare unto him at that time—but when the powder plot was disappointed, they scampered about the country, and coming to Hewel Grange, Lord Windsor's house, they carried from thence arms and gunpowder, which in passing through the river was much wetted—Away they passed by Bell Inn, and so over the heath to Holbeach, a house on the high road between Kings Swinford and Stourbridge, belonging to Stephen Littleton, where drying their powder, it by accident took fire, blew up part of the house, and disfigured the faces of several.” The chief conspirators as Catesby, Rookwood, Grant, being thus disabled, opened their doors, Catesby and Percy were shot and Thomas Winter taken alive; Master Stephen Littleton and Robert Winter escaped and fled to Rowley Regis.

In the 14th vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera* is a proclamation for apprehending Robert Winter and Stephen Littleton, dated 8 Nov. 1605. Littleton's person is thus described, a very tall man, swarthy of complexion, of brown coloured hair, no beard or little, about thirty years of age—after various

adventures they came to Hagley and concealed themselves there, but were betrayed by an under cook, and in the stable yard Winter was taken, but Littleton escaping, was pursued and taken at Prestwood.

Castle Eden. co. Durham.

THE manor of Castle Eden is twice mentioned, under the name of *Joden* or *Yoden*, before the Conquest, and was, soon after that great event, the lordship and seat of Robert de Brus. By charter, sans date, attested by William de St. Barbara, Bishop of Durham, Brus granted the Chapel of Eden to the Monks of St. Cuthbert, with all tithes and parochial dues "excepting that when I, or my wife, or my heirs, shall abide at Eden, my own chaplain shall sing mass in my own Chapel in my Castle, and shall receive all the offerings made by myself, my family, and my guests, hearing mass." From this charter, the origin of the Parochial Church of Eden may be fairly deduced, and probably the name of Castle-Eden from the manorial residence.

At a much later period, Eustace de Eden, and William de Thorp, occur as landed proprietors in Castle Eden, and seven charters of the latter to the Church of Durham, are recorded, which afford to the antiquarian investigator, an interesting description of a district, still wild and romantic, six centuries ago;—the Castle (of which the certain site cannot now be traced, but which doubtless stood near to the hill, the chapel, and the lake) towering above dark ancient woods; the chapel almost hid on the edge of its little dene; and a few huts huddled together for protection round the mansion of their feudal Lord; the dene and the moor useless, except for the purpose of firing, or of supplying thatch and timber for the miserable cottages of the peasantry; and the extent of moss and moor, wood, lake, and waste, broken only by partial patches of cultivation. "If," continues Surtees, "the reader would people the scene, he has only to conceive the feudal lord in chase of the stag, with his train of half naked serfs; or the Monks of Durham, with their black hoods and scapularies, wandering under cliffs, overshadowed by giant yews, which "cast anchor in the rock," or pealing their anthems in deep glens amidst the noise of woods and waterfalls."

The daughter and heiress of William de Thurp, the grandson of the grantor of the Charters, to which we have just referred married Adam de Seton, and was mother of Ivo de Seton, who gave the whole manor of Castle Eden, to the Prior and Convent of Guisbrough, "*Manerium de Casteleden quod est de feode Roberti de Brus.*" Thus, this lordship became Church property, and so continued till the dissolution of the monasteries, when Edward VI. in consideration of £1,343. 3s. 4d. granted the lands of Castle Eden to Simon Welbury, and Christopher Moreland. The former seems eventually to have enjoyed the whole manor, and by his grandson, John Welbury, it was sold in 1614 to Sir Robert Carey Knt., afterwards created Earl of Monmouth. His Lordship, the Kinsman and especial favourite of Queen Elizabeth, died in 1639, and was succeeded by his son, Henry, 2nd Earl, who died without male issue in 1661, when his honours expired. His manor of Castle Eden, became not long after, the property of Sir William Bromley, K. B. of Bagington, and was sold by his great grandson, William Throckmorton Bromley Esq., in 1758 to ROWLAND BURDON Esq. the descendant of a respectable family settled at Stockton on Tees, *temp.*: Edward IV.

"Mr. Burdon," says the same local Historian, whom we have already

quoted, "found the estate, after a century and a half of non resident proprietors, waste and uninclosed, the chapel in ruins, and not a vestige remaining of the Mansion House. He inclosed and improved the lands, rebuilt the church from the ground, and erected a Mansion House, not less remarkable for the beauty of its situation, than for the simple elegance of its structure."

Lyme, co. Chester.

The Muse, her native land to see,
Returns to England over Dec,
Visits stout Cheshire, and there shews
To her and hers, what England owes.

SIR Piers Legh, Knt., younger son of Robert Legh, of Adlington, by Matilda, his wife, daughter and coheir of Sir John de Arderne, married in 1388, Margaret, only daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Danyers, Knt. of Bradley, and obtained, through this alliance, a grant of the lands of Hanley, now Lyme, in Macclesfield. Ormerod thus speaks of the acquisition: "when the flower of Cheshire chivalry were engaged under their Earl, the Black Prince at the Battle of Cressy, Sir Thomas Danyers was pre-eminently distinguished above the rest of that chosen phalanx, and in the most hazardous part of the battle, most probably when King Edward refused his succours and bade 'his boy win his spurs and the honour of the day for himself;' the said Sir Thomas relieved the banner of his Earl, and took prisoner the Chamberlain of France, Tankerville. For this service, the Black Prince, as Earl of Chester, settled on him an annuity of forty marks per annum, issuing out of his manor of Frodsham, until a convenient grant of land of the value of £20 per annum could be made. In the 21st Richard II., it was finally settled that this estate should be 'the lands of Hanley in Macclesfield forest,' which that sovereign accordingly granted to the daughter of Sir Thomas Danyers and her third husband Sir Piers Legh." The latter lived only two years to enjoy the grant, for in 1399, when the insurgent forces of the Duke of Lancaster advanced into Cheshire, Sir Piers was seized upon by that nobleman, and in consequence of his well-known attachment to his illfated Prince, beheaded at Chester, on the 1st of August. At his decease, Lyme devolved on his elder son, Sir Peter Legh, Knight Banneret, who accompanied Henry V. to France, and met his death wound on the field of Agincourt; and from that gallant warrior descended, in regular succession, through a series of knightly possessors, to Richard Legh, Esq. of Lyme, *b.* in 1634, "whose mother," (we quote Ormerod) being coheir of Calverley of Lea, the quarterings of the hero of Auray and Navarette were appropriately united to the shield which had been borne in Agincourt, and graced by honorary trophies from Cressy." By Elizabeth, his wife, dau. of Thomas Chicheley, Esq. of Wimpole, he left two sons, of whom the elder, Peter Legh, Esq. of Lyme, having no issue, settled his estates upon his four nephews, the eldest survivor of whom Peter Legh, Esq. became "of Lyme," but, leaving no male issue, was succeeded thereon by his nephew, the late Colonel THOMAS PETER LEGH,* who, never having married, suffered a re-

* Martha Anne, sister and heiress in blood of Colonel Legh, of Lyme, married Lawrence Ormerod, Esq. of Ormerod, co. Lancaster, and had an only daughter and heir, Charlotte Anne, wife of John Hargreaves, Esq. of Bank Hall!

covery to bar all contingent interests in the greater part of his Cheshire property, and settled by will the estate of Lyme, with its numerous dependencies in the counties of Chester and Lancaster, on his illegitimate son, THOMAS LEGH, Esq. the present possessor.

The north-east part of Cheshire, comprising the hundred of Macclesfield, is exceedingly bold in its scenery. A succession of lofty eminencies forms a portion of the connected chain of hills extending into Derbyshire, where they assume a rugged aspect, and farther north rise into mountains. Lyme Park is about four miles from Whaley Bridge, over the little river Goyt, which forms the boundary of the county. The village of Disley is distant a mile from Lyme Park, and the road thence is pleasing and secluded. A broad and gently winding road, more than a mile in length, displays the peculiar features of the park, which is extensive, and partakes of the wild and romantic scenery of the neighbouring country. It is celebrated for the fine flavour of its venison, and contains a herd of wild cattle, the remains of a breed which has been kept here time immemorial, and is supposed to be indigenous.

The venerable mansion, built of dark-coloured stone, stands in a dell, and is not discerned from the road, until approached very near; screened by the high grounds of the park, and backed by noble woods, it defies the wintry blast. Before the north front is a large entrance court, enclosed with handsome iron palisades, entered by an ancient gate, ornamented on its piers with cumbent lions and eagles. Originally erected in the reign of Elizabeth, the characteristic features of that interesting period are observed in the plan of the house, and in the principal part of the north front. The centre compartment, in which is the entrance porch, with stone seats on either side is rich in architectural ornament, of the grotesque or mixed kind which then prevailed, and bears the chief armorial quarterings of the family, eight in number, with the motto, "En Dieu et ma foi." Above this is a dial, and the whole is finished with an open pediment enclosing Minerva, which termination was the work of Giacomo Leoni, who also cased the extremities of this front, and made considerable alterations in other parts of the building about the year 1726. The north front most probably was originally surmounted by an open parapet. The architecture of the wings is of the Corinthian order, in fine proportion, a want of harmony with the venerable centre being the only objection.

The south front seems to be entirely the work of Leoni; it is raised upon a rusticated basement, and in the centre is adorned with a noble portico, which, as well as the whole elevation, is of the Ionic order. A lantern tower rises above, surmounted by balustrades of stone. On the pediment are statues of Venus, Neptune, and Pan.

The mansion surrounds a court or quadrangle, in the manner of ancient times.

The spacious hall with its Ionic decorations exhibits arms sculptured and swords, and above the antique hearth, are hung two ancient helmets, a sword and a pair of spurs, said to have been worn at the battle of Cressy. There are also full-length portraits of Edward III. and the Black Prince.

The most curious apartment is *The Stag Parlour*, so called from its decorations. The room is hung with tapestry, and the furniture, as in many other parts of the house, is coeval with its foundation. The ceiling is panelled, and round the room below the cornice, are twelve ornamental compartments in relief, representing the hunting of the stag, painted in their proper colours. The ancient chimney-piece is particularly curious; it is in three

compartments ; in the first are the arms and quarterings of the family, all properly blazoned ; in the second, the royal arms, between the allegorical figure of peace and plenty, and in the third, a view of the north front of Lyme Hall, in its original state. In the front of the house is represented the custom formerly observed here about Midsummer, of driving the deer round the park, and collecting them in a body before the house, swimming the whole through the water.*

Kirklees, co. York.

“ And there they buried bold Robin Hood
Near to the fair Kirklees.”

OLD BALLAD.

KIRKLEES ABBEY, situated in the woods between Halifax and Wakefield, in the deanery of Pontefract and archdeaconry of the West Riding, was a Cistercian Nunnery, founded in honour of the Virgin Mary and St. James, by Reynerus, a Fleming, temp. Henry II., and is celebrated as having been the final resting-place of “bold Robin Hood.” That famous outlaw, either from necessity or choice, retired with a chosen band to the woods and forests with which, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, immense tracts were at that period covered. Of these he chiefly frequented Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and “merrie Sherwood,” near Nottingham :

The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.

At last, broken down by the infirmities of age, and suffering from severe illness, he applied for relief to his kinswoman, the Prioress of Kirklees, celebrated for her skill in medicine, but his confidence was misplaced. The holy lady opened a vein, and treacherously allowed Robin Hood to bleed to death. This event occurred 18th November, 1247, in the 31st year of the reign of Henry III., and about the 87th year of the outlaw's age. He was buried

* Extract from an old and curious historical MS.

“ Buried at Disley, in Cheshire, June 2nd, in the year of our Lord, 1753, Mr. Joseph Watson, in the 105th year of his age. He was born at Mōsley common, in the parish of Leigh, in the county of Lancaster, and married his wife from Etchells, near Manchester, in the said county. They were one couple 72 years. She died in the 94th year of her age. He was park-keeper to the late Peter Legh, Esq. of Lyme, and his father 64 years, and did drive and show the reindeer to most of the nobility and gentry in this part of the kingdom, to the general satisfaction of all who ever saw them, for he could have driven and commanded them at his pleasure, as if they had been common horned cattle. In the reign of Queen Anne, Squire Legh, was at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, in company with a number of gentlemen, amongst whom was Sir Roger Mason, who was then one of the members of the same county ; they being merry and free, Squire Legh said his keeper should drive twelve brace of stags to the forest of Windsor, a present to the Queen. So Sir Roger opposed it with a wager of 500 guineas, that neither his keeper nor any other person could drive twelve brace of red deer from Lyme Park to Windsor Forest, on any account. So Squire Legh accepted the wager from Sir Roger, and immediately sent a messenger to Lyme for his keeper, who directly came to his master, who told him he must immediately prepare himself to drive twelve brace of stags to Windsor Forest, for a wager of 500 guineas. So he gave the squire, his master, this answer, that he would at his command, drive him twelve brace of stags to Windsor Forest, or to any other part of the kingdom by his worship's direction, or he would lose his life and fortune. He undertook and accomplished this most astonishing performance, which is not to be equalled in the annals of the most ancient history.”

under some trees, at a short distance from Kirklees Abbey, where a stone, supposed to cover his grave, is still shown.

The founder of the Nunnery, Reynerus Flandrensis, granted a charter, with the sanction of William, Earl of Warren, his superior lord, and Henry III. not very long after, gave a general confirmation of the endowments, which appear to have been so small that Kirklees is not even mentioned in the Taxation of Pope Nicholas IV. Shortly after the dissolution of the Monasteries, the site was granted to John Tasburg and Nicholas Savill, and in the reign of Elizabeth passed by purchase from Robert Pilkington into the possession of the family of Armitage, by the representative of which, Sir George Armytage, Bart., it is still enjoyed.

Langdon, co. Devon.

.....“ the Yealm,
 Strays murmuring among his wooded cliffs;
 And on his banks is *Langdon*, seated deep
 In its own clust'ring groves, and who would hope
 Who haply treads that desert-bay below
 Where ends the course of Yealm, to find so near
 A spot so sweet as *Langdon*. Fairer scenes
 Than those that lie beneath the raptur'd eye
 This green isle knows not: ever varied too
 Is the full prospect; valleys softly sink
 And uplands swell, no level sameness tires
 While in the distance, happily dispos'd
 Sweeps round the bold blue moor.”

LANGDON, anciently the inheritance of the Pipards, subsequently belonged to the Parrs, and here, says tradition, resided Catherine Parr, Queen-Consort of Henry VIII. A part of the estate, admired for its fine view, is still called Catherine's land; and in the house is preserved a lock of the Queen's hair.

From the Parrs it became the property of the Calmadys, who possessed it, together with the Mewstone and other lands, about the commencement of the 17th century. Vincent Calmady, son and heir of Richard Calmady, of Calmady in Cornwall, (where the family were seated at an early period) is supposed to have been the first of the Calmadys who possessed Langdon Hall, and nearly rebuilt and greatly improved the mansion. His son and heir, Josias Calmady, enriched the consequence of his family by his marriage with Catherine, daughter and co-heir of Carew Courtenay, son of Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham Castle. Their arms quartered in stone are still preserved over the gateway of the western entrance.

The son and heir of the marriage of Calmady and Courtenay, Sir Shilston Calmady, of Langdon, received the honour of knighthood in 1618. By Honora, his wife, daughter of Edward Fortescue, Esq. of Fallapit, and relict of Sir H. Prideaux, Knt., he was direct ancestor of Francis Calmady, Esq., of Langdon, the last male heir of this ancient family, who died unmarried, leaving his two sisters his co-heirs, the elder, Elizabeth, wedded Christopher Hamlyn, Esq. of Pascoe, Devon, and the younger, Pollexten, (who inherited Langdon) became the wife of Admiral Charles Holmes Everett, who assumed by act of Parliament the surname and arms of Calmady. Of this latter marriage, the son and heir, CHARLES BIGGS CALMADY, Esq. is the present possessor of Langdon.

The Manor is situated in the parish of Wembury, about five miles from Plymouth, and forms the most interesting part of a charming promontory on the south-eastern side of Plymouth Sound. A small solitary bay, into which flows the river Yealm, bounds the promontory on the east. The scenery on the banks of this river is truly beautiful, and cannot fail to awaken the most lively sensations. On a ridge of the innermost cliffs, and in a situation as solitary as it is impressive, rises the church of Wembury, with its weather-braving and embattled tower. This edifice has long been the solemn depository of the remains of the Calmads, and contains many beautiful sepulchral memorials. From the contemplation of these mementos the beholder may, in an opposite direction, survey from the mullioned window of the church one of the most sublime spectacles that can be presented to the eye; the vast Atlantic, rolling in its tremendous waves to the majestic cliffs of Devon and Cornwall, and beating round the solitary Mewstone, which is closely seen rising out of the sea, an object of uncommon interest.

Eridge, Kent.

Miratur, faciles oculos fert omnia circum
 Æneas, capiturque locis, et singula lætus
 Exquirique, auditque virum monumenta priorum.

ABOUT two miles from Tunbridge Wells, on the road to Lewes and Brighton, and in a finely wooded park, stands the Earl of Abergavenny's Castle of Eridge, surrounded by an ample demesne of full ten thousand acres. Before the Conquest this ancient manor was held by Earl Godwin, and after that celebrated epoch it formed, according to Domesday Book, a portion of the royal domain of Rotherfel. By Edward III., it was granted to Hugh Despencer, a distinguished soldier in the French and Scottish wars, and from that gallant knight passed to his nephew Edward, Lord Despencer, one of the heroes of Poitiers, whose son and successor Thomas Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, husband of Constance Plantagenet, daughter of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, left an only daughter, Isabel, eventual heiress of the possessions of the great House of Despencer. This richly portioned maiden wedded Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester and left at her decease an only child the Lady Elizabeth Beauchamp, who married Sir Edward Neville uncle of Richard Neville, the renowned Earl of Warwick, and conveyed to her husband the Castle of Bergavenny, and the lands of ERIDGE, which have since been enjoyed, uninterruptedly, by her descendants, the Lords and Earls of Abergavenny. From the period of the acquisition of Eridge by the Nevilles to the time of Charles I., the successive proprietors appear to have almost constantly resided in an old and large mansion, close adjoining to the present castle, and there Henry, Lord Abergavenny, an especial favourite of Queen Elizabeth, entertained Her Majesty and her numerous suite in 1573, on the occasion of the reception of the French ambassador.* Towards the close of the 17th century, however, the

* In the beginning of the following century, Dudley, Lord North, a visitor at Eridge Castle, accidentally discovered the medicinal virtues of the chalybeate water of the neighbourhood, and hence originated the celebrity of Tunbridge Wells. Lord North, a dissolute but accomplished young nobleman, had retired to Eridge for the benefit of pure air, and for the advantage of seclusion, having injured his constitution by dissipation. His attention, during his excursions, was excited by an ochreous appear-

Nevilles appear to have deserted their Kentish seat for Kidbrook in the county of Sussex; but about half a century since, the late Earl directed his attention to this neglected abode of his ancestors, which was then occupied as a farm-house; and created a Gothic edifice and picturesque grounds of the most unique kind. "Within the park," says Amsinck, "is a great variety of rides which conduct to scenes of various kinds, and occasionally embrace the most interesting objects in the adjacent country." Eridge Castle is an irregular building constructed in conformity with the name bestowed upon it, in the castellated style, flanked and embattled with round towers, but it altogether avoids any mimicry or imitation of feudal structures either in the doors or windows. In the mansion, a portrait is preserved which has been handed down in the family as an original of the stout Earl of Warwick, the King Maker, but the painting is probably the copy of some more ancient one, which has long since perished. The remains of a fortification, ascribed to the Saxon invaders of England, are still discernible on a high ground in the park, retaining to this day the name of Saxonbury Hill, and there is also in the demesne another place called Dane's Gate, which is presumed to have been part of a military way, communicating between Crowborough, without doubt a Danish station, and Saxonbury Hill. We cannot better conclude this brief notice of the Castle of Eridge than by the following summary of the genealogy of the illustrious Nevilles:—In the male line, there have been one Duke of Bedford; one Marquess of Montacute; fifteen Earls, whereof six were Earls of Northumberland, before the Conquest; and six were Earls of Westmoreland; another Earl of Salisbury and Lord Monthermer; another was Earl of Hereford and Lord Falconberg; and the other was that famous Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, commonly called the King Maker. There have also been two Nevills, Archbishops of York; whereof one was a favourite of King Richard II.; and the other, Lord High Chancellor of England and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the time of King Edward IV., who was his cousin german. And there have been two Nevilles, Bishops; and a numberless company of Nevills, Lords and Barons. One hundred Nevills have been Knights and Bachelors, and divers of the name, Knights of the Garter, and Knights Banneret. Of the house of Nevill in the female line, one Nevill was Queen of England. There have been six Nevills, Duchesses; one of whom lived to see three Princes of her body crowned, and four murdered. And of the same lineage, there have been fourteen Countesses. From Lady Cecilia Neville, Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV. and Richard III., there have been lineally descended seven Kings of England, four Kings of Scotland, two Queens of France, one Queen of Spain, and one Queen of Bohemia. In what other genealogy, can we find such a galaxy of brilliant names?

ance in the water. Being induced to try its effects, he found himself so much benefited as to cause him to return the following summer, and he persevered in his new discovery so successfully as not only to reestablish his health but to strengthen his constitution, and to lengthen his life to the advanced age of eighty-five.

Westwood, co. Worcester.

What fancied landscape in its richest dye
 Can with such varied scenes presume to vie?
 Where nature, art, and judgment all combine,
 And joined by aid supreme, appear divine?

HISTORY is seldom so interesting as when, descending from the lofty regions of general detail, it dwells for a moment on some ancient place or renowned individual, excluding as it were the world's vast prospect, and limiting our view to the less extensive but more clearly defined view of some favoured spot. "Far from me and from my friends," says Dr. Johnson, "be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Westwood was anciently a house of Benedictine Nuns, subordinate to the monastery of Fonteveraud, and, amongst its earliest benefactors was the family of De Say. So far back as the reign of Henry II., Eustachia de Say and her son Osbert Fitz Hugh, gave land to the community, and in a deed of William de Stateville, Osbert is styled, "Fundator Ecclesie Ste Marie de Westwood et monialium ibidem Deo servientium."

In 1542, all the manors belonging to the monastery of Westwood, co. Worcester, were granted to Mr. Serjeant Pakington, a learned and successful lawyer of the reign of Henry VIII., and since that period Westwood has continued uninterruptedly the property of his collateral descendants. Serjeant Pakington, at the time of his death, which occurred in 1560, was seized of thirty-one manors, and of other lands that he had purchased of seventy different persons, as appeared by a large book concerning his estate, preserved amongst the family muniments. Sir John Pakington, the grantee of Westwood, left two daughters only, whereupon a considerable portion of his fortune devolved on his nephew, Sir Thomas Pakington, who had previously, in right of his mother, one of the co-heirs of Sir John Baldwin, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, succeeded to a rich inheritance, including the manor of Ailsbury, Bucks, where he took up his abode, and where he was interred in 1571 with great pomp, the officers of the College of Arms marshalling the funeral. His son and successor, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, K.B. the "lusty Pakington" of Queen Elizabeth's court, was the first of his race who chose Westwood for a residence, and by him the present stately structure was erected. It is recorded that after he had finished the building, he invited the Earl of Northampton, Lord President, and his Countess, to a house-warming; and as his Lordship was a jovial companion, a train of above 100 knights and gentlemen accompanied him, who staid at Westwood House some time, and at their departure acknowledged they had met with so kind a reception that *they did not know whether they had possessed the place or the place them*. The delightful situation of the mansion was what they had never before seen; the house standing in the middle of a wood, cut into twelve large ridings, and at a good distance, one riding through all of them, the whole surrounded by a park of six or seven miles, with, at the further end, facing the house, an artificial lake of 122 acres."

Sumptuous, however, as was the entertainment, it bore no comparison with the magnificent welcome given by Sir John Pakington, at his seat of Ailsbury to James I. and his Queen, when their Majesties honoured him with a visit on their royal progress from North Britain. Upon this occasion, "lusty Pakington" set no bounds to expense, thinking it a disparagement to be outdone by any fellow-subject, when such an opportunity offered; and the king was so gratified by Sir John's endeavours that he was heard to say that "he had never met with a more noble reception." Lloyd, in his *Lives of the Statesmen and Favourites of England*, thus speaks of Pakington;— "His handsome features look the most, and his neat parts the wisest at. He could smile ladies to his service, and argue statesmen to his design, with equal ease. His reason was powerful, his beauty more. Never was a braver soul more bravely seated; nature bestowed great parts on him, education polished him to an admirable frame of prudence and virtue. Queen Elizabeth called him her Temperance, and Leicester, his Modesty. It is a question to this day, whether his resolution took the soldiers, his prudence the politicians, his compliance the favourites, his complaisance the courtiers, his piety the clergy, his integrity and condescension the people, or his knowledge the learned, most. This new Court Star was a nine days' wonder, engaging all eyes, until it set satisfied with its own glory. He came to Court, he said, as Solomon did, to see its vanity. and retired, as he did, to repent it. It was he who said first what Bishop Sanderson urged afterwards, *That a sound faith was the best divinity, a good conscience the best law, and temperance the best physic.*"

Sir John Pakington, who lived to see his children's children, ended his days at his favourite seat of Westwood, in the 77th year of his age, in January, 1625. At his death, his estates devolved on his grandson, Sir John Pakington, Bart., who fixed his chief residence at Westwood, and was there living when the great civil war broke out. Ranging himself under the royal banner, he fought gallantly for King Charles, and suffered much in consequence, Ailsbury, his seat in Buckinghamshire, one of the best houses in the county, was levelled with the ground, and he himself committed to the Tower. Subsequently he joined Charles II. with a troop of horse at the battle of Worcester, and was taken prisoner. So great, however, was the popularity he enjoyed, that when he was afterwards tried for his life, not one witness could be procured to swear against him. The great grandson of this stanch cavalier was Sir Herbert Perrott Pakington, Bart. of Westwood, M. P. for Worcestershire, who is said to have been the prototype of "Sir Roger de Coverley." He married, in 1721, Elizabeth, daughter of John Conyers, Esq. of Walthamstow, and was father of Sir Herbert Perrott Pakington, Bart. whose only son, Sir John Pakington, the last Baronet, died *s. p.* in 1830, leaving his nephew, John Somerset Russell (the son of his eldest sister) his heir and representative. That gentleman, who has been created a Baronet, resides at the old Mansion House of Westwood, and is the present SIR JOHN SOMERSET PAKINGTON, M. P.

Westwood House consists of a square building, from each corner of which projects a wing in the form of a parallelogram, turretted after the fashion of the Chateau de Madrid near Paris. It is situated on a rising ground, embosomed in plantations of oak timber, and presents an aspect of great magnificence. This ancient seat has at various times, afforded an asylum to learned men. Dr. Hammond, Bishops Morley, Fell, Gunning, and others always met here with hospitable entertainment; and, in concert with some of these, the good Lady Pakington (Dorothy, wife of Sir John

Pakington, the 2nd Bart.) is supposed to have written the valuable book, entitled "The Whole Duty of Man" which has been translated into Latin, French, and Welch. At the Revolution, several learned men, who scrupled to take the oaths to King William, found a hospitable reception at Westwood. Dean Hickes, who wrote there the greater part of his "Linguarum Septentrionalium Thesaurus," gives in the preface to his Grammatica Anglo Saxonica, this eulogistic description of the beautiful residence of the Pakingtons:—"Ibi porticus, atria, propylæa, horti, ambulacra clausa et subdialia, recta et sinuosa, omnia studiis commoda: ibi luci, silvæ, nemora, prata, salus, planities, pascua, et nihil non, quod animum pene a literis abhorrentem ad legendum, audiendumve, et quovismodo discendum, componere et conciliare potest.

WAR-SONG OF DERWENT WATER.

BY DOCTOR FORSTER,

A DESCENDANT OF THE OLD JACOBITE FAMILY OF FORSTER OF BAMBORO.*

DEDICATED TO R. NORIE, ESQ.,

BRITISH VICE-CONSUL IN GIENT.

Scots an' liegemen o' the King,
 Scots across the Border bring
 A' y'er arms, an' shout an' sing—
 To death or victory.
 Honour's won, if valour die,
 Glorie mounts aboon the skie,
 Stuart's banner waves on high,
 O'er grave or victory.

Scots, yer foes are on the road,
 Fend the lan' that Marie trod,
 Murder'd Queen, wha, neath the sod,
 Still ca's for victory.
 Scots shall nae frae dutie flee,
 Virtue's cause can never dee,
 Angels wait for those on hie
 Wha' fa' for victory.

Beat the spirit-stirring drum,
 Soun' the tocsin, glemen come,
 Frae Glencoe unto Tyndrum,
 A' ca' for victory.

* In this battle of the rising of 1715, General Sir Thomas Forster participated with the Earl of Derwentwater.

Kiltit lads frae Hielan' toun!
 Lawlan' lads maun join ye soon;
 A' the braes frae Fyfe to Doun
 Are deck'd for victory.

Ilka lass in tartan clad,
 Forth by sondin' pibroch led,
 Spangs wi' gladsome heels to tread
 The field o' victory.
 On Ben Ledie's fabled site,
 On Ben Nevis' peerless hight,
 Beacons rest to bren by night
 Proclaimin' victory.

Vocal reeds by Lugar slow,
 Riplin' waves o' Tweed that flow,
 Winds frae a' the airts that blow
 Noo pipe for victory.
 Larks in air that wake the day,
 Warbling birds on ilka spray,
 Nature's minstrels, cheer the way
 That leads to victory.

Derwentwater leads the van,
 Forster joins the Stuart clan,
 Heaven itself directs the han'
 That fechts for victory.
 If we're Fortune's victims made,
 Fa' beneath the Sassenach blade,
 The Gude aloft shall croun the shade
 O' Stuart wi' victory.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

NO. VII.—THE TWO TRIALS OF LORD MOHUN, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS
SUBSEQUENT FATE.

CHARLES LORD MOHUN, whose turbulent conduct made some noise just prior to, and at the beginning of, the last century, was one of those boisterous spirits who continually astound the town with some act of drunken outrage, or reckless violence. Both paternally and maternally, his Lordship derived from a long line of distinguished ancestors, his father Charles, Lord Mohun, being the representative of the Mohuns of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, a derivative branch of the Baronial House of Mohun, of Dunster; and his mother, the Lady Philippa Annesley, being daughter of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, an eminent statesman and able political writer. In the great civil war, the Mohuns ranged themselves under the royal banner, and their chief, Sir John Mohun, did essential service to the king's cause in the west of England, where he gallantly fought as a cavalier commander. Both the trials which Lord Mohun underwent, were for the deaths of persons slain in affrays, the result of intoxication and debauch. These investigations are mainly interesting as giving a true and singular insight into the state of the streets and taverns of London at the period, and a view of the outrageous lives and conduct of the roués and gallants who frequented them.

The first trial of Lord Mohun took place in Westminster Hall, before his peers, on the 31st Jan., 1692. This investigation has peculiar interest owing to the chief object of it being the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, the friend of Congreve; she, as well as the Mr. Mountford slain, were eminent members of the theatrical profession.

The Lord High Steward for the occasion was the Marquis of Carmarthen. The charge against the prisoner was, that one Richard Hill, who had fled from justice, did, with a sword or rapier, give one William Mountford a wound, of which he died, and that, at the time of the giving of the wound, Lord Mohun was present, and was aiding and abetting Hill, and consequently that he, as well as Hill, was guilty of the murder of Mountford. The prisoner pleaded not guilty. The narrative of the sad transaction is clearly related in the address for the crown, by Sir John Somers, the Attorney General, which was as follows:

Att. Gen. My lords, the indictment has been opened, and by that your lordships see, the noble lord at the bar stands charged with the high crime of murder.

My lords, his peerage gives him a right to be tried in this great and noble court: and as my lord has just reason to put a high value upon this privilege, so on the other hand, their majesties, who are making inquisition for the blood of one of their subjects, have a full assurance, that no compassion for my lord's youth, no consideration for his quality, or regard for one of your own order, will make your lordships unmind-

ful of the heinous nature of the crime, or cause any variation in the steadiness of your justice.

It is true, my lords, the difference between the trial of a peer and a commoner is very great, but there is no difference in the crime, whether committed by one or the other: it is the same law by which they must be tried and judged; and that fact which would be murder in the meanest subject, is no less than murder, if committed by the greatest peer.

My lords, it is not insisted upon, that the noble lord at the bar gave the mortal stroke with his own hand; nor is it so alleged in the indictment: the indictment findeth the wound to have been given by the hand of Richard Hill; but if my lord the prisoner was of his party, if he concurred with him in the thing, if he was present and abetting to the fact, though he did not strike a stroke, though he was no more than a looker-on when the thing was done; the law saith, he is a principal in the murder.

Whether my lord's case will fall within this rule, is the point for your lordships to determine when the witnesses are heard.

My lords, it is my part to give an account of the nature of the evidence, to the end that your lordships may more easily go along with the witnesses, as they are examined, and more readily make your observations upon what they say.

This I shall do as shortly and as exactly as I can, without pretending to aggravate anything, which I could never think did become any one in my station; and I am sure, would be to very little purpose before such a judicature as this; for after all, your lordships will found your judgments upon the fact, not as it is represented by us, but as it appears upon the oaths of the witnesses.

The time when the fact for which my lord is to be tried was committed, was the 9th day of December last.

The occasion of it was this:

Captain Hill, the person mentioned in the indictment, had for some time before made addresses of courtship in the way of marriage, to one Mrs. Bracegirdle, an actress in the play-house; but these proposals were totally rejected. This put Mr. Hill in a very great rage, and he declared that, Mr. Mountford (the person slain), was the only man that stood in his way, and with many execrations expressed his resolution to be revenged upon him: this he did at several times, and before several persons.

The same day the fact was committed, in the morning, my lord, who is now at the bar, and Captain Hill, went together to hire a coach to go to Totteridge, and directed the coachman to have six horses ready, but to be waiting for them in Drury-lane, near the playhouse, with only two horses in his coach, about nine o'clock the same night. My lord and Captain Hill dined together that day, at a tavern in Covent-garden, and here much of their discourse was about Mrs. Bracegirdle; and both of them did freely declare their opinion, that Mr. Mountford was favoured by her. But the principal of their discourse was in relation to a design which they had formed for the seizing upon Mrs. Bracegirdle, and forcing her into a coach, and carrying her away somewhere into the country.

This was to be executed that night; and accordingly they were then providing arms for that purpose: Mr. Hill did acquaint my lord, that the soldiers would be ready by the time; and my lord took notice, that the carrying her off would stand Mr. Hill in £50 at least. Thereupon

(as your lordships will hear from the evidence), Mr. Hill used this expression: If the villain resist, I will stab him; and then my lord was pleased to say, that he would stand by his friend.

After they had continued there some time, being about to part, Mr. Hill told my lord, that unless he was at the play-house by six o'clock, the thing could not be effected, and he should be undone: but my lord promised to be there at the time.

Accordingly they both met at the play-house; and after they had been behind the scenes, and informed themselves that Mrs. Bracegirdle would not be there that night, they left the play-house.

But it seems they had got intelligence, that she was to sup that night at one Mr. Page's house in Drury-lane; and therefore they, the prisoner at the bar, and Mr. Hill, planted themselves with their soldiers, near that place, over-against my Lord Craven's house.

After they had continued there for a considerable time (I think till towards nine o'clock), they began to have a jealousy, that they might be under some misinformation; and therefore ordered the coachman to drive them into Howard-street, the place where Mrs. Bracegirdle lodged; and observing some persons walking near her lodging, they said, they doubted they were deceived, and had been betrayed.

But they soon came back again to Drury-lane, and fixed themselves in their former station. About ten o'clock, Mrs. Bracegirdle, accompanied with Mr. Page (at whose house she had been) and with her mother and (I think) her brother, going home; when they came to the place where the coach stood, with the door open, and my lord at the bar placed in the coach, and several cases of pistols by him, the soldiers, together with Captain Hill, came up to Mrs. Bracegirdle, seized upon her, and would have forced her into the coach: Mr. Hill endeavoured with violence to force away Mr. Page, who was then leading her, and struck him; but Mrs. Bracegirdle's mother holding her about the middle, they could not readily get her into the coach; and during this struggle there was an opportunity given to Mr. Page to call for help; and several persons coming presently from the houses near, and the people in the street beginning to rise upon them, they found it impracticable to effect their design at that time.

Thereupon the soldiers were dismissed, but my lord and Mr. Hill, would not be denied the liberty to wait upon Mrs. Bracegirdle to her lodging; and accordingly, together with Mr. Page and her mother, and other persons, they went together to Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodging, at one Mrs. Browne's house, in Howard-street. Mr. Mountford's house was in Norfolk-street, below Howard-street. Howard-street is a cross-street, which leads from Arundel-street, and through Norfolk-street to Surrey-street; and so it was not possible for Mountford to come to his own house, but whoever should fix themselves in Howard-street, must have the opportunity of seeing him.

As they were going along, Hill swore he would be revenged; but named nobody.

After that, Mrs. Bracegirdle and the company were come to her lodging, she and her mother and Page went into the house: my Lord Mohun and Mr. Hill staid in Howard-street, and there continued for near two hours together, and for the most part of that time, with their swords drawn.

Mr. Mountford, as it happened, did not come home till late that night;

so that their stay being long, my lord and Mr. Hill thought fit to send for wine, and had one or two bottles, which they drank in the street, near Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodgings.

During this time, they were heard to say (that is, one of them was; but which of them, by reason of the darkness, we cannot tell), that if he could not be revenged that night, he would the next morning; upon which a boy, who was there with them, (but who the boy was we cannot discover) said, Good my lord, do not do it, alter your resolution. I did observe before, that Mrs. Bracegirdle supped that night at Mr. Page's house, and Mrs. Page having heard of the great outrage and tumult in the street, and that her husband was gone home with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and being under a great concern for his safety, thought fit to follow him thither. As she entered into the house, she saw my Lord Mohun and Captain Hill near the door; and presently after, before she could have a full relation of what had happened in Drury-lane, Mrs. Browne, the owner of the house where Mrs. Bracegirdle lodged, came into the room and told them, that my Lord Mohun and Hill, were waiting for Mr. Mountford, and that she was apprehensive it was with no good intention. Thereupon Mrs. Page thought it requisite to go to Mrs. Mountford's house to give her notice of it, and to desire her to find out where her husband was, and to caution him not to come home, unless he brought a good guard with him.

As she went out, she saw them both with their swords drawn, and she acquainted Mrs. Mountford with it, who sent to several places in search of her husband; but she was so unfortunate, that the messengers could not find him.

Whilst this was doing, the watch came into Howard-street, being alarmed at the report that two gentlemen were drinking in the street, and walking there with their naked swords. The watch demanded of my Lord Mohun, why he had his sword drawn. My lord was pleased to return them this answer, That he was a peer of the realm, and bid them touch him if they durst. They then asked Hill, why his sword was out, and my lord made the excuse for him, that Hill had lost his scabbard.

The watch observing the drawer who attended upon them, and knowing that he lived at a tavern in Surrey-street, went to inform themselves who these persons should be, that they were walking in such a manner at that time of night. But they were hardly got into the house before they heard the cry of murder.

The witnesses will inform your lordships, that as Mr. Mountford, about twelve o'clock, was coming home, my Lord Mohun met him and saluted him. Mr. Mountford said, my Lord Mohun, what does your lordship do here at this time of night? and my lord made answer, he supposed Mr. Mountford had been sent for. No, no, says Mountford, I came by chance. My lord said to him again, I suppose you have heard about the lady. Mr. Mountford answered, I hope my wife has given your lordship no offence. No, says my Lord Mohun, it is Mrs. Bracegirdle I mean. To this the reply of Mr. Mountford was, Mrs. Bracegirdle is no concern of mine; but I hope your lordship does not countenance any ill action of Mr. Hill.

Upon this Hill came up to them, and said to my lord, it was not a time to discourse of those matters; and as my lord continued to talk with Mountford, Hill struck Mountford first, and in a manner at the

same instant made a pass at him, and run him clean through the body, and this before Mr. Mountford's sword was drawn. Immediately, upon this, there was a cry of murder, and the watch came with what haste they could, and took my Lord Mohun, but Hill was fled; when my lord was taken his sword was not drawn.

As soon as my Lord Mohun was taken, the first question he asked was, if Hill was apprehended? And when he was told he was not, he said he was glad of it, and he did not care if he were hanged for him. And he said, adding at the same time, that he was sorry Mr. Hill had so little money about him, and wished him all that he had in his own pocket; and he did then also own to the watch, that he had changed coats with Mr. Hill, and had Hill's coat on him at that time.

My lords, this is the substance of the evidence, and in this order, with your lordships leave, we shall offer the proofs to your lordships; I do not doubt, but your lordships will attend to the evidence with all care, and will determine upon it according to justice and honour.

The evidence adduced, went scarcely further than to prove that Lord Mohun was present at the death of Mountford: it was not shown that his lordship came to the place with any design against the person of the deceased, or that he actually assisted Hill in slaying him. The following are the only interesting portions of this testimony.

Att. Gen. Mr. Powell: Pray will you give my lords an account of what you know of this matter.

Powell. May it please your lordships, about five or six days before Mr. Mountford was wounded, I was in company with Captain Hill, and he began Mrs. Bracegirdle's health. I told him I would pledge it. Says he, I am sure there is no bar between me and Mrs. Bracegirdle but Mountford; and I am resolved to be revenged on him, one way or another. About three days afterwards I was at supper with my Lord Mohun and Captain Hill, and another gentleman, and the same discourse arose again, and Captain Hill whispered me in the ear, says he, I am resolved to have the blood of Mountford. I told him I did not think it fit for him to speak so behind a gentleman's back, and to me who was his friend. I said, I would acquaint Mr. Mountford what he said, and I did not doubt but he would give him the satisfaction of a gentleman for any injury he did him. I heard no further discourse at that time, nor do I know more of that matter, till the night Mr. Mountford was wounded, when I saw him lying upon the parlour-floor, and afterwards saw him laid to bed, and sat up all night with him, and about four o'clock in the morning, I asked Mr. Mountford how the thing happened. He told me Captain Hill killed him basely; I asked him if his sword was drawn; Yes, says he, but it was after I had received my wound, for whilst my Lord Mohun talked to me, Hill run me through.

Att. Gen. At that time, when those words were spoke at supper, that he designed to be the death of Mountford, was my lord present?

Powell. Yes, my Lord Mohun was present, but he was talking to Col. Tredenham.

Att. Gen. Did my Lord Mohun say anything to what Hill said?

Powell. I did not bear him make any answer to it at all.

Att. Gen. My lords, the next witness we shall call, will give you an account what was done in Drury-lane, upon their endeavouring to carry her away, and for that we have here Mrs. Bracegirdle herself.

L. H. Stew. What is this gentlewoman's name?

Att. Gen. Mrs. Ann Bracegirdle. (Then she was sworn.)

Att. Gen. Mrs. Bracegirdle, pray give my lords an account of the whole of your knowledge of the attempt that was made upon you in Drury-lane, and what followed upon it.

Mrs. Bracegirdle. My lord, I was in Prince's-street, at supper at Mr. Page's, and at ten o'clock at night, Mr. Page went home with me; and coming down Drury-lane, there stood a coach by my Lord Craven's door, and the boot of the coach was down, and a great many men stood by it; and just as I came to the place where the coach stood, two soldiers came and pulled me from Mr. Page, and four or five more came up to them, and they knocked my mother down almost, for my mother and my brother were with me. My mother recovered, and came and hung about my neck, so that they could not get me into the coach, and Mr. Page went to call company to rescue me. Then Mr. Hill came with his sword drawn, and struck at Mr. Page and my mother; and when they could not get me into the coach because company came in, he said he would see me home, and he led me by one hand, and my mother by the other. And when we came home, he pulled Mr. Page by the sleeve, and said, Sir, I would speak with you.

Att. Gen. Pray, Mrs. Bracegirdle, did you see any body in the coach when they pulled you to it?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. Yes, my Lord Mohun was in the coach; when they pulled me to the coach, I saw my Lord Mohun in the coach. And when we came home, Hill pulled Mr. Page by the sleeve, and he said, he would speak with him. As they led me along Drury-lane, my Lord Mohun came out of the coach and followed us, and all the soldiers followed them; but they were dismissed, and, as I said, when we came to our lodging, then Hill pulled Mr. Page by the sleeve, and said he would speak with him. Saith Mr. Page, Mr. Hill, another time will do, tomorrow will serve; with that, when I was within doors, Mr. Page was pulled into the house, and Mr. Hill walked up and down in the street with his sword drawn. He had his sword drawn when he came along with me.

Att. Gen. Did you observe him to say anything whilst he was with you?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. As I was going down the hill, he said, as he led me, he would be revenged.

Att. Gen. Did he say of whom he would be revenged?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. He did not name of whom then, but when I was in the house, several persons went to the door, and afterwards Mrs. Browne went to the door, and spoke to them, and asked them what they staid and walked there for? at last they said, they staid to be revenged of Mr. Mountford; and then Mrs. Browne came into me, and told me of it.

L. H. Stew. Who said that?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. Mr. Hill.

Att. Gen. Were my Lord Mohun and Mr. Hill both together when that was said, that they staid to be revenged of Mr. Mountford?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. Yes, they were. And when Mrs. Browne came in and told me, I sent my brother and the maid, and all the people we could out of the house, to Mrs. Mountford, to desire her to send, if she knew where her husband was, to tell him of it, and she did. And when they came in a doors again, I went to the door, and the doors were shut, and I listened to hear if they were there still; and my Lord Mohun and

Mr. Hill were walking up and down the street; and by and by, the watch came up to them, and when the watch came, they said, Gentlemen, why do you walk with your swords drawn? Says my Lord Mohun, I am a peer of England, touch me if you dare.

L. H. Stew. Repeat that again, for I could not well hear you: do you speak of what you heard from Mrs. Browne, or what you observed yourself?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. My lord, I was within doors, but I was listening at the door and heard this myself; they came up to them and said, Gentlemen, why do you walk with your swords drawn?

L. H. Stew. Who asked that question?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. The watch; and says my Lord Mohun, I am a peer of England, touch me if you dare. Then the watch left them, and they went away, and a little after there was a cry of murder, and that is all that I know my lord.

L. Mohun. My lord, I desire this witness might be asked, how long after this passage that she speaketh of, was it that she heard murder cried in the street.

L. H. Stew. You hear the question Mrs. Bracegirdle; what say you to it?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. My lord, I believe it was about a quarter of an hour after, to the best of my memory.

L. H. Stew. What do you mean, a quarter of an hour after the watch asked the question?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. Yes, my lord.

[Then the Earl of Mulgrave stood up.]

L. H. Stew. My Lord Mulgrave.

E. of Mulgrave. My lord, I desire to ask this witness a question. If I heard her aright, I think she said, they threatened to be revenged of Mr. Mountford, I desire to know of her, whether my Lord Mohun did threaten him?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. I do not know indeed; but when Mrs. Browne asked them what they staid there for? they said, to be revenged of Mr. Mountford. I did not hear them myself, but Mrs. Browne came in and told me so.

Att. Gen. Mrs. Bracegirdle, I think if I did not mistake, you said, when the watch came up, they asked them why their swords were drawn?

Mrs. Bracegirdle. Yes, and my Lord Mohun made answer, he was a peer of England, and bid them touch him if they durst, and they went away.

Mr. Page was then examined.

Att. Gen. Pray, Mr. Page, did you see Mr. Mountford after he was wounded?

Mr. Page. Yes, I did.

Att. Gen. Then give my lords an account of what passed at that visit.

Mr. Page. Upon the outcry of murder, I came into the street, where I found my Lord Mohun just surrendering himself to the constable; and immediately I went to Mr. Mountford's house, and I found him lying all along in his blood upon the floor; he seeing me, desired me to lift him up, which I did, and thinking he had been dying, I asked him whether he knew me. He said, yes. Said I to him, had you time to draw your sword in your defence? He said, 'He was barbarously run through before he could draw it.'

Att. Gen. Is this all you have to say, Sir ?

Mr. Page. Yes.

L. H. Stew. Will your lordship ask this witness any questions ?

L. Mohun. My lord, I desire he may be asked, whether my sword was drawn when I surrendered myself to the constable.

Mr. Page. No, my lord, your sword was in the scabbard when you surrendered yourself, but I cannot say whether your sword was drawn before or not.

Mr. Bancroft, a surgeon, testified as follows :

Bancroft. My lord, upon the 9th of December last, at night, between the hours of twelve and one, I was knocked up to go to Mr. Mountford, whose servant came for me and told me, he was dying of a wound he had received. So I came to his house, and found him very desperately wounded ; it went in and out by his back bone, behind his left side. I told him what he must expect, that he was a dead man. I attended him that night till about four o'clock in the morning, and then I took my leave of him and went home : about eight o'clock in the morning I came thither again, and met Mr. Hobbs there, and he was of the same opinion. He lived till about one, and then he died.

Att. Gen. What discourse had you with Mr. Mountford ?

Bancroft. About ten o'clock, I was sent for by the constable to come to Hick's-hall, to be examined there before the justices ; and being then with Mr. Mountford, and some company being there, Mr. Powell (as I take it) was one ; I said to Mr. Mountford, I suppose where I am going, I shall be asked some questions about what you may have said to me ; you are now upon the brink of eternity, and pray answer me truly, who gave you this wound ; was it Mr. Hill, or my Lord Mohun ? Said he, my Lord Mohun offered me no violence, but while I was talking with my Lord Mohun, Hill struck me with his left hand, and with his right hand ran me through before I could put my hand to my sword.

Att. Gen. Did he tell you his sword was drawn ?

Bancroft. He did not say it was or not, but that Hill struck him with his left hand, and at the same time, run him through with his right, before he could put his hand to his sword.

Att. Gen. Did he tell you my Lord Mohun's sword was drawn ?

Bancroft. The words were these, as near as I remember ; my Lord Mohun offered me no violence, but whilst I was talking with him, Hill with his left hand struck me, and with his right run me through, before I had time to put my hand to my sword.

Att. Gen. Did he tell you he had his sword drawn at all afterwards ?

Bancroft. No, not a word of that, that I heard.

After a short defence from Lord Mohun, the evidence for the crown was summed up by the Solicitor General, Sir Thomas Trevor. Various questions of law were then put by different peers to the judges, who were present. These queries being answered, the opinions of the peers were taken, when fourteen declared Lord Mohun to be guilty, and sixty-nine declared him not guilty. His lordship was thereupon discharged.

Lord Mohun was again tried by his peers on the 29th March, 1699, for the murder of Richard Coote, who also lost his life in a street brawl. Another peer, Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick, was included in this charge, and was convicted of manslaughter, but claimed, and obtained

the benefit of his clergy. He, and Lord Mohun, were tried separately, Lord Mohun's trial coming on after the other.

The Lord High Steward for the occasion was Lord Sommers. The whole affair is fully related in the opening address of the Attorney-General Sir Thomas Trevor, and the summing up of the evidence for the crown by the Solicitor-General, Sir John Hawles.

Attorney General. My lords, this noble lord, my Lord Mohun, the prisoner at the bar, stands indicted for the death of Mr. Coote, one of the king's subjects, as your lordships have heard in the case that was before you yesterday; to which indictment he hath pleaded not guilty, and for his trial has put himself upon my lords, who are his peers; I shall very shortly open the substance of the evidence that we shall offer for the king against my lord, the prisoner at the bar; we shall produce evidence to prove, that at the time laid in the indictment, the 29th of October at night, and the next morning, which was Sunday, my lord the prisoner at the bar, and my Lord of Warwick, (who has been found guilty of manslaughter upon this indictment before your lordships) and those other persons that are named in the indictment, Captain French, Captain James, and Mr. Dockwra, and the gentleman that was killed, happened to be at the Greyhound tavern in the Strand, which was then kept by Mr. Locket, and continued there a great part of the night, indeed till the next morning, about one or two of the clock in the morning; there was my Lord of Warwick, my Lord Mohun, Captain French, Captain Coote, and Mr. Dockwra; but very late in the night the other gentleman, Mr. James, was sent for: A messenger was sent particularly to have him come to them; there they continued drinking till about one or two of the clock in the morning, then coaches were sent for; then the drawer of the house will acquaint your lordships, that he went for them, and could not get any at that time, being a very dark night; and when there could be no coaches had, then there were chairs called for, and the drawer went to call chairs; and as we shall make it appear to your lordships, when the drawer came back, there did appear to be a quarrel among them, for there was clashing of swords, and they seemed to be divided into two parties; on the one side were my Lord of Warwick, my Lord Mohun the prisoner at the bar, and Mr. Coote; on the other side were Captain French, Captain James, and Mr. Dockwra; and first there were two chairs came to the door, into which Mr. French and Mr. Coote went, and when they were in the chairs my Lord Mohun came out, and said he would kill any of the chairmen that went away; and so they put up again, and the gentlemen came out, and came into the house; but afterwards Mr. Coote went into the first chair, and my Lord of Warwick into the next, and my Lord Mohun into the third, and then they went away; and the other three gentlemen went into the other three chairs, and followed them. Your lordships will hear whither they were all carried. When they came to the end of St. Martin's-lane in the Strand, my Lord Mohun would indeed have endeavoured to have persuaded Mr. Coote in particular to have gone home for that night, and let the business alone till another time; but Mr. Coote would go on; and while the three chairs carried my Lord of Warwick, my Lord Mohun, and Mr. Coote to St. Martin's-lane end, which were the three first chairs that went away from Locket's, the other three chairs that went after them overtook them, and then by Mr. Coote's command, the chairmen that carried him went forward

towards Leicester-fields ; and then this noble lord, my Lord Mohun, did say, if you go on, I will go and see the end of it, and ordered the chairman that carried him to go after those chairs in which my Lord of Warwick and Mr. Coote went ; and accordingly they did go till they came to the hither end of the square in Leicester-fields, near Green-street end, where my Lord Mohun got out of his chair, and paid for all the three chairs three shillings. But we shall not be able to give to your lordships an account particularly as to my Lord Mohun, what he did afterwards, but we shall call our witnesses to prove what we have opened ; and when our witnesses are heard, we shall leave the matter to your lordships' judgment.

At the conclusion of the evidence for the crown, certainly not very strong against Lord Mohun, the Solicitor General spoke as follows :

Sol. Gen. My lords, I am of counsel for the king against this noble lord, my Lord Mohun, the prisoner at the bar, who has been upon his trial this day, and it comes to my turn to sum up the evidence that has been given against him, which is but a repetition of what your lordships, no doubt of it, have taken exact notice of ; but I must shortly sum up the chief of the particulars thereof, and make a few remarks what of that evidence sticks particularly upon my Lord Mohun. The first witness was the drawer of the house, at the Greyhound in the Strand, who gives you an account, who were at his master's house the 29th of October last, and particularly, that my Lord Mohun was there in the same company wherein this gentleman was that was unfortunately killed, and that he continued in that company till very late that night, or rather, very early the next morning ; when, after the reckoning was paid, they came all down to the bar and called for coaches ; and he tells you, that he was sent out, and he tells you what he was sent for, he was sent for coaches, and so cannot give any account what passed while he was gone ; but when upon calling for coaches, none could be had, there was order for chairs to be called, and chairs were brought to the door ; and when he came in again he heard the clashing of swords, and there were three on the one side of the bar, and three of them on the other : indeed he does say, he did not see when the swords were drawn ; but at that time they were putting up their swords, my Lord Mohun was in the company, upon which I would observe to your lordships that there had been some fighting ; for the witness says, upon my lord's question, that my lord called for a napkin to put his hand in, for his finger was cut ; and he said, this is all that I have got by endeavouring to part them ; so that it shews there was a quarrel, and my Lord Mohun was in it. When the chairs were brought to the door, they went into them ; there went Mr. Coote into one, into the second my Lord of Warwick, and into the third my Lord Mohun ; so that still my Lord Mohun was in the company, and they went away together ; and though it is pretended by my lord, that he did all he could to prevent the quarrel, yet he gave directions to the chairmen that carried him to follow the other chairs, and your lordships perceive what the business was that they went about ; and the other three chairs followed after presently, so that they all went away together ; nay, my lord himself does not disown his being in the company till they came into Leicester-fields. Next I would observe what fell from Browne, who carried the very gentleman that was killed, Mr. Coote, that my Lord Mohun was in one of the three first chairs, and that they all went together, till that my Lord Mohun called

out to stop, upon the turning up into St. Martin's-lane; and though they stopped in St. Martin's-lane, and my Lord Mohun did intreat them to let it alone at that time, yet it was only to let it alone till the morning; and when the other three chairs passed by on the other side of the way, and Coote would have them go on, my Lord Mohun said, if they would go on, he would go with them and see it. Applegate, the chairman, that carried my Lord Mohun, says the same; and so it is plain my Lord Mohun did go on with an intention to make one in the affray; for Applegate says, that when my Lord Mohun could not prevail upon his persuasions, and when Coote went away, after the other three chairs were passed by, my Lord Mohun said, if you do go, I must go and see it; and they did go all together: and the chairman says, he set my Lord Mohun down at the end of Green-street, at the lower end of the fields, where the other two chairs set down Captain Coote and my Lord of Warwick, and that they all three walked up together towards the Strand tavern; still all this proves my lord did go there, and that he himself did say he would go and see it; and it is plain that my Lord Mohun did go as far as Leicester-fields, and it is only his declaration concerning himself, without any proof, that he went away and did not go into the fields, to the place where the fact was done; and we think it is sufficient proof that he was one of them that were concerned, because we do prove, that he was all along in the company till the very time that they came into the place where the thing was done. Then there is the chairmen that carried Mr. James, and he tells your lordships, that the three first chairs that went up St. Martin's-lane went to the Standard tavern, and there knocked at the door, and paid the chairmen, and went out of their chair; and so say the other chairmen that carried Captain Dockwra and Captain French; and they say also, that when they came down the paved stones again, they heard chairs called for, but they did not interpose at all in the matter; but the other two chairs it seems did, for they went up to the upper end of the square, where there were two persons holding up Mr. Coote, and after they put the chair over the rails, in order to have him carried away in a chair, but they could not get him into the chair. I would likewise observe from the evidence of the surgeon, who gives you an account of what nature the wounds were; one was in the breast, near the collar-bone, on the left-side; the other was under the short ribs, on the left side too, which could not be given him by the person that he was fighting with, he being a right-hand man, as was proved by his servant. My Lord Mohun has called but one witness, which is only about a little circumstance of his being wounded in the hand, and having the wound laid open, but that was two days after the fact was done; my Lord Mohun could not but know that the matters he was to answer, related to a time before. It must be agreed to me, that they all three, my Lord of Warwick, my Lord Mohun and Mr. Coote, went all away together, that they were carried to Leicester-fields, that they were set down together, and walked up together upon the stone pavement, when the others were gone towards the upper end of the fields; so that in all probability, they all went together into the place where the fight was, and were all concerned; and if so my Lord Mohun must be equally guilty with the rest, my Lord Mohun knowing what business it was that they were going about. It must be left to your lordships, whether he shall not be presumed to be there when the fact was done, especially his saying

when he could not prevail in St. Martin's-lane, to put the matter off till another time, that if they did go on, he would go and see it; so that putting these two circumstances together, his going in one of the chairs with my Lord Warwick and Coote, and what he said after when the chairs stopped in St. Martin's-lane, we think are circumstances to induce your lordships to believe, that he was present at the time of the fact committed, or very near the place; and if that be so, how far he is guilty must be submitted to your lordships' consideration; and this is all that I shall trouble your lordships with without repeating the particular evidence, which your lordships I am sure very well remember.

The peers however, being convinced that Lord Mohun had endeavoured to prevent the fighting, and was not instrumental in the actual death, his lordship was unanimously acquitted.

The turbulent career of this aristocratic night brawler was at length terminated by a violent death. He was killed in the duel, of fearful celebrity, which took place in Hyde Park, between him and the Duke of Hamilton, who also fell.* The affair is thus narrated by the historian Hume:

The Duke of Hamilton having been appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, the Whigs were alarmed on the supposition that this nobleman favoured the Pretender. Some dispute arising between the Duke and Lord Mohun, on the subject of a law suit, furnished a pretence for a quarrel. Mohun, who had been twice tried for murder, and was counted a mean tool, as well as the Hector of the Whig party, sent a message by General Macartney to the Duke challenging him to single combat. The principals met by appointment in Hyde-park, attended by Macartney and Colonel Hamilton. They fought with such fury, that Mohun was killed upon the spot, and the Duke expired before he could be conveyed to his own house. Macartney disappeared, and escaped to the continent. Colonel Hamilton declared upon oath before the privy council, that when the principals engaged he and Macartney followed their example: that Macartney was immediately disarmed, but the Colonel seeing the Duke fall upon his antagonist, threw away the swords, and ran to lift him up; that while he was employed in raising the Duke, Macartney, having taken up one of the swords, stabbed his grace over Hamilton's shoulder, and retired immediately. A proclamation was issued, promising a reward of £500 to those who should apprehend or discover Macartney, and the Duchess of Hamilton offered £300 for the same purpose. The Tories exclaimed against this event as a party duel: they treated Macartney as a cowardly assassin: and affirmed that the Whigs had posted others of the same stamp all round Hyde Park to murder the Duke of Hamilton in case he had triumphed over his antagonist, and escaped the treachery of Ma-

* His Grace was eldest son of Lord William Douglas by his consort Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, and obtained, by creation, the English Dukedom of Brandon. His second wife was Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of Digby, fifth Lord Gerard, and niece of Mrs. Charlotte Mainwaring whose daughter married Lord Mohun. The quarrel, that arose between the Duke and his antagonist, originated in a dispute about the inheritance of the property of Charles Gerard, second Earl of Macclesfield, which his lordship had devised to the husband of his niece Lady Mohun, in preference to Hamilton, who had married a lady related to him in equal degree. The present chief of the illustrious House of Hamilton, Alexander, tenth Duke, is great grandson of the ill-fated nobleman, to whom we are referring.

cartney. The Whigs on the other hand, affirmed, that it was altogether a private quarrel; that Macartney was entirely innocent of the perfidy laid to his charge: that he afterwards submitted to a fair trial, at which Colonel Hamilton prevaricated in giving his evidence, and was contradicted by the testimony of divers persons who saw the combat at a distance.

In Nichols's edition of Swift's Works, the accounts which appeared in the *Post Boy*, are exhibited as follows:

"On Saturday morning last, about seven o'clock, the Duke of Hamilton and the Lord Mohun fought a duel in Hyde-park. His grace's second was Colonel Hamilton; and his lordship's, Major-general Macartney. The Lord Mohun died on the spot; and my lord duke soon after he was brought home, who received the following wounds; one, on the right side of his leg, about seven inches long; another, in his right arm; the third, in the upper part of his left breast, running downwards into his body, which was looked upon to be the immediate occasion of his death; the fourth wound was on the outside of his left leg. My Lord Mohun received a very large wound in his groin; another, on the right side through his body, up to the hilt of his sword; and the third in his arm; and other wounds. *Post Boy*, Nov. 18." In the same publication, Nov. 20, was the following article, evidently written by Dr. Swift: "Major-general Macartney went three times to the duke's house with a challenge from the Lord Mohun. On Friday last at four in the afternoon he delivered it to the duke, and was at the bagnio all night with my Lord Mohun, who was observed to be seized with fear and trembling at that time. They met at seven the next morning, with their seconds, Colonel Hamilton of the Foot-Guards for the duke, and Macartney for the Lord Mohun. There the duke told Macartney, that his grace knew this was all of his contrivance, but that he should have a share in the dance; for his friend Hamilton resolved to entertain him. On Tuesday last a committee of council sat at the Earl of Dartmouth's office, and the spectators of the duel were examined; and we hear, that my lord duke and the Lord Mohun did not parry, but gave thrusts at each other, and the latter shortening his sword, stabbed the duke in the upper part of his left breast, running downwards into his body, which wound, upon probing, was about fourteen inches long, who expired soon after he was put into the coach. Colonel Hamilton received a wound in his right leg, and going afterwards to the Half-moon tavern in Cheapside, was dressed by Mr. Woodward the chirurgeon. His grace is universally lamented by all men of honour and honesty, or who have the least regard for their Queen and country, being a faithful subject, a true friend, a kind master, and a loving husband; and, as a just reward for his services and sufferings, was preferred to the greatest honours and employments of the crown. His grace is succeeded in honour and estates by his eldest son, who is about twelve years of age. It is to be remembered, that the Lord Mohun was the person who gave the affront, which the duke, observing him to be in drink, disdained to regard. But the faction, weary of him, resolved to employ him in some real service to their cause, and valued not what became of him, provided he did their drudgery: for the dispute at law between the duke and his lordship had continued many years, without any personal quarrel of consequence. But this is the new expedient of the faction,

band-boxes and bullies. Macartney is absconded: but it is hoped a proclamation will soon be issued out for apprehending him, in order to bring him to justice.—N. B. This is the fourth person that my Lord Mohun had the misfortune to kill. His lordship's title is extinct."

At this time Swift was become a Tory, and one of the "ministers or agents of the ministry," as they are denominated by Johnson, in number at first sixteen, afterwards more, who met weekly at each others' houses, and were united by the name of brothers.

In the History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne, Swift says that Macartney stabbed Duke Hamilton in the breast after he was wounded by Lord Mohun, and in a note to that work, it is said, that his account is exactly agreeable to the depositions of Colonel Hamilton, before a committee of the council. Macartney, it appears, escaped to Holland, but afterwards (June 16, 1716,) was tried for the murder at the bar of the Court of King's-bench, and found guilty of manslaughter. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, (December 26, 1712), relates a curious anecdote of a gentleman, who being set upon by highwaymen, told them he was Macartney, "upon which they brought him to a justice of peace in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol."

Burnet, after relating the fate of Hamilton, says, "I will add no character of him. I am sorry I cannot say so much good of him as I could wish; and I had too much kindness for him, to say any evil without necessity."

Of Lord Mohun we may add, that he married twice, first Charlotte Mainwaring, niece of Charles Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield; and secondly Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Laurence and widow of Col. Griffith; but had no issue by either. At his decease the Barony of Mohun of Okehampton became extinct, but the estate of Gawsworth in Cheshire, which he had inherited from the Gerards, vested by will, in his widow, and eventually passed to her ladyship's daughter Anne Griffith, wife of the Rt. Hon. William Stanhope, by whose representative, Charles, Earl of Harrington, it is now enjoyed.

NEWSPAPERS DURING THE CIVIL WARS.

THE Press two hundred years ago, although but the merest pigmy compared to the press of the present day, was even then of no inconsiderable importance, and in the unhappy conflict between the ill-fated, ill-advised, but amiable Charles and his shrewd, sour, and stiff-necked parliament, played no inconsiderable part. Already it had assumed a position far beyond that of a mere news dispenser. Already as a public moralist it began to censure and to applaud, and as a public reformist to counsel and to direct. In such a conflict as the Civil Wars, each party had of course its own journals; those in the service of the parliament were usually the "DIURNALS," in that of the king the "MERCURIES;" the most eminent writers in both werè Sir John Birkenhead, Marchmont, Needham, and Sir Roger L'Estrange. Butler in reverting to the parliamentary papers makes Hudibras trust that he may be

"Registered by fame eternal
In deathless pages of DIURNAL!"

But Cleveland has left two remarkable effusions of his satirical and vindictive powers in his character of a "Diurnal Maker" and "London Journal." "A Diurnal maker is the sub-almoner of history; Queen Mab's register; one on whom, by the same figure that a north country pedlar is a merchantman, you may style an author. The silly countryman who, seeing an ape in a scarlet coat, blessed his young worship, and gave his landlord joy of the hopes of his house, did not slander his compliment with worse application than he that names this shred an historian. To call him an historian is to knight a mandrake, 'tis to view him through a perspective, and by that gross hyperbole, to give the reputation of an engineer to a maker of mousetraps. When these weekly fragments shall pass for history, let the poor man's box be entitled the exchequer, and alms basket a magazine. Methinks the Turk should license Diurnals because he prohibits learning and books." And further he says that these Diurnals differ from "Mercurius Aulicus" (the journal of his party) "As the Devil and his Exorcist, or as a black witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravel her enchantments."

The Mercurius Aulicus was chiefly conducted by Sir John Birkenhead, at Oxford, "communicating the intelligence and affairs of the court to the rest of the kingdom." Sir John was a great wag and excelled in sarcasm and invective; his facility is equal to repartee, and his spirit often reaches to wit; a great forger of tales, who probably considered that a romance was a better thing than a newspaper. The royal party were so delighted with his witty buffoonery, that Sir John was recommended to be Professor of moral philosophy at Oxford.

The originality of Birkenhead's happy manner consists in his adroit use of sarcasm; he strikes it off by means of a parenthesis. The fol-

lowing is one of his summaries of what the parliamentary journals had been detailing during the week.

“The Londoners in print this week have been pretty copious. They say that a *troop of the Marquess of Newcastle’s horse* have submitted to the Lord Fairfax. (They were part of the German horse which came over in the Danish fleet.)* That the Lord *Wilmot hath been dead five weeks, but the Cavaliers concealed his death.* (Remember this!) That *Sir John Urry † is dead and buried at Oxford.* (He died the same day with Lord Wilmot.) That *the Cavaliers before they have done, will HURREY all men into misery.* (The quibble hath been six times printed, and nobody would take notice of it; now let’s hear it no more!) That *all the Cavaliers which Sir William Waller tooke prisoners (besides 500) tooke the national covenant* (yes all he tooke, besides 500 tooke the covenant.) That *2,000 Irish Rebels landed in Wales.* (You call them English Protestants till you cheated them of their money.) That *Sir William Brereton ‡ left 140 good able men in Hawarden Castle.* (’Tis the better for Sir Michael Earnley, who hath taken the castle.) That *the Queen hath a great deafnesse.* (Thou hast a blister on thy tongue.) That *the Cavaliers burned all the suburbs of Chester, that Sir William Brereton might find no shelter to besiege it.* (There was no hayrick, and Sir William cares for no other shelter!) THE SCOTTISH DOVE says (there are Doves in Scotland!) that *Hawarden Castle had but forty men in it when the Cavaliers tooke it.* (Another told you there were 140 lusty stout fellows in it: for shame, gentlemen, conferre notes!) That *Colonel Norton at Rumsey tooke 200 prisoners.* (I saw them counted: they were just two millions.) Then the Dove hath this sweet passage, *O Aulicus, thou profane wretch, that darest scandalous God’s saints, darest thou call that loyal subject, Martin Pym, a traitor.* (Yes, pretty Pigeon, § he was

* Alluding to a ridiculous rumour, that the king was to receive foreign troops by the Danish fleet.

† Col. Urry, alias Hurrey, deserted the parliament, and went over to the king; afterwards deserted the king, and discovered to the parliament all he knew of the king’s forces.

‡ This Sir William Brereton, or as Clarendon writes the name Bruerton, was the famous Cheshire knight whom Cleveland characterises as one of those heroes whose courage lies in their teeth. “Was Brereton,” says the royal satirist, “to fight with his teeth, as in all things resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at this weapon. He’s a terrible slaughterman at a thanksgiving dinner. Had he been cannibal enough to have those he vanquished, his gut would have made him valiant.” And in “Loyal Songs,” his valiant appetite is noticed:

“But, oh! take heed lest he do eat
The Rump all at one dinner!”

Lord Clarendon gives however, a very different character of Sir William. He says “It cannot be denied but Sir William Bruerton, and the other gentlemen of their party, albeit their education and course of life had been very different from their present engagements, and for the most part very unpromising in matters of war, and therefore were too much contemned enemies, executed their commands with notable sobriety and indefatigable industry, (virtues not so well practised in the king’s quarters,) inso-much as the best soldiers who encountered with them had no cause to despise them.”

§ The “Scotch Dove,” seems never to have recovered from this metamorphosis, but ever after, among the newsmongers, was known to be only a Widgeon. His character is not very high in “the Great Assizes” (a satirical poem of the time)—

“The innocent ‘Scotch Dove’ did then advance,
Full sober in his wit and countenance;
And, though his book contain’d out mickle science,
Yet his endictment show’d no great offence.

charged with six articles by His Majesty's Attorney Generall.) Next he says, *that Master Pym died like Moses upon the Mount.* (He did not die upon the Mount, but should have done.) Then he says, *Master Pym died in a good old age, like Jacob in Egypt.* (Not like Jacob, yet just as those died in Egypt in the days of Pharaoh.)

As Sir John was frequently the propagator of false intelligence, it was necessary at times to seem scrupulous, and to correct some slight errors. He does this very adroitly, without diminishing his invectives.

"We must correct a mistake or two in our two last weeks. We advertised you of certain money speeches made by Master *John Sedgwick*: on better information it was not *John*, but *Obadiah*, Presbyter of Bread Street, who in the pulpit in hot weather used to unbottin his doublet, which *John*, who wanteth a thumtre, forbears to practice. And when we told you last week, of a committee of *Lawyers* appointed to put their new *Scale* in execution, we named among others, Master *George Peard*.† I confess this was no small error, to reckon Master *Peard* among the *Lawyers*, because he now lies sicke, and so far from being their new *Lord Keeper*, that he now despairs to become their *Door Keeper*, which office he performed heretofore. But since Master *Peard* has become desperately sicke: and so his vote, his law, and haire have all forsook him, his corporation of *Barnstaple* have been on perfect health and loyalty. The town of *Barnstaple* having submitted to the king, this will no doubt be a special cordial for their languishing Burgers. And yet the man may grow hearty again when he hears of the late defect given to his Majesty's forces in *Lincolnshire*."

This paper was immediately answered by *Marchmont Needham* in his "*Mercurius Britannicus*,"—thus commencing:

"*Aulicus* will needs venture his soule upon the other *half sheet*; and this week he *lies*, as completely as ever he did in *two full sheets*; full of as many scandals and fictions, full of as much stupidity and ignorance, full of as many tedious untruths as ever. And because he would *recrute* the reputation of his wit, he falls into company of our *DIURNALS* very furiously, and there lays about him in the midst of our weekly pamphlets; and he casts in the few squibs and the little wildfire he hath, dashing out his conceits; and he takes it ill that the poore scribblers should tell a story for their living; and after a whole week spent at

Great wits to perils great—themselves expose
 Oft-times; but the Scotch Dove was none of those:
 In many words he little matter drest,
 And did laconick brevity detest.
 But while his readers did expect some Newes,
 They found a sermon.—"

The Scotch Dove desires to meet the classical *Aulicus* in the duel of the pen.—

—————"to turn one loose,
 A Scottish Dove against a Roman Goose."

The "*Scottish Dove*" is condemned "to cross the seas or to repasse the Tweede." They all envy him his "easy mulct," but he wofully exclaims against the hard sentence--

For if they knew that home as well as he,
 They'd rather die than there imprison'd be."

* This stroke alludes to a rumour of the times, noticed also by *Clarendon*, that *Pym* died of the *morbus pediculosus*."

† *Peard* a bold lawyer of little note.—*CLARENDON*.

Oxford, in inke and paper, to as little purpose as *Maurice* spent his shot and powder at *Plimouth*, he gets up, about Saturday into a jingle or two, for he cannot reach to a full jest; and I am informed that the three quarter concerts in the last lease of his *Diurnall* cost him fourteen pence in *aqua vite*."

Sir John never condescends formally to answer Needham, for which he gives this singular reason. "As for this libeller, we are still resolved to take no notice till we find him able to spell his own name, which to this time BRITANNICUS never did."

In the next number NEEDHAM, who had always written it BRITANNICUS, the correction was silently adopted. Vain was it gainsaying the etymology of an Oxford malignant.

At the first breaking out of the parliament's separation from the Royal party, when the public mind, full of consternation in that new anarchy, shook with the infirmity of childish terror, the most extravagant reports were as eagerly caught up as the most probable, and served much better the purposes of their inventors. They had daily discoveries of new conspiracies which appeared in a pretended correspondence written from Spain, France, Italy, or Denmark; they had their amusing literature mixed with their grave politics; and a dialogue between a Dutch mariner and an English ostler, could alarm the nation as much as the last letter from their private correspondent. That the wildest rumours were acceptable appears from their contemporary Fuller. Armies were talked of concealed underground by the King, to cut the throats of all the Protestants in a night. He assures us, that one of the most prevailing dangers amongst the Londoners, was, "a design laid for a mine of powder under the Thames, to cause the river to drown the city." This desperate expedient, it seems, was discovered just in time to prevent its execution; and the people were devout enough to have a public thanksgiving, and watched with a little more care, that the Thames might not be blown up. Whenever they wanted £100,000, they raised a plot, they terrified the people, they appointed a day of thanksgiving, and while their ministers addressed to God himself all the news of the week, and even reproached him for the rumours against their cause, all ended, as is usual in such times, with the gulled multitudes contributing more heavily to the adventurers who ruled them than the legal authorities exacted in their greatest wants. "The Diurnals had propagated thirty-nine of their treasons or new taxes," according to one of the members of the House of Commons, who had watched their patriotic designs.

From "the Weekly Accompt," a Diurnal, January 1543.

"This day afforded no newes at all, but onely what was heavenly and spiritual," and then follows an account of the public fast, and of the grave Divine, Master Henderson's sermon, with his texts in the morning; and in the afternoon, another of Master Strickland, with his texts—and of their spiritual effect over the whole parliament!

Such news as the following was very agreeable.

"From Oxford it is informed, that on Sunday was fortnight in the evening, Prince Rupert, accompanied with some lords and other cavaliers, danced through the streets openly with music before them, to one of the colleges; when after they had stayed about half an houre, they returned back again, dancing with the same music; and immediately there followed a pack of women, or courtesans, as it may be supposed, for they

were hooded, and could not be knowne ; and this the party who related affirmed he saw with his own eyes."

On this paragraph the Diurnal maker pours out severe anathemas—observing that "dancing and drabbing are inseparable companions, and follow one another close at the heels." He assures his readers that the malignants or royalists only fight like sensual beasts to maintain their dancing and drabbing.

THE DESTINY OF THE ROSES.

In days of bliss, ere vice began,
Or death had mark'd the lot of man,
All roses bloomed in purest white.
Their change to red, in one sad night,
Happen'd, when Eve, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Outcast from Eden's garden came.
No more, from brand completely free,
A spotless white rose mortals see.

M. A. S.

THE DRAMA OF MODERN FRANCE.

NO. II. THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL—*continued.*

THERE is another very striking drama by Victor Hugo, which it may be as well not to pass over, especially as an elegant English translation of it, in verse, has appeared from the pen of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, now Earl of Ellesmere. The play in question is "Hernani," which has enjoyed unbounded popularity in France, and which has been produced in some shape or other at almost every theatre of Europe. Verdi has chosen it for the subject of one of his operas. The main features of the wild and singular story of Hernani are these :

Don John of Arragon, a proscribed outlaw, and leader of Spanish bandits, under the assumed name of Hernani, has fallen deeply in love with the Dona Sol de Silva, the niece, and affianced bride of her guardian Don Ruy Gomez. Hernani being defeated, and closely pursued by the troops of the government, takes refuge in his rival's castle. Hither he is followed by Carlos, King of Spain (afterwards the Emperor Charles V.), who is also enamoured of Dona Silva. Don Ruy Gomez, however, deeming it against his honour to betray the fugitive, though in mortal hatred of him, conceals him determinedly from the regal search, and the monarch departs taking with him Dona Silva in revenge for Gomez's obstinacy. When they have departed, Don Ruy brings Hernani forth, and prepares to slay him, for having won from him the affections of his betrothed. Hernani acknowledges the power Gomez has over his life, but he craves permission to pursue the King and Silva, and see her once more, and he swears, by his father's head, to deliver his existence up to Gomez at any period afterwards he may call upon him to do so. Gomez consents. Hernani, sometime, subsequent to so extraordinary an arrangement, is pardoned, and restored to his rank and possessions by the Emperor Charles V., who renders Dona Silva to him, and he weds her. In the midst of Hernani's nuptial happiness, when he is at the height of human content, the implacable Gomez mysteriously arrives, and reminds him of his word, and insists on its performance. The Castilian honour of Hernani dares not resist the summons : he takes poison, his bride in despair on discovery of his oath, having previously drank her death from the same fatal phial.

Lord Ellesmere's translation of this drama is poetically and gracefully done : his lordship catches and exhibits the full force and fire of the original. The following love scene is a fair illustration of the whole.

DONNA SOL. Now let us fly.

HERNANI. The task befits thee well,
To gather firmness as the tempests swell ;
Around me still, companion, wife, and friend,
To cling in fond endurance to the end :

'Tis worthy of that firm and trusting heart.

But, heaven above! for me to play that part!—
To drag her on, without regret or fear!
My time is past, the scaffold frowns too near.

DONNA SOL. How say you?

HERNANI. This great monarch, whom I braved,
Will seek his life by whom his own was saved.
He flies. Already at his palace-gate
He calls around the minions of his state—
His guards, his lords, his hangmen.

DONNA SOL. Thou wilt die!
Despatch! despatch! Together let us fly.

HERNANI. Together? No! that hour is past for flight.
Dearest, when first thy beauty met my sight,
I offered, for the love which bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give—
My wood, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grown,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's meal beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Though to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold's couch reserved for me.

DONNA SOL. And yet you promised!

HERNANI (*falling on his knees.*) Angel! in this hour,
Pursued by vengeance, and oppressed by power—
Even in this hour, when death prepares to close
In shame and pain a destiny of woes—
Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
E'en from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to smile—and reason to be glad:
For you have loved the outlaw, and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forfeit head.

DONNA SOL. Let me go with you.

HERNANI. No; I will not rend
From its fair stem the flower as I descend,
Go—I have smelt its perfume. Go—resume
All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.
Wed the old man,—believe that ne'er we met;
I seek my shade—Be happy, and forget!

DONNA SOL. No—I go with you. What can e'er atone
For your desertion?

HERNANI. Let me fly alone.

DONNA SOL (*despairingly*); HERNANI (*on the threshold.*)
You fly me? Was it then for this I cast
All at your feet, to be repulsed at last?
Can he, for whom I braved my fate, deny
All that remains,—the bliss with him to die?

HERNANI. Banished—proscribed—contagious.

DONNA SOL. Rather say,
Ungrateful—thankless!

HERNANI. No—not that. I stay—
You wish it. Let me seek these arms again;
And, till these arms release me, I remain.
Forget our fortune and our foes to-night;
Sit on this stone above me, bend thy sight
On mine, and flood me with its dazzling light.
Speak, and enchant me. Dearest, is't not sweet
To love, and see the loved one at thy feet;

Thus to be two, where not a third is nigh ;
 To the night air, while others sleep, to sigh ?
 Here, on thy breast, let my repose be found,
 My love, my beauty !

[*The sound of the distant tocsin is heard.*]

DONNA SOL (*rising.*) 'Tis the tocsin's sound ?
 Hear'st thou the tocsin ?

HERNANI. 'Tis our marriage-bell ;
 And these are notes of bridal joy, which swell
 On the night breeze.

DONNA SOL. Rise ! fly ! the town is bright
 Like sudden day.

HERNANI. The marriage-torches' light.
 Come to these arms !

Enter a MOUNTAINEER, sword in hand.

MOUNTAINEER. My Lord ! my Lord ! the foe
 Musters his force ; whole squadrons make a show
 Already in the place.

HERNANI (*rising.*) What cause to fear ?
Shouts without.

Death to the chief !

HERNANI. Thy sword ! the chief is here.

[*To DONNA SOL.*

Adieu, then !

DONNA SOL. By the open wicket fly.
 Adieu ! Remember, if you fall, I die.

HERNANI. One kiss—

DONNA SOL. Be quick, then, ere your time be past.

HERNANI (*hissing her forehead.*) Alas ! it is my first.

DONNA SOL. Perhaps your last.

[*Exit HERNANI. DONNA SOL falls upon a bench.*

The extravagancies of the author of *Hernani*, and those who have followed his example, are certainly not to be denied ; yet the fairest laurel in M. Hugo's wreath of fame will probably be, that, by exhortation and imitation, he has brought his countrymen to submit to Shakespeare's spirit, which, though imperfectly at first, will eventually exercise so beneficial an influence over their national drama.

The romantic school of France is a numerous one ; so much so, that a mere summary of the productions and merits of the writers who compose it, would far exceed the intended limits of this essay. One author, however, cannot be omitted,—the famous fertility of whose genius astounds and amuses the world—a writer who regards his brain as a storehouse, from which may issue an unbounded supply of every article of literature wholesale and retail, and who converts the exercise of mental imagination into a mere traffic of goods bargained and sold. We, of course, mean Alexander Dumas—the manufacturer of books by the hundred—the companion of princes in their most perilous nuptials—the philanthropic lion hunter of Africa—Dumas, who in the energy of his uncontrolable daring, contracts beyond the possibility of human exertion, and yet nothing daunted, cries out “ Who dare assign a limit to genius ? ” Of his dramatic doings, M. Dumas thus made mention at his trial, when evincing his extraordinary disrelish for the appellation of Elizabeth,—a name which oddly enough ever attaches to the memory of M. Dumas's admired prototype, Shakespeare :

“ What ! it is supposed that I could write a romance called ‘ Elizabeth,’

when I hate the name! I ask pardon of any lady here present who may be named Elizabeth, but I am forced to avow that the name is one of my antipathies. I have published three hundred volumes, I have written twenty-five dramas, and I will defy any person to discover in any one of my romances, or in any one of my dramas, the word 'Elizabeth.'"

Among these five and twenty plays, many of them fine samples of the romantic school, there is one which may be cited as remarkably Shakesperian in sentiment and style. Though not a recent production of its author, his after reputation will not a little rest upon it. We the more readily bring it forward, as the noble translator of *Hernani* affords, in this instance also, an opportunity of judging in English, of the merits of the original work. The play in the French, bears the title of "*Henri III. et sa Cour*:" The Earl of Ellesmere's version is called "*Catherine of Cleves*," and his lordship, in his preface, gives the following account of the play, and of his reproduction of it.

"This Drama was intended as an adaptation to the English stage of Mr. A. Dumas's Tragedy of Henry III. I have reduced the five Acts of the original to three, and have substituted blank verse for prose, and have changed the title from Henry III. to Catherine of Cleves. With respect to the adoption of blank verse, I shall only say that the personages of the drama are of that class, to which the privilege of measured language has been usually conceded, and that I thought it better suited for my purposes, necessarily differing in some respects from those which Mr. Dumas had in view. The reduction in length, and change of title, require, in justice to Mr. Dumas, more explanation. It will appear, on perusal of his drama, that he has aimed at combining, with the attainment of the usual objects of tragic representation, copious illustration of the manners of the historical period at which his action is laid. In pursuit of this object, much and minute allusion to the persons, the events, and the costume of the day, has been skilfully interwoven into his scene, which could not have been made intelligible to any but a Parisian audience. I was therefore compelled to dismiss from my version many incidents, speeches, and entire scenes. I was unwilling to substitute for the passages omitted any inventions of my own, and therefore ventured on the experiment by which a five act Tragedy, although preserving its distinctive qualities of gloom and horror, has been cut down to dimensions more usually allotted to pieces of lighter construction.

"With respect to the change of title, Mr. Dumas's plan, though it threw the interest of the piece on the same characters as mine, brought out that of Henry III. much more forcibly than the latter. That sovereign has been so reduced in importance in my hands, that I consider him disqualified for giving his name to the drama.

"The principal incidents and characters of Mr. Dumas's piece, and of course of mine, are extant in G. Chapman's play, *Bussy d'Amboise*. In that play are to be found, in particular, the leading incidents of the quarrel in the King's presence, and the letter scene between Guise and the Duchess. To what degree the latter has been worked up by Chapman, and with what moderation Mr. Dumas has applied the unusual agency of manual violence inflicted on a female, may be inferred from the fact, that, in the old play, the jealous husband extorts his wife's compliance by the application of the rack on the stage. *Bussy d'Amboise* abounds in beauties, but is disfigured, as is usual with Chapman, by that

exaggeration and bombast, from which Shakspeare alone of his contemporaries was comparatively exempt, but in which Chapman left them all behind. The character of Bussy d'Amboise, the St. Megrin of the piece, throughout answers most completely to the description contained in a speech addressed to him :

“Goe, th'art a devil! Such another spirit
Could not be still'd from all th'Armenian dragons.”

The tragedy of “Catherine of Cleves,” as translated by Lord Ellesmere, was successfully performed some years ago at Covent Garden Theatre, Fanny Kemble playing the heroine, Charles Kemble the Count St. Megrin, and Warde the Duke of Guise. The subject of the tragedy is this :

Catherine of Cleves the wife of Henry of Lorraine Duke of Guise, is beloved by Paul Caussade, Count de St. Megrin, a favourite of Henry III. King of France. The affection is mutual, but the Duchess virtuously resists the feeling, and repels the advances of the Count. They however accidentally meet in the chamber of an astrologer, and are there discovered by the husband. His jealousy and revenge make him resolve on St. Megrin's death which he accomplishes thus: he insists upon his wife writing a letter of assignation to her lover, appointing a meeting in her own apartment in the Hotel de Guise: she at first refuses, but the Duke grasping and squeezing her arm with his iron gauntlet, brutally compels her through excess of pain to do his bidding. St. Megrin comes according to the summons, and is slain by the attendants of his enemy; the Duchess dies by poison. The last scene of this awe-inspiring tragedy is so elegantly and graphically rendered by Lord Ellesmere, and at the same time is so characteristic of Dumas's language and style, that we here extract it, as a concluding illustration of our remarks on the romantic portion of the French Drama :

ACT III.

SCENE III.—*Chamber in which the DUCHESS of GUISE is confined.*

She is still dressed as for the ball at the Louvre, with flowers in her hair, and jewels on her gown. She listens to the clock, which strikes three quarters.

THE DUCHESS. O, for another stroke upon that bell!
The fatal hour were passed, and he were safe.
Since midnight have I strain'd my sight to watch
The palace entrance. Dim and dusky figures
Have glided through the portal in succession,
But he was not among them. Thanks to Heaven!
Nor mask nor mantle could disguise that form,
To foil my scrutinising gaze. He comes not.

[She rushes to the door and listens.

Death to my hope! methought I heard a footstep.
'Twas nothing; and I breathe again, and live
To see the issue. Wretch! the time has been
When, in this vast and lonely room, at midnight,
Tempest without, and every wind of heaven
Demanding entrance at the clattering pane,
With those grim portraits of my tyrant's ancestors,

[Returns.

Where'er I moved or bent my sight, still following,
 Or meeting every motion with a frown—
 I should have blest that human footstep's sound,
 And rush'd to meet it, and have almost died
 Of disappointment when it died. But now
 The hissing of the coil'd snake in my ear,
 The raven's croak upon the murderer's gibbet,
 The mandrake's shriek, were music to the sound
 Of love's light step, and youth's elastic tread,
 Upon the wrought and inlaid marquetry
 Of yonder corridor. Yet I despair not.
 He will not come—he will not risk his life
 On that anonymous scroll's encouragement.
 He deem'd another's hand let fall the flowers
 Into that den. His words were courtier's compliments—
 He loves me not. O, God, that I could think so!

[*She goes to the window, and opens the casement.*]

I yet might warn him, were the night less dark.
 Some sign! (*She returns in ecstasy.*) The portal closes!

He is saved!

Saved for to-night! The scroll has fail'd to reach him.
 His better angel's hand has misdirected
 The blind and innocent messenger of death;
 And means may yet be found to arm the victim
 Against the future vengeance of my husband.
 He shall not perish! Hark! that sound returns—
 That dreadful sound of footsteps on the stair!
 Is it my husband? Is it some conspirator?
 It mounts—it hesitates—arrest it, Heaven!
 No—it approaches! Fly! for mercy's sake,
 Seek not this fatal threshold! Hence! avoid!
 I rave! Is not the portal closed behind him?
 What means of flight, then? Hell is leagued against us—
 Heaven yields, and hope is fled, and prayer is powerless!

[*The door opens. Enter ST. MEGRIN. She retires step by step as he advances.*]

ST. MEGRIN. Farewell, my fears! The haven of my voyage
 At last is won. I could not fail to reach it,
 That smile my pilot, and that voice my guide.

DUCHESS. That voice to guide thee!—Miserable man!
 That voice was raised to warn thee, bid thee fly me
 Far as thy fear, if fear were in thy nature—
 Far as my hate and scorn could urge that flight
 If I could ever hate thee or despise.

ST. MEGRIN. Not e'en this language can revive my fears,
 Or make one doubt return.

DUCHESS. The door is open:
 Fly ere they close it.

ST. MEGRIN. Out on my neglect!
 A lover's haste should not o'erleap precaution.

[*He fastens the door, and throws aside the key.*]
 Dismiss your fears: 'tis fasten'd.

DUCHESS. Count St. Megrin,
 Listen to me one instant!

ST. MEGRIN. Gentle orator,
 Speak! for thy voice alone can give me proof
 That Heaven permits to mortal man enjoyment
 Of bliss like mine.

DUCHESS. Talk not of bliss, but fly!

Hence, ere the murderers enter ! You are track'd,
Compass'd with dangers, sold, betray'd to death !

ST. MEGRIN. Danger and death ! How ill with words like these,
That festal robe, that garland's flowers assort.

DUCHESS. [*Tears off and tramples on the garland.*
That garland !—trodden be in dust its flowers,
And wither'd like the wearer !

ST. MEGRIN. Whence this passion,
And these wild actions ?

DUCHESS. Hear me, Count St. Megrin !
Wake from this madman's dream of happiness !
Your life—your life, is all but past redemption,
And mine is link'd with yours ;—we stand together
On the dim threshold of eternity.

You are betray'd, ensnared !—the lion's den
Is safety to this gorgeous room. They come
To snite, to stab, without delay or mercy—
Young, reckless, sinful, unconfess'd—to kill you.

ST. MEGRIN. To kill me ! was this letter, then, a forgery ?

DUCHESS. These fingers held the pen and traced the characters,
But, O, their horrible import was my husband's !
His and the fiends which o'er his jealous mind
Hold terrible mastery. Torture forced the deed,
And most unmanly violence : see the proof !

[*Displaying her arm.*

ST. MEGRIN. And I could let this artifice deceive me !
Fool, madman, coxcomb ! Now I see it all.
And I could think she loved me !

DUCHESS. Fly, then, fly,
While yet a chance remains !

ST. MEGRIN. She loves me not !

DUCHESS. Your life—your life !

ST. MEGRIN. They shall not seek it long !
One word of yours has rooted from my bosom
All love for life which I am doom'd to lose,
As these were rooted from their forest bed.
I won these violets at some risk—

[*He takes the bouquet from his bosom.*

Have worn them

Nearest my heart ; but now I cast them from me.

They shall not find these tokens of delusion
About my person when the assassin's sword
Has done its office. Fare thee well, for ever !
This door is fast.

[*Proceeds to the door.*

DUCHESS. It is my husband's deed.

ST. MEGRIN. Let him come on : Guise, murderer, I defy thee !
Thou in whose grasp a feeble woman's arm
Shrunk in its weakness, venture, if thou dar'st,
To try the force of mine ! Ruffian and coward !

DUCHESS. Brave not thy fate—it will arrive too soon !
Assist my efforts : means may yet be found
Of flight and safety.

ST. MEGRIN. What is life to me ?
Fly where I will, thy cold indifference follows ;
And shelter from thy scorn, perchance thy hate,
The world affords not.

DUCHESS. Scorn and hate from me !
Alas !

ST. MEGRIN. O, let me hear that sound again,

Which speaks such sweet denial of my charge !
 But tell me that the life I save for thee
 Is dearer than another's in thy sight,
 And I obey ! Say thou art not indifferent—
 I am thy slave !

DUCHESS. Forgive my sin, just Heaven !
 At this dread moment I must speak. I am not.

ST. MEGRIN. Why, now the love of life returns upon me.
 Your means of flight—of safety ? Speak ! what are they !
 And yet to fly before the Guise—impossible !

DUCHESS. Not before him—before a band of murderers !
 He pays his hirelings for the task of butchery.

[Goes to the door.

The bar which closed this door has been removed.
 Could we secure it ; He has got one key—
 The other—

[Seeking for the key.

ST. MEGRIN. Waste no time in seeking it.
 My dagger's point once broken in the wards
 Will foil his means of entrance for the moment.

[He breaks the point of his dagger in the lock.

DUCHESS. Now to devise some means. Alas ! distraction
 Reigns paramount here. [Clasping her forehead.

ST. MEGRIN. This window—

DUCHESS. Do not try it :

Its height were fatal.

ST. MEGRIN. Death without revenge !—

That were a fool's expedient. Let them come !

DUCHESS. O for some stroke of Heaven's bright mercy now,
 Beyond the course of nature, to preserve us ! [Kneels to ST. MEGRIN.
 Forgive me that I could not bear that pain :

I did not flinch when instant death was menaced ;
 But the strong anguish overcame. Forgive me !

ST. MEGRIN. If I am doom'd to perish, hear my prayer.
 Say but those words—"I love thee !" Death shall find me
 More than content. What is the world to us—

Its frigid customs and its mists of prejudice—
 Its social ties, its usages and compacts ?

The dead those fetters bind not, nor the dying.
 Pour out thine heart to mine in that confession,
 And make the few short moments which remain
 Richer in bliss than years of past prosperity.

DUCHESS. Yes. I have loved you long and well, St Megrin,
 And love you now. But thou canst never know
 All that the guilty flame—for it was guilty—
 Has cost its victim ; all her vain attempts
 To quench its fatal influence or to fly.

Yes ; I will bare my weakness to the gaze
 Which once I boasted it could shun for ever.
 Here, in this very chamber, have I pass'd
 Long hours of what the world thought solitude,
 And held communion with my love and thee.
 I saw thy form—thy voice was in mine ear ;
 I spoke, and was replied to. Memory ! Memory !
 Why, in this terrible moment, conjure back
 Those hours—the happiest of my life ?

ST. MEGRIN.

Enough.

Tell me no more. Did ever human frailty
 Meet with such retribution as my own ?

Joy beyond speech almost within my grasp,
And the deep gulf of death and hell between us.
Couldst thou but hate, I could have braved their daggers;
And now I think I fear them. Speak no more.

DUCHESS. O, do not curse me!

ST. MEGRIN. Yes; because thou lov'st me!
Young, and beloved by you—to die! I cannot.
Unsay what thou hast said.

DUCHESS. They come! They come!
[Noise without.]

ST. MEGRIN. Is't so? Beloved, far as thou canst, retire.
I have been weak and mad. Thou hast beheld
What never woman saw before—my weakness.
But in the face of death, I reassume
The bearing that becomes me.

[Stands in a calm posture of defence.
Quit the scene.]

DUCHESS. Hear me St. Megrin—for a thought has struck me.
On the first story underneath this window
A balcony juts outward from the wall.
Could you but reach it! Is there no device?
A cord, a sash—and you were safe

[Searching.
O, nothing!

Despair! despair!

ST. MEGRIN. (looking through the window). Be calm. Could I
distinguish

That which you speak of—but a gulf of darkness
Expands below, where nothing is discernible.

DUCHESS. Noise in the street! Help! whosoever thou art.
Help! help!

ST. MEGRIN. (dragging her back, and closing the window).
You will but warn the murderers.

[A packet is thrown in at the window.]

What is that packet?

DUCHESS. (Displays a bundle of ropes, and a letter).

You are saved! This paper—

[Reads.]—Some words overheard by accident have taught me
all. I have but these means to save you, and I employ them. Be
speedy.

ARTHUR.

Arthur! dear Arthur! 'twas his work. Away!

Lose not an instant. [The door is violently shaken.]

ST. MEGRIN. (attaching the ropes.) Will they give me time?

[The DUCHESS passes her arm through the rings of the bolt.]

What is't you do?

DUCHESS. No matter. Pain and violence
Have wreak'd their worst upon this arm already.

ST. MEGRIN. (returning) You nail me to the spot; I will not live
On such conditions.

DUCHESS. Stay and kill me then.
If you remain, I die, and die dishonour'd.

Fly, and my life may yet be saved. Away!

ST. MEGRIN. You will not cease to love me?

DUCHESS. Never! never!

GUISE. (without). Break in the door! Give me the wrenching iron.

DUCHESS. Away! Descend! Fly for your life!

ST. MEGRIN. For vengeance! [Takes his sword between his teeth,
and descends.]

DUCHESS. Mercy yet dwells above us ! He is saved !

[*A moment of deep silence. Then the clash of arms in the street. Cries of several voices, and groans.*]

DUCHESS. O, God ! [She rushes to the window.

The child ! My page ! St. Megrin ! Arthur !

[Screams, and falls back on the middle of the stage.

Enter GUISE, followed by ST. PAUL and several others.

GUISE (*after rapidly surveying the scene.*) That casement open !

I commend his delicacy :

It seems the minion was averse to soil
His paramour's chamber with his blood. St. Paul,
Down to the street, and tell me when 'tis over !

[Exit ST. PAUL.

Viteaux with twenty men was there to greet him.

[Steps against the DUCHESS, who rises.

My lady Duchess, I expect your thanks
For ordering thus your meeting with your lover.

DUCHESS. Is he then murdered ? Tell me. [Seizing him.

GUISE. Leave me, madam !

DUCHESS. Not while I live, till you reply !

GUISE. Then come

And see him once again ;

[Drags her to the window.

A loving pair,

Though lately parted, cannot meet too soon—
And torch-light will become the minion's beauty.

What news, St. Paul ? Is't done ?

ST. PAUL (*from the street.*) My lord, an instant !—

What have we here ? There are more down than one :

Viteaux lies dead—and (out upon this chance !)

A youth, a boy—it is the page !

DUCHESS. Poor Arthur !

GUISE, And have they let *him* 'scape ? My curse upon them !

[The DUCHESS screams with hope.

ST. PAUL. No, I have found him : he lies here.

GUISE. And dead !

ST. PAUL. No, breathing yet—but stabb'd in twenty places !

DUCHESS. Ay, but he breathes, and may be saved ! My lord,
Duke, husband, Henry—hear my prayer for mercy !

ST. PAUL. Some charm of proof 'gainst fire and steel preserves him.

GUISE (*throws down a handkerchief*). Pass me this handkerchief
about his throat—

Its pressure will be pleasant, for it bears
The arms of Cleves and of Lorraine united !

DUCHESS. Now I know all ! [She takes the poison from her
bosom, and drinks it.

GUISE. The minion's course is sped—

Now to our further reckoning with the master !

But first to set my household in array !

[Turning to the DUCHESS.

My lady Duchess, some few leagues from Paris

A convent, such as that we lately spoke of,

Presents you means of quiet meditation

On the vain follies of the world you hate.

Your litter and your mules, with fit attendance,

Wait in the court ;—will't please you take my arm ?

[She motions him away, and sinks into a chair.

ST. PAUL (*or an Attendant*). The Duchess faints !

GUISE. She will recover soon.
 (*More gently.*) Come, madam, come! [*He touches her arm.*]
 DUCHESS. O, not that arm!—the pain
 Delays my parting spirit. Henry, Henry!
 Let me die here, and die in peace and charity
 With you, with all! [*Seeing ST. PAUL.*]
 But bid that dark assassin

Stand from me. You have been deceived. Your honour
 And mine were safe; and both had been so ever,
 Hadst thou but fenced them with their best protection,
 Companionship, and confidence, and kindness.
 We were not free from blame, but did not merit
 To die so young. May Heaven forgive you, Henry,
 And in that act of pardon write my sins!

GUISE. Nay, this is idle, madam; I have proofs!
 Come, Catherine, you shall find both time and place
 Fitter for explanation and repentance.

DUCHESS. Henry, the time is short—the place is here!
 Believe a dying woman: I am innocent
 Of that for which I die!

GUISE. Talk not of dying;—
 One victim is sufficient. Speak not thus!

DUCHESS (*shewing the phial*). Let this speak for me! You can
 threaten well;

But what you threaten I can dare and do.
 But one request:—Bury me near my kinsman,
 The fond and faithful page who died to serve me. [*Dies.*]

GUISE. She dies! The means of death were sure—I gave them.
 She dies! The mark of Cain is on my brow!
 Her dying breath outweighs all proof of guilt;—
 She is in heaven! To me this earth is hell!

[*Sinks on the chair, with his face in both hands on the table.*]

[*Curtain drops.*]

PRESENTATIONS AT THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

12th FEBRUARY, 1847.

It has, very often, been regretted that no Registry exists of the Presentations at the Court of St. James's. The publication in the daily journals suffices for the temporary interest, but newspapers are seldom preserved, and this record is of such little permanent value that an Englishman, in a foreign country, where his reception by his own sovereign becomes of considerable importance, has no means of shewing the fact. To obviate this, we purpose, during the Court season, to give, each month, the Roll of Presentations, adding such genealogical and personal particulars as will we think render the category interesting to the general reader.

Our April number will contain the presentations at the levee of the 24th February, and those that may occur during the month of March.

Sir James Weir Hogg, on being created a Baronet, by Sir Rob. Peel. This gentleman is Chairman of the East India Company. Shortly after he was called to the Bar, he proceeded to Calcutta, and there practised with distinguished success, holding latterly the principal office in the supreme court. He represents Beverley in parliament. The Marquis of Anglesey, on promotion.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Wilde, on his appointment as Lord Chief Justice of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, by the Lord Chancellor. Sir Thomas Wilde, long one of the most distinguished members of the legal profession, and Queen's Serjeant, succeeded to the dignified office he holds at the decease of Sir Nicholas Tindal in 1846. He has been twice married; his present wife being the daughter of the late Duke of Sussex.

The Hon. Colonel Sir Edward Cust, K. C. H., upon his appointment to be her Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies. Sir Edward, who resides at Leasowes Hall, Cheshire, is youngest brother of the present Earl of Brownlow.

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Justice Williams is the son of a distinguished lawyer, and is himself no less eminent in the legal profession: The father was the learned and laborious editor of, and commentator on, Saunders' Reports—a work invaluable in the law. Mr. Williams, sen. died before he attained the honours which justly awaited him, and which, to the satisfaction of every one, have now fallen on his son. Just previous to his elevation, Mr. Justice Williams had brought out a new edition of the work to which we have referred.

Viscount Anson, by Viscount Palmerston. Lord Anson, who attained his majority on the 15th of last August, is eldest son of the Earl of Lichfield, and heir apparent of the noble family of Anson, rendered so celebrated by Admiral Anson, the circumnavigator.

The Hon. and Rev. Reginald Sackville West, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's Chaplains, by his father, the Earl De La Warr. Mr. Sackville West is Rector of Withyam, in Sussex. His mother was youngest daughter of the third

Duke of Dorset, and thus he derives his prefix name of Sackville. The Rev. gentleman has just completed his 30th year.

The Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, on his appointment as Marshal of the Ceremonies, by the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Lyttleton is brother of the present accomplished Lord Lyttleton, being second son of William Henry, late Lord, by Sarah, his wife, sister of Earl Spencer. He is in his 29th year.

Sir Moses Montefiore, on being created a Baronet, by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Sir Moses, an influential and benevolent member of the Jewish body, received the honour of knighthood when Sheriff of London in 1817, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the city, and was elevated to the Baronetage, in testimony of his late philanthropic endeavours at the court of Russia, to improve the condition of "his afflicted and dejected people in the far North." He is a Magistrate for the counties of Middlesex and Kent, and served as High Sheriff of the latter in 1845. Sir Moses has been granted the honour of carrying supporters to his arms.

Right Hon. Sir Thomas Fremantle, on his appointment as Chairman of the Board of Customs, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Thomas was Secretary of the Treasury in the Peel administration, and resigned his seat for Buckingham on the Corn Question. His father, the late Admiral Sir T. F. Fremantle, an eminent naval commander, and a participator in the victories of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, obtained from the Emperor Francis the title of Baron of the Austrian Empire, an honour which the present Sir Thomas Fremantle was granted royal permission to bear.

Hon. Standish Prendergast Vereker, by Viscount Gage. Mr. Vereker is eldest surviving son and heir apparent of the present Viscount Gort, and grandson, maternally, of the late Viscount Gullamore, at one time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.

Sir Charles Napier, by Lord Auck-

land. Sir Charles Napier, who is a Knight Commander of the Bath, and has just attained the rank of Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy, is Count of Cape St. Vincent, and a Grandee of the first class in Portugal, and has been decorated with the insignia of various foreign orders. His gallant services and daring achievements are too well known to require a word from us. He is elder son of the late Hon. Charles Napier of Merchistoun Hall, co. Stirling, grandson of the fifth Lord Napier and first cousin of Sir Charles James Napier, the conqueror of Scinde.

Mr. Humfrey, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Humfrey, called to the bar in 1823, has long been a leading advocate on the Midland Circuit.

Mr. Bacon, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Rolt, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Rolt, a Chancery Barrister of eminence, was called to the bar in 1837.

Mr. Thomas Richard Walker, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.

Mr. Spencer Walpole, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's counsel, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Spencer Walpole (called to the Bar in 1831) is second son of the late Thomas Walpole, Esq., of Stagbury Park, Surrey, Envoy at the Court of Munich, whose father, Thomas, was younger brother of Horatio, Earl of Orford. Mr. Spencer Walpole is married to a daughter of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister.

Mr. James Little, on his appointment to her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, by Lord Foley.

Mr. Kindersley, Q.C., on his being appointed Chancellor of the county palatine of Durham, by the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. Dr. Jelf, on his appointment as sub-almoner to the Queen, by the Bishop of London.

- Mr. Joseph Napier, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's counsel in Ireland, by the Lord Chancellor.
- Dr. Ringland, by the Rt. Hon. Frederick Shaw, M. P.
- Rev. John Jackson, Rector of St. James's Westminster, by the Lord Chancellor.
- Mr. William Tottie, Swedish and Norwegian Vice Consul in London, by Baron Rehausen, his Swedish and Norwegian Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires.
- Mr. Farrer, on his appointment as Captain in the Royal Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K. G.
- Mr. Rich, M. P., on his appointment as a Lord of the Treasury, by Lord John Russell.
- The Lord Mayor, by Lord John Russell. Alderman Sir William Carroll, served as Sheriff in 1837, and was then knighted.
- Major General Sir Henry Wheatley, on being created a Baronet, by the Duke of Norfolk. Sir Henry, for several years Keeper of the Privy Purse to the Queen, is Receiver General of the Duchy of Cornwall, and one of the Commissioners for its management. He is son of the late William Wheatley, Esq., of Lesney, Kent.
- Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, on being appointed Queen's Serjeant, by the Lord Chancellor. The learned gentleman, a lawyer of great eminence, was called to the bar in 1821, and obtained the coif in 1833. The friend of Wordsworth, Lamb and Coleridge, Serjeant Talfourd has long held a distinguished place in the republic of letters, and, as author of the exquisite tragedy of Ion, has gained considerable poetic fame. He was born in 1795, and married, in 1822, Rachael, daughter of J. T. Rutt, Esq.
- The Lord Advocate, on his appointment, by Sir George Grey.
- The Solicitor General, David Dundas, Esq., on his appointment, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Dundas, a scion of the great Scottish House of Dundas, and knight of the shire for Sutherland, long practised on the Northern Circuit, as an able lawyer and eloquent advocate, and holds a high and honourable position in the profession.
- Mr. Sheriff Kennard, by Lord John Russell.
- Mr. Sheriff Challis, by Lord John Russell.
- Sir George Hayter, M. A. S. L., &c. Painter of History and Portraits, and Principal Painter in Ordinary to her Majesty, on his marriage and return from the Continent, by the Right Hon. the Lord Chamberlain. Sir George Hayter has long been highly esteemed as a painter, and is Member of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, of the Imperial Academy of Parma, and of the Academies of Bologna, Florence, and Venice. In 1829, he received the order of the Lion and Sun of Persia, and was made a Knight Bachelor in 1842. He is son of Charles Hayter, Esq., Professor of Perspective to her late Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte of Wales; and descends from an ancient family originally seated in Dorsetshire, but subsequently in Hants.
- The Solicitor General for Scotland, on his appointment, by Sir George Grey.
- Mr. Under-sheriff Baylis, by Sir George Grey.
- Mr. Under-sheriff Tilliard, by Sir George Grey.
- Mr. Henry Edward Fox Young, on appointment as Lieutenant Governor, Eastern Districts, Cape of Good Hope, by Earl Grey. This gentleman received at the levee the honour of knighthood.
- Surgeon Major Judd, Scots Fusilier Guards, on his appointment as Surgeon in ordinary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, by Colonel B. Drummond.
- Mr. R. Montgomery Martin, to present his report on the English opium traffic in China, by Viscount Sandon. Mr. Montgomery Martin is the well known writer on China and the Colonies. He edited the Marquis of Wellesley's despatches, and has published, as he states himself, 70,000 volumes, at a cost of upwards of £20,000. He has travelled much in the Celestial Empire, and lately held the important

- appointment of H. M. Treasurer at Hong Kong.
- Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., on being appointed Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Kerry, by Mr. Labouchere. This gentleman is the third son of Mr. O'Connell, M.P.
- Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., M. P., by the Right Hon. H. Labouchere.
- Mr. Daniel O'Connell, jun., is the youngest son of the member for the county of Cork. He has just entered Parliament as member for the county of Kilkenny.
- Mr. Atkinson, by Mr. Greene, M.P.
- Mr. Frederick William Jerningham, by Earl Grey. This gentleman, late an officer in the 29th Regiment, is third son of the late William Charles Jerningham, Esq., and nephew of Lord Stafford. He was born in 1813, and married in 1837, Georgina Howe, only child of the late Rev. George Mangles.
- Mr. Ingham, on his appointment as Attorney General of the county palatine of Durham, by the Right Hon. Sir G. Grey. Mr. Ingham, called to the Bar 16th June 1820, has practised with considerable success in the northern counties, and is Recorder of Berwick on Tweed.
- Mr. Serjeant Shee, on receiving a patent of precedence, by the Lord Chancellor. This distinguished lawyer, (called to the Bar in 1828), the leader of the Home Circuit,—son of the late Joseph Shee, Esq., of the City of London, merchant,—derives descent, paternally, from a respectable Irish family, and maternally, from the ancient Kentish house of Darell. He is married to the second daughter of Sir James Gordon, Bart., of Letterfourie.
- Mr. Gibson Craig, on being appointed a Lord of the Treasury, by Lord John Russell. Mr. Gibson Craig, eldest son of Sir James Gibson Craig, Bart., of Riccarton, is an advocate at the Scottish Bar, and sits in parliament for the county of Edinburgh. He is married to the daughter of J. H. Vivian, Esq. M.P. of Singleton.
- Mr. Penrhyn, by Lord Stanley. This gentleman is brother-in-law of the noble lord who presented him, being married to Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Stanley, dau. of the Earl of Derby.
- Mr. William Henry Cooke, on his being appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Herefordshire, by Earl Somers.
- Mr. Lloyd Vaughan Watkins of Pennoyre, Lord Lieutenant of Brecknockshire, by Lord John Russell. Mr. Vaughan Watkins is a great landed proprietor in Wales, and representative of the Vaughans of Golden Grove, Earls of Carbery. He was born in 1802, and married in 1833, Sophia-Louisa-Henrietta, third daughter of Sir George Pockocke, Bart.
- Mr. James Whiskin, on being appointed Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Middlesex, by the Marquis of Salisbury.
- Mr. H. G. Ward, on his appointment as Secretary of the Admiralty, by the Earl of Auckland. Mr. Ward, well known as an able parliamentary speaker, is only son of the late Robert Plumer Ward, Esq. of Gilston Park, the gifted author of "Tremaine," son-in-law of Sir John Swinburne, and first cousin to the Marquis of Normanby. He acted at one time as Minister Plenipotentiary on the part of Great Britain, in acknowledging the independence of the Mexican Republic.
- Mr. Mantell, Member of Council, Gambia, by Earl Grey.
- Mr. Alfred Montgomery, on his appointment as a Commissioner of Stamps and Taxes, by Sir Robert Peel.
- Mr. Frederick Pratt Barlow, on his appointment to the Deputy Lieutenantancy of Middlesex, by the Marquis of Salisbury.
- Mr. Beardmore, of Uplands, High Sheriff of Hampshire, by his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Beardmore is a magistrate for the county in which he resides, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and a Barrister at Law of Lincoln's Inn. Through his mother Maria Margaretta Parke, he derives descent from Bishop Burnet.
- Mr. Quibler, by Earl Grey.
- Mr. William Morris, by Mr. C. Reginald Gibson.
- Mr. Charles James Palmer, by his father, the Rev. Henry Palmer.
- Mr. Hodges, Recorder of Poole, by Sir George Grey.

- The Hon. Dudley Francis Fortescue, Lieutenant Scots Fusileer Guards, by his father the Earl Fortescue.
- Mr. Wyse, M.P., on taking office as Secretary of the Indian Board. This gentleman, formerly M. P. for the county of Tipperary, and now for his native city, is a distinguished politician, and held office under Lord Melbourne as a Lord of the Treasury. He represents the very ancient family of Wyse of Waterford, holding his estate direct from the Crown, and is the lineal descendant of the original grantee of 1172. He was born in 1791, and married in 1821, Letitia, dau. of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte.
- Lieut. General Sir John Doveton, K.C.B., on promotion, by General Lord Aylmer. This gallant officer is cousin of Sir John Doveton, G.C.B., and son of Sir William Webber Doveton, Knt., for full fifty years a distinguished Civil Servant of the East India Company.
- General Sir George Anson, G.C.B., on his appointment to the Lieutenant Government of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Sir George Anson, who established a high military reputation in the Peninsular War, is uncle of the Earl of Lichfield, being second son of George Anson, Esq., of Shugborough, nephew and heir of Admiral Lord Anson, the circumnavigator. He was born in 1769, and married, in 1800, Frances, sister of Sir Frederick Hamilton, Bart.
- Colonel Cornwall, on appointment to be Her Majesty's Assistant Master of the Ceremonies, by the Lord Chamberlain; and on promotion, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
- Lieut. Colonel Everest, F.R.S., on his marriage, by the Earl of Denbigh. Lieut. Colonel Everest, who is resident at Claybrook Hall, Leicestershire, was formerly Surveyor General of India. He married on the 17th Nov. 1846, Emma, eldest dau. of Thomas Wing, Esq. of Hampstead.
- Rev. William Webster, Chaplain to Mr. Sheriff Kennard, by Mr. Sheriff Kennard.
- Mr. Serjeant Manning, on being appointed Queen's Serjeant, by the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Manning, called to the Bar 23d June, 1817, and made a Serjeant in 1840, has long practised on the Western Circuit, and is Recorder of Oxford, Banbury, and Sudbury.
- Colonel Sir John Montague Burgoyne, Grenadier Guards, on promotion, by Colonel Home. Sir John Burgoyne, who resides at Sutton Park, Bedfordshire, descends from an old and influential family, of which was the famous General Burgoyne, distinguished in arms and letters; in the former as Commander in Chief in America, and in the latter as the author of "the Lord of the Manor," "the Heiress," &c. The present Sir John was born in 1796, and married in 1831, Mary Harriet, dau. of William Gore Langton, Esq. M.P.
- Colonel Hodges, her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and Consul General to the Hanse Towns, on his return home on leave, by Viscount Palmerston. Colonel Hodges, a cavalry officer in the British Army, served in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, and was afterwards employed by his government on diplomatic missions of importance. In the contest between Dons Pedro and Miguel for the throne of Portugal, he organized the auxiliary force, which rendered such essential service to the cause of the former, and on his return to England, published a work relative to the war. Not long after he proceeded as Consul General to Servia, and was subsequently, at a very critical moment, political agent in Egypt.
- Colonel Thomas Le Breton, Royal Jersey Militia, by Sir George Grey, Bart. The honour of knighthood has been conferred on Colonel Le Breton.
- Colonel Sir Henry M'Leod, late Governor of Trinidad, by Earl Grey. This gallant officer, decorated with the order of St. Wladimir for his services at the siege of Dantzic, participated in the Battle of Waterloo, and attained the rank of Colonel in 1838.
- Captain the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West, on his marriage, by his fa-

- ther the Earl De La Warr. Captain Mortimer West is Lord De La Warr's fourth son. His marriage to Fanny Charlotte, youngest daughter of Major General Dickson, took place on the 14th of last January.
- Major General the Hon. H.F. Cavendish, 1st Life Guards, on promotion, by the Marquis of Anglesey. General Cavendish is third son of the late Earl of Burlington, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir of Charles Compton, 7th Earl of Northampton. He was born in 1789, and has been twice married.
- Lieutenant Pelly, Madras Cavalry, on his return to India, by his father, Sir J. Henry Pelly, Bart.
- Ensign John Harrison Allan, on his appointment to the Royal London Militia, by Colonel Sir Claudius S. Hunter, Bart.
- Lieut. Edward Heneage Dering, on his appointment to the Coldstream Guards, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
- Lieut. Akers, on appointment to the Royal Engineers, by the Earl De La Warr.
- Captain Gardiner, Royal Horse Artillery, on promotion and appointment to the Horse Artillery, by the Marquis of Anglesey.
- Captain W. F. Hall, on his appointment to the Adjutancy of the Royal London Militia, by Colonel Sir Claudius S. Hunter, Bart.
- Captain Henry Bonham Bax, elder brother of the Trinity House, by the Duke of Wellington.
- Captain the Hon. Hamilton Duncan, Scots Fusilier Guards, younger son of the Earl of Camperdown, by Colonel Berkeley Drummond.
- Captain Edward Flood, elder brother of the Trinity House, by the Duke of Wellington.
- Colonel Hall, M.P., 1st Life Guards, on promotion by Viscount Combermere.
- Lieut. Colonel Parker, 1st Life Guards, on promotion, by Viscount Combermere.
- Captain John Shepherd, elder brother of the Trinity House, by the Duke of Wellington.
- Major General Higginson, on promotion; Major General Godwin, on promotion; and Lieut. Colonel Goodman—by Lord Fitzroy Somerset.
- Lieut. Colonel James Stopford, C.B., Captain J. M'Duff, Lieut. Cormick, and Lieut. M'Gowan, of the 40th Regiment, on return from foreign service—by Lieut. General Sir Alexander Woodford, K.C.B. and G.C.M.G.
- Dr. William Loney, surgeon, R.N., on promotion, by Sir W. Burnett.
- Doctor William Lloyd, by Colonel Sir Robert Nickle, K.H.
- Doctor Henderson, R.N., by Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Pym.
- Mr. John W. Allen, by Captain Sir Thomas Hastings.
- Mr. Granville Close, by Lord Northwick.
- Mr. Charles Dashwood Goldie, on going abroad, by Lieut. General Latter.
- Assistant Surgeon George Borlase Childs, on his appointment to the Royal London Militia, by Colonel Sir C. S. Hunter, Bart.
- Mr. John Andrew Kirwan, Deputy Lieutenant county Galway, by the Marquis of Clanricarde. This gentleman, Mr. Kirwan, of Hillsbrook, is a landed proprietor of fortune in the county of Galway, and represents a branch of the ancient family of Kirwan of Cregg. He married in 1832, Mary Isabella, only dau. of Major and Lady Matilda Burke, of Quansborough.
- Mr. M'Gildowny, by the Marquis of Donegal. This gentleman, resident at Clare Park, near Ballycastle, possesses a considerable estate in the north of Ireland, and served the office of High Sheriff for the county of Antrim in 1843.
- Hon. John Fortescue, by Earl Fortescue. Mr. Fortescue is second son of the nobleman by whom he was presented.
- Rev. Randall Ward, on return from India, by the Earl of Clare. Mr. Ward, formerly Archdeacon of Bombay, is son of the late Rev. James Ward, D.D., of Cottishall Hall, Norfolk, and descends, in the fourth degree, from Capt. William Ward, of Crabborn, Hants, a distinguished officer in Marlborough's wars, especially at the Battle of Malplacquet. Mr. Ward was born in 1798, and is married to Miss Ironside, of the ancient Durham family of the name.

- Rev. Charles Cavendish, by Major General Cavendish. The Rev. gentleman is third son of General Cavendish, by his second wife Frances Susan, sister of the 1st Lord Durham, and grandson of the late Earl of Burlington.
- Rev. Henry Howarth, Rector of St. George, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of London.
- Rev. Anchitel Anson, by his father General Sir George Anson.
- Doctor Forbes Winslow, by Sir James Clark, Bart. Dr. Winslow, engaged principally in the treatment of insanity; is proprietor and resident Medical Superintendent of Sussex House, Hammersmith. He has published many valuable books, and is a contributor to the chief medical journals of the day.
- Doctor Lockhart Robertson, by Sir James M'Grigor, Bart.
- Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, by Viscount Palmerston. Mr. Ponsonby is sixth son of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Bessborough.
- Right Hon. Sir T. Frankland Lewis, on being created a Baronet, by the Earl of Ripon. Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, formerly one of the Poor Law Commissioners, succeeded, at the death of his father in 1797, to the family estate of Harpton Court, Radnorshire, held by his ancestors for the last three centuries, and entered Parliament in 1812 as member for Beaumaris. In 1827 he became Secretary of the Treasury, and subsequently Vice President of the Board of Trade. He was born in 1780, and has been twice married.
- Rear Admiral Sir Edward Cheetham Strobe, K.C.B. and K.C.H., upon being appointed Knight Commander of the Bath, and on taking the additional name of Strobe, by the Earl of Haddington. Sir Edward, fourth son of Thomas Cheetham, Esq., of Mellor Hall, co. Derby. by Anne, elder daughter of Edward Strobe, Esq., of Southill, co. Somerset, succeeded, at the decease of his brother Randle, to the estates of his maternal ancestors, (who were a branch of the great House of Strobe of Parnham,) and assumed in consequence the additional surname of Strobe.
- Captain Nevill, R.N., on his return from the East India and China stations, and on promotion, by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.
- Captain Pelly, R.N., on his return from the West Indies, by his father, Sir Henry Pelly, Bart.
- The Hon. Thomas Edward Stonor, by his father, Lord Camoys. Mr. Stonor is eldest son and heir apparent of Lord Camoys, by Frances, his wife, dau. of Peregrine Edward Towneley, Esq., of Towneley; and has completed his 22nd year.
- Sir Wm. Somerville, on his appointment as Under Secretary of State, by Sir G. Grey. The Hon. Baronet, who sits in parliament for Drogheda, is elder son of the late Sir Marcus Somerville, knight of the shire for Meath. He married in 1832 Lady Mary Harriet Conyngham, youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Conyngham, and became a widower in 1843.
- Commander William Peel, R.N., by Sir Robert Peel. Commander Peel is third son of the late Premier. He completed in November last his twenty-second year.
- Lieut. Sidney Farrell, on appointment to the Royal Engineers, by the Earl of Denbigh.
- Lieut. R. L. Newman, 71st Highland Light Infantry, on his return from the West Indies, by the Earl Fortescue.
- Lieut. E. A. Noel, 31st Regiment, on his return from service on the Sutlej, by the Hon. and Rev. F. J. Noel. Mr. Noel, who has just entered on his 23rd year, is eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. gentleman by whom he was presented, nephew of Lord Methuen, and grandson of the late Baroness Baham.
- Ensign George Augustus M'Nair, 67th Regiment, on appointment, by Lieut. General Clitherow, K.C.
- Major General John M'Donald, on promotion, from 92nd Highlanders, by Lieut. General Sir W. MacBean, K.C.B.
- Colonel Yorke, Scots Fusilier Guards, on promotion, by Col. Drummond.
- Rear Admirals Sheriff, on his promotion; Dundas, on his appointment as a Lord of the Admiralty; Cap-

tains A. Fanshawe, on being appointed one of her Majesty's naval aides-de-camp; Sir E. Belcher, on return from the China seas; D. Curry, Macdonald, G. N. Broke, on promotion and return from service; Hon. Crofton Berkeley, Sir G. A. Westphal, Lord J. Hay, A. Fanshawe, on being appointed aides-de-camp; Sir G. Otway, Sir T. Hastings, Ellice, J. Shakespear, Lieut. Colonel A. Irvine, C. B.: Commander Rawstorne, on promotion and attendance on Royal and distinguished personages at Portsmouth; J. W. Finch, the Hon. G. D. Keane, Robson, J. Sanderson, A. Ryder, on their promotion; V. A. Massingberd, on appointment to her Majesty's steam-vessel *Alecto*; G. Brown, E. A. Inglefield; Lieutenants Darrell, on promotion, Hopper and Sir W. Pell, on appointment as Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital—by Lord Auckland.

Of these Naval Officers we may mention the following particulars: Rear Admiral Deans Dundas, son of the late James Deans, M.D., of Calcutta, assumed the surname of Dundas in consequence of his marriage with his first cousin Janet, only child of the late Charles Dundas, Lord Amesbury; and resides at Barton Court, Berkshire. Capt. Fanshawe, who is son in law of Admiral Colpoys, descends from a younger branch of the ennobled family of Fanshawe. Sir Edward Belcher accompanied Capt. Beechey in his voyage of discovery in *H.M.S. Blossom*, and received the honour of knighthood, with the distinction of C.B., for his gallant services in China. Sir George Augustus Westphal, (of Hanoverian descent) entered the Royal Navy under Nelson, and was severely wounded on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar. At Havre-de-Grace, in the Chesapeake, he led the storming party, and was officially reported to have distinguished himself on nine different occasions. Sir Thomas Hastings, son of the Rev. James Hastings, rector of Martley and Arcley Regis, co. Worcester, was store-keeper of the ordnance in 1845, and received knighthood for his improvement in naval

gunnery. His services extend over a lengthened period, and have been of the most important kind; in the Walcheren expedition, at Ems, at Malaga, and at Trimiti. He was first Lieutenant of the *Undaunted* when that ship conveyed Napoleon to Elba. Sir Watkin Owen Peil, son of Samuel Pell, Esq., of Sywell Hall, Northamptonshire, is in receipt of a pension of £300 for wounds received in the service: in 1840 he was given the command of the *Howe* (120 guns.)

Colonels Codrington and H. Bentinck, Lieut. Colonels Forbes and Lord F. Paulet, Majors J. L. Elrington and Daniell, Captain C. White, on their promotion; Lieut. P. Burton and Hon. P. Fielding, on their appointments; and Captains W. Melville and P. Somerset—by the Duke of Cambridge.

Lieut. General Sir G. Scovell, on promotion, by the Duke of Wellington. Sir George Scovell, son of the late George Scovell, Esq., of Cirencester, received a cross and clasp for his services at Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive and Toulouse, and is decorated with the order of St. Wladimir for his participation in the conflict of Waterloo. He was born in 1774, and married in 1805 Miss Clowes, daughter of Samuel Clowes, Esq., of Broughton, co. Lancaster. He is Governor of the Military School at Sandhurst.

Captains Sir F. Nicolson, Bart., on promotion and return from service; Sir E. Home, on being nominated a Companion of the Bath; Commanders W. Griffiths, on promotion, and J. E. Katon—by Sir C. Adams.

Colonel Montgomerie, aide-de-camp, on appointment; Lieut. Colonel Lumsden, Major W. Forbes, Captains D. Ward and Tylee, Lieutenants Winfield and F. Goldsmid, and Mr. T. Boyrenson, on return from India—by Sir J. Hobhouse.

Lieut. General Hon. William Gardner, on being appointed Colonel Commandant of the 10th Battalion Royal Artillery, and on promotion; Colonel Oldfield, on his promotion; Lieutenants C. Smith, E. Carthew, A. Dew, and J. Shakespear—by the Marquis of Anglesey.

Colonel Earl of Cardigan, on promotion.

Lieut. Colonel J. K. Lenorit, C.B., Madras Army, on being appointed Companion of the Bath, by Lieut. General Sir J. C. Dalbiac, K.C.H.

Lieut. Colonel Hutchinson, Madras Army, by Major General Sandwich, C.B.

Lieut. Colonel Lockyer, 97th Regiment, on promotion and going to Malta, by Lieut. General Sir H. F. Bouverie, K.C.B.

Major Hutton, receiving the honour of Companion of the Bath, by Viscount Palmerston.

Major Sadleir, 4th (King's Own) Regiment, on his return from India, by General Sir Thomas Bradford.

Captain the Hon. John Arbuthnot Keane, Rifle Brigade, on promotion, by Lieut. General Sir Andrew Barnard, G.C.B., G.C.H.

First Lieut. Julius Richard Glyn, Rifle Brigade, by his father, the Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn.

Lieut. Edmond Walker, Royal Engineers, on appointment and promotion, by General Lord Aylmer.

Lieut. Manners Wood, A.D.C. (8th Hussars) to General Thorne, by Mr. Lloyd Vaughan Watkins.

Captain Felix Ashpital, 5th Fusiliers,

on appointment, by Lieut. Colonel Sir Gaspard Le Marchant.

Captain Yonge, 60th or King's Royal Rifles, on promotion, by Lieut. General Sir Wm. G. Davy, K.C.H.

Captain Sissmore, Bengal Artillery, by Lieut. General Sir James Watson, K.C.B.

Captain Carlyon, 10th Royal Hussars, on promotion, by Col. Middleton. This gentleman is eldest son of Col. Edward Carlyon, of Tregrehan, in Cornwall, by Anna-Maria, his wife, elder daughter of the late Admiral Spry, of Place. He thus derives, paternally and maternally, from two of the oldest families in the West of England, still possessed of extensive estates in Devon and Cornwall. Capt. Carlyon is in his twenty-fifth year.

Vice Admiral Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B., on appointment to the Admiralty, This distinguished officer, and eldest surviving son of the late Rt. Hon. Wm. Adam, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland and grandson of the tenth Lord Elphinstone, is Lord Lieut. of Kinrosshire, and sat in parliament for that county from 1831 to 1841. He is married to the sister of the Countess of Minto.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

HENRY CAREY, THE POET.

HENRY CAREY was one of our most popular poets, and yet his works do not appear in any of our great collections. He was as unfortunate though, as he was popular, and eventually terminated his existence through wretchedness and despair, by his own hand; when but a single half-penny remained to be found in his pockets after his decease. In early life Carey successfully burlesqued the affected versification of Ambrose Philips's puerile poems, and denominated his satire by the happy designation of "Namby Pamby, a Panegyric on the new Versification." The title survives the sarcasm, and is now familiarly applied to all sorts of feeble rhyme "lacking reason;" Carey's song of "Sally in our Alley" was more than once commended by Addison, and is amongst the most admired of our national ballads. To "Sally in our Alley" the author has attached a brief preface, which adds no inconsiderable interest to it. After assuring the reader, that the popular notion, that the heroine of his lyric muse had been the noted Sally Salisbury, is altogether erroneous, being himself a stranger to her name when the song was composed—he proceeds, "as innocence and virtue were ever the boundaries of the author's muse, so in this little poem he had no other view than to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion even in the lowest class of human life. The real occasion was this: A shoemaker's 'prentice making holyday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields; from whence proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the author dogged them (charmed with the simplicity of their courtship), from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed for his performance; which, nevertheless, made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation." Of our celebrated national anthem, "God save the King," Carey is said to have been the author of both the words and the music. He was very successful as a dramatic writer, and produced some admirable burlesques of the Italian Opera—"The Dragon of Wantley,"—The "Dragoness," and the mock tragedy of "Chrononhotonthologos." Amongst his poems are many political squibs—clever in their day, but pointless now, that the excitement by which they were occasioned, has so long subsided. One however still retains much of its interest, notwithstanding the Reform Bill, and is not inappropriate at the eve of a general election.

Cursed be the wretch that's bought and sold,
 And barter liberty for gold ;
 For when election is not free,
 In vain we boast of liberty :
 And he who sells his single right
 Would sell his country, if he might.

When liberty is put to sale
 For wine, for money, or for ale,
 The sellers must be abject slaves,
 The buyers vile designing knaves ;
 A proverb it has been of old.
 The devil's bought but to be sold.

This maxim in the statesman's school
 Is always taught. *divide and rule*.
 All parties are to him a joke ;
 While zealots foam, he fits the yoke.
 Let men their reason once resume ;
 'Tis then the statesman's turn to fume.

“ Learn, learn, ye Britons to unite ;
 Leave off the old exploded bite ;
 Henceforth let Whig and Tory cease,
 And turn all party rage to peace ;
 Rouse and revive your ancient glory ;
 Unite, and drive the world before you.”

Poor Carey committed suicide through sheer want at the time when he could neither walk the streets nor be seated at the convivial board, without listening to his own songs and his own music, for in truth the whole nation was echoing his verse, and crowded theatres were applauding his wit and humour.

GENERAL LUDLOW.

A visit to the lake of Geneva fills the mind with memories sufficient for a lifetime after. Meilleric, Chillon, Lausanne, Ferney, have but to be named to call up a host of recollections ; and Clarens, the scene of the loves of St. Preux and Julie, is endowed for ever with tenderest thought to the reader of the *Heloise*. To the wanderer from England the little town of Vevay, in the immediate neighbourhood of Clarens, is rendered attractive by the name of EDMOND LUDLOW, the regicide General, who passed here in exile the last thirty-two years of his life. His house, which is one of the best in the village, is still shewn to the visitor. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the lake, at the left hand as you come from the Vallais. The inscription is familiar, almost as an apothegm :

“ Omme - solvm - Forti - Patria,
 Qvia - Patris. A. D. 1684.”

which may be rendered, so as to preserve the pronomasia of “ *patria* ” and “ *patris* ”—

“ A Fatherland the Brave finds everywhere,
 Because his Father hath his presence there.” *

* The wooden tablet, on which this remarkable motto is inscribed, is now in the possession of HENRY GAISFORD GIBBS LUDLOW, Esq., of Heywood House, co. Wilts, who claims descent from General Ludlow.

A short walk leads to the church, which contains the exile's ashes. His monument, of black marble, bears this epitaph :

“ Siste Gradvm et Respice !

Hic jacet Edmond Lvdlow, Anglv̄s natione, Provincia
Wiltoniensis, Filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque
Parliamenti, cv̄jvs qvoqve fvit ipse membrvm,
Patria Stemmata clarvs, et Nobilis, virtvte propria
Nobilior, Religione Protestans, et insigni pietate
Corrv̄sevs ætatis Anno 23 Tribv̄nus militvm, Pavlo post
Exercitvs Prætor Primarivs,
Tv̄nc Hibernorvm Domitor.

In pv̄gnâ intrepidvs, et vitæ prodigvs, in Victoriâ
Clemens et mansvetvs, Patriæ libertatis Defensor,
et Potestatis arbitrariæ oppv̄gnator acerrimvs.
Cv̄jvs causâ ab eâdem Patriâ 32 Annis extorris
melioriqve Fortvnâ Dignvs, Apr̄d Helvitijs se
Recepit, ibiqve ætatis anno 73 moriens, omnibvs
sv̄i Desiderivm relinqvens, sedes Æternas latvs
advolavit.

Hocce monv̄mentvm in perpetvam veræ et
Sinceræ erga maritvm defv̄nctvm Amicitia,
Memoriam dicat, et vovet, Domina Elizabeth de Thomas ejvs strenva
et mæstissima, tam in infortv̄nio qvam in
Matrimonio consors dilectissima, qvæ animi
magnitvdine, et vi amoris conjvgalis mota, Evm
in exilivm ad obitvm vsqve constanter
secv̄ta est.

Anno Domini 1693.”

Several families in Ireland intermarried with the LUDLOWS ; and a singular tradition prevails among the peasantry in the district of the county of Cork, near Mallow. One family, who so formed alliances, is the baronetical family of COTTER of ROCK-Forest ; and, according to the idle superstition of the people, the rooks which formerly built there in great numbers, immediately forsook the place and have never returned. Certain it is, that while rookeries abound in all the neighbouring demesnes, those curious birds never make a nest at Rock-forest. Some physical reason, doubtless, might be assigned ; but the ignorant poor, who draw as many omens from birds as did the heathens of old, attribute it to the alliance formed with one who spilled the sacred blood of his king.

EDWARD COLSTON, THE BRISTOL PHILANTHROPIST.

We are justly proud of the merchant princes of England. Possessing wealth, equal to that of many royal potentates, they employ that wealth, with almost royal munificence, in philanthropical objects destined long to survive their own short tenure of life. THE CHARITIES OF ENGLAND are a crown of jewels such as a nation never wore but herself. Greece may boast of her chaplet of bays, Rome of her iron diadem of war, but the adornment of our own country's brow is a fairer one than either—the gentle virtues wrought by Christianity—the help-

ing of the weak and afflicted—the causing the widow's heart to sing for joy.

EDWARD COLSTON was one of those princely benefactors to whom we have alluded. He was born at Bristol, on the 13th of November, 1636; and was son of William Colston, sheriff of that city. His father was largely engaged in the Spanish and Levantine trade; and soon after the completion of his education, Edward visited Spain, with a view to extend his mercantile connection with that country. On his return to Bristol, he continued the business of a Spanish merchant, and by it attained the opulence, which he employed in relieving the necessities of the afflicted. He never married, alleging as his plea "that every helpless widow was his wife, and all distressed orphans were his children." To this end, and to alleviate their wants, he founded several almshouses, charity schools, and hospitals, on which he is supposed to have expended more than seventy thousand pounds; while his acts of private beneficence must have demanded from him a nearly equal sum. His charity school in St. Augustine's-place, Bristol, is the most important Free School in that city. Here one hundred boys are boarded, clothed, and educated for seven years from the period of their admission; and are then apprenticed to trade, or to a profession, the fee being also paid by the institution. This seminary is rendered memorable by the name of CHATTERTON—

—"the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride."

CHATTERTON was admitted into Colston's school, in August 1760, he being then eight years of age. He remained for the usual period; and in July 1767, was apprenticed to Mr. John Lambert, an Attorney of Bristol. The poems, which he attributed to Rowley, the monk, were in great part composed during the intervals of his school hours, or during the holidays which the institution afforded.

Mr. Colston's calm and unostentatious life was protracted to the longest limit. He died, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, on the 11th of October, 1721; and was buried in the church of All Saints, Bristol, where is his tomb. A statue executed by Rysbrack, and modelled from a portrait by Richardson, which is kept in the saloon of the Merchants' Hall, forms a suitable monument, and preserves the mien and form of the philanthropist for our contemplation. A sermon is annually preached in this church in memory of his useful life; and it is customary to place, each Sunday, in the bosom of his statue some specimens of such flowers as the season affords.

Notwithstanding his munificent charities, Mr. Colston left a fortune of £100,000 to his only surviving sister and heir, MARY, who had married, in 1670, SIR WILLIAM HAYMAN, of Bristol.* The issue of this

* Sir William Hayman, a member of the old Somersetshire family of that name, was Mayor of Bristol in 1684, in which year (8th March) he was knighted at Whitehall, by JAMES II. In 1685, after Monmouth's defeat at Sedgmoor, the infamous Judge Jefferies was sent to try all persons concerned in the revolt. His barbarities we need not here set forth. When at Bristol he placed the Mayor, who attended his court in his scarlet robe, at the bar; and inveighed against him in the lowest scurrility, because of Sir William's kindness to some unfortunate prisoners.

marriage was one daughter, MARY, who, in 1698, married THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq., of Filkins, near Lechlade, co. Gloucester, by whom she had three daughters, her co-heiresses,—1st. SARAH, *m. s. p.*, John Pullen, Esq. 2nd. MARY, *m.* in 1723, FRANCIS, second BARON MIDDLETON, (*See Peerage.*) and had issue, with a daughter, two sons, Francis and Thomas, successively LORDS MIDDLETON. 3rd. SOPHIA, *m.* ALEXANDER READY, Esq., of the Inner Temple, who by sign manual assumed the additional name of COLSTON, and was great grandfather of the present representative of this honoured name, EDWARD FRANCIS COLSTON, Esq., of Roundway Park, near Devizes, co. Wilts.—(*See Landed Gentry.*)

A memoir of the Philanthropist is, we understand, in preparation by the present worthy Chamberlain of Bristol. It is in very competent hands.

ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL ADRIAN SCROPE.

Beneath the east window of the chancel of St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal, is the grave of a daughter of Colonel Adrian Scrope the regicide. The monument is an upright slab, placed against the external wall, having one extremity supported by the ground, and the other shaped into a triangular head piece. The inscription is simple, but seems worthy of preservation :

Here lyeth the body
of Elizabeth, youngest
daughter of Colonel
Adrian Scrope, of
Warmesley, in the County
of Oxford, widow of
Jonathan Blagrove,
D. D., of Longworthuy,
in the County of B[erks],
born in the year 1655,
aged 83 years.

The Blagraves are now represented by JOHN BLAGRAVE, Esq., of Calcot Park, co. Berks, a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for that shire, and colonel of the Berkshire militia.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF NAPIER.

The King of Scotland being engaged in war, did convocate his lieges to the battle, amongst whom was the Earl of Lennox, who, keeping his eldest son at home, sent the second, Donald, to serve for him, with the forces that were under his command. In the encounter, the Scots being hard pressed, and the enemy charging furiously, the former gave way, when Donald snatching his father's standard from the bearer, called to the Lennox men to follow, and by his daring changed the fortune of the day. After the victory, when the warriors were assembled, the King said to them ;—“Ye have all done valliantly, but there is one amongst

you who hath *na-pier*;" and calling Donald to him, commanded, in regard of his worth, service, and augmentation of his honour, that he should change his name from Lennox to Napier, and gave him the lands of Gufford. Of this renowned soldier the descendants in our times have, by their gallantry, still preserved the superiority of their name.

PITT AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

During his constantly recurring attacks of the gout, Pitt could bear no fire in his chamber, and he often sent for his colleagues to his bedside, to consult upon any important point which arose. Upon one occasion, the Duke of Newcastle was thus summoned. The Duke was proverbially careful of his health, so much so that it was a subject sometimes of merriment, but, not infrequently, of considerable inconvenience to his friends. Walpole mentions that he frequently ordered all the windows in the House of Lords to be closed during the hottest weather, and the rest of the peers sat gasping with heat, in order that the Duke might not take cold. This testy valetudinarian was horror-stricken at finding himself in a fireless room, on a chilly wintry day, but Pitt would allow no fire, and he was obliged to submit. The subject of deliberation was the expedition under Admiral Hawke, which had its event in the annihilation of the French navy. Newcastle opposed it, on account of the advanced state of the season, and the debate was prolonged until he was shivering with cold. Casting his eyes round the room, he discovered another bed in the opposite corner; he drew his cloak closely round him, and got into it, pulling the bed-clothes over him. Thus these two statesmen lay, engaged in an animated discussion, upon the issue of which depended the fortune of two nations, when Sir Charles Frederick entered, and discovered their ludicrous situation.

ANAGRAMS.

Camden has a chapter in his "Remains" on anagrams, which he defines to be a dissolution of a person's name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connection into words, is formed by their transposition, if possible, without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters; and the words must make a sentence applicable to the party named. Anagrams, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, are of very ancient date. They were classed by the Hebrews in the cabalistic science, and Plato ascribed strange meaning and influence to the anagrammatic virtues of names. We will instance a few remarkable examples:—In the assassin of Henry III., Frère Jaques Clément, anagrammatics discovered "C'est l'Enfer qui m'a créé." The misfortunes of Mary Stuart were expressed in a Latin anagram:

Maria Steuarda Scotorum Regina.
Trusa vi regnis, mors amara cado.

"Georgius Monke, Dux d'Aumarle," the restorer of the monarchy, gives an important historical date, "Ego regem reduxi Ano. Sa. M.D.CLVV." Randle Holme, the quaint and voluminous writer on genealogy, was

addressed in this complimentary anagram, "Lo, Men's Herald!" and "Horatio Nelson," the immortal hero of the Nile, is aptly converted into Honor est a Nilo."

INTRODUCTION OF TEA.

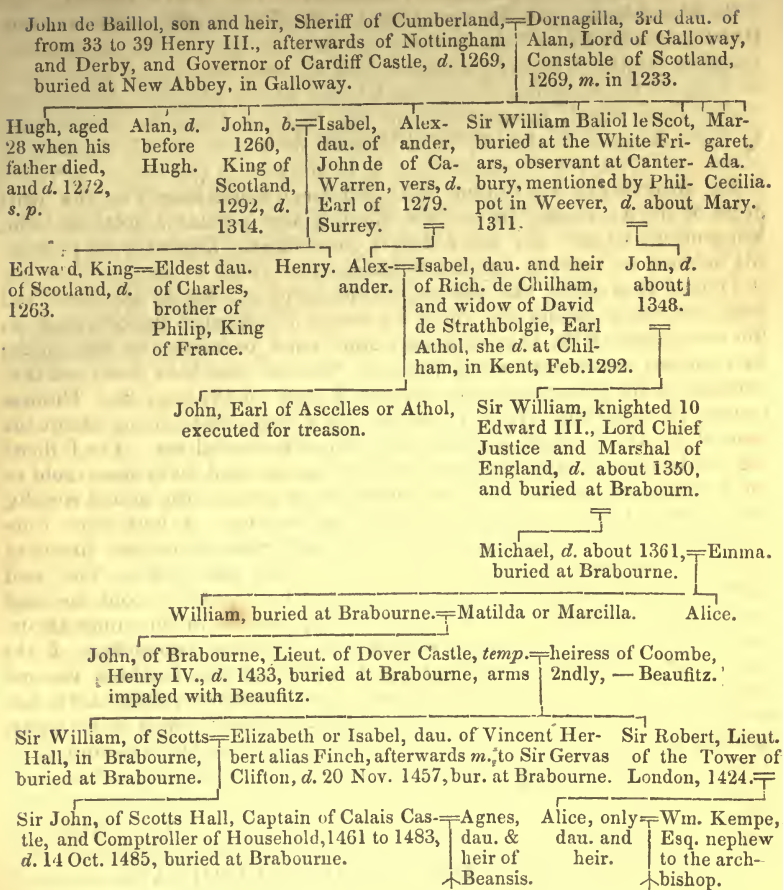
The progress of this famous plant has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues. It is hardly credible, that, on the first introduction of the Chinese unrivalled beverage, its use should have spread consternation throughout Europe, and have been anathematised by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, living about the time of the Restoration, was the first who sold retailed tea. The following shop-bill was issued by him:—"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to Princes and Grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchant into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRICIAN.

THE BALIOLS OR SCOTTS.

SIR,

In my former letter, I attempted to point out the differences of our Historians in their several accounts of the Baliol family. I will now endeavour to show, that though the *chief* male line expired in King John's son, Edward, as stated in your December Number, yet that the lineal male descendants of John de Baillol, father of the Scottish king, were extant in the middle of the last century at least, were settled in the parish of Brabourn, near Ashford, and were according to Hasted, one of the most eminent and knightly in Kent. The pedigree which I deduce, is as follows:



I will not occupy more space by continuing this pedigree; for the subsequent descents are fully set forth in Berry's Kentish Genealogies: they commence only with the last named Sir William, and the pedigree is satisfactorily deduced down to 1789, the last possessor of the Scotts-Hall estate, being George Scott, in 1760, soon after which it was sold to the Knatchbull family. I think you will find that the above pedigree from John Scott, nephew of King Baliol, is sufficiently corroborated by copies of the Harleian Manuscripts, which I send you, but as they are too lengthy to be here inserted, I will only refer to them, viz.: folio endorsed "Kentish Pedigrees," Addit. MS. No. 5520, fol. 188—Addit. MS. by Hasted, No. 5507, pp. 299, 300,—and Harl. MS. 1106, 57 c. p. 157.

The only doubt which occurs to me is, whether William Baliol le Scot, who was unquestionably the common ancestor of the Scotts, of Scotts Hall, was *brother* of John, King of Scotland, and son of *the John* who married Devorgail. I cannot find any such mention of William

Baliol, in Dugdale's Baronage, Douglass's Peerage, or elsewhere, except in the Additional MS. to which I have alluded, No. 5520, fol. 188, which purports to be "the true descent and lineage of the ancient and knightly family of Scott, descended from the noble family of Baliol alias le Scot, of the kingdom of Scotland," and which pedigree commences with "John Scott, descended from Sir William Baliol le Scot, *brother* to John, King of Scotland;" and Hasted, in a note in his History of Kent, fol. 1790, vol. 3, pp. 292 and 3, in allusion to the Scotts, corroborates this, by asserting, that "the pedigree of this family begins with John Scott, descended from Sir William Baliol le Scott, *brother* to John, King of Scotland," but this I take it, he collected from the above MS., for he does not refer to any other authority.

Hasted also states, that the original name of the family appears, from papers in their possession, which we may fairly assume he examined, to have been Baliol, for that William Baliol, younger brother of John, King of Scotland, frequently wrote his name William Baliol le Scot, and it is probable after the contest with Edward I. and his brother, that William Baliol, to avoid the future anger of that prince, who was so highly incensed against his family, altered his name, and retained that of Scott only. It appears also, that the ancient arms of Baliol College, Oxford, were a Catherine-wheel, part of the coat of this family, which is three such wheels—(see Berry's Kentish Genealogies.)

Indeed, I believe, the family is still extant, though not in Kent; it certainly was one most eminent, for I find (by Berry), seven of them knighted in succession, from 1429 to 1629, and many of them holding offices of high trust. I have examined the numerous monuments in Brabourne church, but the armorial bearings, which have been desecrated with paint and white-wash, and the brass plates, which though they may have been "rudely tricked," were unerring tablets of a fair ancestry, utterly despoiled; some of the dates alone remain, viz.: 1290, 1311, 1348, 1361, 1386, 1433, arms impaling Beaufitz, 1484, impaling Lewknor and others subsequent. We find the Catherine-wheel frequently impaled or quartered, with Pimpe, Pashley, Finch, Normanville, Warren, Sergeaux, and such other noble families. In the time of Weever (1630), we may presume that the inscriptions were nearly obliterated, though the Cromwellian desecration had not then commenced, for in his "funeral monuments," fol. 1631, he gives only three; the first, "Hic. . . . Wilhelmus Scot, myles ob. 1350," who, he "takes to be that William Scott, who with others of eminent degree and qualitie, was knyghted by Edward III.;" the second, "Wilhelmus Scott de Braborne, Ar. qui ob. 5 Feb. 1433 ejus;" and the third, "Hic jacet *magnificus ac insignis miles* Johannes Scott, quondam Regis domus, invictissimi Principis Edwardi quarti, controll. et *nobilissima integerrima que*. Agnes uxor ejus, qui quidem Johannes ob. ann. 1485, die mens, Oct. ob. 17."

Thus have I taken the liberty of drawing your attention to the earlier part of the Scott pedigree. I trust I shall have the indulgence of your readers, and that they will pardon my prolixity.

I am Sir,

your obedient servant,

JOHN HARVEY BOYS.

THE ROYAL STANDARD BEARER OF SCOTLAND.

The dignified office of Hereditary Standard Bearer to the Kings of Scotland has vested for full seven centuries in the ancient family of SCRIMGEOUR. George Crawford, in his *Scottish Peerage*, thus narrates its origin:—

“ Sir Alexander Carron, a brave and valiant knight, having, in the 1st of ALEXANDER, A.D. 1107, signalized his valour against the northern rebels, who attempted no less than the murder of the king, had a special grant from the king to himself and the heirs male of his body to be hereditary standard-bearers to the Kings of Scotland, and for his coat of arms—Gules, a lion rampant, a crooked sword proper, and the word ‘Dissipate’ for his motto. Mr. Johnson, the poet, has left us the following verses to the honour of his memory:—

“ Quid trepidas? Da Signa mihi superabimus annem
Terreat an pavidos nos fugitiva Cohors?
Dixit et arreptis Signis, ruit acer in hostem
Nil rapidi metuens agmina torva vadi;
Hinc decus Augusto surgit sub principe, ab armis
Scrimigeræ gonti, fama decusque manent;
Arma alius jactet nos scimus fortibus armis
Utier haud dici malumus esse viri.”

TRANSLATED 1847.

What sudden dread has seized upon our host?
They fly! or stand unnerved—their vigour lost!
Give me the standard! Let us pass yon flood,
And dye its foaming waves in traitors' blood!
Then bore the standard fierce towards the foe,
Nor checked him the deep stream, that roared below:
Thus first in arms the Scrimgeours earned their name,
And still rank honoured on the roll of fame:
Though chief in fight, they other weapons wield,—
To act, and counsel, skilful as in field:
Others, to show and semblance bound their aim;
These prove them men!—They seek no gilded name.”

“ This name,” continues Crawford, “ has been remarkable in our Scott's history on several other occasions; particularly, Sir Alexander Scrimgeour was among the first who took the field for King Robert Bruce, and faithfully adhering to him, in consideration of which, when that valiant prince came to be established on the throne, he gave him sundry lands about the Burgh of Inverkeithing, then in the crown, by the attainder of Sir Philip de Moubray, knight. Also, Sir John Scrimgeour was killed at the battle of Halydon-hill, A.D. 1333; and another, Sir James Scrimgeour, Constable of Dundee, his successor, was slain in the Governor's army against Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the battle of Harlaw, A.D. 1411. I need not be at much pains to show you the several matches they have made with some of the noble families of this kingdom, since the whole course of this book makes mention thereof, only I shall take notice that, in process of time, after to have flourished long in the state of Barons, they came to the honour of Peerage, in

the person of Sir James Scrimgeour, Constable of Dundee, who was raised to the honour of Viscount Dudhope by King Charles I., in the year 1641. Upon the breaking out of the civil war, he accepted of a command of those forces that were sent from Scotland to the aid of the English parliament against the king, and lost his life at the battle of Marston Moor, on the 2nd of July, 1644—a person, says one, who, for the nobleness of his extraction, and many personal endowments, deserved a better fate, at least to have died in a better cause. He left a son, John, by Mary or Margaret, his wife, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Roxburgh, who succeeded him in honour.

“This Lord put himself in arms in behalf of King Charles II., and marched with him to the battle of Worcester, on the 3rd of September, 1651, after which he suffered much for his loyalty; but, living to see the Restoration, he received some part of amends, being created Earl of Dundee, A.D. 1661, and made one of the privy council; his wife, Mary, daughter of William, first Earl of Dalhousie; but dying without issue in 1668, by reason of an entail of his estate, which, purely through inadvertency, terminated in *his* heirs male (heirs male of *his* body,) the king succeeded thereto as *ultimus heres*, and the honour became extinct. In 1688, however, the title of Viscount Dundee, a new creation, was bestowed on General Graham, (Claverhouse,) who descended from Sir Robert Graham, who was married to Marjory, daughter of Sir James Scrimgeour, Constable of Dundee.”

The office of Standard-Bearer has been claimed at all the coronations since that of George III., for the purpose of a *salvo jure*, by the descendants of James Scrimgeour, Esq., formerly of Foxhall, Kirkliston, West Lothian, N.B., against the Lauderdale family, and every other competitor. The present senior male heir of that gentleman, ROBERT SHEDDEN SCRIMGEOUR, Esq., resident at Totteridge, Herts, claims to be male representative of the Lord Scrimgeour, Viscount Dudhope, his eldest brother, James Scrimgeour having died *s. p. m.*, of wounds, received in battle, in the gallant affair of Fuente Guinaldo, in Portugal, during the Peninsular War.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA.

THE opening night of the present season at Her Majesty's Theatre fully equalled, if not surpassed, that of last year in splendour, and success. The glittering renovation of the house, and the grand attraction of Verdi's *Nino*, then a novelty, gave indeed more than ordinary importance to the commencement of the past season; but all this was counterbalanced by the immense interest which now attaches to the career of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley, evidently aware of this, has acted with unparalleled energy and exertion, and a cheering and just reward attended him, in this signal triumph of his opening night. The trial to which he boldly exposed himself was not a little difficult and dangerous. Four new singers, a new ballet, and two new dancers of great pretensions awaited for the first time the judgment of an English public. We now proceed to the detail of their success. The lyrical drama chosen for the occasion was Donizetti's popular production "*La Favorita*." The opera was thus cast,

Leonora di Guzman	Signora Sanchioli.
Inez (her attendant)	Signora Daria Nascio.
Alphonso XI. (King of Castile)	Superchi.
Baldassare	Bouché.
Fernando	Gardoni.
Gaspare	Dai Fiori.

Of course it is needless to descant upon a work so generally known and admired as "*La Favorita*:" we therefore pass to the performers.

Among them, in due regard to her established fame, precedence must be given to SIGNORA SANCHIOLI. Improved to excellence in voice, and still the same in intensity of ardour, and feeling, Sanchioli threw her whole soul into the impersonation of Leonora, and exhibited to a great extent her powers as a consummate lyric tragedian. The scene commencing "*Fia dunque vero?*" was beautifully sung by her; and her playing was most able in that pathetic last act, where Leonora, in an agony of shame and sorrow, seeks the pity, pardon, and, if possible, the renewed love of her husband, the monk Fernando.

GARDONI, the new tenor, who played Fernando, is from the Italian opera at Paris. He is a young and handsome man, and a fine actor; his voice is of exquisite softness, as was eminently proved when he sang "*Spirto gentil*," which met with a rapturous encore.

SUPERCHI is also a performer of no ordinary power, and a baritone singer of first rate qualifications. His notes, alternately strong and soft, and his mode of delivery, marked by deep sentiment and energy, secured him the applause of the audience from his first entry on the stage to the end of his performance.

A singular and romantic career renders SIGNOR BOUCHE the new base, a somewhat remarkable personage. The child of poverty, and a singer from his earliest youth, Bouché began his course, when eight years old,

by chanting at half a crown a month, for the Holy Brothers of Charity, a fraternity solely devoted to the burial of the dead. Intended subsequently for a priest, he studied theology during ten years in the seminary of Chartres, and one cannot but regret that so superb, and solemn a voice has been lost to the service of religion. The ecclesiastical vocalist, returned to the world, first in the humble occupation of a village schoolmaster, and then as "basso profundo" at the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. His dramatic life began at the Academie de Musique, and thence he proceeded, with prosperous fame, to Milan and Vienna. He has now come to London, and he proves a valuable acquisition to our lyric stage. His voice is a base of the most peculiar quality imaginable, full, potent, and melodious.

With such singers—with the orchestra again conducted by Mr. Balfe—with an audience princely, aristocratic, and most numerous, the opening of Her Majesty's theatre was brilliant indeed. The opera had unceasing approbation from beginning to end: it concluded amid tumultuous plaudits. The performers, and then Mr. Lumley, and Mr. Balfe, were summoned before the curtain to renewed congratulations. A successful ballet terminated the good fortune of the evening. Its title is "Coralia, ou le Chevalier Inconstant," and it is founded on that most exquisite of fantastic romances, La Motte Fouqué's "Undine." We rather grieve to see the name changed, though obviously done in consequence of a ballet already called by that appellation. Some arrangement might have been adopted, by which the word Undine could have been preserved, for there hangs a charm about it. Nevertheless, though stripped of its rightful title, the present ballet perfectly dramatises the romance. For the enlightenment in particular of those (we trust they are few), who have not perused La Motte Fouqué's tale, we here present the plot from the programme of the ballet.

"Sir Hildebrand, of Ringstetten, is victor at a tournament given by the Grand Duke, and attracts the attention of the prince's adopted daughter, Bertha. She presents him with a magic scarf, but requires him in return to enter the "Enchanted Forest." Sir Hildebrand obeys, and takes the road to the forest. Fraisondin, a potent spirit of the waters, directs the knight towards the hut of a poor fisherman.

The latter receives him hospitably; and the knight here finds the adopted daughter of the fisherman, the lovely Coralia, (the Undine of the romance) who is at once fascinated by the youthful knight. Coralia, a water nymph, is niece to Fraisondin, and, though reared by mortals, retains all the sportiveness of her heedless nature. Her conduct in presence of the stranger draws upon her a reproof, but the playful girl is unwilling to bear restraint, and bounds out of the cottage. A storm arising, the fisherman and the knight become alarmed for the safety of Coralia, and go in search of her. She is found by Hildebrand reposing on a bed of leaves in the middle of a large lake. By the aid of Bertha's scarf he draws her to the bank. Their mutual love is now avowed, and the nymphs appear to celebrate the happiness of their beautiful friend. The fisherman and his wife arrive; Sir Hildebrand declares his intention to marry Coralia, and the union takes place without delay.

The return of Sir Hildebrand to the court rejoices every one, except Bertha. Her chagrin is increased by the fisherman and his wife, who come to claim her as their own daughter, lost at the time when they found Coralia. Indignant at the contempt with which Bertha treats her

parents, the Duke determines to abandon her. Coralia, pitying her condition, offers her a residence at Sir Hildebrand's castle, which Bertha accepts. At Ringstetten the former love of the knight for Bertha revives, and he treats his wife with coldness. Fraisondin is angered at this, and, in his character of a water-spirit, visits the castle through a fountain. Coralia has suspected a rival in Bertha, and is confirmed in this idea by seeing with her the magic scarf, by the possession of which she maintains the passion of the knight. Overwhelmed with grief and indignation, Coralia tears off her wedding ring, and disappears into the fountain; while the avenging Fraisondin drags Sir Hildebrand to destruction."

The dramatis personæ, and the dances were as follows:—

Coralia.....	Mlle. Carolina Rosati.
(Of the Scala at Milan, her first appearance in this Country.)	
The Knight Hildebrand.....	M. Paul Taglioni.
His Squire.....	M. Gouriet.
Bertha.....	Madame Petit Stephan.
Her Page.....	Mlle. Honore.
The Duke.....	M. Gosselin.
Fraisondin (the King of the Waters).	M. Venafrà.
Ulrick (the Fisherman).....	M. di Mattia.

DANCES:

Second Tableau—Scene Dansante des Caprices, by Mlle. Carolina Rosati,

Third Tableau—Pas de la Nymphe des Eaux et de ses Compagnes, by Mlle. Carolina Rosati, Mlles. Montfort, Casson, and the Corps de Ballet.

Fourth Tableau—Pas de la Rosiere, by Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI (her first appearance). Pas de Deux, by M. Paul Taglioni and Mlle. Carolina Rosati. Deutsche Rhein, Valse des Pages et des Demoiselles d'Honneur, by the Corps de Ballet.

Fifth Tableau—Pas de Trois, Mlle. Wauthier, M. D'Or, and Mlle. Carolina Baucourt. Ballabile des Halbardiers, Madame Petit Stephan and Mlle. Honore, Mlles. Casson, Thevenot, Bertin, Julienne, L'Amoureux, and the Corps de Ballet. Pas de l'Inconstance, Mlle. Carolina Rosati, Madame Petit Stephan, and M. Paul Taglioni.

Mlle. Carolina Rosati is a dancer of the very first order; her style is intellectual and varied: her grace and agility of motion are most striking. She enacted to the life the charming creation of Fouqué; so closely indeed did she copy the original, that the very words of the romance itself describe exactly her appearance on her first coming on, her performance, and the wonderful effect it produced. The portion of Undine, we allude to, is this; and we give it as a perfect description of Rosati:

The door flew open, and a fair complexioned girl tripped gaily into the room, and said, "You have only tricked me, father; where is your guest?" The very same moment, she became aware of the stranger's presence, and stood before him, as if fixed to the spot by astonishment. Huldbrand feasted his eyes on the beautiful figure, and wished most carefully to impress upon his mind her lovely features; for he fancied it was her surprise alone allowed him time, and that she would soon after shrink from his looks with twofold modesty. But it turned out quite otherwise; after gazing on him for several minutes, she approached him with confidence, knelt before him, and, playing with a golden medal that hung suspended from his breast by a rich chain, said, "Ah my kind, my

lovely stranger, how is it that you have at last come to our poor hut? What occasion was there for your wandering about the world for years without once finding us out? Do you come from the wild wood, my lovely friend?"

The old woman, with her scolding, allowed him no time for answer; she warned Undine to rise, and employ herself upon her work; but this untutored child of nature, without making any reply, drew a little foot-stool near Huldbrand's chair, and seating herself at his feet said to him in a familiar, friendly tone, "I shall work *here*."

The old man did as is usual with the parents of spoiled children; he pretended not to see Undine's wildness, and wished to speak of something else, but she allowed him no opportunity for this.

"I have already asked our handsome guest whence he comes, and he has not yet given me a reply."

"I come from the wood," replied Huldbrand.

"If so, you must tell me how it happened that you entered the forest, for other people shun it, and what wonderful adventures you met with there, for it is not possible to pass through it without adventures."

A slight shuddering thrilled through Huldbrand at the recollection this awakened; he looked suspiciously towards the window, with a strange impression on his mind, as if some of the fantastic forms he had before met in the forest must still be there mocking and mowing at him; yet he saw nothing but the deep black night which already was rising on the heavens. He again collected himself, and would have begun the story of his adventures, when the old man interrupted him.

"Not so, Sir Knight; there is no fit time for tales like these."

At this Undine started up angrily from her seat, and placing herself close before the fisherman, cried out, "He must not tell the story, father?—he must not?—but it is my will he should—I say, he shall—he shall indeed!"—and with this she beat violently on the earth with her little feet; but all this was done in a manner so droll and so agreeable, that Huldbrand could still less take off his eyes from her now in her anger, than before in her good humour: the restrained displeasure of the old man, on the contrary, burst out in full fury. He scolded Undine violently for her disobedience and indecent behaviour towards the stranger, and the old housewife joined him with equal good will.

"Well then," exclaimed Undine, "if you only wish to scold, and will not do what I would have you do, you may sleep alone in your old, smoky cabin"—and like an arrow she was out of the door, and fled into the darkness of the night.

In addition to the favour bestowed on Rosati, another dancer, Mlle. Marie Taglioni, made her first appearance, and gained considerable applause. She has decided personal attractions, and resembles much her famed namesake in manner. The music of the ballet by Signor Pugni is very agreeable, and the scenery by Charles Marshall is extremely splendid. The ballet itself is the work of M. Paul Taglioni.

No better aspiration can be made, for the benefit of the management of this theatre, and for the future gratification of its frequenters, than that the well done endeavours, and the well won success, of this opening night, may continue throughout the season.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE annual exhibition of the production of British artists, which has been recently opened to the public at this gallery, consists of eighteen works in Sculpture, and five hundred and forty-three paintings in oil. Well covered as are the walls, and numerous as are the works exhibited, we find that no less than four hundred pictures have been returned by the Directors from want of room. For this necessity they express their regret, and we beg to assure them if want of room caused the rejection of four hundred paintings, four hundred in addition of those that have been admitted might very fairly have been rejected for want of merit.

Some few works there are indeed of a superior style, but by far the greater number are much below mediocrity. A peculiar feature in this collection will at once strike a visitor, the absence of that staple commodity in all exhibitions of pictures in this country—portrait. Strange to say, there is not a single production bearing that distinctive title in the gallery. Of composition pictures there are but few; on historical subjects, those that have been attempted are, with one or two exceptions, failures; so that the productions of the Landscape painters form the main objects of attraction.

Foremost among the latter we may place the exquisite works of COPLEY FIELDING. In a small picture, "Morning, View of Naworth Castle, Cumberland," he has given in a bolder and richer tone all the beauties he imparts to his exquisite water-colour drawings. The trees are admirably painted, and the management of aerial perspective is perfect. The romantic scenery of North Wales has given him subjects for three small pictures, and has afforded him a field for the display of the peculiar powers of his pencil. The fifth work from his easel in the present exhibition is, "Scene on Sevenoaks Common looking over Knole Park, Kent," a view beautiful in nature, and here rendered beautiful in art.

Three landscapes by BRIGHT are works of a superior order. "Evening," a small sized picture, is sweetly painted; but it is in the large landscape "Welsh Mountain scene, Autumnal cloudy weather," that he shows his capabilities, and displays in every touch the hand of a master. In this work there is every variety of atmospheric effect, each ably managed, and depicted with a wonderful truth to nature. The subject of the remaining picture by this artist is "An old Water Mill at Iffley, Oxfordshire." It is a splendid landscape, the cattle introduced are admirably painted, and the representation of the water is the perfection of art.

HARDING, who is in himself a host, has contributed but one work—"Glen Falloch, from above Inverranan." It is, like every thing that comes from his pencil, full of beauties; and deserves a better situation.

Immediately over it is placed a very attractive picture, the view, "On the coast of Genoa," by G. E. HERING. So close to a painting by the practised hand of Harding is a dangerous proximity, and that it does not suffer much by the contrast is a proof of its excellence.

The numerous admirers of the works of LEE, the Royal Academician, will in the present exhibition find some landscapes that fully uphold his fame. "The cottage under the Hill," is a subject that no country but England could furnish, and that no artist but Lee could transfer with all its peculiar beauties to the canvass. Fully equal to this admirable work not only in artistic skill, but in the scene selected, is, "One of the quiet Country Lanes," by T. J. SOPER.

"Clearing fallen timber in the wood of Buckhurst, a seat of the Earl of De La Warr," is a large and very fine landscape by JUTSUM; but perhaps the most perfect work of this class, is a small picture by A. GILBERT, "A moonlight scene on the Thames." It is not surpassed by any production in that branch of art in the collection.

E. A. GOODALL in his picture of "The Abbey of St. Amaud Rouen," and in that of "The Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor," displays all the taste that Prout imparts to his water-colour drawings of these peculiar subjects. The rich tracery, and picturesque effect of Gothic architecture render them attractive, and more exquisite specimens of paintings of this class could not be given than two which have been contributed by ROBERTS, the Royal Academician, and by BAUD. The subject of the former is, "The Market Place at Coutances, Normandy," in the happiest style of this able artist; that of the latter, "The Altar of the Virgin." In this small picture the clustering columns, the fretted roof, the stained-glass window, are all depicted with wonderful fidelity; and present to our eyes a scene of gorgeous but solemn splendour.

Two landscapes by CRESWICK, the associate, and some marine pieces by ROBINS are worthy of notice.

A scene in humble life, "Irish Courtship," is an admirable picture by F. GOODALL. The composition is good, the drawing correct, and the colouring perfect. It is a highly finished work and has evidently been painted with great care. The scene is the interior of a Fisherman's cabin. The lover, who has not the appearance of a despairing swain, is advancing his suit with every prospect of success, if we may judge from the well-pleased expression of countenance, with which the fair one listens to the persuasive powers of Irish eloquence.

A very nicely painted picture, which the artist, F. STONE, calls "The Approaching Footstep," represents a girl sitting under the branches of a tree, listening to the expected tread of no unwelcome visitor. The costume is that of the last century in which Mr. Stone always dresses his characters, and the features of the lady are, though very pretty we admit, precisely the same as those he gives to all his female figures, and which meet our view in every print-shop window.

HERING, whose abilities as an animal painter are well known, has some very clever pictures in this exhibition; and LANCE contributes several of his wonderful fruit pieces.

A work in which considerable taste is displayed is called in the catalogue "A Pastoral." This picture, which is by WOOLMER, represents a young shepherd carving on the trunk of a tree "Amaryllis, the name of his mistress. She is seated at his feet, and at some distance sits the

slighted Daphne, for the swain confesses, with a readiness that shows at once his candour, while it says but little for his constancy—

“Amaryllis I did woo,
And I courted Daphne too.”

The contrast in expression is admirably conveyed, and the story is altogether very well told. We should, in justice to Mr. Woolmer, add that the colouring is rich and the drawing correct.

“The Meeting of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester at Cumnor Place,” has been chosen as the subject for a picture by Mrs. J. ROBERTSON. It is a very superior work, the composition is good, the figures are well drawn, and the accessories ably treated.

A large painting, to which only the quotation—

“She hangs upon the cheek of night”

is given as title, represents, a girl reclining on a couch at an open lattice reading by the light of a lamp placed behind her, and which strangely contrasts with the effect of moonlight at the opposite corner of the picture. In this work, the artist, J. SANT, shows that he possesses abilities of a superior order, but he has here sadly wasted his labour in straining at effect. There is correct drawing in the figure, and a fine rich tone of colour has been produced, which might have been more worthily employed.

As Mr. ETTY holds the rank of Royal Academician we must not omit a notice of the works with which he has honoured the British Institution. To a picture of a coarse looking woman holding a book, he gives the title of “A Magdalen reading.” Why so, Mr. Etty can himself best explain. It is a figure totally devoid of any pretension to that grace with which Guido and Correggio have invested the Magdalen; and the flesh tint is so chalky and so far from a natural tone of colour that although the picture possesses in many points the peculiarity of Mr. Etty’s style, we could scarcely believe it came from his easel until all doubts were removed by a reference to the catalogue.

Among the works in sculpture, the only production worthy of notice is a small statue in marble of “Leander,” by W. MARSHALL, the associate. It is fully equal to any thing that has proceeded from the chisel of this accomplished sculptor, and if worked in life-size would form a splendid specimen of the art.

Θῆρα.

THE THEATRES.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE—THE SCHOOL FOR SCHEMING.

Mr. Bourcicault is far from being a writer of first rate powers, and yet he rarely fails to please: his comedies are in many points deficient, and yet they generally succeed. The secret of this is, that he supplies the place of deep sense with a novelty and boldness of thought which surprise and sustain attention, and he makes up for the want of profound humour by a light and dazzling wit, which catches and commands popularity. Such is the character of his new production, "The School for Scheming," which is now enjoying a prosperous course at that classic temple of English comedy, the Haymarket Theatre. Without great fineness of sentiment, with little eloquence or energy of style, with a feeble and confused plot the five acts of the School for Scheming, nevertheless, pass right pleasantly on, and night after night win satisfaction and applause from crowded audiences. The work then must of necessity have merit; and so in truth it has. Sparkling dialogue, acute observation, eccentric notions, characters in clever caricature, ludicrous and amusing incidents, and well understood stage effect—such are the qualifications that have achieved for this play favour, patronage, and fame. Another adjunct has also not a little contributed to its success, and that is the excellence, without exception, of all the performers engaged in its representation—a result to be expected from the admirable manner in which the comedy was cast, as the following list of the dramatis personæ will show:

The Hon. Claude Plantagenet	W. Farren.
Job Sykes, M.P.	Webster, <i>since</i> , Stuart.
The Mac Donnum of Dunnum	Buckstone.
Craven Acton	Howe.
Lord Fipley	Selby.
Withers	Brindal.
Williams	Coe.
Mrs. Fox French	Mrs. Glover.
Helen Plantagenet	Miss Fortescue.
Lady Rose Lawless	Miss J. Bennett.
The Baroness Fitzjenkins	Miss Reynolds.
Lady Augusta Saint Lyer.	Mrs. Buckingham
Matilda Mountblazon.	Mrs. E. Yarnold.
Sally	Mrs. Humby.
Mrs. Warren.	Mrs. Stanley.

An insight into the comedy itself may thus be given:

The chief personages are Job Sykes, a manufacturer, who from the humblest origin, has risen through industry, and become a *millionaire*. He is in full fortune at the epoch in which the drama opens—the pe-

riod of railway speculation—the disastrous year of grace 1845. Next to him, in point of importance, comes the Hon. Claude Plantagenet, a man of good family, but ruined fortunes, who, oppressed by debt, is taking every possible advantage of his ostensible position in society, to obtain the means of marrying richly his only daughter Helen, and thus redeeming his own prosperity. The fair damsel however, is really in love, and has for lover, one Craven Acton, a youth of dubious parentage, whom her father's difficulties and her own pride cause her to reject for aristocratic suitors, who eventually reject her. The other principal characters are Mrs. Fox French, the mistress of a *quasi* aristocratic boarding school, Mac Donnum, a speculative animal of the true railway committee-man class; and Lord Fipley, a silly peer, the most humorous conception in the comedy, who, a mere trifler in love matters, is at last cleverly caught into matrimony by the lively Lady Rose Lawless. The events are the elopement of the foolish lord; the marriage of Claude Plantagenet with Mrs. Fox French—a pair of schemers who mutually deceive each other; and then a crash in the railway world; when the committee-men take flight to “Boulogne—that commercial Botany Bay of England—that abode of bad brandy, and worse billiards, where honesty is like the *ignis fatuus*, never seen but in its passage”—as Mac Donnum phrases it. Here they undergo all manner of privations. The proud Plantagenet, reduced to live on a paltry £150 a year, affects to persuade himself that he is a philosopher; but his daughter Helen pines her heart away because she has jilted Craven Acton. This same Craven, in the mean time, is himself in debt; and is, consequently, compelled to apply to an advertising money-lender, X. Y. The application brings about a sort of development. It turns out that X. Y. is no other than Sykes, the *millionaire* M. P., who has assumed, for once, the money lender, to do the function of a friend; and also, that Acton is none other than his own son. The old man has been married in early life, but his wife, he believes, has played him false: nevertheless, he watches over his son in the guise of an invisible Mentor, and helps him now and then out of the scrapes into which hot blood and an imperfect education have not failed to lead him in the course of his career. Among others who find themselves in Boulogne are Mr. Sykes, and his son. The rest of the characters are all collected there together. The father has, in the *interim*, discovered that his deceased wife was, after all, faithful and true, and that his scape-grace ward is his own veritable offspring. His next care is to provide him with a wife; and as Helen Plantagenet has all the qualities which he wants in a daughter-in-law, namely, beauty and virtue, he determines that his new found son shall have her. To effect this object, he conveys to her a sum of £30,000, with which she liquidates her father's debts; and then, when she explains to him her filial act, he reconciles her and Acton. A marriage of course ensues between them. Two other parts, fair, but not servile versions of “Jeames” and “Mary Hann,” so well known to the readers of *Punch*, afford much amusement.

In conclusion, the mode of getting up this comedy should not be passed over without approbation. It does high credit to the management. Two improvements have been introduced from the French stage, which tell with wonderful effect, namely, the continuation of a single scene throughout each act, and the change of dresses according to the variations of locality. Nothing indeed more confuses the pro-

gress of an intellectual play, than a perpetual shifting of scenery ; nothing too more destroys the illusion than to see the same garments worn in or out of doors, without regard to weather, time, or fashion. Attention to these matters, apparently trivial, is actually conducing a good deal to the present deserved prosperity of the Haymarket Theatre.

NOTE.—M. Frederic Lemaitre, the greatest melodramatic player in Europe, has maintained throughout his engagement the impression which his acting at once produced, and which, in our last number, we fully detailed. He is succeeded at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE by the witty and feeling Lafont, also an inimitable performer. The St. James French Theatre is truly a Temple of histrionic perfection. At the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, two new singers, Miss Bassano, and Miss Anne Romer, are creating quite a sensation: they have both more than common merit. Wallace's opera of "Matilda" has been twice deferred at DRURY LANE THEATRE; its suspension on the first occasion caused a stupid row in the house. It has now been performed, and though too late for our notice this month, we are glad to say that it has achieved the public commendation which its gifted composer always so laboriously and so ably endeavours to obtain.

LITERATURE.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO LISBON AT THE CLOSE OF 1846; with a Picture of the actual State of Spain and Portugal. By T. M. HUGHES, Author of "Revelations of Spain," &c. In two volumes. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. 1847.

THIS, though a quaint, is a very amusing and interesting book. Its motto from Gray, "One word set down *on the spot* is worth twenty written after," was never more usefully proved than in this instance. All the world are at present interested about Spain and Portugal, and here is a work giving the most elaborate and, from all appearance, the most accurate descriptions and details of men and things, just as they now are in those two dreadfully disturbed, and unhappily too notorious countries. To those interested in Peninsular politics (and who now is not?) Mr. Hughes's volumes afford invaluable intelligence: he must however be read with the full consideration that he is evidently no friend to the Carlists, or their cause, though he aims at being impartial. But, setting politics aside, there is a good deal of general and instructive reading in the work. The following account which he gives of the evil of the continued intermarriages of the Spanish nobility among themselves is curious:—

"The representatives of the most ancient families of Spain, in whose veins the present "blue blood" flows, transmitted by mother as well as father, the *elite* of her chosen nobility, illustrate quite as well as the royal family this perversion of the designs of providence. The Duke of Medina Celi is about four feet eight inches in height, insignificant in appearance as he is pigmy in stature, and quite of that class of manikins which we are accustomed to describe as "hop-o'-my-thumb." The owner of the largest house in Madrid, and rightful heir to the crown, is about the least of Spaniards. The iron warriors of the house of La Cerda are, in his person, reduced to the dimensions of a very small man-milliner, and there is no probability of those dimensions being extended, for his Grace is now twenty-five years of age. The Duke of Abrantes is about the same age, and of the same diminutive stature. If you did not know him to be a Grande, you would take him for a very sorry little page, or rather—he is so pale and thin—for an apothecary's apprentice who had been accustomed to an atmosphere of assafoetida and a diet of pills. The Duke de Osuna is a little older, being now in his thirtieth year, and is likewise of low stature, but approximating more to the middle size. His countenance is plain and inexpressive, his complexion fair and colourless, his appearance not in the least like that of a native of Southern Europe. He served on Espartero's staff at the taking of Fuenterrabia and Irun by the British Auxiliary Legion, and succeeded rather more than two years since to the numerous titles and estates of his elder brother. Amongst these heir-looms he inherited no fewer than nine Grande's hats, or the privilege (such as it is) of wearing his hat nine times, or nine different hats, in the presence of his sovereign. He does not at all participate his deceased brother's love of *boato*, and his stables, horses, and equipages are on a comparatively limited scale, while those of the late Duke were renowned through Europe.

Neither does he resemble his ancestor, Pedro Giron, whom Francis the First used to call *le bel Espagnol*, and still less the founder of the family, who is said to have been the giant Geryon.

The Duke of Montemar (Count of Altamira) who may complete my selection of the representatives of the highest Grandeza of Spain, is older than any of those whom I have mentioned, being forty-five years of age, but he is likewise considerably below the middle size, and (with the truthfulness which distinguishes these pages, I must add) of very mean appearance; nearly the same characteristics will describe the Dukes de Gor and de Hijar. It is odd enough that my experience of the Portuguese Grandeza should quite square with what I have noticed of the Grandeza of Spain. The Marquis of Pombal, the representative and lineal descendant of the great statesman of that name, is so petty as to be nearly invisible; the Dukes of Palmella and Terceira are both small men, and the ablest minister of Don Miguel was a crooked little man of four feet six, with a crooked little mind and as crooked a policy."

From a latter portion of Mr. Hughes's book, we make no apology for presenting the following long extract, since it contains information of such immediate importance, namely, a concise account of all the leading political men in Portugal:—

"There is little difference in the general arrangement of *Hidelyuia* (gentle blood), nobility and *Grandeza* (grandeeship), in Spain and Portugal. The remarks in my former work will therefore generally apply. There is one peculiarity in Portugal—the privilege of *parentesco* (relationship), which causes the few who possess it to be addressed by the sovereign as "*meu sobrinho*" (my nephew.) The Duke of Terceira is one of the very limited number who have this privilege. The relationship in these cases is almost always imaginary, and the privilege of *parentesco* was accorded by the Sovereign of Portugal to the infamous Godoy. The prefix *Dom*, equivalent to the Spanish *Don*, (and the more direct abbreviation of the Latin *Dominus*, as the whole language is more directly derived from the Latin), as has been previously remarked, is not used by the Portuguese except in the case of the members of the Royal Family, canons and cathedral dignitaries, and some ten or dozen families of Spanish extraction. The nobles who figure now in Lisbon are nearly all Constitutionalists, the Miguelites having for the most part disappeared from the scene: some of them, however, were latterly becoming reconciled to the existing dynasty, and merging their political designation into the softer shade of 'Royalists,' but the late unfortunate events have generally 'swept away all that,' and, I fear, re-opened the old wounds.

"The Marshal Duke de Terceira, who has now been unhappily for some weeks a prisoner in the Castle of Poz at Oporto, is a slender, graceful, and gentlemanly-looking man, of some sixty-three or sixty-four years of age. His complexion is fair, his moustache almost white, and of a military cut, betokening that he belongs to the profession of arms. He is personally very brave, but not distinguished for capacity as a general, though his star has been in the ascendant and won for him a number of victories. *Sang froid* in peril is his leading characteristic. He is one of the most amiable of men, but also one of the most careless and procrastinating. And to this unfortunate habit he is indebted for his present position as a prisoner. Instead of proceeding to Oporto at once on the 7th October, when the counter-movement was consummated at Lisbon, he delayed forty-eight hours before he set out, and when he reached Oporto, instead of acting vigorously at the barracks of the different regiments, proceeded to discuss a comfortable dinner, the consequence of which was that the democrats had time to take their measures for his arrest. But his procrastination (*amanhaa*, manana—the most fatal word in the Peninsula) had likewise given warning to Das Antas, to whom Sa da Bandeira, the late Minister of War, had despatched a courier with intelligence of the *coup* the moment that he ascertained it, and all Oporto was in full possession of the recent events at Lisbon when the Duke entered the house of the Conde da Terena. The Duke at the period of his arrest behaved with his accustomed gallantry. He coolly lit his cigar, and presented himself at the door to the armed

and roaring mob: "*Que 'morras?'*" (What shouts of 'Kill him?') said he; "If you want to kill me, here am I!" They walked him and his party off through the entire length of the town to the Castle of Foz, which is near the entrance to the harbour, treating them with considerable roughness, tearing in some instances the clothes off their backs, and the more infuriated of the *petulea* menacing them with knives. The Duke's imprisonment has greatly embarrassed the course of proceedings in this rebellion, through dread of sanguinary reprisals.

"The Duke de Palmella, the late Prime Minister, is in appearance what he is in birth and policy, an Italian. The family name is Holstein. His father was a Piedmontese noble in the diplomatic service of Portugal, and the Duke entered the same career as *Chargé d'Affaires*, during his father's temporary absence from the Court of Rome, where he was Minister. The Duke subsequently served for a short time in the army of Portugal during the Peninsular War, and was finally Portuguese Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna. He is now about sixty years of age, and his abilities are of the highest order. He took a very active part with the Duke de Terceira in the expedition against Dom Miguel, for the restoration of Dona Maria to the throne of Portugal. His subsequent history is well known. The Duke is of short stature, with rather bright eyes and a hooked nose. His equipages are very superior.

"The Marshal Duke de Saldanha, who obtained the last step in the Peerage the other day for his recent services, is a very noble-looking old soldier, whose appearance, manners, and accomplishments would do honour to any *noblesse* in Europe. His hair, moustache, and whiskers, which he wears rather full, are as white as snow and contrast extremely well with the soldiery brown of his complexion. His nose is a little blunt, but his mouth is benevolent, his eyes bright and expressive, and his forehead expansive. He is about the middle height, and has an easy and gentlemanly figure—remarkably upright for a man who must be at least sixty-two years of age. The Duke is equally distinguished in arms and diplomacy, having served during the entire Peninsular War, and subsequently took an active part in the war against Dom Miguel. He is by far the ablest general in Portugal, and about the eminence of his strategic talents there is no dispute whatever. He finds it requisite to be a little Machiavellian in his policy with the Portuguese, and lets none into his confidence through fear of being betrayed. An officer in the army of operations, which he is now commanding opposite Santarem, where I doubt not he will speedily reduce Das Antas to submission (if the weather permit) writes to me the following curious passage, which well portrays this well known feature in M. de Saldanha's character: "Of the Marshal's plan we know nothing; not even to those nearest him does he divulge it. On the contrary, he says one thing to do another quite different," (*pelo contrario diz uma cousa paver fazer outra muito diferente.*) It is needless to observe that in the peculiar circumstances of a civil war this is the only safe course to pursue. The Duke, however, is too good a diplomatist not to be a little of a Machiavellian, though in this respect he must decidedly yield the *pas* to His Grace of Palmella. M. de Saldanha was lately Her Faithful Majesty's Minister at the Court of Berlin, where he lost, thirteen months back, a son, of the greatest promise, by that disease to which I also am destined soon to fall a victim. The Duke is an accomplished linguist and general scholar, and published a clever work at Berlin—"On the *Connexion between the Sciences and Revealed Religion.*" He is said to be descended from the famous Bernardo del Carpio, whose father was the Conde de Saldana. His accomplishments as a linguist are very great, and he speaks English, French, and German with perfect fluency.

"The Conde de Villareal has quite the look of an English nobleman, and speaks English with correctness, for which accomplishment he is indebted to the fact of his having been an aide-de-camp to Lord Beresford during the Peninsular War, when he distinguished himself in several actions. The Count is not a fluent speaker, but he is an influential politician, constitutional, moderate and practical. In manner he is very polite and dignified, and his air is extremely chivalrous. On the fall of the Cabral Ministry in May last, the Queen called on him to form an Administration, but after the lapse of twenty-four hours he resigned his task to the Duke de Palmella. The Count's father expended an immense sum upon his

splendid edition of Camoens, which he published entirely at his own expense under the *pseudonyme* of "Morgado Mathens." His son, Dom Fernando de Botelho, has figured both in the present and the late Rebellion, and has been deprived for this offence, by Royal decree, of his right of succession. The Count is rather tall, and in about his sixtieth year.

"The Marquis da Fronteira is also a good-looking man, rather tall, and about forty-six years of age. He has a good fortune for Portugal (about 4000*l.* a year) and spends it worthily, residing in a fine but rather curious old Palace in the Italian style at Bemfica. The Marquis does not aim much at the character of a politician, but he is of a chivalrous character, and a devoted adherent of Dom Pedro's Charter. He is at present Civil Governor of Lisbon. His brother, Dom Carlos² de Mascarenhas, is Commandant of the Municipal Guard of Lisbon, a fine body of about 1000 men, by whom the police duties of the metropolis are administered. Dom Carlos took a very active part in the late counter-movement, and the soldiers generally are very much attached to him. He is a tall, strapping, burly figure, with a great black moustache, and looks formidable either on foot or on horseback. Conda da Cunha is a rotund, portly figure, who appears fonder of a dinner than a debate in the Chamber of Peers, does not pretend to weight as a politician, and will get to the bottom of a bottle of champagne or brandy before he will sound the depths of many questions in political economy. He drives in rather good style.

"Conde do Tojal, late Finance Minister, is indebted for his ennoblement to his own abilities and conduct. His father, originally a proprietor in the island of Madeira, was Court physician to Dom John VI., for whom he discharged a diplomatic mission at the Court of Paris. The success of Count Tojal's financial administration is well known, and there are few of the foreign bondholders who do not desire to see him back at the Treasury. The Count is about fifty-seven years of age, a low-sized man, with a long, rather rough, but intelligent face, and eyes of rare penetration and brightness. He speaks English with quite as much fluency as his native Portuguese, and is possessed of a very fascinating address. Conde do Lavradio, who was a member of the Duke de Palmella's late Administration, is about the same age—an ungainly-looking man with an unpleasing address, but great rectitude of principles and firmness of character. He is rather impracticable however, and it is a matter of no small difficulty for his brother ministers to agree with him. He is not a little subject to the fiery passions of the south, but his decisions are always the result of honest conviction. Conde do Farrobo (as I have elsewhere observed) is an extensive capitalist, chiefly noticeable as a musical amateur and lover of the fine arts generally. He is the proprietor of a beautiful private theatre at his Quinta of the Laranjeiras, in which he gives very pleasant representations, and drives out the actors and singers from Lisbon in a four-in-hand.

"Conde das Antas, the leader of the present rebellion, is a soldier of fortune, who achieved the nobility and *grandeza*, of which the Queen has lately deprived him for his contumacy, by his military services. He is one of the best generals in Portugal, but a man of restless temperament, whom it is extremely difficult to satisfy. He is also not to be much depended on, having figured in 1842 under the *Entrudo*, or Carnival Ministry, as Commander of the Lisbon Division, and taken office under Costa Cabral about two months after as Governor of Portuguese India, a post which he resigned in six months on account of his health. He is about fifty years of age, and wears a thick moustache and a long, peaked black beard, his appearance being altogether somewhat conceited and pretentious. His recent conduct at Santarem in flogging an aged proprietor and alderman (*vereador*) for a mere expression of opinion, has disgusted his very adherents, and will probably precipitate his ruin.

"Visconde Sa da Bandeira, late Minister of War, is likewise a soldier of fortune and enjoyed considerable reputation as a general, until his recent signal defeat near Chaves, which the desertion, however, of 700 of his best troops may readily excuse. The Viscount is one of the ablest statesmen in Portugal, and was one of the few members of the Chamber of Peers who proved himself an able legislator.

His range of information is very great, and the largest as well as the most minute subjects shared his attention, and were enlightened by his intelligence. Most sincerely do I regret his present compromised position, and wish to see him well out of it. The Viscount is about fifty-seven, with long features, and an intelligent, agreeable face. He has lost an arm, and is deaf, but his mental activity abundantly supplies these defects. Luiz Monsinho-de Albuquerque, also one of the late Ministers, is another man of great mental accomplishments, whom I sincerely regret to see involved in this rebellion. He is a statesman of large capacity and of powerful eloquence, the best scientific scholar in Portugal, and skilful in every department of public administration. He is a Colonel in the Engineers, and has presided over the construction of many public works, which evidence his skill and judgment. As a politician, however, he is very *exaltado*, and is a man capable of readily going to the scaffold in vindication of his principles. He is of the middle age, and rather above the middle size, and his appearance indicates a high sanguineous temperament. The fourth most important leader in the rebellion is the Conde do Bomfim, who was likewise the leader in that of Almeida—a man of most disagreeable countenance and of equivocal character, discontented, self-seeking, intriguing, and ready for rebellion, or any other Catalinarian work.

“Of the Queen’s Generals, I have already taken note of Saldanha and Terceira. The two others of any eminence are Schwalbach and Casal. Schwalbach, Visconde de Setubal, is a German who took service under Dom Pedro, and distinguished himself in the field, wherever an occasion presented itself. His military talents are beyond dispute, and indeed they must have been so to enable him to hold his ground against the intensity of national jealousy when peace was re-established. He was always an ardent supporter of Dom Pedro, was attached to him with equal ardour. Baron Casal is also an able tactician, and remarkable for decision and energy, qualities which contributed much to the complete rout of Sa da Bandeira near Chaves, on the 16th inst. Visconde do Vinhaes is not much to be relied on since his treacherous desertion of the Gabral Administration with his division, which was disposed to fight, but that their general parleyed with the rebels. The Duke da Terceira is paying for the treacherous letter which he wrote to Vinhaes upon that occasion, ordering him “not to hostile the people,” by his present imprisonment in the castle of Foz; and Vinhaes is atoning for his share in that transaction by his recent improved conduct. Vinhaes is a very good cavalry officer.

“In the foremost rank of the Grandes of Portugal figure six young Marquises, of ages varying from twenty-five to thirty-eight. The most conspicuous of these is the Marquis de Loulé, one of the handsomest men in Europe, but a slippery politician, who is the mainstay of the rebellion at Coimbra. The Marquis married an Infanta of Portugal and one of the Queen’s aunts, Dona Anna de Jesus, whose conduct, unfortunately has not corresponded to the sanctity of her name. The Marquis and she have lived separately these many years past. In one of his proclamations at Coimbra the Marquis betrayed considerable heartlessness by expressing his satisfaction at the imprisonment of the aged and illustrious Duke da Terceira, his own first cousin, and married to his sister! It was said that the Marquis entertained a design of promoting the Royal blood of one of his own young sons to the throne of Portugal in the room of the present dynasty. But this is scarcely probable. The Marquis de Vianna is a young Miguelite, or rather Royalist nobleman, of fine, manly appearance, not unlike that of an accomplished English country gentleman. He has a splendid house in the Rato, where the Marchioness gives dashing parties. He also drives in good style, being one of the few persons in Lisbon whose fortunes will permit this.

“The Marquis de Fayal is the son and heir of the Duke de Palmella, and is in possession of one of the largest fortunes in Portugal, which belongs to his wife, the daughter of the late Conde do Pova, who accumulated this fortune as a contractor to the British Army during the Peninsular War.

“The history of the violent abduction of this heiress, to whom the Duke married his young son when she was in her tenth year (!), need not be repeated here.

The lady, however, appears well pleased with her position, and very much attached to the Marquis, who is of amiable character. The Marquis de Abrantes is a young Royalist nobleman, of lofty stature and fine appearance, who has made a few speeches of promise in the Chamber of Peers. His father was an intimate familiar of Dom Miguel's, who with his assistance is believed to have treacherously murdered the father of the Marquis de Loulé. The Marquis de Pombal's appearance has been described in a former chapter. *The Pombal* was tall and a splendid figure, which makes the contrast more strange. This young nobleman is of inoffensive manners and of amiable private character. The Marquis de Nisa is an imitator of the *ci-devant* irregular career of the Marquis of Waterford, and is renowned for fast living and for his adventures with Opera girls. He is well known as a dead shot, and is equally skilled in the use of the small sword and sabre. The Marquis is a lineal descendant and bears the name of the illustrious Vasco da Gama, the discoverer of India, and has an hereditary title to the post of Lord High Admiral of Portugal, his father having upon one occasion commanded during some evolutions in the Mediterranean, the combined fleets of England and Portugal, when the precedence was accorded to him by the famous Sir Sydney Smith. The Marquis, though still young, has contrived to run through a very handsome fortune. The properties of the Portuguese nobility are most wretchedly administered, being left entirely in the hands of *Feitores* or factors, who contrive to enrich themselves, and to make scarcely any return to their masters: and sometimes these, for want of ready money, are obliged even to sell their standing crops!

To this notice of the Portuguese nobility I should add that the body contains lineal descendants of our John of Gaunt in the family of Portugal e Alencastro (Lancaster)."

The whole of this work stamps Mr. Hughes as a person of no common thought, talent, and observation.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE, AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN GREEN AND SHADY PLACES. BY THOMAS MILLER, Author of "Beauties of the Country," "Rural Sketches," &c. David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street, 1847.

THIS beautifully illustrated book is written by one whose very soul is verdure. The divine joys of rural life, are evidently in every thought, feeling and expression of its author. He has too, in writing, complete possession of that sweet sunny style, which is the great charm of Bloomfield's poetry, and Wilson's painting—that style, which like the fields themselves with a glittering day upon them, is in its very nature comforting, and cheerful. Mr. Miller's book consists of varied rambles, south and north, in some of the fairest corners of this fair isle: he has cleverly introduced into his pages rustic tales, forcibly told, which pleasantly relieve what might otherwise prove monotonous. Of the brilliancy of his country descriptions the following is a good specimen, the more so as it speaks of places known to us all,—of localities which, though close to this mighty metropolis, are so marvellously retired, that, there, according to Mr. Miller's shewing, poet, sage, or scholar may muse in solitude, and lovers meet in that secure secrecy, which, as Tom Moore has it, is in love, the perfume of the flower.

"Here we are at Gracechurch Street (why did they alter the fine old name of Gracious Street—but we will not quarrel about that now). What a lovely summer's morning! Let us jump up on the outside of this Camberwell omnibus; we can

ride all the way from the city of London to the Fox-under-the-Hill for six-pence, and that is a good step beyond Camberwell Green. Be careful how you get down; the omnibus goes no further this way, so there is no occasion to hurry—there are other conveyances to Dulwich and Norwood, but we are going to walk across the fields. The first turning to the left is Champion Hill, and in that direction we will bend our course. Yes, it is very beautiful here—we are in the country at once. What a scene opens upon us, and we have not yet walked half-a-mile! Woods, green fields, beautiful hills, sloping down into rich pasture-lands, louses nestling in sweet shady spots—and all burst upon the view in an instant! We never yet brought a stranger here who was not startled by the sudden opening of this delicious scene. This is called Five-field Lane; across those fields, at the bottom of it, over rude stiles and pleasant foot-paths, which will bend out a little to the right, is the old rural pathway to the ancient village of Dulwich. Here we might fancy ourselves a hundred miles from London. What rude primitive stiles! Look at the young couple before us—nay, let us turn our heads, or the young lady will never get over. How cheering is the ring of her silvery laugh! I'll be sworn she never leant so heavily upon her lover before; and she fell with her face upon his, as if by accident, and then said, 'Adone, William, do.'

All these hedges were white over, a month ago, with the blossoms of the hawthorn; the very air was redolent of their perfume. We turn off here. You see that clump of trees at the bottom of the field beyond us, to the left? They overhang a pond, around which grows hundreds of blue-bells. We know no spot so near London as this where they are to be found wild. They love moist and shady places. The lower part of the woods, which we see in the distance, are, in spring-time, covered with blue-bells. This is Dulwich; yonder stands the college, founded by Alleyn, the player; he who had, no doubt, seen Shakespere many a time: and who knows but what the great poet himself may have walked over these very fields, with Ben Johnson, and Burbage, and the founder of Dulwich College? There is a choice picture-gallery at the back of the building, containing a few first-rate pictures by the old masters. Look behind. What a noble avenue of elms! We never in any part of England beheld finer trees; it makes your neck ache to look up at them. Beautiful do their shadows appear thrown into that smooth sheet of water. It is the prettiest village in the neighbourhood of London, and endeared to us the more, because there are so many pleasant foot-paths all around it, stretching in every direction across the fields. The road to the left would take us to the foot of Forest Hill; to the right, up Beggar's Hill, to Norwood; but we will keep on in a direct line until we reach a little swing gate, that leads into the wood, for there is a beautiful steep hilly path through that "silent land of trees." Here we are among oaks and birches, ash, maple, hazel, and entangling underwood; with gorse-bushes, yellow as gold; and patches of land, purpled over with heather: while the hiccory ever comes between, with its bunches of scarlet berries. True, we miss such gigantic trees as toss their knotted and weather-beaten arms over the moss covered forest-paths of Sherwood; yet who would wish for a greener or more tranquil scene than we now stand in? Let us climb this little hill to the left; it stands in the very centre of the wood: a few years ago a rustic seat stood here: some Goth has removed it. I wish the fellow was tied to that oak, and kept there fasting until he agreed to replace it. Many a time have we sat on that bench, looking at London in the distance; but the dry grass is no bad seat; and the foot of this tree we can behold the bold outline of the greatest city in the world: can see from far below Westminster Abbey, to where spire and pillar stretch away beyond the dome of St. Paul's, while the long range of Hampstead hills fills up the dark-purple background, as they seem to stand bearing on their heads the piled-up sky. What miles of distance does the eye here range over at a glance! How beautiful is the prospect! How still and tranquil is all around us here! No sounds but the songs of birds, the bleating of sheep, or the lowing of cows in the valley! What a contrast to yonder crowded streets; to that hum of voices, and thunder of a thousand wheels, which are at this moment shaking the heart of the city. What a relief to

sit here amid the silence which reigns around us, and think of the bustle and tumult amid which, little more than an hour ago, we mingled. But our path is still onward. Look down this hilly road, that goes winding through the wood; what a glorious picture! Now turn round here; we are on the Hog's-back, on the Surrey hills. That is Sydenham at our feet; the white spire beyond is Beckenham Church; that dark building to the left miles away, is Eltham Palace; yonder summit, Shooter's Hill; the clump of trees in the far distance is near Sevenoaks. Here we have Kent and Surrey at one view; and this beautiful scene is but little more than five miles from London, to come the nearest way, which we have not done. We will return to the right; a mile or so will bring us to Norwood, and after having had a glass of ale and a crust of bread and cheese at the Woodman, we will then strike down the hill to the left, and peep at the Annerley station. Who would wish for a more beautiful road? On our right stretch woods all the way, green sloping, and ringing with the songs of birds; on our left, as sweet a pastoral landscape as eye need wish to dwell upon. The view from the upper windows of the Woodman is 'beautiful exceedingly.' London again but with the country, for miles beyond Westminster Abbey, stretching on both sides of the Thames."

Though favourable to so home a landscape as the above, Mr. Miller has naught of cockneyism in his composition; near and far, his pictures are alike true and characteristically drawn. Who will not recognise many an old English mansion, and its vicissitudes in the following sketch:—

"The manor-house stands on 'made land;' part of which was, no doubt, thrown out of the enormous moat, and the remainder brought from an ancient clay pit still seen on the side of a neighbouring hill. An old oak or two (the only trees near at hand) mark the site of an ancient rampart, which leads up from a high grassy mound, where the lodge, or outer tower, is supposed to have stood; these throw their leafless arms across the low embankment, which stretches to the very edge of the moat. An arch of brickwork, of modern date, spans over the moat before a mouldering gate, and in former times faced the drawbridge.

"The manor-house is built in the ancient English style which marks the period of Richard the Third, though by some considered much older. It stood a stout siege during the civil wars, and the room is still pointed out in which the ill-fated Charles slept. It seems heavy with over-hanging gables, one projecting above the other, and weighty stone windows, which look as if they would bear down the very walls! while old heads hang out, and grin on you from every angle; and these, the ignorant country people say, were once alive—were real wizards and witches (nailed up like birds and vermin on a barn wall); placed there at the time of the Reformation, and sprinkled with some mysterious liquid which changed them into stone.

"There are no written records to tell of the changes which that weather-beaten building has witnessed; for the church, nearly two centuries ago, was a heap of ruins, and all the monuments it contained perished, when the edifice was razed to the ground. There is now no church nearer than a mile—a small modern meeting-house is the only place of worship in this ancient village. All that can be gathered is from tradition: the villagers have heard their forefathers talk of old Sir Hubert, who pawned farm and field, and with fifty horsemen, equipped at his own expense, sallied out and fought under the banner of King Charles; that, leaving two-thirds of his followers dead on the field, he returned to his old manor-house with a sabre cut on his cheek, and the loss of his left hand; that he kept open house, caroused with the remainder of his soldiers, drunk acre after acre, until neither meadow nor mansion were left—nothing saving the ancient manor-house, which he willed to his sister; that he was too poor to arouse the cupidity of Cromwell, or had some friend at the back of the stern Protector. The sister had lost her husband at Marston Moor, died at an old age, and left a daughter, whose husband, unlike his ancestors, joined the Pretender, and fell in battle. Then came the last of the race (whose father perished in the rebellion)—the old Lady Morton, whose name our grandmothers never uttered

without looking pale. She turned the old manor-house into a school for young ladies; but whether she was a true descendant from the stout old royalist, Sir Hubert, is not known. There are rumours of the rightful heirs dying abroad in a nunnery; of the cruel old nurse installing her own child in the manor-house, and under the title of Lady Morton: and of the few ancient families who still survived in the neighbourhood intrusting the education of their daughters to her care.

The wood engravings which adorn this volume are exquisitely done: the whole production is most creditable to both author and artist.

THE LAST ALDINI; SIMON. TWO NOVELS BY GEORGE SAND. Translated by MATILDA M. HAYS, Author of "Helen Stanley." In one volume. E. Churton, 26, Holles Street, 1847.

WE recently, in a former number, entered so fully upon the merits and demerits of the singular George Sand, that it becomes unnecessary to discuss the subject here. Suffice it to say, that, in the present volume, translations are given of a couple of stories which are decidedly unobjectionable, even to the most fastidious, and which convey a very fair idea of the extraordinary powers of thought, and style that mark the wild and wonderful narratives which have made Madame Dudevant, under her assumed name of George Sand, so famous. "The Last Aldini," one of the novels in this volume, tells the adventures of an opera singer who was on the verge of wedding, first a widow of the proud Venetian family of Aldini, and subsequently her daughter, the ultimate scion of the house, but whose sense saves him in both instances from the dangers of a misalliance. The haughty soul of the younger heroine Alezia, "the last Aldini," is depicted in a very singular incident, such as George Sand could have alone imagined; at the time of its occurrence, the strange damsel is represented in her childhood:—

"These reflections were at first confused, then they became clear, and I perceived that *I thought*, just as one fine morning I found I could sing. I began to seek for the cause of that repugnance which I felt to leaving my station, and taking upon myself in society the appearance of vanity and ambition; and I determined to conceal my love for Bianca in mystery.

"Occupied with these reflections, I walked the length of the gallery, and viewed with pride this imperious line to which a child of the people, a gondolier of Chioggia, disdained to succeed. I felt elated; I thought of my old father and the paternal home, long forgotten and neglected: and my eyes moistened with tears. I found myself at the end of the gallery, face to face with the portrait of Torquato; and for the first time I measured him boldly from head to foot. It was indeed the very incarnation of titular nobility. His look seemed to repulse one like the point of a sword, and his hand had the appearance of never opening, save to command his inferiors. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'never would I have been your servant. Your haughty air would not have intimidated me; I should have faced you as I do this canvass. You never would have obtained the empire over me, for my heart is prouder than yours, because I disdain this gold before which you were abased, because I am nobler than you in the eyes of the woman you possessed. Spite of all your pride of blood, you bowed the knee before her to obtain her riches; and when through her you became wealthy, you wounded and humiliated her. Yours was the part of a coward, mine is that of true nobility; for of all Bianca's possessions, I would have only her heart, of which you were unworthy; and I refuse that which you implored, to the end that I may possess what is above all else in my eyes, the esteem of Bianca. And I shall have it, for she understands well that my soul is superior to that of a bankrupt patrician. I

have no patrimony to reclaim. There are no mortgages on the boat of my father, and the clothes I wear are my own, gained by my labour. It is I who shall be the benefactor, and not the obliged, because I give happiness and life to a heart broken by you; because I, servant and lover, shall know how to make myself blessed and honoured, while you, husband and nobleman, were accursed and despised."

"A slight noise made me turn my head. I saw behind me the little Alezia, who was crossing the gallery, trailing a doll larger than herself. I loved this child, spite of her haughty character, for the love which she bore her mother. I would have embraced her, but as if she felt in the atmosphere, the disgrace which had rested upon me for the two past days, she drew back with an offended air, and flying from me as though she had something to fear, pressed against the portrait of her father. I was astonished at this moment by the resemblance which her pretty little brown face already bore to the haughty countenance of Torquato, and I stopped to examine this resemblance with a feeling of profound sadness. She also appeared to examine me attentively, and all of a sudden broke the silence to ask me in a sharp tone, and with an expression of indignation beyond her years, 'Why have you stolen my father's ring?'

"At the same time, her little finger pointed towards a handsome diamond ring, mounted in an old fashioned style, which her mother had given me some days before, and which I had had the folly to accept; then turning and rising on tip-toe, she placed the end of her finger upon that of the portrait, ornamented with an exact resemblance of the same ring; and I perceived that the imprudent Bianca had presented to her gondolier one of the most precious of her husband's family jewels.

"The crimson mounted to my face, while I received from this child the lesson, which above all, should discourage me from ill-acquired riches. I smiled, and giving her the ring: 'Your mama let it fall from her finger,' said I, 'and I found it a short time since in the gondola.'

"I will take it to her,' said the little girl, snatching rather than accepting it from my hands, and she ran away, leaving her doll on the ground. I picked up this plaything to satisfy myself about a little trick I had often observed. Alezia amused herself by pricking all her dolls, over the heart, with long pins, and she would sometimes remain for hours absorbed in the silent and deep enjoyment of this singular game.'"

* * * * *

"But I had the strength to resist, and issued victorious over myself from a love, which was notwithstanding, kindled by the senses. I departed bathed with her tears, and carrying with me, for all of treasure and trophy, but one curl of her fair and lovely hair. In retiring, I approached the bed of the little Alezia, and softly opened the curtains to take a last look at her. She awoke directly, and did not at first recognise me, for she was frightened, though in her own way, without crying, and called to her mother in a voice which she endeavoured to render steady. 'Signorina,' said I, 'I am Orco, and I come to ask you why you pierce the hearts of your dolls with pins?'

"She rose up in her bed, and looked at me with a malicious air, replied, 'It is to see if they have blue blood.'

"You know that *sangue blu*, in the popular language of Venice, is synonymous with nobility.

"But they have no blood,' returned I, 'they are not noble!'

"They are nobler than you,' she rejoined, 'they have not black blood.'

"You know also, that black is the colour of the *nicolotti*; that is to say of the fraternity of watermen.

"Signora mia,' said I in a whisper to Madame Aldini, closing the child's curtain, 'you have done well not to throw ink over your silver escutcheon. Here is a little patrician who would never have forgiven you for it.' 'And it is my heart,' said she, 'that is pierced, not with a pin, but with a thousand swords.'"

Fiamma, the object of Simon's affections, bears a strong affinity to perhaps the most graceful female creation of Scott's genius, Diana Vernon. The following, from a graphic sketch of Fiamma, has spirit in it:

“ Talking thus, they arrived at the borders of the wood. Fiamma called her horse several times, and soon heard the noise of his shoes against the flints. Her hand being bound up, Simon assisted her to mount, and led Sauvage by the bridle to the end of the valley. As they moved on, they exchanged in a few words, the history of their whole lives. It was as short and pure on the one side as on the other. They were of the same age. Fiamma had loved her mother, as Féline loved his. Since her death, she had lived in a country villa which her father had purchased between the shores of the Adriatic, and the foot of the Alps. There, Fiamma had become accustomed to an active and adventurous life; sometimes chasing a bear or chamois through the mountains, sometimes braving the tempest in her bark at sea, and always cherishing the romantic idea, that she might some day perhaps be engaged in a partisan war, in a country whose secret retreats she so well knew. The absence of M. de Fougères, who had repaired to France, to purchase his estates, had left her mistress of her own actions, and her natural independence had assumed a development which it was no longer possible to restrain. The respect she evinced towards her father was the only thing capable of controlling her; she had therefore obeyed his orders to quit Italy with her governess, and after having spent a few months in Paris, had established herself at Guéret, while waiting for the settlement of affairs at Fougères.

“ ‘ I am impatient for these repairs to be completed,’ she said, as she finished her recital. ‘ Since I am obliged to leave my own country, I would rather live in this wild valley, which reminds me of certain spots on the banks of my beloved Alps, than in your dull towns, or in that pandemonium, without feature or character, which you call your capital, but which you should rather term your plague-spot, your curse, your hell. Now then, adieu; I pray you call our hawk *Italia*, that it may not be forgotten, we made it captive together. Be careful of it. If any one should speak to you of me, tell them I do not know two words of French: I do not care to speak with those lackeys of royalty, who have kissed the Cossack’s knout, and the corporal’s baton of the Austrian Schlagueurs.’

“ ‘ Let me kiss your horse’s shoe,’ said Simon, laughing; ‘ it is a noble creature, to obey only you.’

“ ‘ And to obey me only from affection,’ returned Fiamma. ‘ But let alone its shoe, shake hands with me. *E viva la liberta!*’

“ She held out her hand to him, still bleeding, and entered the valley in a gallop. Simon once more kissed this noble blood, and wiped his fingers on his naked breast. Then hastened to shut himself up in his chamber, and burying his face between his hands, remained sleepless till morning, in a state of excitement impossible to describe.”

Miss Hays has ably translated these novels, and the book itself is got up very neatly.

THE PARLIAMENTARY VOTE BOOK, CONTAINING THE DIVISIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE SESSION OF 1846. By ROBERT O’BYRNE, Esq. Jun. London, Ollivier, Pall Mall.

AMONG the numerous works referential to Parliamentary men and Parliamentary measures, this is decidedly the most valuable and most useful we ever met with. A perfect analysis of the proceedings of the House of Commons during the past session, it is, besides, a record of every member’s services in the legislative assembly—a witness, in fact, to each representative’s zeal or apathy in his country’s cause.

“ The object in the compilation of this work,” (we quote the preliminary notice) “ has been so to arrange the Votes of every Member of the House of Commons, upon each Division during the Session of 1846, as to reduce them into the form of a pocket companion, and afford to Members themselves, and the public gene-

rally, the means of instantaneous and convenient reference. The advantages presented in the *Parliamentary Vote-Book* are indeed manifest. The general tendency of a Member's political opinions may at once be ascertained; the part taken by him in every Question of the passed Session, seen at a glance; and the nature shewn of his annual parliamentary career. In a word, the volume will be found to comprise, within the limits of its own portable size, the same information that has hitherto been only found dispersed, in a manner almost practically useless, over a mass of unwieldy official documents."

THOUGHTS AND FACTS CONCERNING THE FINE ARTS AND SCHOOLS OF DESIGN IN IRELAND. By GEORGE F. MULVANY, Esq., R. H. A. Cumming and Ferguson, Dublin. Chapman and Hall, London. 1847.

In this unpretending but ably written treatise, Mr. Mulvany takes a brief review of the present state of Art in Ireland, and gives some highly valuable hints for the formation of Schools of Design in that country. The arguments he uses are clear and convincing, and are clothed in polished language.

The author justly remarks:—

"Writers have attributed the unique success of the Greeks in Art to their climate, their free government, their athletic sports, and the opportunities of study thus afforded to their artists. These were but the favourable circumstances and results of the true secret of their success—singleness and earnestness of purpose. They were great in battle, for they fought for liberty, not conquest or gold; they were great in Art, for their art was devoted to the honour of their gods; great in science, for they aimed at the cultivation of great gifts for the benefit of their fellow-citizens. Their artists sought for and won honour, not unaccompanied with more solid recompense. Their warriors returned from the hard-fought field of liberty, to rest as honoured citizens; their sages walked amid the groves of their academies, surrounded and honoured by their pupils; their athletes came from all parts of the State to win honour in their Olympic Games, their simple reward a crown or wreath, a bust or statue in their native towns."*

Mr. Mulvany states,

"In the National Schools of Prussia, and other Continental States, some knowledge of design forms an integral portion of all education. The value of such knowledge, in conjunction with elementary mathematics, is beyond doubt; it educates the eye to accuracy in its estimate of space, size, distance, proportion, fitness, and beauty; it trains the hand in obedience to the eye and mind; cultivates perception, comparison, construction; and enables individuals to express their ideas in language more universal and definite than any conventional combination of letters."

* * * * *

"The basis of all Art-power is good drawing: in a greater or less degree it is alike necessary to the painter, the sculptor, the architect, engraver, engineer, lithographer, wood-cutter, metallurgist, pattern-drawer, carver, &c. The difference in their acquirements is mainly in degree.

* Miltiadi, qui Athenas totamque Greciam liberavit, talis honos tributus est in Portica, quæ Pæcele vocatur, cum pugna depingeretur Marathonia, ut in decem Prætorum numero prima ejus imago poneretur.—*Corn. Nepos*.

Ut Parrhasius pictor purpuream vestem gestaverit et coronam habuerit auream in capite,—*Eliau*, lib. ix. c. 11.

“The first practical operation, then, of a school of design is to afford objects of study, and a course of instruction adapted to the education of perfect draughtsmen; that course must range in practical detail from the first delineation of a right line to the perfect delineation of the human figure.”

After alluding to the great School of Art at Lyons, the author proceeds:—

“The basis at least of such an Institution must now be laid in Ireland, if the Arts are ever to assume their national importance as elements of high civilization, and inseparable adjuncts of manufacturing and commercial wealth.

“It is absolutely necessary to have an institution of public Art-instruction, in which—

“1st. A sufficient collection of proper objects of study will be provided.

“2nd. A wise and practical direction of the student’s course from the beginning, step by step in advance, will be insured.

“3rd. Where the principles of Art, and its conjoint studies, geometry, perspective, anatomy, &c., will be conveyed in lectures, brief, forcible, and practically suited to the degree of advance made, and to the distinct objects of the classes.

“4th. A *concours* for prizes, adjudicated by professional men. Such prizes should be chiefly useful books or works of Art, appropriate to the studies of each class, to be valued mainly for their utility and the honour they confer.”

As to rewards, Mr. Mulvany truly observes,

“It must be borne in mind, however, that they must be placed, in all professions, at the end of the course rather than the beginning; the great recompense must come from the nation at large. The lawyer toils through his arduous course, that by the development of his talents he may win the guerdon of public approbation in remunerative practice, or reach the eminence of official dignity in the ermine.

“So in all works of Art the esteem of the public, which is Fame, and its consequent advantages in honourable occupation, are the best stimulants. If the public be not prepared by educated taste to estimate Art justly, to demand in its varied walks, from its high abstraction to its practical application in the various manufactures of every day use, Government or fostering societies will, to some extent, have wasted their energies in promoting its cultivation.”

In every pursuit the attainment of perfection should be the chief aim, but how important is this in art. The following extract is worthy of the most serious attention to all who would desire to see a School of Design placed on a firm basis.

“Esteeming the architecture and sculpture of the Greeks as perfect; believing their painting,—alas, only by record!—not less so; we naturally crave to learn the principles upon which they *wrought out* perfection; for perfection in any art or science is not a spontaneous gift, it is the result of the national exercise of many gifts, in men and races of men. No Goddess Minerva springs in complete panoply from the human brain. Centuries of earnest progress are involved in arival at excellence.”

To use his own words, Mr. Mulvany has proved that, “from the spirit in which he has written, he has been uninfluenced by any feeling save a love of truth and zeal for the welfare of Art,” and we sincerely desire with the author to see the Fine Arts take their true position in Ireland. Their cultivation is becoming every day more general throughout Europe, and we trust, ere long, a protecting and fostering hand will be held out to them in the sister country. If so, the wise caution of Mr. Mulvany we hope will be seriously observed, and if by steps slow yet sure they reach the wished-for eminence, the author of this able treatise will not have written in vain.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- Adam, Mrs. William, of a dau. at Upper Clapton, 12th Feb.
- Anthony, Mrs. Mark, of a son, in Percy-street, 19th Jan.
- Arnott, Mrs., wife of Rev. S. B. Arnott, of a son, at Cheltenham, 14th Feb.
- Bagge, Mrs., wife of Rev. P. S. Bagge, of a dau. at Elsworth Rectory, Cambridgeshire, 4th Feb.
- Baker, Mrs., wife of C. H. Baker, Esq. R.N. at Walmer, 6th Feb.
- Ballantine, Mrs., wife of William Ballantine, Esq. of a son, at 3, Upper Gower-street, 10th Feb.
- Ballard, Mrs., wife of Dr. Ballard, of a dau. in Gower-street, 27th Jan.
- Barclay, Mrs., lady of Joseph Gurney Barclay, Esq. of a dau. at Walthamstow, Essex, 21st Jan.
- Benwell, Mrs., wife of Rev. James Benwell, M.A. of a son, 23rd Jan.
- Beresford, Mrs. William, of a son, 23rd Jan.
- Bingley, Mrs. Charles Bentley, of Great Marlborough-street, of a dau. 14th Feb.
- Blaker, Mrs., wife of Rev. Richard N. Blaker, of a son, at Horsham, 26th Jan.
- Bloxam, Mrs. Alfred, of a son, in Cambridge-st. Hyde Park, 4th Feb.
- Booth, Mrs. Lionel, of a dau. in New Cavendish-street, 7th Feb.
- Boucher, Mrs., wife of Robert Boucher, Esq. R.N. of a dau. at Southampton, 2nd Feb.
- Bourdillon, Mrs. Edmund D., of a dau. in Porchester-terrace, 14th Feb.
- Brodie, Lady Maria, wife of Rev. W. Brodie, of a dau. at Ewell, Surrey, 10th Feb.
- Campbell, Mrs., of Kilberry, Argyleshire, of a dau. 7th Feb.
- Chetwynd, Lady Charlotte, of a dau. at Maucette Lodge, Atherstone.
- Clarke, Mrs. W., of a dau. at Wymondham, Norfolk, 12th Feb.
- Close, Mrs., wife of Douglas Close, Esq. of a dau. at Kensington, 21st Jan.
- Clowes, Mrs. George, of a son, at 57, Russell-sq., 16th Feb.
- Collier, Mrs., lady of George Baring Collier, R.N., of a son, 20th Jan.
- Collinson, Mrs. Alfred, of a dau. at New Cross, 19th Jan.
- Cotes, Mrs., wife of Rev. Digby Henry Cotes, L.L.B., of a son, at Viniera House, Hammer-smith, 22nd Jan.
- Cox, Mrs. Herman, of a dau. at Camberwell Grove, 16th Feb.
- Dakyns, Mrs., lady of T. H. Dakyns, Esq. of St. Vincent, of a son, at Rugby, Warwickshire, 7th Feb.
- Dasent, Mrs., wife of George Webbe Dasent, Esq. M.A., of a son, in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, 24th Jan.
- Day, Mrs. T. H., of a dau. at Frindsbury, 11th Feb.
- Day, Mrs., wife of Thomas D. Branton Day, Esq. of a dau. at Bush Hall, Hatfield, 8th Feb.
- Druaurig, The Viscountess, at Harleyford, near Marlow, of a son, 8th Feb.
- Emlyn, Viscountess, of a son, at St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, 13th Feb.
- Fagg, Mrs. Edwin, of a son, at Claremont Place, St. John's Wood, 11th Feb.
- Fayrer, Mrs., wife of Rev. Robert Fayrer of a dau. at Emmanuel Parsonage, Camberwell, 11th Feb.
- Ferrers, the Countess, of a son and heir, at Chartley Castle, Staffordshire, 24th Jan.
- Fitzherbert, Mrs. C. H. of a son, at 25, Torrington-square, 11th Feb.
- Flint, Mrs., wife of Rev. W. C. Flint, of a son at Morden Rectory, Surrey, 6th Feb.
- Flower, Mrs. P. U. of a son, at Tooting Common, 15th Feb.
- Fowler, Lady Harriet, of a dau. in Sackville-street, 7th Feb.
- Glanvill, Mrs., lady of William Shartman Glanvill, of a son, at the Grange, Wedmore, Somersetshire, 7th Feb.
- Glazier, Mrs. of a dau. in Milton street, Dorset-square, 30th Jan.
- Gray, Mrs., wife of Rev. C. le Gray, of a dau. at the Parsonage, Princes Risborough, 19th Jan.
- Guedalla, Mrs. M. of a son, in Canonbury square, Islington, 14th Feb.
- Hales, Mrs., wife of Rev. Richard Cox Hales, of a dau. at Brighton, 14th Feb.
- Hall, Mrs. A. H. of a dau. at Watergate, Sussex, 20th Jan.
- Harrison, Mrs., wife of Capt. Francis Harrison, of Mainseshal, Lancashire, of a son, 21st Jan.
- Harrison, Mrs. A. H. of a son, in Torrington-sq., 11th Feb.
- Haymau, Mrs., wife of George Haymau, jun., Esq. of a son, at Bilbrook, Somersetshire, 5th Jan.
- Hayman, Mrs., wife of John Lendon Hayman, Esq. of a dau. at Hungerford, Somersetshire, 1st Feb.
- Heale, Mrs., wife of Rev. John Heale, of a dau. at the Rectory, Porrittingdon, Dorset, 20th Jan.
- Henty, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Chichester, 14th Feb.
- Hird, Mrs. Francis, of a son, in Cleveland-row, 22nd Jan.
- Hore, Mrs. Peter, of a son, 9th Feb.
- Holland, Hon. Mrs. G. H. of a son, at Underdown, Ledbury, 27th Jan.
- Jefferson, Mrs., wife of Rev. Joseph Dunnington Jefferson, of twin sons, at Thicket Priory, Yorkshire, 21st Jan.
- Julius, Mrs., wife of A. Alexander Julius, Esq. of a dau. in Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, 16th Feb.
- Knight, Mrs. John, of a son, at Weybourn House, Farnham, 21st Jan.
- Knipe, Mrs. wife of Capt. Knipe, late 5th Dragoons, of a dau. at Hastings, 15th Feb.
- Knox, Mrs., wife of C. G. Knox, Esq. of Lincoln-Inn, Barrister, of a dau. at Sidney House, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, 26th Jan.
- Kinnaird, Hon. Mrs. Arthur, of a son, in Hyde Park Gardens, 16th Feb.
- Langford, Mrs., wife of Captain T. N. Langford, R. N. of a dau. at Leamington, 1st Feb.

- Langton, Mrs. William, of a son at Wandle House, Wandsworth, 27th Jan.
- Laurence, Mrs. Joseph, of a son, at Beddington, 6th Feb.
- Lewis, Mrs. lady of Wm. Davis Lewis, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister, of a son, 23rd Jan.
- Liddel, The Hon. Mrs. Augustus, of a son, in Lowndes-street, 1st Feb.
- Lindsay, Lady Sarah, of a son, at the Earl of Balcarras, Berkely-square, 31st Jan.
- Long, Mrs., lady of Walter Long, Jun. Esq. of a son stillborn, at Seagry House, Wiltshire, 27th Jan.
- Mackintosh, Mrs. R. I. of a son, in Albemarle-st., 15th Feb.
- Macleod, Mrs. J. A. of a dau. at Bath, 17th Jan.
- Maitland, Mrs., wife of W. Fuller Maitland, Esq. of a dau. at Stanstead, Essex, 20th Jan.
- Marks, Mrs., wife of Rev. D. W. Marks, of Burton Crescent, of a son, 12th Feb.
- Mason, Mrs. J. J. of a dau. at Clapton, 16th Feb.
- Nichele, Mrs., of a dau. at Ditton House, Surrey, 24th Jan.
- Milman, Mrs., of a dau. at Pinner Grove, 10th Feb.
- Moore, Mrs. George, of a son, at Appleby Hall, Leicestershire, 3rd Feb.
- Moorhouse, Mrs., wife of Capt. T. M. E. Moorhouse, 35th Light Infantry, of a son, at Allahabad.
- Morris, Mrs. Edward, of a son, at Gloucester-road, Hyde Park, 12th Feb.
- Onslow, Mrs., the lady of Captain Onslow, Scots Fusileer Guards, of a dau. at Leamington, 3rd Feb.
- Parkinson, Mrs. James, of a dau. in King-street, St. James's-square, 13th Feb.
- Pasley, Mrs. wife of Capt. Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, Bart., R.N. of a dau. at the Craig, Bowness, Windermere, 22nd Jan.
- Percy, Mrs., wife of Rev. Henry Percy, of a son, at Warkworth Vicarage, 31st Jan.
- Probyn, Mrs., wife of Capt. Probyn, of a son, in Bryanston-square, 13th Feb.
- Pulford, Mrs. W. of a son, at New Cross, 4th Feb.
- Ross, the Hon. Mrs. of Bladensburg, of a son and heir, at Rome.
- Ross, Mrs., wife of Rev. J. A. Ross, of a son, at Westwell Vicarage, Kent, 7th Feb.
- Royds, Mrs., wife of Rev. Charles L. Royds, of a son, at 65, Portland Place, 10th Feb.
- Russell, Mrs., wife of Henshaw Skinner Russell, Esq. of a son, in Manchester-square, 24th Jan.
- Sperling, Mrs. H. G. W. of a son, at Clifton, 17th Jan.
- Stevens, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Dulwich, 10th Feb.
- Trevor, Mrs. Charles, of a son, in Gower-street, 25th Jan.
- Tupper, Mrs. Martin F., of a son at Albury, 15th Feb.
- Uniacke, Mrs., lady of Jas. Boyle Uniacke, Esq., of a dau. in Devonshire-street, 26th Jan.
- Wallace, Mrs., wife of F. L. Wallace, M.D. of a son, at Greenwich, 12th Feb.
- White, Mrs. James, of a son, at Shanghai, China, 2nd Nov., 1846.
- Whitmore, Mrs. lady of C. S. Whitmore, Esq. of a son still born, in Wilton Crescent, 17th Feb.
- Williams, the Right Hon. Lady Sarah Hay, of a dau. at Boddlewyddaw, Flintshire, 7th Feb.
- Worham, Mrs. J. R., of a son, at Gilton Lodge, Meldreth, near Royston, 21st Jan.

Marrriages.

- Abercrombie, Capt. John, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, to Rosalinda Helena Angelo, fourth dau. of Lieut.-Col. John Angelo, of the 3rd Regt. of Bengal Cavalry, 7th Oct.
- Adams, George Curtis, Esq., Commander R.N., to Mary Susan, dau. of Edw. Woolmer, Esq., Barnfield, Exeter, Jan. 29.
- Bailey, Capt. Brook, of the Bombay Artillery, to Emily, youngest dau. of John Sansum, Esq. of Harwich, 2nd Feb.
- Barclay, John, eldest son of John Barclay, Esq. of Hornsey-lane, to Ellen, youngest dau. of the late Edward Gibbon, Esq. of Longford, Middlesex, 10th Feb.
- Barton, Nathaniel, Esq. of Corsley House, Wilts, to Mary, only surviving child of the late Capt. Nicholas, R.N., and grand-daughter of the Rev. N. Fletcher, of Lee House, Hants, 21st Jan.
- Bellers, Robert Bridges, Esq., H.M. 50th (Queen Own) Regiment, eldest son of the late Robert Bellers, Esq. of Hillfield, near Gloucester, to Sophia, second dau. of Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Davis, C.B., H.M. 9th Regt., 24th Nov.
- Best, John Rycroft, Esq., of the East India Civil Service, to Annie Georgiana, eldest dau. of David B. Wardlaw, Esq. of Gorgar Mount, Edinburgh; at Calcutta, 5th Dec.
- Bourne, James Johnstone, Esq., third son of Stephen Bourne, Esq. of the Supreme Court, Berberice, to Maria Ann, youngest dau. of the late William Dickinson, Esq., Controller-General of Her Majesty's Customs, London, 10th Feb.
- Bradshaw, Rev. Samuel, Rector of Grindon, in Staffordshire, to Anne Amelia, eldest dau. of the late Sir Charles Henry Colville, of Duffield Hall, co. Derby, 10th Feb.
- Browne, William Esq., eldest son of Wm. Browne, Esq. of Tallentire Hall, Cumberland, to Isabella, only child of Robert Midford, Esq. of Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, 28th Jan.
- Cansdell, William, of York-street, Covent Garden, artist, to Jane, youngest and only surviving dau. of the late John Parkhouse, Esq. of Walworth, 23rd Jan.
- Coote, Rev. Algernon, Rector of Marsh Gibbon, Bucks, third son of Sir Charles H. Coote, Bart., M.P., of Ballyfin, Queen's County, to Cecilia Matilda, eldest surviving dau. of John P. Plumpton, Esq. M.P., of Fredville, co. Kent, 12th Feb.
- Conway, Henry Seymour, Esq. of Crescent-ledge, Clapham, to Miriam, youngest dau. of the late William Henry Drouet, Esq. of H.M. Customs.
- Cuthbert, William, jun., Esq. surgeon, of Mendleshams, to Elizabeth Phoebe, eldest dau. of Mr. Wm. Grimwade, of Hetheringsett, Suffolk, 20th Jan.
- Davenport, Charles Edgecumbe, Esq. Royal Regt., youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Salisbury Davenport K.C.H., and C.B., to Emma Anne Georgiana Webber, dau. of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon, 28th Jan.
- Davis, Francis, Esq. of Banbury, Oxon, to Emma, eldest dau. of James Basire, Esq. of Red Lion square, 8th Feb.
- Dawson, Edward, Esq. of Whatton, co. Leicester, to Annie Forbes, eldest dau. of John Stewart, Esq. of Belladrum, in the co. of Inverness, 11th Feb.
- Dendy, Robert, Esq. of Milton-street, Dorset sq., son of C. C. Dendy, Esq. banker, of Chichester, to Mary Peerman, only dau. of the late James Barkshire Street, Esq. also of Chichester, 11th Feb.

- Denny, Colonel William, 71st Regt., or Highland Light Infantry, grandnephew of the late Sir Barry Denny, Bart., many years M.P. for Kerry, to Euretta Richardson, dau. of the late Hon. James Richardson, of Belle Rive, Montreal; at Montreal, 15th Dec.
- Dering, William, Esq. eldest son of Cholmeley Dering, Esq. of Ayott, Herts, to Ann Caroline, youngest dau. of the late Clotworthy Upton, Esq. R.N., 21st Jan.
- Eden, Alfred Frederick, son of Thomas Edward Eden, Esq. of Langham-place, to Maria Harriett Jane, dau. of Charles Freeth, Esq. of Acacia-road, St. John's wood, 10th Feb.
- Ellison, James, Esq. of No. 5, Great Marybone-street, London, to Margaret Ellen, eldest dau. of Thomas Walker, Esq. M.D., of Peterborough, 11th Feb.
- Falmer, Horace, Esq., surgeon, of Lansdowne-place, Wandsworth-road, to Charlotte Probert, third dau. of Joseph Holl, Esq. South Lambeth, 10th Feb.
- Flower, Frederick, Esq. of Wareham, co. Dorset, to Mary, only surviving dau. of the late William Mortimer, Esq., 16th Feb.
- Foreman, Henry T., Esq. of South-terrace, Alexander-square, to Elizabeth Whitmarsh, second dau. of the late Anthony Bradby, Esq., 13th Feb.
- Gallard, Joseph Kingston, Esq., youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Gallard, of Grafton, Northamptonshire, to Isabella Sarah, dau. of Joseph Fisher, Esq. of Cloudesley-terrace, Islington, 13th Feb.
- Garvey, Rev. James, A.M., of Christ's College, Cambridge, to Mary, eldest dau. of Michael Stocks, Esq. of Halifax, 9th Feb.
- Gerard, Mr. Joseph, to Anna, eldest dau. of Mr. W. Kiddle, of Walworth, 16th Jan.
- Giles, George, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Miss Sidney, of Westbourne-crescent, Hyde-park, 27th Jan.
- Graham, Sandford, Esq., eldest son of Sir Sandford Graham, of Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire, to Lady Eleanor Caroline Paget, eldest dau. of the Earl of Uxbridge, 4th Feb.
- Grear, W. T., Esq., Civil Engineer, to Harriett Emily, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. W. Butt, M.A., Vicar of King's Langley, Herts, and Chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon, 4th Feb.
- Griffith, Rutland Thomas Arthur, Esq. of Lichfield, to Susannah, youngest dau. of the late John Green, Esq., 11th Feb.
- Griffith, Rees, Esq., banker, Llanrwst, to Catherine, eldest dau. of David Owen, Esq. Trewyn, near Llanerchmedd, Anglesea, 6th Feb.
- Grove, Thomas Fraser, Esq. 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, eldest son of John Grove, Esq. M.D., of the Close, Salisbury, to Katherine Grace, second dau. of the Hon. Waller O'Grady, of Castle-Garde, co. Limerick, Ireland, 16th Jan.
- Haig, Rev. Robert, grandson of the late Sir William Wolsley, Bart., to Catherine Matilda, second dau. of J. O. Oldham, Esq., late of the Bengal Civil Service, 27th July.
- Hammer, Rev. Henry, Rector of Grendon, Warwickshire, to Sybella Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late George Gordon, Esq. of Oak Leaze, 11th Feb.
- Hannen, James, of the Middle Temple, Esq., to Mary Elizabeth, second dau. of the late Nicholas Winsland, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-sq., 4 Feb.
- Harrison, G. A., Esq. of the 33rd Regt. of Madras Native Infantry, son of Lieut.-Colonel Harrison, Royal Artillery, to Annie, second dau. of W. Miller, Esq., late of the Royal Artillery; at Bom bay, 21st Dec.
- Harrison, Rev. Thomas Dolton, to Miss M^r Rabb, grand-dau. of the late Col. Harvey, of Farnham, Yorkshire, 4th Feb.
- Hazell, Robert William, son of the late Mr. Robt. Hazell, of Brentford, to Anne, only dau. of Mr. Dalgleish, of Paddington, 8th Feb.
- Healey, Charles Frederick, Esq. of Watford, Herts, to Laura Finney Dracott, of the same place, 20th Jan.
- Herbert, G. S., Esq., Secretary to the South-Eastern Railway Company, to Ann, eldest dau. of Joshua Slack, Esq., 23rd Jan.
- Holden, Rev. Henry, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Head Master of Uppingham School, Rutland, to Elizabeth Margaret Ann, eldest dau. of the late Rev. Richard Edmonds, Rector of Woodleigh, Devon, 19th Jan.
- Hoste, Rev. George Charles, eldest son of the late Col. Sir George Hoste, C.B., to Anne, second dau. of John Breuchley, Esq. of Wombwell Hall, Kent, 10th Feb.
- Houston, Lieut.-Colonel Sir George A. F., Bart., to Euphemia Boswall, dau. and only child of the late Thomas Boswall, Esq. of Blackadder, 22nd Jan.
- Howell, George, Esq., to Eliza, second dau. of the late Mr. Wm. Runnegar, builder, of Kingston, Surrey, 25th Jan.
- Jacob, R. D., Esq., manager of the Colonial Bank, Port Rico, to Mary, only dau. of John Lindgren, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul in that Island; at St. Thomas's, West Indies, 17th Dec.
- Jardins, Dom. A. Des, Esq., to Emma, widow of the late Robert Williams, Esq., M.D., Bedford-place, 13th Feb.
- Kinloch, Charles Walter, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Eardley Wilmot Michell, Esq., of War-groves, in the county of Sussex, at Calcutta, 23rd Dec.
- Kreeft, Siegerich Christopher, son of Christopher Kreeft, Esq., Consul General for Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to Emma Louisa Jean, granddaughter of the late Edward John Stephenson, Esq., of Farley-hill, Berks, 23rd Jan.
- Knox, the Rev. Thomas, M.A., rector of Runwell and Ramsden Crays, Essex, to Adelaide, second daughter of Thomas Bearda Bataud, Esq., of Sydenham, Kent, and Ramsden Crays, Essex, 13th Feb.
- Lawlor, Edward, Esq., solicitor, of Tralee, county of Kerry, to Ellen, youngest daughter of William Lawlor, Esq., late of her Majesty's Customs, and niece to Commander John Lang-champ, R.N., 8th Feb.
- Le Gall, the Hon. John, member of her Majesty's Council of St. Vincent, to Christina, daughter of the late Allen MacLean, Esq., of Rossill, 1st Jan.
- Lee, John Hutchinson, Esq., eldest son of the late Sir John Theophilus Lee, of Lauriston-hall, Torquay, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Hives, Esq., of Gledhow-grove, Yorkshire, 2nd Feb.
- Lomas, the Rev. John, M.A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Walton Breck, near Liverpool, to Emily, second daughter of the late Rev. G. F. Molyneux, Rector of Rypton, Shropshire, and Prebendary of Wolverhampton, 28th Jan.
- Lombard, Monsieur Marie Charles Louis, of Dole, frontiers of Switzerland, to Ellen Maria, only daughter of Francis Giffard, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, Vera Cruz, Mexico, 15th Feb.
- Long, the Rev. William, chaplain at Graaf Reinet, to Madeline Merial, second daughter of James Duff Watt, Esq., Assistant Commissary-General to the Forces, at the Cape of Good Hope, 5th Nov.
- Macdonald, Reginald Wilton, Esq., (late 17th Lancers), to Ellen Marianna, eldest daughter of Valentine Morris, Esq., of the Retreat, Battersea, 26th Jan.
- Maitland, Robert Forsyth, Esq., of Spencer Wood, Quebec, province of Canada East, to Margaret Maria, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Birch, 10th Feb.
- Measor, Edward, Esq., third son of P. Measor, Esq., to Isabella, third daughter of the Rev. R. H. Scott, of Bedford street, Bedford-square, 10th Feb.

- Mellor, the Rev. Thomas William, rector of Woodbridge, to Emma, eldest daughter of William Edwards, Esq., of Framlingham, 9th Feb.
- Mercer, John, Esq., of Ramsgate, solicitor, to Harriett, widow of the late Henry Morton, Esq., of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, 16th Feb.
- Mickley, Thomas, Esq., of Saffron Walden, to Emma, only daughter of the late James Raddell, Esq., of East Dulwich, 26th Jan.
- Miles, John, Esq., jun., of Chessington Lodge, Surrey, to Sophia Margaret, eldest daughter of John Hodgson, Esq., of the Elms, Hampstead Heath, 1st Feb.
- Millman, William, Esq., of Grove Villas, Brixton and St. Catharine Hall, Cambridge, to Mary, daughter of the late John Holland, Esq., of Clapham-common, 21st Jan.
- Mosley, Tomman, Esq., of East Lodge, second son of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., of Rolliston Hall, Staffordshire, to Catherine, fifth daughter of the Rev. John Wood, of Swanwick Hall, in the former county, 4th Feb.
- Neville, the Rev. William Frederick, second son of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, to Fanny Grace, daughter of Mr. Blackwood, late of the Ordnance Office, 26th Jan.
- Newberry, James, Esq., of Peckham-rye, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late John Dickie, Esq., of Clapham-rise, 16th Feb.
- Nugent, Arthur, Esq., of Cranna, co. Galway, eldest son of the Hon. Arthur Anthony Nugent, to Ella, only daughter of Thomas Lalor Cooke, Esq., of Parsonstown, King's County, 16th Feb.
- Parkin, James, Esq., of Leathes, Cumberland, to Augusta Jane, eldest daughter of Butler E. Thornton, Esq., of Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square, 28th Jan.
- Percivall, Charles, Esq., of Walworth, youngest son of the late Henry Percivall, Esq., of the Bank of England, to Jane, only daughter of Charles Ryle, Esq., of the East India-house, 11th Feb.
- Penn, John, Esq., of Lewisham, Kent, to Ellen, youngest daughter of William English, Esq., of Enfield, Middlesex, 11th Feb.
- Phelps, the Rev. T. P., rector of Ridley, Kent, to Laura, third surviving daughter of the late Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart., of Lullingstone Castle, same county, 9th Feb.
- Potts, George, Esq., of Barnstable, to Ellen, only daughter of James Reed, Esq., of Teignmouth, 26th Jan.
- Rankin, Michael Henry, Esq., late of the Forth, Newcastle upon-Tyne, and now of Halifax, Yorkshire, to Anna, daughter of the late Rev. William Gaskin, perpetual Curate of Wreay, Cumberland, 28th Jan.
- Rashleigh, Charles Stackhouse, Esq., of Wickham, Hants, eldest son of the Rev. Jonathan S. Rashleigh, rector of Wickham, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Sloane Moody, Esq., of Bridge-field House, Southampton, 26th Jan.
- Ratray, David, Esq., Captain of the 13th, Prince Albert's Light Infantry, to Amelia Mary Ann, second daughter of the late John Banks, Esq., of Halling, Kent, and granddaughter of the late Sir Edward Banks, 26th Jan.
- Riddell, Captain Charles James Buchanan, Royal Artillery, third son of the late Sir John Buchanan Riddell, to Mary, second daughter of Major General Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, K.C.B.
- Roupell, the Rev. Francis Pooley, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Susan Elizabeth, youngest daughter of James C. Fyler, Esq., of Woodlands, Surrey, and Hefleton, Dorset, 16th Feb.
- Russell, Charles, solicitor, Ryde, Isle of Wight, to Ellen, second daughter of the late Thomas Forster, Esq., of her Majesty's Exchequer, 4th Feb.
- Sergrove, John, to Sarah Ellen, relict of the late William Bertram Bishop, Esq., solicitor, 27th Jan.
- Shaw, Alfred, A. Esq., 2nd Madras Regiment, to Anne Frances, relict of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lynar Fawcett, C.B., at Florence, 9th Jan.
- Sinclair, Donald, Esq., M.D., of Grosvenor-st., London, brother of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Dunbeath, to Euphemia Maria, youngest dau. of the late Sir John Theophilus Lee, 2nd Feb.
- Smithers, Johu, Esq., of Camberwell, to Lucy Ann, daughter of the late William Mulden, Esq., of Newington, Butts, 9th Feb.
- Taylor, Thomas Terrett, Esq., of Bristol, to Emma, youngest daughter of Samuel Judkins, Esq., of Tooley-street, 16th Feb.
- Thornton, the Rev. Francis Vansittart, vicar of Bisham, Berks, to Mary Louisa, eldest dau. of the Rev. Horace George Cholmondeley, of the Hollands, Kent, 2nd Feb.
- Fownend, Thomas, of the Polygon, Manchester, Esq., to Louisa Harriett, youngest daughter of the late Frederick Groves, Esq., of the Inner Temple, 27th Jan.
- Tuckness, Charles Esq. of Demerara, to Charlotte, daughter of the late George Mackenzie, Esq., of Plantation Reliance, Essequibo, British Guiana, 11th Feb.
- Ward, Newman, only son of Thomas Newman Ward, Esq., of Sandhurst, Kent, to Louisa Jane, youngest daughter of Henry Lashmar, Esq., of Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, 28th Jan.
- Warner, Thomas, younger son of Edward Warner, Esq., to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Richard Peckover Harris, Esq., 10th Feb.
- Weber, John, Esq., of Rugby, to Paulina Sophia Poussett, only child of William Maddox Poussett, Esq., of Wolverton, Bucks, 10th Feb.]
- Weller, George Henry, Esq., solicitor, of the King's-road, to Anne Elizabeth, second dau. of Joseph Holl, Esq., South Lambeth, 10th Feb.
- Wetherall, Captain Edward, the Royal Regiment, to Katharine, relict of the late H. Devonport, Esq., and daughter of the late John Durie, Esq., of Astley-hall, Lancashire, 26th Jan.
- Widdowson, George, Esq., of Tavistock square, to Eliza, widow of the late John Duffield, Esq., of Gibraltar, and Bernard-street, Russell-sq., 11th Feb.
- Williams, Mark, Esq., surgeon, of 8, Soley-terrace, Myddelton-square, Pentonville, to Mrs. Jones, of Tower Cottage, Denbigh, North Wales, 29th Jan.
- Williamson, John William, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-law, to Sarah Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Pendarves Smith, of Stoke Newington, Esq., M.D., 4th Feb.
- Winthrop, Hay E. S., Esq., Commander in the Royal Navy, eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Winthrop, to Anne, second daughter of the late John Hives, Esq., of Gledhow-grove, in the county of Cork, 16th Feb.
- Wood, John Richard, Esq., of Melton, Woodbridge, Suffolk, to Frances Isabella, eldest daughter of Richard Woodhouse, Esq., of Torrington-square, 10th Jan.
- Woodgate, Edward, Esq., youngest son of the late Francis Woodgate, Esq., of Ferox Hall, Tonbridge, Kent, to Rosina, eldest daughter of Charles Watt, Esq., of Camberwell, 1st Feb.
- Young, Benjamin, of Hertford, to Mary, eldest daughter of Frederick Gilbertson, Esq., of Egham, Surrey, 10th Feb.

Annotated Obituary.

- Addington, Luke, Esq. of Gordon house and St. Martin's-lane, in the 63rd year of his age, at Enfield, 24th Jan.
- Allen, Thomas, Esq. late of the Mile-end-road, aged 49, at Hornsey, 22nd Jan.
- Allsopp, Arthur Andrew, fourth son of the late Rev. Thomas Allsopp, B.D., vicar of Fressingfield with Withersdale, in the same county, at Ipswich, in the 21st year of his age. 17th Jan.
- Armistead, Elizabeth, wife of Edward Armistead, Esq. of Leeds, in the 22nd year of her age, 10th Feb.
- Atkins, Richard. Esq. of Sturt-place, Hoxton, in his 80th year, 13th Feb.
- Babington, Mrs. Sophia, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Babington, late of the 14th Light Dragoons, 2nd Feb.
- Baldwin, Mrs. Jane, wife of Captain J. H. Baldwin, at Old Brompton, 5th Feb.
- Ball, Miss H. E., at her residence, 8, Carlton-villas, Maida-vale, of consumption, aged 24. 24th Jan.
- Barne, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the Rev. Thomas Barne, at the Manor House, Crayford, aged 77.
- Beaufoy, Mrs. Eliza, the wife of Henry Beaufoy, Esq. at South Lambeth, 22nd Jan.
- Best, Mrs. Anne, widow of the late Richard Best, Esq. of Greenwich, in the 82nd year of her age, 16th Jan.
- Birley, Joseph, Esq. at his residence Fordbank, Didsbury, Lancashire, aged 64, 24th Jan.
- Blackett, Christopher, Esq. of Wyham, Northumberland, died recently. This gentleman, formerly Knight of the Shire for South Northumberland, was eldest son of the late Christopher Blackett, Esq. of Wylam, by Alice, his wife, daughter of William Ingham, Esq. and represented, as senior male heir, the ancient family of Blackett, the junior branches of which acquired such immense wealth by the lead mines of Durham. Mr. Blackett, who formerly held the commission of Captain in the 18th Hussars, was born 22nd June, 1788; and married, 15th August, 1818, Elizabeth, younger daughter and coheir of Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. younger son of Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart. by the Lady Frances Montagu, his wife, sister of the last Earl of Halifax. He became, however, a widower in 1833; and has left one dau., Frances-Mary, and three sons, the eldest of whom, John Fenwick Burgoyne Blackett, Esq. succeeds to the estates.
- Blake, John Day, Esq. respected and regretted by all who knew him, at Stockwell-common, in his 76th year, 13th Feb.
- Blake, Sir Valentine, Bart. of Menlo. Recent accounts from Ireland announce the death of this gentleman, the member for the town of Galway in the present Parliament. Sir Valentine, who was born 23rd June, 1780, married first, in 1803, Eliza, eldest daughter of Joseph Donellan, Esq. of Killah; and secondly, in 1843, Julia Sophia, daughter of the late Robert Macdonnell, Esq. M.D. By the latter he leaves Valentine Charles, and by the former two elder sons, Thomas and John Francis. The family of which Sir Valentine was the representative, is one of the oldest in Connaught, having been established in the sister kingdom by Richard Blake, *alias* Caddell, who accompanied Prince John to Ireland in 1185, and obtained large grants of land in the counties of Galway, Mayo, and Clare. Valentine Blake, Mayor of Galway in 1611, obtained a patent of Baronetcy in 1622; and his descendant, Sir Walter, the sixth Baronet, was the first Catholic gentleman of distinction that joined the standard of the Prince of Orange.
- Bond, William, Esq. at his residence in Pentonville, in his 88th year, 25th Jan.
- Boyes, Edmund, Esq. late of the 45th Regiment, and eldest son of Colonel E. F. Boyes, at Erkindale in the Queen's county, 7th Feb.
- Brickdale, John Fortescue, Lieutenant and Adjutant of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment, in his 24th year, youngest son of John Fortescue Brickdale, Esq. of Newland, Gloucestershire, at Umballah, East Indies, in consequence of a fall from his horse, 13th Dec.
- Brodie, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the Rev. Peter Bellinger Brodie, Rector of Winterslow, at Salisbury, aged 93, 7th Feb. This venerable lady was the third dau. of Benjamin Collins, of Milford; her marriage took place in 1775, and the issue was four sons and two daus. The former are Peter Bellinger Brodie, of Lincoln's-inn, the distinguished Chancery Barrister; William Bird Brodie, the late M.P. for Salisbury; Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart. the very eminent Surgeon; and

- Charles George Brodie, Alderman of Salisbury.
- Brinkley, the Rev. John, A.M. Prebendary of Glanworth, co. Cork, in his 54th year, 14th Feb. This gentleman was elder son of the late Dr. Brinkley, Bishop of Clayne, the distinguished Astronomer; and was little behind his father in the extent and variety of his mental gifts. His knowledge of medicine, botany, mechanics and geometry was so profound that he seemed to have made each branch the study of his life, instead of its forming a portion only of his acquisitions. Astronomy and floriculture were favourite pursuits, and in both he excelled. He was besides an admirable clergyman, and his charities to the poor were quite princely in their nature.
- Buckton, George, Esq. of Doctors' commons, in his 63rd year, 11th Feb.
- Bullen, Mrs. Margaret Ann, the wife of Joseph Bullen, Esq. Admiral of the White, at Bath, aged 68, 15th Jan.
- Burrell, William, Esq. of Broome-park, Northumberland, at the vicarage, Chateau, 1st Feb. This gentleman, an acting Justice of the Peace for Northumberland during forty-six years, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for more than fifty, inherited the family estates in 1806 at the death of his father, Bryan Burrell, Esq., and in 1811 served as High Sheriff of his native county. By Eleanor his wife daughter of Matthew Foster, Esq. of Bolton House, he leaves two sons, Bryan, late Captain 4th Dragoon Guards, and Matthew in holy orders, both magistrates for Northumberland. The Burrells are of very ancient date upon the borders of England and Scotland, particularly in that district formerly known by the name of the East Marches; and may be traced, as resident at Berwick-on-Tweed, so early as the year 1250.
- Burton, Mrs. Harriet, widow of the late Rev. William Burton, formerly rector of Farcombe cum Tangle, Hants, and afterwards rector of Trelawney, in the island of Jamaica, in the Cloisters, Windsor Castle, aged 78, 11th Feb.
- Casberd, Mrs. Mary Charlotte, relict of Rev. John Thomas Casberd, D. C. L., Vicar of Penmark, and Canon of Llandaff and of Wells, at her residence, Llandough Castle, Glamorganshire, 4th Feb. This lady was dau. of the late Robert Jones, Esq. of Fonmon Castle, co. Glamorgan, and derived in direct descent from Col. Philip Jones, the famous adherent of Oliver Cromwell. By her marriage with the Rev. I. T. Casberd, she had one son, the Rev. J. R. Casberd, and one dau. Maria Anne, married to Captain Robert Boteler, R. E. son of the late William Boteler, of Eastry, in Kent.
- Chauvel, the Rev. A. R., rector of Stanmore, vicar of Chigwell, Essex, and prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the Rectory Stanmore, Middlesex, in his 89th year, 21st Jan.
- Chaytor, Sir William, Bart. at his residence, Clervaux Castle, near Darlington, Yorkshire, in his 78th year, 28th Dec. Sir William Chaytor, a very extensive land and coal proprietor in the North, was eldest son of the late William Chaytor, Esq. of Croft, M.P., and grandson of Henry Chaytor, Esq. who succeeded to the estates of his uncle, Sir William Chaytor, Bart. the representative of two of the oldest families in England—the Chaytors, of Butterby, county Durham, and the Clervaux, of Croft, county York. With reference to the latter, the following curious inscription is to be found in the church of Croft:—
- Clervaux Richardus jacet hic sub marmore clauso
 Crofte quondam dominus huic miserere Deus
 Armiger Henrici Regis et pro corpore re sexti
 Quem Deus excelsi duxit ad adstra poli
 Sanguinis Edvardi Quarti, ternique Richardi
 Gradibus in ternis alter utriusque fuit.
 Qui obiit MCCCCXC.
- Sir William Chaytor, whose death we record, represented Durham in Parliament from 1831 to 1834, and was created a Baronet in the former year. He was born 29th April, 1771, and married, 18th August, 1803, Isabella, younger daughter and coheir (with her sister Anne, wife of John Clervaux Chaytor, Esq. of Spennithorne Hall) of John Carter, Esq. of Tunstall and Richmond. By this lady he has left four sons and three daughters.
- Chippindale, Joseph, Esq. at Islington, in his 74th year, 11th Feb.
- Clarke, the Venerable Unwin, M.A., archdeacon of Chester, and Canon of the Cathedral, at his residuary house, Chester, in his 83rd year, 3rd Feb.
- Clowes, William, Esq. of Stamford-street and Banstead, Surrey, in Wimpole-st., aged 68, 26th Jan.
- Cobbold, Edgar, Esq. B.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, third son of R. K. Cobbold, Esq. at Carlton Rookery, near Saxmundham, in his 23rd year, 6th Feb.
- Collins, William, Esq. R.A., at Davenport-street, Hyde-park-gardens, aged 59, 17th Feb. Mr. Collins, the son of a painter and picture dealer, sent his first works to the Royal Academy exhibition of the year 1809—"Boys at Breakfast," and "Boys with a Bird's Nest." One of his early works—"A Country Kitchen,"—a performance of the year 1811, may be seen in Mr. Sheepshanks' collection. We may associate the name of Collins with

- everything that is pleasing in rural life—Children picking hops—Children gathering blackberries—and Children examining the contents of a net—with everything too that is connected with the life of a fisherman on the sea coast. His “Fishermen coming ashore before Sunrise,” his “Young Shrimp Catchers,” and his “Fishermen on the look-out.” Mr. Collins was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in the year 1815, and a Royal Academician in the year 1820.
- Colvin, Maria, daughter of B. D. Colvin. Esq. aged 6 months and a half, at Norwood, 9th Feb.
- Combault, Mrs. Frances, relict of Philip Combault, Esq. late of Henbury-hill, Gloucestershire, at her house, Richmond-green, 14th Jan.
- Congreve, Edward, third son of W. W. Congreve, Esq. Inspector of Constabulary of the county of Wicklow, at Dionran in that county, 18th Jan.
- Crisp, Mr. Edmund, who unfortunately perished in the river Murrumbidgee, Australia, whilst endeavouring to save one of his servants from drowning, 27th August. 1846.
- Crocker, Sophia, the beloved wife of Jonathan Crocker, Esq. of Hanover-park, Peckham, in her 73rd year, 13th Feb.
- Cratchley, Henry, Esq. of Elm Villa, Wergs, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in the 53rd year of his age, 30th Jan.
- Curteis, Reginald, Esq. in Eaton-place, in his 42nd year, 28th Jan. Captain Curteis, formerly in the 1st Royal Dragoons, was youngest son of the late Edward Jeremiah Curteis, Esq. of Windmill-hill, Sussex, M.P. for that county, by Mary, his wife, dau. and heir of the Rev. Stephen Barrett. He married 2nd Oct. 1838, Frances Mary, eldest dau. of Lawrence Reynolds, Esq. of Paxton-hall, co. Huntingdon, and has left issue.
- Cuttill, Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth, wife of R. J. Cuttill, Esq. of 3, Camden-cottages, Camden-town, and dau. of J. Coleman, Esq. of Sidmouth-street, Regent-square, aged 23, 1st Feb.
- Daubeny, John, Esq. L.L.D., at Doctor's commons, 16th Feb.
- Delacombe, Francis, Esq. at Stonehouse in his 90th year, 25th Jan.
- Denham, George, Esq. in Albany-road, Camberwell, aged 76, 13th Feb.
- Deschamps, Capt. John, last surviving son of John Deschamps, Esq. of Ealing, Middlesex, and Margaret, dau. of Will. Gyll, Esq. of Wyrardisbury House, Bucks aged 74, 12th Feb.
- Douglas, Rachel, Dowager Lady, relict of General Sir Kenneth Douglas, Bart. at Hythe in Kent, 24th Jan. This lady was only child and heiress of Robert Andrews, Esq. of Hythe. She has left issue Sir Robert Andrews Douglas, present Baronet, of Glenbervie and several other children.
- Douglas, the Right Hon. Lady C., the only surviving sister of the Marquess of Queensberry, at Edinburgh, 27th Jan.
- Duff, Charlotte Innes, relict of the late William Duff, Esq. of Corsindae, Aberdeenshire, at 10, Russell-square, in the 88th year of her age, 15th Feb.
- Edgar, Mrs. Eliza Selina, last surviving dau. of the late Archibald Edgar, Esq. of Beverley, at Cheltenham, 14th Feb.
- Edmonds, John, Esq. at his residence, East-hill-lodge, Hastings, 26th Jan.
- Ekins, Miss Susan, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Jeffrey Ekins, D.D., Dean of Carlisle, at Torquay, 19th Jan.
- Ellenthorp, Jonathan, Esq. member of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, and for many years clerk of the Check of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, at Colet-place, Commercial-road, after a few hours' illness, in the 47th year of his age, 3rd Feb.
- Ellicott, Admiral Edward, at Alcombe, near Minehead, Somerset, in his 79th year, 24th Jan. Admiral Ellicott, a gallant and distinguished officer, during the late War, entered the Navy in 1781, and was continually in active service under the most leading Admirals, and, among them Nelson. While a Lieutenant on board the *Revolutionaire*, Ellicott displayed daring valour at the capture of the *Unité*. His intrepidity during the meeting of the fleet, obtained public thanks. In a desperate engagement, while on board the *Perseus*, he was severely wounded. In 1801, he was with Nelson during the attempts on the Boulogne flotilla; and, in 1807, he commanded the *Hebe* at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and was made a Knight of the Sword by the King of Sweden. Admiral Ellicott was appointed a Captain in 1812, and a Rear-Admiral among those who recently retired.
- Elliott, Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. Gilbert Elliott, Rector of Trinity Church, Marylebone, in Pont-street, Belgrave-square, aged 13, 27th Jan.
- Fead, Captain, R.N., suddenly, at Woolwich, in his 60th year, 31st Jan.
- Fellowes, Henry Arthur Wallop, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Newton Fellowes, of Eggersford, in the county of Devon, 15th Feb.
- Fellowes, Robert, L.L.D. the grandson of Robert Fellowes, Esq. of Shottisham Hall, Norfolk, died recently, in his 77th year. The learned and distinguished Doctor was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and was ordained a Minister of

- the Church of England in 1795. He however, abandoned the tenets of that church, and finally adopted the opinions he set forth in one of his latest works, published in 1836, and entitled "Religion of the Universe." These tenets he maintained, in the presence of his children, on his dying bed. Dr. Fellowes was the intimate friend of Dr Parr, and Mr. Baron Mazeret: the latter bequeathed to him £200,000. In the establishment and fortunes of the London University (now University College) Dr. Fellowes took the most lively interest; he presented to that institution a sum to purchase two annual gold medals, which are to be given to the greatest proficient each year in clinical medicine. Dr. Elliotson, the professor of that department, is to have the decision of those prizes as long as he retains the professorship. Dr. Fellowes espoused warmly the side of Queen Caroline at the momentous period of her trial: he it was who composed the answers she made to the numerous addresses tendered to her. The Doctor was for six years editor of the *British Critic*, and the author of many works on religious topics.
- Fisher, Mr. George Thomas, author of several works on practical science, and a contributor to the scientific department of periodical reviews, of consumption, in Upper Albany-street, Regent's-park, 15th Feb.
- Freke, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Percy Evans, at Rome, 15th Dec. Col. Evans Freke an officer in the Grenadier Guards, was next brother and heir presumptive of the present Lord Carbery, and had received, together with his younger brothers and sister, a grant of the precedency of a Baron's son, in 1845.
- Gerrans, Mrs. Hannah, relict of the late Nicholas Gerrans, Esq. of East Cowes, Isle of Wight, in Jermyn street, aged 72, 11th Feb.
- Gibbes, Lady Margaret, wife of Sir Samuel Osborne Gibbes, Bart., in her 55th year, at Weymouth.
- Gibbs, Lieut.-General Sir Edward, K.C.B. Lieut.-Governor of Jersey, at Granville House, Jersey, in his 70th year, 24th Jan. Sir Edward Gibbs was son of Samuel Gibbs, Esq., of Horsley Park, Essex, by his wife, the daughter of Admiral Sir William Rowley K.B. He was brother to the late Sir Samuel Gibbs, who fell at New Orleans. Sir Edward Gibbs entered the army as an Ensign, in 1798, and rose, after passing through the different grades, to the rank of Lieutenant-General the 9th November, 1846. Sir Edward was engaged in active service during the whole of the last war. He was at Corunna, and at the storming of Badajoz, where he lost his left eye. For his intrepid conduct at Badajoz, as well as at Ciudad Rodrigo and Vittoria, he received a medal and two clasps. At the time of his decease he was Colonel of the 52nd Foot. Sir Edward's last appearance in his public character was on the occasion of the visit of her Majesty and Prince Albert to Jersey, a few months since.
- Gibson, Robert, Esq. late 62nd Regiment, eldest son of the late Robert Gibson, Esq. of Upper Tooting, at Kingsbridge, Devon, aged 33, 24th Jan.
- Gilchrist, Mr. Joseph Todd, of the Ordnance Office, Tower, at Park-road, Stockwell, 24th Jan.
- Godwin, Mr. Edmund, at Midhurst, Sussex, in the 83rd year of his age, 11th Feb.
- Gore, Letitia Ann, second daughter of the late William Gore, Esq. and Lady Morres Gore, in Wilton-street, Grosvenor-place, 24th Jan.
- Gorst, James, Esq. late of Preston, Lancashire, in his 76th year, 23rd Jan.
- Green, Sarah, relict of the late Rev. John Green, of Poole Rectory, Wilts, at Cheltenham, aged 85, 21st Jan.
- Haig, Charles, Esq. of Gardiner-street, Dublin, barrister-at-law, aged 38, 1st Feb.
- Halden, William, Esq., late of Her Majesty's Civil Pay Office, Treasury, at Upper Bedford-place, Kensington, in his 68th year, 27th Jan.
- Hamond, Graham Eden William, Esq. Commander R.N., and of Her Majesty's steam sloop of war, Medea, youngest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Graham Eden Hamond, Bart., of Freshwater, at Woolwich, aged 38, 23rd Jan.
- Hand, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Hand, Esq. late of the Court of Chancery, at Richmond, Surrey, in her 95th year, 16th Jan.
- Hatsell, Miss Sophia Mary, only daughter of the late Henry Hatsell, Esq. at Acton Hall, Middlesex, aged 29, 26th Jan.
- Hatchett, Charles, Esq. at Bellevue House, Chelsea, aged 82, 10th Feb.
- Hayes, Thomas, Esq. of Darby House, Sunbury, Middlesex, 10th Feb.
- Henry, William Wentworth, Esq. of Singlands and Anacotty, Limerick and Tipperary, Ireland, eldest son of the late John Joseph Henry, Esq. and the Lady Emily Henry, and grandson of the late Duke of Leinster, at Bath, 22nd Jan.
- Hollond, Mrs. Harriet, relict of the late William Hollond, Esq. in Hyde Park Gardens, in her 78th year, 21 Jan.
- Horton, John, Esq. at his residence, No. 44, Guildford-street, Russell-square, in his 46th year.
- Huffam, Mrs. Sarah, relict of the late Joseph Huffam, at Tottenham, in her 73rd year, 24th Jan.
- Hughes, Mrs. Laura Anne, the beloved

- wife of the Rev. John Hughes, vicar of Llanbadarn Fawr, and incumbent of St. Michael's, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, in her 53rd year, 18 Jan.
- Janson, Thomas Horne, Esq. at Hurstperpoint, Sussex, 21st Jan.
- Jones, Commander Charles, R.N., K.T.S., of a disease of the heart, at 69, Great Surrey-street, aged 65, 19th Jan.
- Kennedy, Wardlaw Randall Mackenzie, Esq. of the Royal Reg. elder son of John M. Kennedy, Esq. paymaster 44th Foot, in Abbotsford-place, Belfast, aged 17, 28th Jan.
- Kinnear, Janet Muir, wife of the Hon. W. B. Kinnear, Solicitor-General, New Brunswick, at Fredericton, 30 Dec.
- Kramer, Mr. Charles, sincerely regretted by a large circle of German and English Friends. Those of our own countrymen who may have been resident at Bonn, will be grieved to hear of the death of one who was ever ready to render them assistance when applied to—and many were the calls on him—and whose genuine benevolence and kindness of heart could not but win him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was attacked with paralysis, and died after a few days' illness, at Bonn on the Rhine, 9th Feb.
- Lechmere, Frances, third daughter of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart., of the Rhyd, in the county of Worcester, 29th Jan.
- Lee, Colonel Michael White, late of the 96th Foot, at Cheltenham, in his 77th year, 10th Feb.
- Lennox, Louisa Emily, second daughter of G. W. Lennox, Esq. of Hanger-lane, Tottenham, aged 5 years and 3 months, 24th Jan.
- Leslie, Miss Susan, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant George Leslie, R.N., at Teignmouth, Devon, aged 18, 22nd Jan.
- Lewer, Robert, Esq. Purser in Her Majesty's Navy, at his residence, near Dinan, in France, in the 51st year of his age, 15th Jan.
- Lister, Daniel Neal, Esq. of Gray's Inn, in his 74th year, 26th Jan.
- Lucas, Polly, the wife of M. P. Lucas, Esq. at Wateringbury-place, in the 77th year of her age, 21st Jan.
- Lushington, Miss Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Lushington, Bart., at her residence, in York-place, 11th Feb.
- Lynch, Mary Eliza, the daughter of Dr. Jordan Lynch, Farringdon-street, aged 14 months, 21st Jan.
- Maclean, Caroline Henrietta, the youngest daughter of the late Charles Hope Maclean, Esq. and of Caroline E. Maclean, aged seven years, 14th Feb.
- McLean, Donald, Esq. R.N., at Liverpool, aged 62, 6th Feb.
- Marshall, Mrs. Jane, widow of the late John Marshall, Esq. at Hallsteads, Cumberland, in the 76th year of her age, 25th Jan.
- Marston, Edward Hill, youngest son of Thomas Marston, Esq. of No. 5, Ampt-hill-square, Hampstead-road, aged nine months, 22nd Jan.
- Massy, the Hon. Catherine, sister of the late, and aunt of the present Lord Massy, at Monkstown, 28th Jan.
- Maule, Ann, eldest daughter of the late Stephen John Maule, Esq. formerly Clerk of the Check of Greenwich Hospital, at Greenwich, aged 74, 13th Feb.
- Mayo, Herbert Samuel, the only son of Herbert Mayo, Esq. at 51, Brompton-crescent, in the 11th year of his age, 16th Feb.
- Mercer, Mrs. Augusta, the beloved wife of Major Mercer, 70th Regiment Native Infantry, at Neemuch, in her 29th year, 16th Dec.
- Merriman, Catherine Ann, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Baverstock Merriman, of Marlborough, at Kensington, aged 15, 25th Jan.
- Mitchell, John Robert, Esq. at the Priory, Kew, Surrey, in the 63rd year of his age, 9th Feb.
- Moffatt, Mrs. Alice, relict of the late William Moffatt, Esq. at Denmark Hill, in the 80th year of her age, 25th Jan.
- Money, Maria, wife of Rowland Money, Captain R.N., C. B., at Blackheath, 6th Feb. This lady was 5th daughter of William Money, Esq. of Waltham-stow, a Director of the East India Company, and sister of Wm. Taylor Money, Esq. K.H., H. B. M. Consul General at Venice.
- Moon, Horace, third son of Alderman Moon, at Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park, aged 18, 23rd Jan.
- Moore, Jonathan, Esq. late of Gray's Inn, at Cheltenham.
- Morgan, Mrs. Maria, relict of the late Joseph Morgan, Esq. formerly of Bedford-row, surgeon, 14th Feb.
- Morris, the infant son of Edward Morris, Esq. at Gloucester-road, Hyde-park-gardens, 16th Feb.
- Murray, Andrew, Esq. of Murrayshall, sheriff of Aberdeenshire, at Leamington, 6th Feb.
- Myers, Mrs. Fanny, in St. Thomas's Hospital, Doncaster, in her one hundred and sixth year, 10th Feb.
- Napier, Macvey, Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Edinburgh, and Principal Clerk of Session, on the 11th inst. He had lectured to his class so lately as the preceding Monday, and, though afterwards indisposed, his death was unexpected. The contributions to literature of the learned gentleman were of the most important kind. As Editor

of the *Edinburgh Review*, he held a distinguished position among the critics of the day; and, for the last ten years, devoted much time and considerable erudition to superintending the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" the seventh edition of which great work was produced entirely under his direction.

Neal, John, Esq. at Yeovil, aged 65, 21st Jan.

Nelson, Miss Caroline Matilda, eldest daughter of John Nelson, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square, 27th Jan.

Nixon, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr. W. Nixon, of Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, after a long and painful illness, at Canonbury, Islington, in her 72nd year, 15th Feb.

Northumberland, Hugh, Duke of, K.G. at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, in the 62nd year of his age, 11th Feb. In the brilliant roll of our English noblesse there is no name more illustrious than that of Percy, interwoven as it is with the most stirring events, and glorious achievements of our national history. The first of the family in England was William de Percy, Lord of Percy, near Villedieu, who accompanied the Conqueror from Normandy, and obtained for his services at Hastings a barony of thirty knights' fees. This feudal chieftain, distinguished amongst his contemporaries by the *soubriquet* of *Algermons* (William with the Whiskers,) whence his descendants have constantly borne the name of *Algermon*, died a Crusader, at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, the celebrated eminence whence the Pilgrims of the Cross first viewed the Holy City. His Lordship's great granddaughter, and eventual heiress, Agnes de Percy, married Josceline of Lovaine, on condition that he assumed her surname; and from this alliance derived the Percys of Alnwick, the renowned Earls of Northumberland, a race of nobles remarkable alike for personal distinction and suffering. From the time of their great ancestor, Hotspur, the hero of Chevy Chase, to that of Queen Elizabeth, when Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, died a prisoner in the Tower, there was scarcely one inheritor of the title who did not fall either in battle or by the executioner's axe. Our brief limits permit but this slight glance at the illustrious genealogy of Percy. Suffice it to add, that its eventual heiress, became the wife of Charles Seymour, the proud duke of Somerset, and had by him no less than thirteen children; the eldest surviving of whom, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, was created Earl of Northumberland in 1749, with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., who had married his Grace's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Seymour, and who in

due course succeeded to the title, obtaining at the same time, an Act of Parliament to allow himself and his Countess to assume the surname of Percy. His Lordship was advanced to a Dukedom in 1776, and died in 1786, leaving a son, Hugh, second Duke, father (by Frances Julia, his wife, daughter of Peter Burrell, Esq.) of the nobleman whose death, we record. Hugh, third Duke of Northumberland, was born 17th April, 1785, and consequently, had not completed his 62nd year. At a very early age, when Earl Percy, he graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and in 1809, took his degree of L.L.D. He entered Parliament as member for the town of Buckingham, and subsequently sat for Westminster and Northumberland. In 1825 his Grace was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, on the occasion of the Coronation of Charles X. and defrayed from his private purse, the whole expenses of the Embassy, including, as it did, more magnificent array than that displayed by the representatives of the Imperial Crowns of Russia and Austria. The amount of the Duke's disbursements may be estimated from the fact that Parliament voted a sum of £10,000 to purchase a diamond hilted sword, as a present to his Grace. In 1829, he succeeded the Marquis of Anglesey as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and held his Court at Dublin with great splendour until the retirement of his party in the following year. His Grace of Northumberland married 29th April, 1817, Charlotte Florentia, second daughter of Edward, first Earl of Powis, but has left no child, his honours devolving on his only brother, Algernon, Lord Prudhoe.

Norman, Richard, Esq. at Melton Mowbray, aged 89, 31st Jan.

Nottige, the Rev. John Thomas, rector of St. Clement's and St. Helen's, at the Grove, Ipswich, aged 71, 21st Jan.

Oakley, Mrs. H. M. A. relict of the late Benjamin Oakley, Esq. of Beckenham, in Kent, in Sloane street, aged 73.

Okes, Cassandra, relict of Lewis Charles Okes, Esq. late of Her Majesty's Civil Ordnance, at Islington, in her 75th year, 24th Jan.

Oldershaw, the Venerable John, B. D. archdeacon of Norfolk, in his 93rd year, 31st Jan. This beloved and respected Divine was born at Leicester, in 1754, the son of an eminent surgeon of that town; and derived descent from highly respectable ancestors, long possessed of considerable property and influence at Loughborough, where their monuments may still be seen in the parish church. After receiving the rudiments of learning at the Grammar School of Oakham, the subject of this

notice entered at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and was the Senior Wrangler of his year, although among the competitors for that honourable distinction was the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield. About this time, Mr. Oldershaw became private tutor to Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and thus laid the foundation of his future preference. Shortly after he was elected a Fellow of his College; and in 1792, on Mr. Sutton's consecration as Bishop of Norwich, received the appointment of Examining Chaplain to his Lordship, for the duties of which office his acumen and sound judgment, as well as his theological and classical attainments, eminently qualified him. In 1797 he was presented to the Archdeaconry of Norfolk, and soon after nominated to the Rectory of Readenhall cum Harlestone. From the remarks accompanying the notice of his death, evidently written by one who well knew the deceased Archdeacon, we derive the following estimate of his character —

“No one was ever more sincerely, strongly, and conscientiously attached to the Constitution of his country and its established religion, and that after the fullest and most careful investigation of their claims upon us, by a powerful and well-informed mind; and whenever he conceived either to be in danger, he was ready, as an active and judicious magistrate, a zealous and dignified governor in the Church, a private clergyman in his parish, or an influential member of society, to stand forward fearlessly in its defence. He was ever ready to advance, both by his purse and his personal services, whatever he conceived would promote the cause of Christianity, or relieve the wants of the needy and distressed. He was also given to hospitality, and delighted to see his friends happy around him; and he was able to contribute largely to their information and amusement, by the fund of anecdote which he had collected in his intercourse with the leading intellectual characters of his day.”

Archdeacon Oldershaw married Anne, daughter of Sir John Hynde Cotton, Bart. of Madingley, near Cambridge, and became a widower in 1829.

Palmer, Humphrey, Esq. formerly of the 75th Regiment, at Newbury, 18th Jan.

Palmer, Miss Frances, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Palmer, Rector of Kettlethorpe, at Lincoln, aged 70, 9th Feb.

Pasley, Martha Matilda, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Pasley, at his house, Norfolk crescent, Hyde park, after a few days' illness, in the 27th year of her age, 3rd Feb.

Pelham, Lady Emily, at 43, Upper Brook street, in her 83rd year, 10th Feb.

Pigou, Frederick John, jun. Esq. at Gilbert street, Grosvenor square, aged 31, 7th Feb.

Pitts, Mrs. Ellen Ann, the wife of Edward Pitts, Esq. Commander R.N. and K.T.S. in the 35th year of her age, 16th Feb.

Porter, Miss Emily Caroline, only daughter of Henry Porter, Esq. of Cambridge terrace, Hyde park, aged 21, 21st Jan.

Pott, the Venerable Joseph Holden, Chancellor of Exeter, and late Archdeacon of London, at his house in Woburn place, aged 88, 17th Feb.

Powell, Mrs. Clarissa, widow of the late Thomas Powell, Esq. of the Chesnuts, Tottenham, Middlesex, at Pennington House, near Lymington, in her 81st year.

Preston, D'Arcy, Esq. Admiral of the White, at Askham Bryan, Yorkshire, aged 82, 21st Jan.

Pretyman, Edward L. Esq. 46th Regiment, at Fort George, Guernsey, 21st Jan.

Protherhoe, Mrs. Annie, the beloved wife of David Jones Protheroe, Esq. at Sydney, New South Wales, in the 23rd year of her age, 7th Aug. 1846.

Quentery, Thomas, Esq. at Wokingham, Berks, aged 48, 11th Feb.

Rastall, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late John Rastall, formerly of Great Ponton, in the county of Lincoln, at Ebury street, Pimlico, in her 87th year, 26th Jan.

Ratcliffe, Lieut. Colonel, K. H. late Inniskillen Dragoons, 9th Feb.

Ravenhill, Mrs. Jane, the widow of the late John Ravenhill, Esq. at Clapham common, in her 82nd year, 24th Jan.

Reynardson, Lieutenant-General Thomas Birch, Esq. at Holyweil Hall, Lincolnshire, 31st Jan.

Richards, Mrs. Frances, the wife of John Richards, Esq. formerly of the Bank of England, at Brighton, in the 71st year of her age, 10th Feb.

Roberts, Mrs. Anne, wife of Hugh Roberts, Esq. at Mold, Flintshire, 23rd Jan.

Roberts, Mrs. Hannah, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Barnwell, Northamptonshire, at Brighton, 25th Jan.

Robins, George, Esq. at Brighton, 8th Feb. If the honourable attainment of pre-eminence in any walk of life evinces superior merit and ability, surely, the subject of this brief notice, Mr. George Robins, the celebrated auctioneer, deserves especial commendation; for, in the arduous occupation to which he so long devoted his energies, he stood, confessedly, in the foremost rank. Mr. Robins began to wield the hammer before he had attained the age of nineteen; for, whilst attending a large sale in Yorkshire, he was unex-

- pectedly called upon to act for his father, who, from indisposition, was unable to officiate. From that time to the present, during a period of fifty years, he enjoyed the uninterrupted good opinion of the public; perhaps no man ever boasted of a more extraordinary catalogue of business, the most extensive estates in the kingdom, as well as in all parts of the globe, having passed through his hands. The wonderful skill and tact with which every advantage connected with the property he had to describe was seized upon and turned to profit, in his glowing descriptions and his ready wit and *repartée* in the rostrum, are well known. His announcements were unlike those of any of his contemporaries; they were highly-coloured, graphic, and often clever, and that they were his own productions there is ample reason to believe. Overwrought as they were, he has been heard to say in no instance was ever a purchase repudiated on the ground of mis-description; whilst in many cases bargains to a heavy amount have been made by persons who had never seen or heard of the estate when they entered the auction room, but were overcome by his persuasive eloquence. Perhaps no man in his station was more courted by his superiors, by whom his manly, straightforward conduct was appreciated, his advice often sought, and amongst the men of his day he was always welcome. The description of a dinner given by him to Lord Byron is recorded by Moore; when Lord Kinnaird and his brother, Sheridan, Colman, John Kemble, and other eminent men were present. In private life he was strictly a domestic man, always ready to do good and to succour the distressed. He has left a widow and seven young children, whom his exertions have enabled him to provide for in an ample manner.
- Rose, Mary Anne, second daughter of William Rose, Esq. of High Wycombe, aged 5 years, 12th Feb.
- Rowney, Fanny, relict of the late Thomas Rowney, Esq. at Tottenham, aged 78, 16th Feb.
- Russell, Mrs. Jane, relict of Thomas Russell, Esq. of Barningham Hall, Norfolk, and mother of the Rev. F. Russell, Curate of Holy Rood, Southampton, at her residence in Norwich, 26th Jan.
- Russell, Michael Henshaw, infant son of H. S. Russell, Esq. in Manchester street, 11th Feb.
- Russell, Henry, eldest son of Sir Henry Russell, Bart. at Cairo, in his 28th year.
- Saunders, Miss, of Mornington crescent, Regent's Park, at Brussels.
- Sawter, Jannet, wife of William Sawter, Esq. in Lambeth, 16th Feb.
- Scott, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late John F. Scott, Esq. of New square, Lincoln's Inn, in John street, Bedford Row, in her 83rd year, 26th Jan.
- Scruton, Miss Joanna, third daughter of the late Richard Scruton, Esq. of the city of Durham, in Gainford, 21st Jan.
- Sewell, Letitia Sarah, only daughter of the late Major-General Herbert Sewell, of Twyford-lodge, East Grinstead, Sussex, at Nice, 21st Jan.
- Sharp, J. B. Esq. late of the East India Company's Service, at Shacklewell, aged 61, 22nd Jan.
- Shrewsbury, the Dowager Countess of, at her residence in Montague-square, in the 77th year of her age, 13th Feb.
- Smedley, Valentine, Esq. at Highbury-place, Islington, in his 79th year, 24th Jan.
- Smith, St. John, infant son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Corbet Smith, 31st Jan.
- Smith, Mrs. Lydia G. the wife of the Rev. C. A. J. Smith, of Mile-end, chaplain to the Floating Church, &c. 16th Feb.
- Spender, John, Esq. M. D. at Burton-upon-Trent, in the 77th year of his age, 22nd Jan.
- Stewart, Captain George, formerly of the 60th Rifles, at Dublin, 17th Jan.
- Stratton, George, Esq. in Ebury Street, Pimlico 10th Feb.
- Stutely, Caroline, youngest child of Martin Joseph, Esq. of No. 2, Gower-street, Bedford-square, aged 17 months, 27th Jan.
- Stuart, the Hon. Charles, at his residence 10, Panton-street, Haymarket, 21st Jan. This gentleman, the fifth son of the present Earl of Moray, by Margaret-Jane, his second Countess, daughter of Sir Philip Ainslie, of Pitton, was lineally descended from the marriage of Sir James Stuart, so well known in history as "the bonny Earl of Moray," with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the famous Regent Moray, of the time of Queen Mary. A few years since the Hon. Charles Stuart entered the 72nd Highlanders, and served for some time in that regiment. His death occurred most suddenly. The hon. gentleman had completed his thirty-second year, and was unmarried.
- Sullivan, Mrs. Jane, wife of John Augustus Sullivan, Esq. of Richings Park, Bucks, and Provost-Marshal-General of the island of Jamaica, at Leamington, 2nd Feb.
- Tidd, William, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, at his house 59, Walcot-place, Lambeth, in his 87th year, 14th Feb.
- Turner, Sharon, of Winchmore-hill, Middlesex, at the house of his son 32, Red Lion-square, in his 79th year, 13th Feb.
- Waterhouse, John, Esq. of Wellhead, Hal-

lifax, aged 73, 21st Jan. Mr. Waterhouse, a magistrate for the West Riding, was the descendant of an ancient and influential family, settled for a considerable period at Hallifax, and derived from Sir Gilbert Waterhouse, knight of Kirton co. Lincoln, *temp.* Henry III. He *m.* 17th Oct. 1805, Grace Elizabeth, dau. of John Rawson, Esq. of Stonyroyd, and has left two sons and four daughters; John, F.R.S. a magistrate for the West Riding; Samuel who *m.* in 1840 Charlotte Lydia, dau. of Henry Lees Edwards, Esq. of Pye Nest, and has issue; Ellen Francis, *m.* to the Venerable Archdeacon Musgrave; Anne Elizabeth, *m.* 1st, to John Lees Edwards, Esq., and 2d, to Joseph Hegan, Esq.; Catherine *m.* to Charles Edwards, Esq. and Elizabeth *m.* to the Rev. Benjamin Bayfield.

Welby, Lady, wife of Sir William Earls Welby, Bart, at Denton Hall, Lincolnshire, in her 75th year, 4th Feb. Her Ladyship was only dau. and heiress of William Spry, Esq. Governor of Barbadoes. Her marriage took place in 1792, and the issue of it consisted of three sons and seven daus. Of the former, the eldest, Glyne Earle Welby, Esq. sits in Parliament for Grantham. Of the latter, four are married, viz. Wilhelmina, wife of the Rev. F. Browning, Prebendary of Salisbury; Penelope, late wife of Clinton J. Fynes Clinton, Esq. M.P.; Katharine, wife of the Rev. T. Welby Northmore, of Cleve; and Elizabeth, of Thomas James Ireland, Esq. of Owsden Hall, Suffolk.

Young, Vice-Admiral William, at his residence, Denmark-hill, Surrey, in his 86th year, 11th Feb. This gallant officer had completed a service of 70 years in the navy. He was born in Scotland in 1761, and belonged to an ancient Scottish family, being 7th in direct male descent from Sir John Young of Lenny N.B. who was chamberlain to Mary Queen of Scots in 1561. William Young of Lenny having taken arms for the Stuarts in 1715, was deprived of his estates. His eldest son William was created a Baronet in 1761, and is ancestor of Sir William Lawrence Young of Marlow Park, co. Bucks, the present head of the family. The Admiral descended from David a younger son; he entered the navy in 1777, serving in the West Indies and on the Spanish main in the Portland, Ulysses and Fox frigates from that period until 1783. Whilst a Lieutenant of the last ship then under the command of the Hon. Capt. Windsor,

he was engaged in the capture of the "Santa Catalina," a Spanish frigate of superior force, after a severe action of four hours fought off Havannah. In 1798 we find Lieutenant Young actively employed at the disastrous evacuation of St. Domingo; and his conduct on that occasion is mentioned in terms of encomium by Brigadier General, the Hon. Thomas Maitland in the dispatches published in the London Gazette 26th June, 1798.—"Lieutenant Young of the navy, chief agent of Transports, conducted himself in the execution of this arduous task in such a manner that I should neglect a very material, though pleasant part of my duty, were I not to seize this opportunity to recommend him in the strongest manner to your notice. He is a very old officer, but his length of services has neither impaired his zeal nor diminished his activity." On the memorable occasion of the landing in Egypt of the British troops under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1801, Captain Young filled the important post of Captain of the Fleet, and consequently had the entire management of the disembarkation. We find high testimony borne to his merits on this occasion in Brenton's naval History of Great Britain, and on the return of the expedition the masters of the merchant vessels employed in the conveyance of the troops presented Captain Young with a handsome gold hilted sword. He was subsequently employed on a secret service in Hanover; in fitting gunvessels in Dublin and in selecting sites and superintending the erection of signal ports on the south-west coast of Ireland, in connection with the anticipated invasion of Napoleon. Finally for 25 years, viz. from 1805 to 1830, Captain Young was employed as principal agent for Transports on the river Thames. The peculiar nature of his services threw him into constant official intercourse with military officers of the highest rank; and he had the good fortune to enjoy the high esteem of his majesty William IV. and the Dukes of York and Kent, as was testified on repeated occasions. In private as in public life he was highly respected; and he has left a widow and a large family to mourn his loss; his eldest dau. Emma is *m.* to Thomas Brame Oldfield, Esq. representative of the ancient Cheshire family of Oldfield, of Oldfield. The dates of Admiral Young's promotion were, Lieutenant, 1781; Commander, 1798; Captain, 1802; Rear Admiral, 1837; Vice-Admiral, 1846.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Prior Park, co. Somerset. 7

CONSECRATED by the recollections of Pope, the mansion and pleasure grounds of Prior Park should be regarded with interest by the moralist, the critic, and the poet.

Its name attests the ancient owners of the land—the Priors of Bath, from whom at the dissolution it was taken. It was then granted to Humphry Colles, who presently sold it. And (to pass over many intervening proprietors) it may at once be stated, that in the earlier part of the eighteenth century it was purchased by Mr. Ralph Allen.

Mr. Allen had the singular good fortune to acquire wealth from humble beginnings, and to know how to spend it. The friend and patron of Pope, Feilding, and Warburton, commenced his career in life by riding with the post bag between Marlborough and Bath. He next obtained a clerkship in the Bath post-office; and then, having saved some money, purchased a small property on Combe Down near Bath, where he opened a stone quarry. This is said to have proved a very profitable speculation: but one which he afterwards undertook was still more so. The clerk became the farmer of the post-office. Prior Park was now purchased: and here in the upper part of one of those well-wooded and picturesque combes which are disclosed in the hills around Bath, a magnificent mansion was erected by Mr. Allen, with massive Corinthian pillars supporting what is said to be “one of the most correct and noble porticoes in the kingdom.”

The house is stated, in Collinson’s history of Somersetshire, to have been finished in 1743: but, in the autumn of 1741, Pope, who is believed to have finished the fourth book of the *Dunciad* at Prior Park, thus wrote* from it to his friend Mr. Warburton: † “The worthy man who is master of it (Prior Park) writes you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library; and a gallery ninety-feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you take

* The letter is dated 12th Nov. 1741.

† Warburton, already known as the author of “the Alliance between Church and State,” and “the Divine Legation of Moses,” had published a refutation to an attack made on the principles upon which Pope’s “*Essay on Man*” was written. Pope, grateful for his championship had then sought his acquaintance, and conceived for him a lasting affection.

the air with me. Mr. Allen tells me, you might, on horseback, be here in three days." And then Mr. Pope elegantly adds, "Is all this a dream? Or can you make it a reality? Can you give ear to me—

Audistin? an me ludit amabalis
Insania?"

With a request so earnestly and so kindly expressed, Warburton could not refuse to comply; and this visit was the foundation of his future fortune.

"In the course of a few years," says Mr. Roscoe in his life of Pope, "Warburton recommended himself so highly to the favour of Mr. Allen as to obtain in marriage his favourite niece, Miss Gertrude Tucker, and eventually to take up his residence at Prior Park. He was, in the year 1760, advanced, through Mr. Allen's interest with the minister Mr. Pitt, to the bishopric of Gloucester."

Before we pass from the subject of Pope's connection with Prior Park, we are bound to remark that some alienation occurred between Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Its cause would now be difficult to discover: but it has been suggested that it was in consequence of the conduct of Miss Blount during a visit at Prior Park, which, as the friend of Pope, she had been invited to make; and is probable that it may have originated in some disagreement between the ladies. Let those friends who cannot avoid following Pope and Allen in their strife, resemble them in their conciliation.

Feilding, whose exquisite romances so faithfully portray the nature of man, was at one time resident at Tiverton, a village in the suburbs of Bath. Here the traveller on the lower road between Bath and Bristol may see three poor and modern houses called Feilding Terrace. Adjoining the first of these is a house, small indeed, but of pretension and antiquity superior to its neighbours. Over the door is a board on which is painted the name and occupation of its present inhabitant; "William Giles, Licenced Dealer in Tea, Coffee, Tobacco, and Snuff;" and over it too projects a stone image of a phoenix rising out of a mural crown,* the crest of its former occupant, our illustrious novelist. The house is still called Feilding's Lodge.

Returning from our digression, we will remark that Feilding was a frequent and favourite guest at Prior Park, and that the character of its owner is depicted in the Squire Allworthy of "Tom Jones;" that Mr. Allen relieved the necessities of Feilding during his life, and extended his liberality to the family which survived him.

After the death of Mr. Allen, Prior Park frequently changed hands. At one time it belonged to Lord Hawarden; and at length it passed by purchase into the possession of Mr. Thomas, a quaker gentleman of Bristol.

In the year 1829 it was purchased by Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics for the purpose of founding on it a college for the instruction of youth.

The Cathedral church of Bath (commonly called the Abbey,) standing on the site of a Roman Temple to Minerva, the tutelary deity of hot springs, is dedicated to the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. It is probably from a recollection of this that the two colleges which have lately been added as wings to Prior Park have been dedicated, the one to St. Peter the other to St. Paul.

* Feilding was a cadet of the family of the Earls of Denbigh, whose crest he consequently used.

The visitor learns with regret, when he inquires for the rooms which Pope had occupied, that in the summer of 1836 the interior of the original mansion was destroyed by fire; but he will not fail to have his attention called to a gothic summer house in the grounds which he will be told is "Pope's Grotto."

Bolton Castle, co. York.

BOLTON Castle, in Wensleydale, at one time the prison of Mary Stuart, was for three centuries, the stately residence of the Lords Scrope. It is situated on a high, bleak and barren hill, approachable by a toilsome ascent, and over the bed of a rapid torrent, and we can not easily imagine why a great family, who had at their command all the luxuriant, fertile plain beneath, chose to take up their abode, generation after generation, exposed to storms and tempests without, and to darkness and discomfort within. Compared to Bolton Hall—the mansion of the present noble possessor of the demesne—its frowning predecessor forms a striking contrast: the one, the emblem of modern, polished life; the other, the type and gloomy relique of feudal manners. Leland thus describes this historic spot: "Bolton village and castell is four miles from Midleham. The castell standethe on a roke syde, and all substaunce of the lodgyngs in it be includyd in 4 principall towres. Yt was an 18 yeres in buildyng, and the expencis of every yere came to 1000 marks. It was finiched or Kynge Richard the 2 dyed. One thinge I muche notyd in the haulte of Bolton, howe chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the syds of the waul bitwyxt the lights in the hawll; and by this meanes, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangly convayed. Moste parte of the tymber that was occupied in buildyng of this castell was fett out of the Forest of Engleby in Cumberland; and Richard Lord Scrope, for conveyance of it, had layde by the way dyvers drawghts of oxen to carry it from place to place till it cam to Bolton. There is a very fayre cloke at Bolton, cum motu solis et lunæ, and other conclusyons, and there is a parke waullyd withe stone at Bolton." Such is Leland's quaint description of the place at a time when its erection was within the scope of recent tradition, yet it is difficult to believe that such a structure, in the reign of the second Richard, cost so large a sum as £12,000.

From "time immemorial" we trace the Scropes as resident in the lovely vale of Wensleydale—the most romantic and picturesque of the northern valleys—and, in the whole range of our nobility, we can scarcely point to a family more illustrious. An unbroken male descent from the Conquest, if not from the time of Edward the Confessor, their alliances, their achievements, and their possessions, sufficiently attest their antiquity and importance; whilst the mere enumeration of the dignities they attained, between the reigns of Edward II. and Charles I., proves the high rank they enjoyed. In this interval of three hundred years, the house of Scrope produced two Earls and twenty Barons, one Chancellor, four Treasurers, and two Chief-Justices of England, one Archbishop and two Bishops, five Knights of the Garter, and numerous Bannerets—the most distinguished soldiers in the days of chivalry. The foundations of the pre-eminent greatness of the family were laid by Sir William le Scrope, who obtained a grant of free warren in all his domestic lands at East Boulten and West Boulten in Wensleydale, 24 Henry III. Several deponents in the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy report him to have been celebrated for his conduct in the field, and style him "the best Knight of the whole country at jousts and tournaments." Of his two sons—Sir Geoffrey Le Scrope, the younger, was

progenitor of the Lords Scrope, of Masham—while the elder, Sir Henry Le Scrope, inheriting Bolton, continued the noble line there seated. The latter was bred to the law and thrived accordingly. In 1317 he became Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and subsequently was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. The vast estates he died seised of, show how profitable an use he had made of his offices, through a long life of Court favour and professional emoluments; and the religious and charitable endowments he bestowed on the Church and the poor, indicate that he was not unworthy of the riches he possessed. His eldest son, Sir William Le Scrope, died of a wound received at the siege of Morlaix, and was succeeded by his brother Sir RICHARD LE SCROPE, a man even more distinguished for activity and talents than his father. Without attempting to follow this nobleman, through all his martial exploits, which however stand recorded by their eye-witnesses, the several royal, noble, and knightly deponents in the celebrated controversy sustained by him with Sir Richard Grosvenor, for the right of bearing his family coat of arms, it will suffice to say that, between 1346 and 1385, a period of forty years, there was scarcely a battle of note in England, France, Spain, or Scotland, where the English forces were engaged, in which Scrope did not gain honour. But as a statesman, he was even still more renowned. Lord High Treasurer to Edward III., he was twice Chancellor of England, under that monarch's grandson, Richard II. : and Walsingham states him to have been, in those dignified stations, pre-eminently conspicuous for wisdom and integrity. It was this illustrious personage, by whom Bolton Castle was erected, and as Baron Scrope, of Bolton, he received summons to Parliament. At length, full of honours, and the world's esteem, he died A.D., 1403. His Lordship's eldest son, William, Earl of Wiltshire, and King of Man,* having been beheaded a few years before for his devoted fidelity to Richard II., Bolton Castle and the other princely demesnes of Lord Scrope devolved on his second son Roger, from whom derived a race of nobles—the Lords Scrope of Bolton, distinguished in all the martial achievements of successive ages. To Henry, the ninth Lord, was assigned the custody of Mary Queen of Scots, but fortunately for him, the near connexion which existed between his Lordship and the suspected house of Howard soon caused him to be relieved of his charge. The grandson of this nobleman Emanuel, 11th Lord Scrope of Bolton, President of the King's Council in the North, was created by Charles I. Earl of Sunderland, but died without issue in 1627, when the earldom became extinct, and the Barony, devolving on Mary, only daughter of Henry, 9th Lord, and wife of William Bowes, Esq., continued vested in her descendants until 1815, when the issue of all the other coheirs having failed, the title passed to Charles Jones, Esq., but was not assumed by that gentleman.

At the decease of Emanuel, Earl of Sunderland, the estates of the Scropes were divided amongst his Lordship's three illegitimate daughters. Of these ladies, the eldest Mary, wife of Charles Paulet, Marquess of Winchester, took the lands of Bolton, and her husband, on his elevation to a dukedom, chose Bolton for its designation.

* To this nobleman, Shakespeare makes the Lord Roos thus refer :
 "The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm."

RICH. II., Act 2, Sc. 1.

He purchased the sovereignty of the Isle of Man from the Earl of Salisbury, and in 1391, when the truce was confirmed with France, "Guilliam Le Scrope" is recorded to have assented to it, "pour le seigneurie de Man" as one of the "allies of the King of England."

The Powletts who thus succeeded to the estates of the Scropes, with great taste and judgment, fixed the site of the new mansion they erected in the vale below the ancient castle, in a situation of warmth, fertility, and beauty, and here resides the present William Powlett, Lord Bolton.

Normanton, Rutlandshire.

“———— the clover'd lawns,
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure.”

NORMANTON is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey, but soon after the Conquest we find it included in the possessions of the family of Normanville, from which, doubtless, it derived its appellation. The Normanvilles were Lords of Empingham, in Rutlandshire, and of Kenardyngham in Kent, and seem to have principally resided in the latter county. The most distinguished inheritor of the name was Thomas de Normanville, King's Seneschal, north of the Trent; *temp.* EDWARD I. Eventually the heiress of these original proprietors of the land we are describing, Margaret de Normanvill, conveyed Normanton, and the other estates of her family, in marriage to William de Basynges, a gallant warrior of his time and one of the companions in arms of Edward I., in the victorious expedition into Scotland, A.D. 1288. For his services in that memorable campaign, he received the honour of knighthood, and on the outbreak of fresh hostilities, had summons to attend the King at Berwick on Tweed, fitted with horse and arms to march against the Scots. In the next reign he sat in parliament as knight of the shire for Rutland, and subsequently for Kent, wherein he had the custody of the Castle of Canterbury. Sir William de Basynges, who appears to have been nearly related to Adam de Basing, Lord Mayor of London, 1251, from whom Basinghall Street takes its designation, died 9 Edward II., leaving his son and heir Thomas, and his widow Margaret, surviving; the latter took, not long after, a second husband, Edmund de Passeleye, of Passeleye in Sussex, and survived for several years. At her decease the lordship of Empingham, with her other lands in Rutlandshire, devolved on her son Sir Thomas de Basyng, who fixed his residence at Normanton, and there died 23 Edward III. He was father of Sir John de Basyng, Knt. M.P., whose daughter, Alice, (ultimately heiress to her brother Sir John de Basyng) marrying Thomas Mackworth, Esq. of Mackworth, co. Derby, henceforward Normanton, vested in the representatives of that ancient family, and was the designation of the baronetcy conferred in 1619, on Sir Thomas Mackworth, the sixth in descent from Alice Basyng, the Lady of Empingham. During the great Civil War, the third baronet, taking up arms for King Charles, suffered severely from sequestration, and in about seventy years after, the expensive contest for the representation of Rutlandshire, between his son, Sir Thomas Mackworth, Lord Finch and Mr. Sherard, consummated the ruin of the family. The manors of Empingham and Normanton were alienated, for £39,000, to Charles Tryon, Esq. and the baronet himself retired to an obscure district in London, where, at Kentish Town, he died issueless, in 1745. Mr. Tryon held the Mackworth inheritance for a brief space only; in 1729, just six years after its purchase, he sold the whole estates to Gilbert Heathcote, Esq. Alderman of London, and its representative in parliament. This opulent citizen, one of the original projectors of the Bank of England, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne, and was created a baronet in 1732.

To him the present mansion of Normanton, occupying the site of the ancient seat of the Mackworth's, owes its erection. The structure is of great architectural beauty, consisting of a centre of chaste elevation, flanked by two wings in excellent proportion. Some idea may be formed of the liberal scale, upon which this edifice was built from the fact that the stone alone, used in its construction, cost £10,000. A capacious park, remarkable for the verdant lawns, the majestic oaks, and the towering limes, so peculiarly English, surrounds this stately residence and thus is formed one of the most delightful of our country's envied seats. Normanton is situated in the east hundred of Rutlandshire, almost equi-distant, six miles from Stamford and Okeham.

Tattershall, co. Lincoln.

TATTERSHALL or Tateshall in the wapentake of Gartree, in the Lindsey division of the county of Lincoln, is situated on the banks of the river Bane, near its junction with the Witham, and is distant from the city of Lincoln twenty-two miles, from Boston fourteen, and from Horncastle nine miles. It is a place of considerable antiquity, being generally considered as the *Durobrivis* of the Romans, who used it as a summer military station; traces of two encampments of that warlike people being still visible, at a short distance from the town, in a place called Tattershall Park.

Shortly after the Conquest, the lordship of Tattershall, together with several other estates, was given by King William to Eudo and Pinso, two Norman nobles, who had attended him into England, but who, though sworn brothers in war, were not otherwise related. On the division of the estates between these chieftains, the lordship of Tattershall, with the adjoining hamlet of Tattershall Thorpe, became the property of Eudo, who fixed his residence there. Upon his death his estates descended to his son, Hugh Fitz Eudo, whose piety led him to found, in the year 1139, an abbey for Cistercian monks at the neighbouring village of Kirkstead.*

Hugh was succeeded by his son Robert, who left issue a son named Philip. Philip, after serving the office of sheriff of Berkshire in the seventh year of the reign of Richard II. and also of Lincolnshire in the eighth, ninth and tenth years of the same king, was succeeded by his son Robert, the second of that name, who, in the year 1201, procured from King John, by means of a present of a well-trained goshawk, a grant to hold a weekly market on Thursday, on his manor of Tattershall. Robert was followed by his son of the same name, who about the year 1230, obtained from Henry III. a licence to build a castle on his manor of Tattershall, together with a grant of free warren in all his demesne lands. The male line of Eudo was continued in regular descent, by Robert the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; upon the death of the latter of whom in his minority, it became extinct, and the inheritance was divided between his three sisters. Tattershall became the portion of Joan, one of the co-heiresses, who married Sir Robert Driby, and who had issue by him a daughter and heiress Alice, afterwards married to Sir William Bernack. John, the son of this latter marriage, was succeeded by William, who died a minor, and left his sister Maud his heiress.

The Fitz Eudos, from the place, assumed the cognomen of Tateshall, and by that title had summons to parliament among the great barons of the realm.

* This abbey afterwards became of importance, and acquired extensive possessions. At the dissolution of religious houses, in the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII. the annual revenue amounted to £286. 2s. 7d. and in the thirtieth year of the same king, the estates were granted to the Duke of Suffolk. Of the building only a small ruin remains.

Maud, the heiress of the Bernack family, married Sir Ralph, afterwards Lord Cromwell, who, in her right, became lord of the manor of Tattershall; and upon his death, which happened on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the year 1398, left his son Ralph his heir, who died in 1416, and was succeeded by a son of the same name. In the year 1433, this latter Ralph was by Henry VI. appointed Treasurer of the Exchequer. He died without issue on the fourth of January, 1455; whereby his two nieces, the daughters of his sisters, the wife of Sir Richard Stanhope, became his co-heiresses.

It does not appear into whose hands the Tattershall estate fell, after the death of the Lord Treasurer Cromwell, until the year 1487, when Henry VII. granted the manor to his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and in the following year entailed it on the Duke of Richmond. The Duke dying without issue, Henry VIII. in 1520, granted it to Charles Duke of Suffolk, by letters patent, which were confirmed by Edw. VI., in the year 1547.

Tattershall soon again became part of the possessions of the crown, as appears from letters patent, dated the fifth of September, 1551, by which Edward VI. granted the castle with the lordship, in fee, to Edward Lord Clinton and Saye, afterwards Earl of Lincoln. The Earl dying in 1584, was succeeded by his son Henry, who died in 1616, leaving issue a son and heir Thomas, who survived his father only two years, and was followed by his son Theophilus, who died in 1667. The next possessor was Edward, who was the grandson of Theophilus, and who died at Tattershall in 1692; in him terminated the male line of the Clinton family. Upon his death, without issue, the Tattershall estate became the property of his cousin Bridget, who married Hugh Fortescue, Esquire, by whom she had a son and heir Hugh, created in 1746, Baron Fortescue, and Earl Clinton.

About two hundred and fifty yards south-west of the town stands the remains of the castle, a stately edifice, erected by the Lord Treasurer Cromwell, about the year 1440.

William of Worcester states, in his "Itinerarium,"* that the Lord Treasurer expended in building the principal and other towers of Tattershall castle above four thousand marks; his household there consisted of one hundred persons, and his suite, when he rode to London, commonly of one hundred and twenty horsemen; and his annual expenditure was about £5000.†

This castle was originally intended as a place of defence, and was surrounded by two fosses, the inner one faced with brick, great part of which is now remaining. Formerly it was of great extent, but was dilapidated in the civil wars between the unfortunate Charles I. and his parliament; for the damages thereby sustained, Theophilus, fourth Earl of Lincoln, petitioned parliament in the year 1649.

The part now remaining, is a rectangular brick tower of exquisite workmanship, about one hundred feet in height, divided into four stories, and flanked by four octagonal turrets; and is raised on ponderous groined arches, forming spacious vaults, which extend through the angles of the building, into the bases of the turrets.

* Page 162.

† The Lord Treasurer also built the manor house of South Wingfield in Derbyshire. He likewise began a mansion house at Collyweston in Northamptonshire, afterwards finished by Margaret Countess of Richmond.

COLLECTANEA HERALDICA.

“They weare theire grandsire’s signet on their thumb,
 Yet aske them whence their crest is, they are mum.
 They weare gay *coats* but can no *coat* deblaze.”—RI. BRATHWAIT.

MUCH curious traditional and historical information is associated with the origin and assumption of Armorial Bearings. The singular cognizances used as crests, the peculiar charges on the shield, and the pointed allusive mottoes recall, in many instances, the achievements of some renowned ancestor, and perpetuate, in others, some remarkable event or illustrious alliance. The cross, the crescent, and the escallop, are the symbols of the crusaders; the red and the white roses commemorate the wars of York and Lancaster; and the crown and the oak tree indicate the loyalty of those to whom King Charles II. owed his preservation. We will instance a few of the arms, crests, and mottoes, the derivation of which may be traced to some interesting exploit or well founded tradition:—

In the reign of Kenneth III., about the year 980, the Danes, having invaded Scotland, were encountered by that prince near Longcarty, in Perthshire: the Scots at first gave way, and fled through a narrow pass, where they were stopped by a countryman of great strength and courage, and his two sons, with no other weapons than the yokes of their ploughs: upbraiding the fugitives for their cowardice, he succeeded in rallying them; the battle was renewed and the Danes totally discomfited. It is said that after the victory was achieved, the old man lying on the ground, wounded and fatigued, cried “HAY, HAY,” which word became the surname of his posterity. Tradition further relates that the king, as a reward of the signal service rendered, gave the aged husbandman as much land in the Carse of Gowrie, as a falcon should fly over before it settled; and that the bird being accordingly let off, passed over an extent of ground six miles in length, afterwards called ERROL, finally alighting on a stone still named Falkinstone. The same authority also asserts that Kenneth assigned three shields or escutcheons for the arms of the family, to intimate that the father and his two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland. For ever after, even unto the present day, the great northern house of Hay, ennobled under the titles of ERROL, TWEEDDALE, and KINNOUL, bears for *Arms*, “Arg. three escutcheons gu.,” for *Crest*, “a falcon rising ppr.,” and for *Motto*, “*Serva jugum.*”

The CHENEYS possess the following traditional account of the origin of their crest:—Sir John Cheney, of Sherland, an eminent soldier under the banner of the Earl of Richmond, at Bosworth, personally encountering King Richard, was felled to the ground by the monarch, had his crest struck off and his head laid bare: for some time, it is said, he remained stunned, but recovering after awhile, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox

which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his head, to supply the loss of the upper part of his helmet; he then returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service, that Henry, on being proclaimed king, assigned Cheney for crest, the "bull's scalp," which his descendants still bear. Whatever may be the credence given to this story, certain it is that Sir John Cheney was most instrumental in the successful issue of Richmond's cause, and was created by the Tudor monarch, Baron Cheney, and made a Knight of the Garter.

The WALLER crest has a very honourable origin. Sir Richard Waller, of Groombridge, in Kent, a gallant participator in the glory of Azincourt, took prisoner, on that memorable occasion, Charles, Duke of Orleans, whom he brought to England, and held in "honourable restraint," at his mansion of Groombridge, during the lengthened period of twenty-four years, and until the prince was ransomed for 400,000 crowns. In accordance with the chivalric notions of the time, the captor and the captive lived together on terms of the strictest friendship, and so great was the regard entertained for the English knight by his royal prisoner, that the latter rebuilt, at his own expense, the seat of the Wallers, and was a munificent benefactor to the parish church of Speldhurst, where his arms remain in stone-work over the porch. In memory of this episode in the life of Sir Richard Waller, the family crest, "a walnut tree fructed ppr.," received the addition of "a shield appended to one of the lower boughs, and charged with the arms of France, viz. : "az. three fleurs-de-lis or, differenced with a label of three points."

An old tradition in the family of BAIRD, records that William the Lion, while hunting in one of the south-west counties, happening to wander from his attendants, was alarmed at the approach of a wild boar, and called out for assistance, whereupon a gentleman of the name of Baird, who had followed the king, came up and had the good fortune to slay the object of the monarch's alarm. For this signal service, William conferred upon his deliverer large grants of land, and assigned him for armorial bearing, "a boar passant," with the motto "Dominus fecit," which arms are to be seen upon an ancient monument of the Bairds of Auchmedden, in the church-yard of Banff.

The DUDLEYS, of Clapton, in Northamptonshire, who descended from the marriage of Dudley of Clapton, with Agnes Hotot, bore for crest, "on a ducal coronet or, a woman's head with an helmet thereon, hair dishevelled, and throat latch loose, ppr.;" and the occasion of its first adoption is thus recorded in a manuscript written in 1390, by a monk, who was Parson of Clapton:—"The father of Agnes Hotot, the great heiress who married Dudley, having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, the competitors agreed to meet on the debateable ground, and decide the affair by combat. Hotot, on the day appointed, was laid up with the gout, but his daughter Agnes, rather than the land should be lost, armed herself cap-a-pée, and mounting her father's steed, went and encountered Ringsdale, whom, after a stubborn contest, she unhorsed; and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat latch, lifted up her helmet, and let down her hair about her shoulders, thus discovering her sex. In commemoration of this exploit, the crest of the female head was ever afterwards used.

The Offaley FITZGERALDS, now represented by the Duke of Leinster, derive their crest of "a monkey," from the following tradition: Thomas Fitzgerald (whose son John, became first Earl of Kildare), was only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell at the battle of Callan. He was then residing with his nurse at Tralee, and his attendants, rushing out at the first astonishment excited by the intelligence, left the child alone in its cradle, when a baboon, kept in the family, took him up and carried him to the top of the steeple of the neighbouring abbey; whence, after conveying him round the battlements, and exhibiting him to the appalled spectators, he brought the infant safely back to its cradle.

The MULLET or STAR, of five points, borne in the first quarter of the unsullied shield of DE VERE, has a pious and poetic origin. "In the year of our Lord 1098" (we quote from Leland), "Corborant, Admiral to the Soudan of Percea, was fought with at Antioche, and discomfited by the Christians. The night cumming on yn the chace of this bataile, and waxing dark, the Christianes being four miles from Antioche, God, willing the sauffté of their army, shewed a white star or molette of five pointes on the Christen host; which to every mannes sighte did lighte and arrest upon the standard of Albry de Vere, there shyning excessively." The knight, thus distinguished by Divine favour, in the latter end of his days, assumed the cowl and died a monk. He was ancestor of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose last male descendant, Aubrey de Vere, 20th Earl, died in 1702.

Fuller styles the PILKINGTONS "a right ancient family," and relates that they were gentlemen of repute in the shire of Lancaster, before the Conquest, at which period the chief of the house being sought after by the Norman soldiery, was fain to disguise himself as a thrasher in a barn: from this circumstance, partly alluding to the head of the flail falling sometimes on the one, and sometimes on the other side, and occasionally on himself, he took for motto "Now thus! now thus!" and his descendants have since carried as their crest "A husbandman ppr."

The arms that were granted *temp.* Queen Elizabeth, to the great sea Captain, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and are still borne by his representative Sir Trayton Drake, Bart. of Nutwell Court, co. Devon, are "sa. a fess wavy between the two Pole stars arg." The *Crest* also refers to the maritime services of the famous circumnavigator. It is "a ship under reef, drawn round a terrestrial globe, by a hand out of the clouds, with an escroll inscribed 'Auxilio divino.'" "Such was the worth (saith Guillim), of this most generous and renowned knight, Sir Francis Drake, as that his merits do require that his coat armour should be expressed in that selected manner of blazoning that is fitting to noble personages, in respect of his noble courage and high attempts atchieved, whereby he merited to be reckoned the honour of our nation and of the naval profession." The most important achievement of Drake's eventful career was his celebrated voyage round the world, accomplished within three years, and to this, the blazonry of the armorial bearings alludes. On Drake's return in 1581, Queen Elizabeth went on board his ship, the Golden Hind, and conferred upon the gallant and enterprising seaman, the honour of knighthood, ordering at the same time, the preservation of the vessel, that it might remain a monument of Sir Francis's and his country's glory. It is observed by Camden, that on

the occasion of her majesty's visit, there was such a concourse of people, that the wooden bridge over which they passed broke, and upwards of one hundred persons fell into the river ; by which accident, however, nobody was hurt ; as if, he adds, the ship had been built under some lucky constellation. The application of the heraldic ensigns is well explained in the verses, made at the period of the royal visit, by the scholars of Winchester College, and nailed to the mainmast of the ship.

“ Plus ultra, Herculeis, inscribas, Drace, Columnis,
Et magno, dicas, Hercule major ero.”

Drace, pererrati quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque Polus ;
Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum.
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Drake's ship remained for many years an object of public admiration at Deptford, but her timbers falling at length into decay, it was found necessary to break her up, when a chair, made out of her planks, was presented by John Davies, Esq. to the University of Oxford, upon which the poet Cowley wrote the following lines :—

To this great ship, which round the world has run,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun ;
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
Without presumption, so deserved a name) ;
By knowledge once, and transformation now,
In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wished from Fate
A happier station, or more blest estate.
For lo ! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied James Lord Douglas to the Holy Land, with the heart of the deceased monarch for interment. From this circumstance, the DOUGLASES bear in their arms a crowned heart, and Sir Simon changed his name to LOCKHEART (as it was until lately spelt), and for part of his arms got a heart within a lock, with the motto, “ Corda serrata pando.” In the possession of the Lockhart family, is that singular piece of antiquity called the “ Lee penny,” upon which is founded Sir Walter Scott's romance of “ The Talisman.” The account given of it is, that Simon Locard, during his stay in the Holy Land, took prisoner a Saracen chief, whose wife came to ransom him, and on the counting out of the money or jewels, this (which is a stone or composition of a dark red colour and triangular shape, set on a silver coin) fell ; she hastily snatched it up, which Simon observing, insisted upon having it, and procured it before giving up his prisoner. More of this singular relic, and its alleged properties and virtues, may be found in Sir Walter Scott's preface to “ the Talisman.”

The HAMILTONS are said to be descended from Sir William de Hamelden, one of the younger sons of Robert de Bellomont, 3rd Earl of Leicester, which Sir William de Hameldon's son, Sir Gilbert Hamilton, having expressed himself at the court of Edward II. in admiration of King Robert

Bruce, received a blow from John de Spencer, which led the following day to a rencounter, wherein Spencer fell; subsequently Hamilton fled into Scotland, but being closely pursued, he and his servant changed clothes with two woodcutters, and taking their saws, were in the act of cutting through an oak tree when his pursuers passed by. Perceiving his servant notice them, Sir Gilbert hastily cried out to him, "*Through;*" which word, with the oak, and saw through it, he took for his crest, in commemoration of his deliverance. This detail is, however, liable to many objections. Sir William Dugdale, in his account of the Earls of Leicester, is totally silent as to the descent of the Hamiltons from Robert, 3rd Earl.

Sir JOHN PELHAM, ancestor of the Earls of Chichester, the Dukes of Newcastle, and the Lords Yarborough, shared in the glory of Poitiers, and had the honour of participating, personally, in the capture of the French King, JOHN; for which exploit he had, as a badge of distinction, the BUCKLE of a belt, which was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal manual, and at others, on each side of a cage, being an emblem of the captivity of the French monarch. Collins thus refers to the story: "Froissart gives an account that with the king were taken beside his son Philip, the Earl of Tankerville, Sir Jaques of Bourbon, the Earls of Ponthieu and Eue, with divers other noblemen, who being chased to Poitiers, the town shut their gates against them, not suffering any to enter; so that divers were slain, and every Englishman had four, five, or six prisoners; and the press being great to take the king, such as knew him, cry'd *Sir*, yield, or you are dead: whereupon, as the chronicle relates, he yielded himself to Sir Dennis Morbeck, a knight of Artois, in the English service, and being afterwards forc'd from him, more than ten knights and esquires, challeng'd the taking of the king. Among these, Sir Roger la Warr, and the before-mentioned John de Pelham, were most concerned; and in the memory of so signal an action, and the king surrendering his sword to them, Sir Roger la Warr, Lord la Warr, had the crampet or chape of his sword, for a badge of that honour; and John de Pelham (afterwards knighted), had the buckle of a belt as a mark of the same honour, which was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal-manual, and at others, the said buckles on each side a cage, being an emblem of the captivity of the said King of France, and was therefore borne for a crest, as in those times was customary. The buckles, &c. were likewise used by his descendants as in their great seals, as is evident from several of them appendant to old deeds."

The crest of "the eagle feeding an infant in its cradle," borne by the STANLEYS, Earls of Derby, is derived from the family of Lathom, of Lathom, co. Lancaster, the heiress of which, Isabel, daughter of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom, and Knowsley, married Sir John Stanley, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland. Tradition narrates, that one of the Lathoms having abandoned and exposed an illegitimate son in the nest of an eagle, in the wood of Terlestowe, near his castle, afterwards discovered that the bird, instead of devouring the infant, had supplied it with food and preserved its life. This miraculous circumstance, continues the legend, so touched the father's feelings, that he repented of his cruel intention, and taking home the child, made him his heir. Thus is popularly traced the origin of the singular crest of the house of Stanley: but the story is so improbable, that we can afford it slight credence. Mr. Ormerod, of Sedbury, the able his-

torian of Cheshire, himself nearly connected with a branch of the Lathoms, has written an interesting paper on the "Stanley Legend," in the *Collectanea Topogr. et Geneal.*

In memory of the royal alliance of their ancestor Sir John Lyon, with Lady Jane Stewart, daughter of King Robert II. the EARLS of STRATHMORE bear for crest, "a lady habited as a princess, and couped below the girdle, inclosed within an arch of laurel, and holding in her right hand the royal thistle, all ppr.," and ever since the marriage of Lady Jane Seymour with Henry VIII., the Dukes of Somerset have quartered with their paternal arms, "Or, on a pile gu. between six fleurs az. three lions of England," a coat of augmentation originally granted by the bluff monarch.

The tenure of the lands of Pennycuick, in Midlothian, enjoins that the possessor attend once a year in the forest of Drumsleich, near Edinburgh, to give a blast of a horn at the king's hunting; and from this custom, the Clerkes of Pennycuick bear for crest, "a demi huntsman habited vert, winding a horn, ppr.;" and for motto, the words "Free for a blast." The GROSVENOR crest of "the talbot," has reference to the ancient office—that of *Grosveneur*, or great huntsman to the Dukes of Normandy, which was formerly held by the family: and "the sword erect," of the DYMOKES, is the symbol of their dignified service as champions to the sovereigns of England.

Of the honourable augmentations granted by Charles II. to the devoted partisans whose loyalty protected him after the fatal issue of the battle of Worcester, we may mention those of Lane, Carlos, and Penderell. The first named family received the additional crest of "a demi horse salient arg. spotted dark grey, bridled ppr., sustaining with his fore feet a regal crown or," allusive to the assistance rendered to the fallen monarch by Jane Lane, of Bentley, whose servant the king personated, by riding before her on horseback in his flight to Somerset. To the Penderells, the humble but no less faithful protectors of the fugitive prince, was assigned for arms, "Arg. on a mount, an oak tree ppr., over all a fesse sa. charged with three regal crowns ppr.;" and identical bearings, differing in tincture only, were given to Col. Carlos. The pension of 100 marks, granted at the same time to Richard Penderell, still continues to be paid to his representative, and several members of the family, in various conditions of life, have been connected for some generations with the county of Sussex. "One of them (says Mr. Lower, in his admirable work 'Curiosities of Heraldry') a few years since, kept an inn at Lewes, bearing the sign of the *Royal Oak*."

These few examples will shew the connection of the arms of many of our most distinguished families with the achievements and events of former times. Mottoes equally refer in many instances to ancestral exploit:

"CAEN CRESSIE CALAIS," the motto of the RADCLYFFES, commemorates the services of Sir John Radcliffe, Knt. of Ordsall, at the sieges of Caen and Calais, and at the battle of Cressy: and "BOULOGNE and CADIZ," that of the HEYGATES, alludes to the fact, that an ancestor, Thomas Heygate, was Provost Marshal General at Boulogne and Cadiz.

"GRIP FAST," the device of the LESLIES, has remained unchanged since the time of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by whom it was given to Bartho-

lomew Leslie, the founder of the family, under the following circumstances : In crossing a river, swollen by floods, the queen was thrown from her horse, and in danger of being drowned, when the knight, plunging into the stream, siezed hold of the royal girdle, and, as he brought her with difficulty towards the bank, she frequently exclaimed, "Grip fast," words which she desired her preserver to retain for his motto, in remembrance of this circumstance.

The traditionary origin of "Lamh derg eirin" (the Red Hand of Ireland), the motto of the O'NEILLS, is this : In an ancient expedition of some adventurers to Ireland, their leader declared that whoever first touched the shore, should possess the territory which he reached. O'Neil, ancestor of the Princes of Ulster, bent upon obtaining the reward, and seeing another boat likely to land, cut his hand off and threw it upon the coast.

Many mottoes are allusive either to a portion of the heraldic bearings, or to the family surname. "Leoni non sagittis fido." *I trust to the lion not to the arrows*, is that of the EGERTONS, whose shield exhibits a lion between three pheons ; and the MARTINS use these singular words ; "He who looks at Martin's ape, Martin's ape shall look at him!" having reference to their crest, of "an ape observing himself in a looking-glass." The AITONS of Kippo, a branch of Aiton, of that Ilk, adopted for motto, "Et decerptæ dabunt odorem," an elegant allusion to their crest of "a rose bough ppr." and of their being an offshoot of the parent stem. ANGUISH, of Norfolk, has for crest, "a snake nowed., between two branches of fern ppr." and for motto, "anguis in herbâ." Of the mottoes which refer to the family name, we could cite an infinity of examples : the following will suffice :

"Vernon semper viret," *Vernon always flourishes*, or *Spring does not always flourish*, the motto of the Vernons is alluded to by Diana Vernon, in "Rob Roy:" "Like the solemn vice, iniquity, we moralize two meanings in one word.

The De Veres, a race of illustrious nobles, in whom were combined the distinguishing marks of chivalry required by Chaucer—

Truth, honour, freedom, and courtesie—

bore the appropriate legend : "Vero nihil verius." The D'Oyleys use "~~Do~~ no yll, gooth Doyle." The CURZONS, "Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde." The FANES, "Ne vile fano." The DAKYNS, "Strike Dakyns, the devil's in the hempe." The MAUDES or Montalts, "De monte alto." The Cavendishes, "Cavendo tutus." The Fortescues, "Forte scutum salus ducum." The Caves, "Cave ;" and the Bellasises, "Bonne et belle assez."

The generality of mottoes, however, are expressive of some sentiment of piety, hope, or determination, and may, in many instances, be elegantly paraphrased and explained by quotations from the poets. How admirably does Shakespeare express the meaning of the Corbets' motto of "Deus pascit Corvos."

—————"He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age."

And again, no translation of the motto of the family of Cobbe, of Newbridge, "Moriens cano," (allusive to the swan in the arms) could be more appropriate than these words of the bard of Avon :

"He makes a swan like end, fading in mus'c."

While referring to this poetic illustration of the motto, we cannot refrain from adding a few examples :

PER CALLEM COLLEM, the motto of Collins of Betterton, means, literally "by the path, the hill," and is well explained by two lines of Shakespeare's :

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first."

NON REVERTAR INULTUS, "I will not return unrevenged," borne by the Earl of Lisburne, is finely paraphrased by Byron :

"For time at last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

ESPERANCE EN DIEU, "Hope in God," is the motto of the Duke of Northumberland.

"Now esperance ! Percy ! and set on."—SHAKESPEARE.

This legend of the Percies, has been elegantly referred to by a writer in the Quarterly Review : "At one time the Percy was the provincial monarch of unmeasured lands, the lord of impregnable fortresses, and the chief of countless vassals : the next, the tenant of a prison, from which there was seldom any other escape than death. These vicissitudes of fortune taught the instability of all human greatness, and that the only sure trust is 'Esperance en Dieu.'"

ANTE OMNIA SYLVÆ, borrowed from Virgil's second Eclogue, by Forster of Walthamstow, is poetically paraphrased by Dryden.

"The Gods to live in woods have left the skies :
And Godlike Paris in the Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferred Ænoni's love.
In cities which she built let Pallas reign :
Tow'rs are for Gods, but forests for the swain."

SERVATE FIDEM CINERI, "Keep the promise made to the ashes of your forefathers," the legend of the family of Harvey, recalls Byron's well known lines :

"That fame and that memory, still will we cherish ;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown ;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !"

MEMORIA FII ÆTERNA, "The memory of the pious man is eternal," the motto of Lord Sudeley, may be elegantly rendered by two lines of Montgomery's :

"The memory of the just
Lives in everlasting fame."

LUX MEA CHRISTUS, borne by Newman of Thornbury Park, co. Gloucester, is not less appropriately translated by Moore.

"Thou art, O Christ ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see."

EST CONCORDIA FRATRUM has been adopted by William Brown, Esq. M.P. for South Lancashire, the eminent merchant of Liverpool, as sym-

bolic of the fraternal concord, to which may be ascribed the commercial greatness of himself and his brothers, who are amongst the most influential merchants of America.

“When friendship, love, and truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.”—MONTGOMERY.

SINE MACULA is the expressive motto of the Mackenzies of Scatwell, Baronets.

“The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.”
SHAKESPEARE.

STEMMATA QUID FACIUNT? “What profit pedigrees?” is borne by Sir Samuel Meyrick of Goodrich Court, co. Hereford, and reminds us of Pope’s famous lines :

“What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

TOUT VIENT DE DIEU, “All comes from God,” has long been the heraldic legend of the Lords Clinton.

“There’s nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.”—MOORE.

We might extend these examples to an indefinite length, far beyond the limit of our space or the reader’s patience, but the few selections we have given will suffice to shew the poetic allusion of the generality of mottoes. On a future occasion we will endeavour to explain the probable origin of the various charges and devices of which armorial bearings are composed, and thus render, we are sanguine enough to hope, less forbidding and more attractive the study of the noble science of arms, a study fondly cherished in the days of chivalry, and one so useful to the architect, the historian, and the genealogist. This brief chapter on the brightest relic of the middle ages, we cannot better conclude than in the words of an accomplished modern writer on the subject, the Rev. J. A. Montague. “Heraldry was a part of the great feudal system of Europe, than which, for the time in which it was instituted, nothing could be more beautiful. It was the outward sign of that spirit of chivalry, whose humanizing influence conduced so rapidly to the extinction of the last traces of barbarism, and which had such a beneficial effect upon the warfare of the time. Amongst our ancestors, little given to study of any kind, a knowledge of heraldry was considered indispensable. It was the index to a lengthened chronicle of doughty deeds. The escutcheon of a Mortimer or a Bohun, was for their eyes as a blast of a trumpet to their ears ; stirring them up to exploits of cheivance and fame. If then the achievements of our ancestors, both in war and peace, (of which heraldry is in many instances the record) are still to hold an honoured place in our remembrance, then ought we not to contemn a science which they honoured and considered of so much importance.”

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

WE commence our series of "Letters of Eminent Persons," with epistles from ALGERNON SYDNEY and JOHN LOCKE to Benjamin Furly, a merchant at Rotterdam. Mr. Furly was an Englishman of an ancient family in Gloucestershire. His granddaughter, Dorothy, married Thomas Forster, a merchant of London, descended from the Forsters of Bamborough Castle in Northumberland, and from her sprang the bankers, and merchants, and philanthropists of the name of Forster, so well known and so highly esteemed in the city of London. We are indebted for these interesting papers to an unpublished collection long accumulated in the Forster family, through the kindness of its present chief, the learned and scientific Thomas Ignatius Maria Forster, M.B., F.R.S., F.R.A., and L.S., who possesses the original copy (MS.) of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" in the philosopher's own hand writing.

FROM ALGERNON SYDNEY TO BENJAMIN FURLEY.

Leicester House, Nov. 29, 1677.

You will be surprised perhaps, my deare Friend, to see a letter of mine dated from hence, but not at all to finde that very soone after my arrival I enquired of you, and was very glad to heare you were very well in boddy and estate, not doubting but you are farre better in that which is much more important than both.

I can give you no other account of my return, then that my desire of being and rendering summe service unto my old father, persuaded me to ask leave to comme over, and, living in a world subject to all manner of changes, easily received a grant of that which I could not formerly have obtained; but, my father being dead within six weekes after my arrival,* I have noe other businesse here then to cleare somme small contests that are growne between one of my brothers and me concerning that which he hath left me, and, if it please God to give successe unto my endeavours in composing them, I shall have nothing relating unto this world soe much at heart, as the desire of retiring from hence, without any thought of ever returning, and carrying with me that which may be sufficient to purchase a convenient habitation in Gascony, not farre from Bourdeaux, where I may in quiet finish thoes dayes that God hath appointed for me. That I may receive your advice and assistance in compassing this, it is good that I let you knowe my father hath left me a considerable summe of money, of which some part is in ready coine, and more in such hands as I think will readily pay it: and my intencion being to send it over seas as it comes in, that it or part of it may be more ready to employ in such a purchase as I hope to make, I would willingly know where it may be safe, and in the mean time yeald me a reasonable increase. I know few that understand such matters better than you do, and none that I can trust soe much; wherefore I desire you to let me

* Robert, the second Earl of Leicester died Nov. 2, 1677.

knowe your opinion of this matter, and particularly wheather the exchange from hence into Holland be now favourable unto me or not, and wheather I shall have more for my mony if I send it immediately to Paris or Bourdeaux, or sending it first to you, draw it to Paris when I shall have occasion to use it. You will oblige me, if you let me know your thoughts of this as soon as you can with convenience.

Your letters directed unto me at Leicester House will, I hope, be safely delivered unto

Your truly affec^e friend,

To BEN FURLY.

AL. SYDNEY.

Op den Scheepmaker's Haven, tot Rotterdam.

London, Jan. 29. [1677—8].

DEARE FRIEND,

Yours of the 18 of this month, new stile, came not to my hands until the 26 according to the old stile, which for a while had made me doubt the miscarriage of mine, wherein I had enclosed the letters of exchange; which being safe, all is well as to that point. The reasons that had perswaded me to think of passing the rest of my life in the place mentioned unto you, I doe verily believe to be true, and how weak soever man is, he doth not ordinarily runne into great mistakes, when he hath time and opportunity to examine the matter he is to judge of, and noe passion to sway him; and I am as sure I am exempted from the last, as I am that I have had sufficient leisure for the first. I heare, as well as other men, that which is said concerning the warre, and think it noe hard matter to learne as much as most other, or perhaps I may say, as any knowe, and yet truly I am no ways able to give a judgement wheather wee shall have warre or not. True it is, that the king in his speech yesterday to the Parliament did speak of it as a thing not to be avoided, and yet from his demands for the carrying it on having been soe vast, that the nation (as is thought) can hardly beare the charge on the one side; and the discovery, what hath bin easily made, that the thing itself is not pleasing to the Parliament and people, as was believed, on the other; some that are thought to understande this businesse well enough, doe think that all will end in a good peace, or at the least a truce, that will in the end certainly produce it.

I am exceedingly pleased with the acquaintance you have given me occasion to begin with your friend, and will cultivate as well as I can. I am

Your truly affec^e friend.

London, April, 3, 13, 1678.

DEARE FRIEND,

I did not faile to let you knowe as I remember by the first post, after I had received the bills of exchange you sent me, that they weare comme safe unto my hands; but by what I learne from your friend and mine, William Pen, I finde my letter miscarried, and therefore am obliged againe to tell you that all goes well as to that point. I had the first bills, John Swinton had them accepted, and I presume they will be paid in due time, but I never had the second. I think I may have occasion within this fortnight of sending you somme more mony, if you have any way of imploying it, and might make it two or three thousand pounds between this and Midsummer, if I weare encouraged; but I confesse I cannot ground much as to the ways of imploying it, by any assurance I can gaine of warre or peace; for I am as much in the dark as ever in as much as concerns that matter;

but whereas the most important point, three months agoe, seemed to depend upon the resolutions that should be taken heare, I now incline to believe it will rather be determined in Holland; for, if true, as is heare reported, that the States seeme very averse to the continuance of the warre, either through the secret negotiations with the French, ancient and new jealousies of the two Houses of Stewart and Nassau, or other reasons, soe as not to enter into the alliance lately made by Van Conningham, and to resolve upon peace, which if they doe, the rest of the Confederates must yield, and make it as well as they can; and, if you finde this to be the state of things in the place where you are, you may look upon peace as a thing certaine, and order your affaires accordingly; and the contrary if you finde the contrary; so as my opinions must entirely depend upon these iffs, I cannot goe farther.

The Earl of Pembroke was yesterday tried for the death of Cory; six of the peeres found him guilty of murther, eighteen not guilty, and about forty found him guilty of manslaughter, which sentence stands.*

Your Friends seem to have succeeded well the last weeke before the Com^e of the House of Commons, as to being distinguished from Papists, and it is hoped that if the House sit long enough to perfect that businesse, they will finde wayes of exempting them from the penalties of the Lawes made against thoes that in no degree resemble them; never the lesse I finde many Parliament men very bitter upon them in private conversations, as I think without knowing why, and therefore perhaps the more I desire you to let me know by the first your opinion as to the present wayes of imploying mony, for my father hath left me somme at interest, which I call in, no wayes liking it, and if I live upon the maine stoc, it will soone com^e to nothing. You must also have a consideration for yourself, and I desire to knowe how you will have it. I am,

Your truly affec^e friend,
AL. S.

London, Aug. 9, 1678.

DEARE FRIEND,

That which hath fallen out of late at Nimeghen, is, as I presume, soe well understood by youe, that if you knowe we weare well enough confermed before hand to be confident it would be done, I need give you noe other reason for remitting noe money at present, for the only advantage that was expected being that the exchange would fall, if there weare a warre, I could not but think that if the peace weare made, as I did believe it would be, the exchange would still rise soe as I could not have my mony back againe but with as much losse, soe as I had rather it should lye idle then send it upon such tearmes. The gratest businesses now in Europe depend upon your neighbours' resolutions; for if they adheare to the treaty signed, I am confident the peace will be general in this part of the world, still somme new troublesome heads start up to disturbe it, and noe man I thinke can expresse or conceive the troubles that will arise on all sides, if the contrary fall out. We that are heare, and quietminded men, hope the best, and doe not see what is likely to bring in the contrary; but the world is governed in such a manner that the most unprobable things are thoes that often fall out, and we can be sure of nothing but what wee doe already see.

* The murdered was Nathaniel Cory, whom the Earl struck with his fist, and otherwise assaulted, on February 4th, and death ensued on the 10th.

I think in a few days to see our friend W[illiam] P[enn] in his owne house, and shortly after to return againe hither.

Pray doe not forget to buy me the best and warmest Indian gowne that you can finde, which I presume will be had at Amsterdam.

Perhaps you may at the same place heare of that spirate of cinnamon that you sent me once into France, and I should be glad to have as much more now, if I could have that which is right and good, but I heare there is knavery in that businesse as well as in many others, and the way of sending the last with oile one the top was good to preserve it, but I never found a way soe to take it of, but it mixed with the spirate, and spoiled the taste, smell, and operation. I am,

Your most truly affec^e friend,

A. S.

Extract. Jan. 31, 1678—9.

We are heare full of expectations of what the new Parliament will produce if it sit, but that is very uncertaine. It is generally thought, men will be chosen everywhere that are averse to the Court, but somme think thoes maye comme in whoe are more favourable to nonconformists, but I doe not, seeing the same spirate still rules, that is as full of bitterness towards them as ever. I am,

Your truly aff^e friend,

AL. SYDNEY.

To BEN. FURLY.

London, Mar. 9, 1678—9.

DEARE FRIEND,

I am in somme hast and have time only to tell you I have received the bills of exchange, and they are accepted. The rates weare somewhat otherwise than heare wee thought the exchange had bin, and if you found somme extraordinary momentary accident, it might have bin kept untill another post, or sent by the wayes of Hamburg or Paris, as I told you. Ther is a small remainder of account that may be sent, with that which you are to receive upon the two bills I know you endorsed, which I did forget when I sent you the first, I am,

Your truly aff^e friend.*

To BEN. FURLY.

London, March 23, 1678—9.

DEARE FRIEND,

I am not like your other correspondents, soe busy in hunting after mony that I could not have leisure to write to you of other matters, the truth is, lettres are soe oftin opened, that noe man in his senses will write any thing that is not fit for the publike view, and that which is soe, every man sees in the publike papers. I make noe doubt but the proceedings of this Parl^t amaze all people abroad, and believe every day will produce something new! beyond what you have heard. Yesterday, the Lords appointed the Black Rod to take the Earl of Danby into custody, whoe immediately went to his

* This Letter is thus indorsed (probably by Mr. Furly): "This Letter was writ with the own hand of that Hon'ble patriot, Colonel Algernon Sydney, who was made a sacrifice for his country by Charles II. and his mercenary Ld. Chief Justice Jeffreys."—*Note appended to the Letter in an unknown hand.*

lodgings at Whitehall to seek him, but found him not, and I believe he will think it a point of prudence not to appeare. The King's pardon is found defective in every point, but though all the forms had bin observed, the House of Commons doth not acknowledge that it could exempt one impeached by them from being brought to iustice. It is said, he shall be attended if he fly.

I believe the next work will be concerning Lauderdale, and that never men weare less petied in their fall than they will be.

The business of G. Roberts is certainly naught in all extremity, and the reputation Mead and Osgood had in your Society will make it prove of more prejudice unto the whole, then the gaine they make can be of advantage unto themselves. All that I can now expect is, by W. Penne, his interposition to get my mony, with the losse of three or four score pounds, and to be paid I knowe not when.

Yesterday Mr. Foot met me, and desired when I writ next unto you to minde you of the book, which as was hoped might have been printed before this time. I see he and others are of opinion it might now be done heare, the Act for restraining the presse being expired, and the care he would take to oversee the presse might abate the expence, and thinks the paper that was bought may be put off with littell or noe losse. I am,

Your truly aff^d friend,

AL. SYDNEY.

London, May 14, 1679.

The mares that I desired of you weare for the Earle of Essex, and he still desires them if you have a friend that will be carefull in having them well chosen. I confesse myselfe surprised to heare your friend speak of 800 gilders for each of them, for I have had as good as I think the country ever produced, which did not cost above so much the pair; neverthelesse, I do not intend to stint you in the price. He desires to have thoes that are very fine and good. I make noe doubt but you will choose a man that shall doe it faithfully, and when it is done, you may draw a bille of exchange upon me for the mony. I doe not finde that things goe soe ill as is thought, though the intention may be as ill as can be imagined.

Wee presume the Parliament on Monday will be again prorogued untill the beginning of Juli.

The Court is at Windsor, and the Kinge comes hither only once a weeke to be at Council; for that end he was heare one Wensday; and, returning in the evening to Windsor, he was in the night taken with a great shivering, which in a jealous time gave many various thoughts, but it is believed onely to be an aigue, and the fit went off yesterday by noone. I am,

Your truly aff^d friend,

A. S.

I desire to have the mares as soone as may be, to have them covered this yeare.

To BEN. FURLY.

London, Oct. 13, 23, 1679.

DEARE FRIEND,

The three mares arrived at London on Wensday, and weare brought hither yesterday. Though they had bin twelve or fourteen dayes at sea,

and are very weary and weake, I make noe doubt but that will be soone recovered, and I make nothing at all of it; but I could have wished there had bin a little more care taken in choosing them, for they are indeed very ordinary ones, and I have seen better rendered at London, without any charge at all, at forty pounds the paire. It is not to much purpose to bid me stay till they are in flesh before I give my judgment, for the beauty consists principally in their heade and necks, which is best seene when they are leanest. I not what will be accounted for their passage, but such as are versid in those maters say it had bin good as to ave expressed in the bill of lading the summe that was to have bin given.

We are heare in the strangest confusion that I ever remember to have seene in English businesse. Ther never was more intrigues, and lesse truth.

The King hath been extreamly pressed to send away the Duke, but noe resolution is yet taken. The approaching Session of Parliament is like to be very turbulent, and none lesse than a Prophet can tell what will be the issue of it. Things are so entangled, that liberty of language is almost lost; and noe man knowes how to speake of any thing, least he that is spoken unto may be of a party contrary unto him, and that endeavours to overthrow what he would set up. This shews wee are in the dark, perhaps a few dayes may give us light. I am,

Your truly aff^o friend,

A. S.

TO BEN. FURLY.

N.B. Among Sydney's Papers, and in his handwriting, we found the following, purporting to be—

A PROPHECY OF ST. THOMAS THE MARTYR.

The Lily (*Kings of France*) shall remain in the best part and enter the land of the Lion, *Holland* wanting all help because none *** of his own kingdom shall with their teeth tear his skin, and shall stand in the field amongst the *** of his kingdom. From above the sonne of man, *king of England*, shall with a great army parting the waters carying in *** beasts whose kingdom is in the land of *** be feared through the world. The eagle shall come from the east part with his wings spread above **** with a great multitude of people to help the sonne of man. That year castles shall be left desolate, and great fear shall be in the world. And certain parts of the Lion then shall be **** many kings, and there shall be a deluge of blod. The Lily schall loose his crown, with which the sonne of man shall be crowned, and four yeares following there will be in the world many batailes amongst the followers of faith, the greatest part of the world shall be destroyed, the head of the world shall fall to the ground, the sonne of man and the eagle shall fight, and then there shall be peace over all the world, and the sonne of man shall take the wonderful signe and passe to the land of promise.

N.B. Mr. Furdy, among whose papers it came to my grandfather, writes under it as follows;—

This was sent to me, Benjamin Furdy, by Algernon Sydney, from Montpellier in France, in the year 1686, in his own hand writing. I caused it to be printed in Dutch and English 23 years afterwards;—*Benjamin Furdy*.—So that there must be copies of the Prophecy somewhere. T. F.

LETTERS OF JOHN LOCKE.

Oaks, 28 April, 1698.

DEAR FRIEND,

I received with great joy the account you writ me by W. Limborck of your and your wife's health, and the promissing estate of all your children. I count it the great comfort of a father, which I am very glad you have in all your sons, to a degree not common in any age, and very rare in this. May you live long in prosperity to enjoy it with the grateful satisfaction. My little friend I find deceives not my expectation. I pretend not you know to prophesie. But ever since I first knew that child I could not forbear thinking that he would goe a great way in any thing he should be set to, and would not make a mean figure in the world. Pray remember me very kindly to him, and tell him that I am very glad to hear so well of him, for I love him exceedingly.

I am very vexed at the dishonesty of your brother in law, for your sake, because it is like to be troublesome to you, and for my own sake, because it is like to hinder me from seeing of you this summer, and what may become of me next winter I know not. I was forced to go to town in December last: but in two days stay there I was almost dead, and the third I was forced to flye for it, in one of the bitterest days I have known, for I verily believe one night's longer stay had made an end of me. I have been here ever since, and in the chimney corner and write this by the fire side, for we have yet noe warmth from the sun, though the days are almost at their full length, and it was but yesterday morning that it snowed very hard for near two hours together. This great indisposition of my health which is not yet recovered to any great degree, keeps me out of the air of London, and the bustle of affairs. I am little furnished with news, and want it less. I have lived long enough to see that a man's endeavours are ill la'id out upon any thing but himself, and his expectations very uncertain when placed upon what others pretend or promise to doe. I say not this with any regret to my private concerns, which I owne give me nor cause of complaint since my desires are confined in a narrow compasse but in answer to what you say with public views. Now there is peace I wish it may last my days. If not I wish I and my friends may scape the disorders of warr. But after all every one must take his lot according to the fate of the age he lives in. You must pardon this hum drum from a man who is very much removed from the commerce of the world, and yet when he has the pen in his hand cannot forbear something to an old and valued friend such as you are. I am almost ruite alone here now. Sir Francis, my Lady, and M. Mayham are all now at London, and have been for some weeks. If a wish could bring you hither, you and I a day or twee would have a good deale of talk together. I know not what we may doe when we are spirits, but this earthly cottage is not I perceive soe easily removed. I live in hopes yet of seeing you this summer, for a composition is better than law, and I know you love not wrangling. My service to your Lady and your sons. I am not well

satisfied that I saw not your son John all the time he was in England, though I know not whom to be angry with for it.

Your most affec^e friend,

J. LOCKE.

TO BEN. FURLY.
At Rotterdam.

DEAR FRIEND,

Oaks, 12 Oct. 1702.

Did I not think you are soe well satisfied of my ofteems friendship, that you will not doubt of it whether I talk to you, or whether I hold my peace, I should not have been soe long silent after the recit of three very obligeing letters. You see I have ingenuity enough to acknowledg my debt, though I have not where with all to make you returns in the like kind. All the action is on your side the water, and dayly furnishes matter: we then make noe noise, and I am too far out of the way (which I am not sorry for) to hear any thing that doe not. And whether it be society or dull old age, or any thing else, I have no curiosity to be prying, or to acquaint my self with the bias or bent of affairs only. I shall always be glad to hear of publick events that tend to the prosperity and preservation of my country, and the security of Europe. I promised my self much satisfaction in your company here this sommer, and it has been a great disappointment to miss it. Besides the joy it would have been to me to see you again. I flatter my self we could have passed some days together not unpleasantly though news and politiques had been excluded out of our conversation. I think my self upon the brink of an other world, and being ready to leave those schuffings which have generally too broad a mixture of folly and corruption, should not despair with you to find matters more suited to the thoughts of rational creatures to entertien us. Doe not think now that I am grown either a stoick or a mystick. I can laugh as heartily as ever, and be in pain for the publick as much as you. I am not grown into a sullenness that puls off humanity, noe nor mirth neither, come and trye, but I have laid by the simplicity of troubling my head about things that I cannot give the least how to one way or t'other. I rather choose to employ my thoughts about some thing that may better my self and perhaps some few other such simple fellows as I am. You may easily conclude this written in a chimney corner in some obscure hole out of the way of the lazy men of this world. And I think not the worse of it for being so: And I pray heartily it may continue soe long as I live. I live in fear of the bustlers, and would not have them come near me. Such quiet fellows as you are, that come without drum and trumpet, with whom we can talk upon equall termes, and receive some benifit by their company I should be glad to have in my neighbourhood, or to see some times though they come from totherside the water. Though I have nothing to say to you nor send to you but my hearty good wishes, which are far from news to you, yet I am you see got into a veyn of talking, and know not how long I should run on in it, did not my arm stop my hand. I have of late soe great a pain in my arm when I write, that I am often fain to give off. But tis not strange that my frail temp', has decays in it, tis rather to bewondered that it hath lasted soe long. If my continuance might be of any service to you or any of my friends or to any good man I shall be glad; for I am with great affection and sincerity,

Your faithfull friend and humble servant,

J. LOCKE.

Sir Francis, my lady and the rest of this family give their service to you and yours : pray give mine particular to your dear son and self to Dr. Comp. and to mem^r. Baile when he comes in y^r way.

Oaks, 12th Oct. 1702.

I am glad to hear that you are arrived safe to London and now I know where you are, I send this letter to you with the returne of my thanks for yours that you write me from thence just as was leaving the town. I thought myself more obleiged to you for your visit than you could be to me for any thing I could doe for you here. However I receive the acknowledgements you make me as I know you intend them, and can assure you, that if esteem, good will, and readiness to serve you on any occasion within my power, both for your own and your father sake be acceptable to you, as I doubt not, I shall never fail to deserve your thanks. Mr. Limborck writes me word that you intend us a visit here again before you goe to Holland. I am obleiged by the intention and shall always be glad to see you. But if your leisure, the weather, and all other circumstances doe not concurr to make it pleasant and easy to you, doe not put your self to the fatigue of a toilsome journey barely out of ceremony. If you come you are sure to be very welcome; if any thing fall out to hinder it, you will not be blamed or quarrelled with for it.

I spoke to you when you were here for a cask of the double mum whereof you say your father has very good. Tis not that I have any great need of it that I would have it. Only because you commended it to be perfectly good of the kind, I would be glad to have it if you can send it over conveniently, without much trouble to your self and see that noe tricks be plaid it. By the way Mr. Limborck and I, talking of that, were of a mind that the best way was to put an other cask over it. For if it were a double caske, neither the seamen between this and Holland nor the seamen between this and London could draw out the mum and fill it up again with worse liquer. But I must leave this to you : pray when you send it consigne it to Mr. Limborck and I shall give him order to pay you for it.

I have here enclosed sent you a letter for your father to whom pray remember me very kindly and to your mother and your brother Arend and your brother Mr. Law. Give my service also I beg you to Mr. Bayle and to Dr. Colans. If I see you not again before you goe I wish you a safe and quick passage to your friends at Rotterdam, and all happyness and prosperity with them. I am,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

J. LOCKE.

This family remembers themselves to you with kindness. Pray let your brother Arent know that I thank him for his civil letter.

TO MR. FURLY, JUNR.

THE ABBEY GRAVES.

AN IRISH TALE BY AN IRISH LADY.

IN the romantic church-yard of N——, two humble graves maybe seen beneath the ruins of the beautiful old Abbey, which stand on a rising ground above the broad river ; the noble gothic windows of that abbey are now nearly closed by the ivy which for centuries has shaded the fading glories of this hallowed spot. And surely those holy men of olden times, in forsaking the world, knew well how to choose their place of retirement ; ever selecting a solitude combining the beauties of nature, with those advantages of wood and water so bountifully bestowed on some favoured spots. Here the silence of the cloister was unbroken save by the melody of birds, or the murmuring of the river—here, where the saintly philosophers studied the great book of nature, and learned therein that nothing tends more to the elevation of the soul, than the glorious works of the Creator ; contrasting, as they do, in their matchless beauty with those fleeting goods the worldling toils for, and which, if won, perish in his grasp. Even at this day, the contemplation of those solemn aisles, and broken arches in their mouldering grandeur, lend to the reflecting mind a still stronger attachment to the scenes and characters of Christian antiquity.

Some find old monuments in the Abbey grounds proclaim the titles of the crumbling dust within them, while the two humbler graves we speak of are marked but by a white thorn bush. The mother and her child who sleep beneath its shade, need no slab to tell their worth, a record of their love and virtue is registered above : their sad story is this :

In a neat cottage on the far side of the river lived Edward Donohue and his wife Margaret. Industry and good order gave many little comforts to their home which their limited means would not otherwise admit of ; their neatly trimmed hedges and blooming rose-trees marked a degree of refinement seldom known amongst the poorer class. The cottage was romantically situated with high mountains in the distance—the broad river in front, and the old Abbey on the opposite bank ; but its chief ornament was the beautiful and only child of the humble dwelling. The father had been appointed care-taker of the Abbey grounds by the gentleman on whose estate they were situated ; and he shewed them with pride and pleasure to the many strangers who visited the ruins ; he was an intelligent man, and told so many old legends of knights, warriors and monks who found there a resting place, that his attendance was always looked for, and ever rewarded by a silver gift to the sweet child who ran by his side. Little Ellen gathered daisies from the sodded graves, and played amongst the tombstones from early childhood ; and learned to love the lonely place. In the summer evenings, as she sat on some infant's grave tying the wild flowers she had gathered, with the setting sunbeams playing on her cherub face, she seemed, in her childhood's purity, amidst that golden light, some angel spirit guarding the happy sleep of the early dead. The father and mother were looked upon by their good hearted and simple neighbours

with kindness and respect, for they were hospitable and obliging. The latch of their humble dwelling was ever raised to admit the weary stranger, or to receive the welcome friend. On fair or market evenings the door was always open—"Good evening, Mrs. Donohue," "Good evening, kindly neighbour Jones; how is the good man?" "Just middling like the times; he is gone to the fair to sell the horse, and a sad loss it will be to us, such a gay good hack, I wish some friend had the luck to get him, for he was the most *obleeping* little animal in the world; only give him his own way a bit, and a child might lade him; but he is gone with a slip of a pig to make up the rint, and may all our had luck go with them, I pray: oh! well for you, Mrs. Donohue, that is not overpowered with a big family; here have I seven, God bless them! while you have but one little Cooleen, the darling! how is she?" "Quite stout and hearty, the Lord be praised! sure though I have but one, she's worth a dozen, and all the love we have is hers." "True for you Mrs. Donohue, the light of Heaven never shined on a sweeter or lovelier child; but myself wonders what a lonesome little body she is, wandering about that old churchyard; it makes my flesh walk on my bones to think of it; I hope no harm will come of it; there are troubled spirits every where, and the fairies, into the bargain, frequents the place; I hear tell of strange noises and strange sights too (God save the hearers) among their old walls, and indeed Mrs. Donohue it is not lucky to be tempting them, they may change the sweet child, or lay out some hard fate for her."

Mrs. Donohue tried to satisfy her kind neighbour that little Ellen was perfectly safe in a place so holy, and within view of her father's cottage, and assured her that though her play hours were passed there, she spent the greater part of the day at the big house, where the young ladies of the family taught her to read and write.

Time rolled on, and Ellen from the lovely child, became the still more lovely girl; there was a modest charm in her beauty which proved its best protection. As she grew up, her parents' circumstances improved; and her taste and neatness in domestic arrangements gave even a degree of simple elegance to the little room in which she and her mother sat at work; fresh gathered flowers daily graced the apartment, while woodbine and roses were trained to the open casement; the hum of Ellen's wheel or the sound of Ellen's voice came as music over her mother's ear. As the maiden sat by that loved parent, (whose health at this time was very delicate) cheering her, conversing with her, and attending to her every wish, with the busy wheel before her, she was in the matchless charm of every artless grace a personification of feminine loveliness and filial affection. At the distance of some miles in a lonely part of the country dwelt a rich farmer; he was an old man, and had some years before married a young widow with an only son of some eight or nine years old; she was a vain, foolish woman, very selfish and fond of dress. Being left in poor circumstances at the time of her first husband's death, she soon bartered her youth and good looks for the old man's wealth and comfortable home. Young William continued her only child; however, his step-father proved a kind one to him, and sent him to a good school in the county town, thirty miles distant; giving him a parent's welcome on his return home, at vacation time. Farmer Kennedy had always been a friend to Donohue; but his marriage with the widow, and the distance between their dwellings interrupted their intercourse, until it was in some degree renewed

by young William, who always stopped at Donohue's cottage for a few days, on his twice yearly visits home. Mrs. Donohue or her husband did not like William's mother, for they could not esteem her. William, poor fellow! saw not the faults of her weak character; for she loved and was proud of her son, and how could it be otherwise? He was so good, so handsome, so devoted to her; he was blind to her failings as a wife, and her weakness as a mother. How different her selfish affection for him, from that holy and tender sentiment Margaret Donohue felt for her sweet daughter—that love, the purest, most disinterested, best feeling of the human heart, which would give all, and which knows no selfish exception in all it would sacrifice for the object of its affection. Farmer Kennedy had always been spoken of as a great miser; his wife's extravagance caused many quarrels between them, which daily increased, for the old man was becoming very feeble and sickly. When William's education was completed, he was bound to a farmer in the neighbouring county, for two years, to learn agriculture. His new pursuits did not prevent his occasional visits home; where he never went without stopping as usual at Donohue's cottage, to see his earliest and best friends, and their lovely daughter, the sweet companion of his happy boyhood—the fairest—the dearest of all.

Time wore on, pressing his iron hand on the old and miserable, but touching lightly the young and happy. To the early hopes of the latter, he seemed to lend his wings, and promised so many years of future bliss, that they trusted in his word, and never dreamt of all the sorrow he had in store for them.

The two years of William's apprenticeship had nearly expired; he constantly received letters from his mother, in which, latterly, she dwelt much on the old man's declining state of health; but assured her son, that should any fatal symptom appear she would write immediately, that he might return home; but not to think of coming until he heard from her.

One evening in the middle of June, as Donohue and his family were going to supper, they heard a light footstep passing the window. In a moment the latch was raised, and William stood amongst them. The cottager and his wife greeted him most cordially, while the silent eloquence of Ellen's smile, and blushing cheek, told his welcome; her's was the language of the heart, and he understood it well. After partaking of the simple meal, he accounted for his unexpected visit, by telling them he had received a letter the day before from his mother, with very bad accounts of her husband's health, but still requesting that he should not return home until he again heard from her. He told them how he had travelled by the coach which passed through the neighbouring village, as he could not rest night or day, thinking and dreaming of her. He therefore made up his mind to take her by surprise. The Donohues consoled him the best way they could. On his announcing his determination to proceed that night, they urged every argument to detain him, but in vain, and with true kindness and inartificial courtesy ceased to importune him when they saw he really wished to go, and busied themselves "to speed the parting guest." Donohue offered his pony, which was as frankly accepted; William declaring it would be but a pleasant ride by moonlight. Donohue accordingly prepared the horse, and advised his young friend to cross the old Abbey grounds as a short cut, and that he and Ellen would accompany him so far; William, leading his horse,

walked by her side ; her father, who knew and approved his daughter's choice, hastened on a little in advance to unlock the gates. Who can paint the beauty of a summer night in that romantic spot ? Not a breath stirred ; silence was among the sleeping landscape,—the lofty mountains lying in their dark shadows in the distance, the river slumbering on its course,—the beautiful old Abbey reposing in the calm and holy moonlight, its ivy garlands contrasting well in the freshness of their eternal verdure with the mouldering walls and broken arches round which they clung—lastly, the mute graves. Lover and maiden stood there in contrast at that moment of parting ; so young, so fair, so confiding, so full of hope and life amidst the records of mortality. Donohue, having allowed a few moments' conversation to the young couple, called on William to mount and away ; he instantly obeyed, and waving his hat two or three times to Ellen was soon out of sight. He rode quickly forward, his heart bounding at the recollection of his late tender parting ; the lovely moon and countless stars (bright as his own hopes) cheered him on ; the sound of his horse's feet alone broke the stillness of the night. It was about twelve o'clock when he came within sight of his stepfather's dwelling. Dismounting for fear of disturbing the inmates at that hour, he cautiously led his horse to a shed, and then entered the house by a back door ; he observed, in passing through the kitchen, that the bed where the servant boy usually slept was unoccupied, the lad having been sent to a distance that evening. Taking off his shoes, he lightly stepped towards his mother's room, and listened anxiously for a moment ; all was still as death, when presently he thought he heard a groan, and quickly another ; his breath seemed to stop, his heart chilled, he knew not why ; he softly opened the door, when, horrible to relate, he beheld his mother standing by the old man's bed, who was just expiring, her eyes fixed on his convulsed features, her dress disordered, and stained with blood. She held a knife in her hand, the instrument of murder. At an exclamation from her son, who stood transfixed to the spot, she made an effort to throw herself into his arms, but he drew back with horror, and the wretched woman sank at his feet praying him to spare her.

On the morning of that day, a private of the regiment quartered in the county town, had got leave of absence to visit a dying relative, and he hoped, by walking all day and night, to reach the sick man's house before his death. Farmer Kennedy's cottage stood on a kind of common, a very lonely place, by which the soldier's path lay ; as he was passing it, he was urged by curiosity or some feeling he could not define to stop and look in at the little window. He did so, at the moment when William, having snatched the knife from his mother, was stooping over the murdered man's bed, examining the wound in his breast, in the endeavour to stanch the blood. The full moon, bright in the heavens, at that instant illumined the little room ; by the silvery light, the soldier distinctly saw the youth fling the knife under the bed, cover up the old man, and, taking water, try to efface all marks of blood. The man contemplated earnestly the supposed murderer, noting his deathlike paleness and trembling limbs ; he felt fascinated in his gaze, though he sickened at the sight : he could not tell how long he remained at the window, but rousing himself at length, he quickly retraced his steps, in order to lodge an information as soon as possible with the nearest magistrate.

The next day, as William sat with his guilty mother at the old man's wake, looking so pale and heartbroken, while the neighbours who attended, as is usual on such occasions, conversed among themselves, some observing "how suddenly the old man went off at last," and how trying to the widow, that neither her servants, boy or girl, were at home at the time of his death, but as luck would have it, her son arrived quite unexpectedly, and "its he that would be the fortune now, for poor old Kennedy left a deal of money." As they talked on in this way, those who sat near the door announced that a party of police were approaching the house. The guilty woman, with a look of anguish at her son, started at the news, and, quitting the apartment, beckoned to him to follow her. She sought a small room usually appropriated to his use. When they were alone, she threw herself at his feet. "My child," she exclaimed, "save me, oh! save me, it was for your sake I did it; the money is now yours, you will not betray your mother." He covered his face with his hands; large drops stood on his forehead; his parched lips were parted, but no sound escaped them; his limbs trembled and refused to support him, he sunk on a seat. The wretched woman clung to his knees, and in her selfish nature cursed his weakness. She drew his hands into her own, but he shrunk from her touch. She besought his pity, she implored his protection. He gazed on her wildly; he appeared deaf to her prayers, but that voice could not plead long in vain: its tones reached his heart, for he had loved them from childhood; tears rolled down his cheeks, his noble nature conquered; he would not condemn his mother. Alas! there was but one way of saving her!!

The police crowded the house; one of them, to the great horror of the assembled people, drew aside the drapery of the dead, exposing to their astonished and petrified view, a mangled corpse beneath the spotless coverlid. The soldier who attended as evidence, pointed to where the knife lay concealed: they immediately searched the house for William, who was fully identified by the soldier, and arrested amidst the loud screams of his mother, and the lamentations of the assembled neighbours; he was handcuffed, and brought to the county jail to await his trial there.

The summer assizes of that year took place early in August: great excitement prevailed on the occasion of William's trial. Poor William, so young, so interesting, with something so superior and noble in his appearance contrasting with the dreadful crime of which he stood accused, supposed to be perpetrated for such base purposes, created contending feelings on all sides. No exertion was spared on the part of the warm-hearted Donohue (who never for a moment doubted his young friend's innocence), to obtain for him the best counsel, and to summon all those who could bear testimony to the excellence of his character; never had a more interesting prisoner appeared in that dock. Though a cloud of sorrow hung round him, no expression of guilt or cowardice sullied his open brow, for never had the shadow of either fallen on his young manhood, and he stood erect in the strength of conscious integrity. His youth and good character strongly interested the jury in his favour, but the circumstantial evidence, and facts sworn to by the soldier, were so powerful, that in a word, the law could not otherwise but take its course; William was found guilty, and sentenced to die. His young days were numbered: within one week he was doomed to perish.

Much has been said and written of the beauty and perfection of the British laws, and justly too, for they are the best in the world; but still they are human, and as such imperfect. How rash and false are often the judgments which even the best and wisest of men pass on their fellow men? how impotent and weak is all the power of their boasted intellect? how limited their views? Too often guided by circumstances, prejudice, or passion, not all the learning of ages has yet taught them to read the human heart: there is but one All-seeing Eye, to which alone it is not "as a sealed book;" and happy for us, that in our trials here below, we can appeal from the earthly doomster to an Eternal Judge, whose Divine attribute of mercy, no one has ever yet implored in vain. This was William's consolation, amidst the greatest of all misfortunes—death with dishonour; he was well supported in this by a man, the best of human kind, one who, himself strong in faith, rose superior to the frailties of humanity, whose affections and hopes were placed beyond this world, but whose sympathies in the gentle charities of his nature, still lingered with the erring and sorrowing children of misfortune. A good priest had known and loved William and Ellen from their childhood: it was he who had early taught them how a Christian should live; alas! he little thought how soon he should have to teach them both how to die!

A few short weeks, and how changed the once cheerful cottage of the Donohues! there was a mournful silence and neglected appearance around it, and yet, it was a sweet time of year, one of peculiar interest and occupation. The reapers were in the fields, the binders and gleaners following—the fruit-trees blushing in the orchards; the sweetness of the new-mown hay perfumed the air, the after grass was beautiful in the freshness of renewed verdure; Donohue's home was the only blighted spot in all that lovely landscape; the stillness of death hung round it. The peace of the cottage had fled, its cheerful comforts and simple elegance were gone for ever. Sorrow and death had usurped their place; on a low couch opposite the open casement, lay the young, tender, and beautiful child of the humble dwelling; her face was pale as marble, and her heart almost as cold—her hand was clasped in that of her mother who watched beside her; the busy wheel was silent, the faded flowers (so like her own withered hopes) drooped in their little vases, the box of mignonette in the window lay scattered and neglected, all told a tale of hopeless, broken-hearted sorrow. Poor Ellen's days were consuming as quickly as those of her unfortunate lover—she often raised her eyes to her mother's face with an imploring look, and kissed the hand she held, and pressed it to her heart; at length after many efforts, she softly whispered, "Mother, I must see him," (for worlds she could not pronounce his name.) "Chushla Ma-Chree, you shall see him, but wait a little longer until you are better and stronger, you know not how many weary days and nights I have watched beside you, for you have been very ill—the doctor says you must be kept quiet." "Dearest mother, there is no more rest or quiet for me, but in the grave, and if you wish me to have peace there, do not refuse my last request."

They tried to deceive her as to William's fate, and to prevail on her to defer her visits to him for awhile longer, but in vain: she who was always so gentle and complying, became now importunate and determined; they feared she might again become delirious, and therefore deemed it better to gratify her. The good clergyman was consulted;

he obtained permission for the Donohues to see the prisoner, whom he would prepare for the sad interview, and promised to be present himself on the occasion. Ellen was so weak, that her mother and a kind neighbour were obliged to support her between them on the car which her father drove. It was a beautiful autumnal morning, the glorious sun which shines equally on the wretched as on the happy, smiled on the rich corn fields and busy reapers, while he shed alike his brightness on the dark and gloomy prison, but his golden beams could not warm the cold heart within it. A ray of that autumnal sun had penetrated the cell of the young prisoner then under sentence of death; in the utter hopelessness of his fate he yet hailed its appearance like unto the one bright thought of conscious innocence; amidst the darkness of his destiny, was that solitary beam breaking through the gloom of his prison; it cheered his drooping spirit, and he turned towards the grating of his cell to enjoy it. At the moment the priest entered to prepare him for his last interview with Ellen; the kind pastor taking him by the hand, conjured him most earnestly to summon all his fortitude, and to exert every manly effort to restrain his own feelings, in order to support those of the devoted and almost dying girl, who was coming to take leave of him; he knew the entire forgetfulness of self, which formed a peculiar feature in William's character, and one which would lead him to any sacrifice for those he loved.

A few moments after, poor Ellen was conducted in, she moved feebly forward, leaning on her father; but who could recognise her as the beautiful girl who parted from her lover scarcely three months before in the old Abbey? Where is the light step that scarcely pressed the dewy sod? Where the brightness of those sunken eyes? Where the bloom of that faded cheek? He who walked by her side on that summer night is now a shadow of his former self, a prisoner in the sweet season of hope, a condemned criminal in the morning of his manhood.

Poor William sprang forward to meet and embrace her; then gently supporting her to a seat, placed himself half kneeling by her side. As their eyes met, the sad alteration in each told a tale of heartfelt sorrow; she put her hand in his. How much can be said in a short time to those we love? And yet when the heart is full, how difficult to give expression to all we feel? we try to speak, but the voice betrays us; the rushing torrent within drowns its tones, and when we would in this deluge of affliction, utter some fond request or parting benediction the words expire on our lips, and we but whisper them to our own hearts. It is when absence has separated us from those we fondly love, or death parted us for ever, we recall a thousand things we wish we had said, and we bitterly lament the weakness that robbed us of that melancholy gratification; after many fruitless efforts, poor Ellen at length addressed her lover, and assured him of her boundless confidence in his innocence, and of her undying love. He wrung his hands, and covering his face remained a few moments silent. All his firmness was fast yielding to the agony of his feelings; and he wildly exclaimed "Great Heaven! how dreadful is my fate! Even to this loved one, and those dear friends, I dare not prove my innocence!" The kind priest saw the struggle of his soul, his frame trembled, his breast heaved; the sunbeams as they fell on his pale brow shewed the anguish imprinted there. It proved too much for Ellen; she tried to soothe him.

"We will die together, dearest William: no one shall sever us; take

my hand, it is cold as your own; my poor heart has long been yours. This shall be our wedding day; see the good priest is come, and my dear father too. Who speaks of parting us? No, I will never leave you." Her eyes became bright, and the bloom of the rose once more tinged her cheek. She started from her seat, and with all the energy of woman's affection clung to her lover's arm. He tenderly supported her, and forgot for the moment his own wretchedness in the bitterness of hers; he gazed fondly on her loved features, and soon perceived the colour fading from her cheeks and lips, and her eyes closing. She fainted in his arms. Assisted by her father, they bore her to the grated window: the light rested on her marble features, the autumn breeze stirred the long tresses which floated on her shoulders, but its breath could not revive hers,—it had fled for ever! The clergyman, who rightly guessed the sad reality, suggested the necessity of removing her to the open air, as the closeness of William's cell oppressed her. He wished to spare him for the present the dreadful shock; the poor fellow was obliged to part with her thus; he looked the emblem of despair, and, pressing her cold lips, resigned her senseless form to her father and the priest. They carried her to a friend's house in the town, where her mother and friend waited her return from the jail, but no effort of maternal affection could recall the gentle spirit. The tender ties of love and home which bound it to life were severed by the rude shock of that parting agony; the bereaved parents removed the beloved remains to their desolate cottage. A few days after poor Ellen's death, her lover suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The clergyman who was his true friend through the course of his short life stood by his side on the threshold of death, and with all the consolations of his holy ministry supported him in that awful moment, having received the last secrets of his bosom and bestowed on him the benediction for the dying, he pressed him to his heart in a fond and last embrace, and parted with him but on the scaffold. Never in the exercise of his sacred duties had the good man's feelings and affections been so severely tried, though he was familiar with sorrow and suffering of every description. He had in this instance but one consolation, that of knowing his young friend, thus unjustly condemned by man, was guiltless in the sight of Heaven. The remains of the devoted and lovely girl were carried to the grave as is customary in Ireland, by her young friends and companions, the maidens of the village. White garlands were strewed on her coffin emblematic of her youth and innocence; she sleeps in the shade of a white thorn tree beneath the ruins of the beautiful old Abbey. The poor mother was never seen to smile again, for always delicate, she then drooped hourly. Poor soul! her days were but few, after the sad events already recorded; and when the winter blast sighed through the old Abbey, it swept the withered leaves of the past summer over the graves of the mother and her child.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

NO. VIII.—THE TRIAL OF FORD, LORD GREY OF WERKE, AND OTHERS, FOR A MISDEMEANOR.

THIS investigation, though giving the detail of a very foul transaction, and disclosing guilt of the blackest and deepest dye, is one of such memorable record, that it cannot be omitted here. Many of the persons who figure at this trial are of historical importance, and the whole affair presents a curious picture of the manners of the period at which it occurred. In the following narrative of it, however, the more offensive particulars are carefully avoided: fortunately, indeed, the story may be fully related without them.

Lord Grey, of Werke, the principal actor in this disgraceful business, was a personage of infamous memory. Beside this trial, which did him such dishonour, he was notorious for his political tergiversation, and for the cowardice that he displayed at the battle of Sedgemoor, which mainly contributed to the Duke of Monmouth's defeat. After the annihilation of the cause, and hopes of his companions on that occasion, Lord Grey meanly saved his own life by writing a letter and confession to James II. He is thus spoken of in the State Trials:—

First as to Grey: Throughout the report of the proceedings relating to his wife's sister (the trial here given) he appears to be a most unprincipled miscreant: we find him guilty of the most odious abuse of confidence, the meanest duplicity, the basest falsehood, and the most ungenerous, most ungrateful, and most unfeeling selfishness; a selfishness in gratification of which he scrupled not to blast with universal and irremediable infamy, the reputation of a young woman who had sacrificed to him her fair name and the affections of her family. Upon the accession of King James, we find Grey urging Monmouth to undertake his rash and fatal invasion, (though in his "Confession" he represents his "coldness and backwardness to engage the duke or himself in it.") When the invasion was effected, we find him obstructing its success by the most pernicious counsels, and finally defeating it by an act of the most flagrant treachery or cowardice.

We have seen in the preceding page, with what warmth of expression he engaged to devote the whole of his future life to James. Nevertheless, at the Revolution, we find him regularly attending the Convention, in which he was one of the (Henry Lord Clarendon, in his Diary, says thirty-five, but the Journal specifies the names of thirty-six) lords, who, on Jan. 31, 1689, entered their protest against the resolution which had been carried, 55 against 41, (see Clarendon's Diary. Ralph, and after him Hume, say the majority was 11) not to agree to the vote of the Commons that the throne was vacant: and on the 4th of February he joined in a second protest on the like occasion.

Lord Grey, of Werke, was the elder son of Ralph, 2nd Lord Grey, by Catherine, his wife, dau. of Sir Edward Ford, Knt. of Hartling, in Sussex, and derived his descent from a scion of the great northern house of Grey. He succeeded to the Barony of Grey, of Werke, at the decease of his father, 15 June, 1675, and was eventually raised by William III. to the Earldom of Tankerville. By Lady Mary, his wife, dau. of George, Earl Berkeley, he had an only daughter, Mary, married to Charles Bennet, 2nd Lord Ossulston, ancestor, by her, of the present Earl of Tankerville. Lord Grey died in 1701, having been appointed in the previous year, Lord Privy Seal. His widow married secondly, a Mr. Rooth, of Epsom. The Lady Henrietta Berkeley, the unfortunate subject of the trial, was the fifth daughter of Lord Berkeley, by Elizabeth, his Countess, daughter and coheir of John Massingberd, Esq. Treasurer of the East India Company. She survived until 1710, and then died unmarried. Of Lord Berkeley's other daughters, the eldest, the Lady Elizabeth, wedded William Smith, Esq. of the Inner Temple, but died before the painful investigation of which we are treating occurred. Lady Theophila was the second, and she married twice; first, Sir Kingsmill Lucy, Bart. of Broxbourne, Herts, and secondly, the pious and learned Robert Nelson, author of "The Feasts and the Fasts of the Church of England." Lady Arabella, the third daughter, became the second wife of William Pulteney, Esq.; the fourth, Mary, was Lady Grey, of Werke, and the sixth, Arethusa, married Charles Boyle, Lord Clifford, of Lanesborough.

The trial took place on the 23rd November, 1682, at the King's Bench Bar, in the presence of all the judges of that court, who then were, Sir Francis Pemberton, Chief Justice, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir William Dolben, and Sir Thomas Raymond, Puisné Judges. Among the counsel for the prosecution, the notorious Serjeant Jefferies appears engaged, actively, and, indeed, rather creditably on this occasion.

The indictment was thus opened by the junior counsel, Edward Smith, a bencher of the Middle Temple.

Mr. *Smith*. May it please your lordship, and, gentlemen, you of the jury; Mr. Attorney General hath exhibited an information in this court, against Ford, Lord Grey of Werke, Robert Charnock, Anne Charnock, David Jones, Frances Jones, and Rebecca Jones, wherein is set forth, That the defendants, the 20th of August, in the 34th year of this King, at Epsom, in your county, did conspire the ruin and utter destruction of the Lady Henrietta Berkeley, daughter of the Right Honourable George, Earl of Berkeley; and for the bringing about this conspiracy, they have seduced her to desert her father's house, though she be under the age of eighteen years, and under the custody and government of her father; and solicited her to reside with my Lord Grey, who was before married to the Lady Mary, another daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and sister to the Lady Henrietta. That after they had thus inveigled her, they did upon the same 20th day of August, carry her away out of the house, without the Earl's licence, and against his will, to the intent she might live an ungodly and dishonourable life with my Lord Grey. And after they had thus carried her away, they obscured her in secret places, and shifted about from place to place, and continued this course of life ever since. And this, the information says, is to the displeasure of Almighty God, the utter ruin of the young lady, the grief and affliction of her friends, the evil example of all others in the like case offending, and against the

King's peace, his crown and dignity. To this all these defendants have pleaded Not Guilty; if we shall prove them, or any of them, Guilty of any of the matters charged in this information, you shall do well to find them Guilty.

The Attorney General, Sir Robert Sawyer, the Solicitor General, and Sergeant Jefferies, addressed the court, each in his turn.

Att. Gen. My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the course of our evidence will be this; That this unhappy gentleman, my Lord Grey, has for four years together, prosecuted an amour with this young lady; and when it came to be detected (some little accident discovering somewhat of it) my Lady Berkeley did find there was some business of an extraordinary nature between them, and thereupon forbid my Lord Grey her house. My Lord Grey had made many pretences to my lady, that he might come to the house to give them a visit before he departed, being to go into the country; and he takes that opportunity to settle this matter of conveying the young lady away in a very short time. And early on the Sunday morning, she was, by Charnock, another of the defendants, conveyed from the house of my Lord Berkeley at Epsom, and brought here to London. We shall, in the course of our evidence, shew how she was shifted from place to place, and the several pursuits that were made in search after her. We shall discover to you, how she was hurried from one lodging to another, for fear of discovery. Nay, we shall prove, that my Lord Grey has owned and confessed that he had her, that she was in his care and custody, and that he owned the several instances of his amours. But I had rather the evidence should speak it, than I open so much as the nature of it.

Sol. Gen. My lord, we shall call our witnesses, who will very fully make out this evidence that Mr. Attorney has opened to you. That my Lord Grey did a long time make love to this young lady, though he were before married to her sister. This treaty was discovered by my Lady Berkeley last summer, upon an accident of surprising the young lady in writing a letter to my lord, and thereupon my Lady Berkeley chargeth my Lord Grey with these applications to her daughter, that did so much misbecome him. My Lord Grey was then so sensible of his fault, that he seemed very full of penitence, and assured my lady he would never do the like again, and earnestly desired her by all means to conceal it from my Lord Berkeley; for if this should once come to be known to him, he and the young lady would not only be ruined, but it would occasion an irreparable breach between the two families, and of all friendship between my Lord Berkeley and him. And therefore he desired my Lady Berkeley (who had justly forbid him her house for this great crime) lest the world should inquire into the causes of it, and so it should come to be known, that his banishment from her house might not be so soon or sudden? But he begged of her ladyship, that he might be permitted to make one visit more, and with all the protestations in the world assured her, it was not with any purpose of dishonour that he desired to come and see her, but that his departure might be by degrees, and so the less taken notice of. When my lady had thus charged my lord with his unworthy carriage to her family, and he had seemed thus penitent for it, she charges her daughter also, with her giving any allowance to these unbecoming practices of my lord's; she thereupon falls down on her knees to her mother, to ask her pardon for her great offence, and, with tears in her eyes, confessed she had done

very much amiss, and did humbly hope she might obtain forgiveness for it, being young, and led away by my Lord Grey, and promised she would see him no more, nor have anything more to do with him. My Lord Grey he is permitted to come once more to the house, upon those asseverations and promises of his, that it should be with no dishonourable purposes in the world. It was, it seems, in his way to his own house at Sussex, but coming thither, he takes an occasion to continue there, and stay a little too long for a visit; whereupon my Lady Berkeley began to suspect it was not a transient visit he came to make at her house, but that he had some ill design in prosecution of the same fault that he had been so long guilty of. And that suspicion of her's was but too well grounded, as appeared afterwards. Our witnesses will tell you that my Lord Grey, just before his departure, was observed to be very solicitous and earnest with his man Charnock (whom we shall prove by undeniable evidence to be the man that conveyed her away) giving him some directions with great earnestness, what to do was indeed not heard, but the event will plainly shew it. For my Lord Grey himself, he went on his journey into Sussex, and lay at Guildford that night she was carried away, and the next morning she was missing. Thereupon my lady sends after my Lord Grey, justly suspecting him to be guilty of this violence and outrage offered to her daughter and family, and they overtook him at Guildford, before he was got any further on his journey, and there acquaint him the lady was carried away, and that my lady suspected (as well she might) he knew whither. Then immediately he makes haste up to town, and writes my lady a letter, that truly he would take care to restore peace to the family, that by his folly had been so much disturbed: And there were some hopes of retrieving the matter, that this scandal upon so noble a family might not be made public; for certainly an offence of this nature was not fit should be so, nor indeed was ever heard of in any Christian society: I am sure I never read of any such cause in the courts of law. And it was impossible any way to have prevented the scandal, but that which my lady took, to pass over all, by desiring to have her child restored again to her, before such time as it was gone so far, as there is too great reason to suspect it now is. But after that, my Lord Grey was so far from performing what he had so solemnly promised, and making the matter up, that he stood upon terms; he was master of the lady, and he would dispose of her as he thought fit: Third persons and places must be appointed where she must be disposed of; with capitulations, that he should see her as often as he thought fit; which was (if possible) a worse indignity than all that he had done before.

We shall prove to your lordship, that he did, a long time before this violence was offered, make applications to this young lady, and that must (as any man will believe) be upon no good account. We shall shew all the base transactions in carrying away the lady, after that confidence which my lady reposed in his protestations to do nothing dishonourably, so as to admit him to make a visit; which certainly was the greatest breach of the very laws of human society, against all the laws of hospitality, besides the great transgressions of the laws of God and men. Yet even then, he led the lady away. For we shall plainly prove she was carried away by his coachman that once was, afterwards his gentleman, and how she was from time to time conveyed to and fro.

Mr. Serj. *Jefferies*. This story is indeed too melancholy to be often

repeated, the evidence had better tell it: only this one aggravation I would take notice of, which will be made out in the proof to you of this matter charged; and that is this, That my Lord Grey, after such time as it was known she was in his power, gave one reason for his not delivering her up, (and I am sorry to see his lordship should think it a reason) he had inquired how far the law would extend in such a case, and that he knew, and could give a precedent for it (which the witness will tell you of) that the law could not reach him; and that he would not now part with her, but upon such terms, that he might have access to her when he pleased. To such a height of confidence was this gentleman arrived, in this barbarous and infamous wickedness. But, as I said, it is a story too black to be aggravated by any thing but by itself; we shall therefore call our witnesses, and prove our fact.

[About this time the Lady Henrietta came into the court, and was set by the table at the judges' feet.]

Earl of *Berkeley*. My lord, my daughter is here in court, I desire she may be restored to me.

Serj. *Jeff*. Pray, my Lord Berkeley, give us leave to go on, it will be time enough to move that anon. Swear my Lady Berkeley; (which was done, but she seemed not able to speak).

Sol. Gen. I perceive my lady is much moved at the sight of her daughter. Swear my Lady Arabella her daughter; (which was done).

Serj. *Jeff*. Pray, madam, will you acquaint my lords the judges, and jury, what you know concerning the letter you discovered, and how you came by that discovery?

Lady *Arabella*. My mother coming to my Lady Harriett's chamber, and seeing there a pen wet with ink, examined her where she had been writing. She, in great confusion, told her she had been writing her accompts. My mother not being satisfied with her answer, commanded me to search the room. Her maid being then in the room, I thought it not so much for her honour to do it then. I followed my mother down to prayers; after prayers were done, my mother commanded my Lady Harriett to give me the keys of her closet and her cabinet. When she gave me the key, she put into my hands a letter, which was written to my Lord Grey, which was to this effect: "My sister Bell did not suspect our being together last night, for she did not hear the noise. I pray come again Sunday or Monday, if the last, I shall be very impatient."—I suppose my Lady Harriett gave my Lord Grey intelligence that this was found out; for my Lord Grey sent his servant to me, to acquaint me he desired to speak with me. When he came in first, she (I mean my Lady Harriett) fell down upon the ground like a dead creature. My Lord Grey took her up, and afterwards told me, said he, "You see how far it is gone between us;" and he declared to me, he had no love, no consideration for any thing upon earth but for her; "I mean dear Lady Hen," said he to me, for I say it just as he said it. And after this, he told me, he would be revenged of all the family, if they did expose her. I told him it would do us no injury, and I did not value what he did say; for my own particular, I defied him and the devil, and would never keep counsel in this affair. And afterwards, when he told me he had no love, no consideration for any thing upon earth but her, I told my Lady Harriett, "I am very much troubled and amazed, that you can sit by and hear my Lord Grey say and declare, he has no love for any but you, no consideration for any one upon earth

but you, when it so much concerns my sister ; for my part it stabs me to the heart to hear him make this declaration against my poor sister Grey."—[Here she stopt a while.]

Serj. *Jeff.* Pray go on, madam.

Lady Arabella. After this she said nothing ; I told her I suspected my woman had a hand in it, and therefore I would turn her away. This woman, when my Lady Harriett ran away, being charged with it, swore she had never carried any letters between them ; but after my mother's coming to London, both the porter at St. John's, and one Thomas Plomer accused her that she had sent letters to Charnock, who was my Lord Grey's coachman, now his gentleman. I told her then, I did much wonder, she being my servant, should convey letters between them without my knowing : she then confessed it to me, but withal she told me, "How could I think there was any ill between a brother-in-law and a sister?" And upon this she confessed to me she had sent letters to Charnock, though before she had forsworn it.

Att. Gen. Madam, have you any thing farther to testify in this cause? Have you any matters that you remember more?

Lady Arabella. There is more of it to the same effect ; but all of it is only to this effect.

L. C. J. My Lady Arabella, pray let me ask you, have you any more to say to this matter?

Lady Arabella. It is all to this purpose.

Serj. *Jeff.* Then if you please, madam, to turn now your face this way towards the gentlemen of the jury, who have not heard what you said, and give them the same relation that you gave to the court ; and pray be pleased to lean over the seat, and expose yourself a little, and let them have the same story you told before, and pray tell the time when it was.

[Then she turned her face towards the bar,]

Lady Arabella. It was in July, Sir.

Serj. *Jeff.* Pray, madam, tell what happened then.

Lady Arabella. In July last, some time then, my mother came into my Lady Harriett's chamber, and seeing a pen wet with ink, she examined her who she had been writing to. She, in great confusion, told her she had been writing her accompts, but my mother was not satisfied with that answer. The sight of my Lord Grey doth put me quite out of countenance and patience.—[Here she stopped again.]

[My Lord Grey was then by the clerks under the bar, and stood looking very stedfastly upon her.]

L. C. J. Pray, my Lord Grey, sit down (which he did). It is not a very extraordinary thing, for a witness, in such a cause, to be dashed out of countenance.

E. of Berkeley. He would not, if he were not a very impudent barbarous man, look so confidently and impudently upon her.

Serj. *Jeff.* My lord, I would be very loth to deal otherwise than becomes me, with a person of your quality, but indeed this is not so handsome, and we must desire you to sit down. Pray go on, madam.

Lady Arabella then repeated the rest of the evidence she had given, and Serjeant Jefferies proceeded.

Serj. *Jeff.* Now this matter being thus discovered to the Countess of Berkeley, this unfortunate young lady's mother ; she sent for my Lord Grey, and we shall tell you what happened to be discoursed between them two, and between the lady and her mother, and what promises of amendment he made. My Lady Berkeley, pray will you tell what you

know.—[She seemed unable to do it.] She is very much discomposed, the sight of her daughter doth put her out of order.

Lady Arabella. I have something more to say, that is, I told my Lady Harriett, after my Lord Grey had made his declaration of his love to my sister, to me, that if ever he had the impudence to name her name to me, I would immediately go to my father, and tell him all.

[Then the Countess leaned forward, with her hood much over her face.]

Att. Gen. Pray, my Lady Berkeley, compose yourself, and speak as loud as you can.

Lady Berkeley. When I first discovered this unhappy business, how my son-in-law, my Lord Grey, was in love with his sister. I sent to speak with him, and I told him he had done barbarously and basely, and falsely with me. That I looked upon him, next my own son, as one that was engaged to stand up for the honour of my family, and instead of that, he had endeavoured the ruin of my daughter, and had done worse than if he had murdered her. He said, he did confess he had been false, and base, and unworthy to me, but he desired me to consider (and then he shed a great many tears) what it was that made him guilty, and that made him do it. I bid him speak. He said he was ashamed to tell me, but I might easily guess. I then said, what? Are you indeed in love with your sister-in-law? He fell a weeping, and said he was unfortunate; but if I made this business public, and let it to take air (he did not say this to threaten me, he would not have me to mistake him) but if I told my lord her father, and his wife of it, it might make him desperate, and it might put such thoughts into his wife's head, that might be an occasion of parting them and that he being desperate, he did not know what he might do, he might neither consider family, nor relation. I told him this would make him very black in story, though it were her ruin. He said that was true, but he could not help it; he was miserable, and if I knew how miserable, I would pity him: He had the confidence to tell me that. And then he desired, though he said I had no reason to hear him, or take any counsel he gave me (and all this with a great many tears) as if he were my son Dursley, that I would keep his secret. "For my lord, if he heard it, would be in a great passion, and possibly, he might not be able to contain himself, but let it break out into the world. He may call me rogue and rascal perhaps in his passion," said he, "and I should be sorry for it, but that would be all I could do, and what the evil consequence might be, he knew not, and therefore it were best to conceal it." And after many words to pacify me, though nothing indeed could be sufficient for the injury he had done me; he gave it me as his advice, that I would let my daughter Harriett go abroad into public places with myself, and promised, if I did, he would always avoid her. For a young lady to sit always at home, he said it would not easily get her out of such a thing as this. And upon this he said again, he was to go out of town with the D. of M. in a few days, and as he had been frequently in the family before, it would be looked upon as a very strange thing, that he went away, and did not appear there to take his leave. He promised me, that if for the world's sake, and for his wife's sake (that no one might take notice of it) I would let him come there, and sup before he went into the country, he would not offer any thing, by way of letter or otherwise, that might give me any offence. Upon which I did let him come, and he came in at nine o'clock at night, and said, I might very well look ill upon him,

as my daughter also did (his sister Bell) for none else in all the family knew any thing of the matter but she and I. After supper he went away, and the next night he sent his page (I think it was) with a letter to me, he gave it to my woman, and she brought it to me; where he says that he would not go out of town.—If your lordship please, I will give you the letter—But he said he feared my apprehensions of him would continue.—There is the letter.

L. C. J. Show it my Lord Grey, let us see if he owns or denies it.

Lord Grey. Yes, pray do, I deny nothing that I have done.

Mr. Just. Dolben. Be pleased, madam, to put it into the court.

Att. Gen. It is only about his keeping away.

L. C. J. Shew it my Lord Grey.

Serj. Jeff. With submission, my lord, it is fully proved without that.

L. C. J. Then let the clerk read it, brother.

Cl. of Crown. There is no direction, that I see, upon it. It is subscribed Grey.—[Reads.]

“Madam;

“After I had waited on your ladyship last night, Sir Thomas Armstrong came from the D. of M. to acquaint me that he could not possibly go into Sussex; so that journey is at an end. But your ladyship’s apprehensions of me I fear will continue; therefore I send this to assure you, that my short stay in town shall no way disturb your ladyship; if I can contribute to your quiet, by avoiding all places where I may possibly see the lady. I hope your ladyship will remember the promise you made to divert her, and pardon me for minding you of it, since it is to no other end that I do so, but that she may not suffer upon my account; I am sure if she doth not in your opinion, she never shall any other way. I wish your ladyship all the ease that you can desire, and more quiet than ever I expect to have. I am, with great devotion, Your ladyship’s most humble and obedient servant, GREY.”

Att. Gen. Madam, will you please to go on with your evidence.

Lady Arabella. I have one thing more to say: After this, three or four days after this ugly business was found out, I told my Lady Harriet, she was to go to my sister Dursley’s. She was in a great anger and passion about it, which made my mother so exasperated against her, that I was a great while before I got my mother to go near her again.

Serj. Jeff. My Lady Berkeley, please to go on.

Lady Berkeley. When I came to my daughter, (my wretched unkind daughter—I have been so kind a mother to her, and would have died rather, upon the oath I have taken, than have done this, if there had been any other way to reclaim her, and would have done any thing to have hid her faults, and died ten times over, rather than this dishonour should have come upon my family.) This child of mine, when I came up to her, fell into a great many tears, and begged my pardon for what she had done, and said she would never continue any conversation with her brother-in-law any more, if I would forgive her; and she said all the things that would make a tender mother believe her. I told her I did not think it was safe for her to continue at my house, for fear the world should discover it, by my Lord Grey’s not coming to our house as he used to do; and therefore I would send her to my son’s wife, her sister Dursley, for my Lord Grey did seldom or never visit there, and the world would not take notice of it. And I thought it better and safer for her to be there with her sister, than at home with me. Upon which this ungracious child wept so bitterly, and begged so heartily of me that I

would not send her away to her sister's, and told me it would not be safe for her to be out of the house from me. She told me she would obey me in any thing, and said she would now confess to me, though she had denied it before, that she had writ my Lord Grey word that they were discovered, which was the reason he did not come to me upon the first letter that I sent to him to come and speak with me. And she said so many tender things that I believed her penitent, and forgave her, and had compassion upon her, and told her (though she had not deserved so much from me) she might be quiet (seeing her so much concerned), I would not tell her sister Dursley her faults, nor send her thither, till I had spoken with her again. Upon which she, as I thought, continuing penitent, I kissed her in the bed when she was sick, and hoped that all this ugly business was over, and I should have no more affliction with her, especially if my lord removed his family to Durdants, which he did. When we came there, she came into my chamber one Sunday morning before I was awake, and threw herself upon her knees, and kissed my hand, and cried out, Oh, madam! I have offended you, I have done ill, I will be a good child, and will never do so again; I will break off all correspondence with him, I will do what you please, any thing you do desire. Then, said I, I hope you will be happy, and I forgive you. Oh, do not tell my father, (she said) let him not know my faults. No said I, I will not tell him; but if you will make a friend of me, I desire you will have no correspondence with your brother-in-law; and though you have done all this to offend me, I will treat you as a sister more than as a daughter, if you will but use this wicked brother-in-law as he deserves. I tell you that youth, and virtue, and honour, is too much to sacrifice for a base brother-in-law. When she had done this, she came another day into my closet and there wept very much, and cried out, Oh, madam! it is he, he is the villain that has undone me. Why? said I, What has he done? Oh! said she, he hath led me to this. Oh! said I, fear nothing, you have done nothing, I hope, that is ill, but only harkening to his love. Then I took her about the neck and kissed her, and endeavoured to comfort her. Oh, madam! said she, I have not deserved this kindness from you; but it is he, he is the villain: but I will do anything that you will command me to do; if he ever send me any letter, I will bring it to you unopened; but pray do not tell my father of my faults. I promised her I would not, so she would break off all correspondence with him——

[Here she swooned, and soon after recovered and went on.]

————Then my Lord Grey's wife, my daughter Grey, coming down to Durdants, he was to go to his own house at Up-Park in Sussex, and he writ down to his wife to come up to London.——It is possible I may omit some particular things that were done just at such or such a time, but I speak all I can remember in general. My Lord Grey, when I spoke to him of it, told me he would obey me in any thing; if I would banish him the house, he would never come near it; but then he pretended to advise me like my own son, that the world would take notice of it, that therefore it would be better for me to take her abroad with me, he would avoid all places where she came, but he thought it best for her not to be kept too much at home, nor he absolutely forbid the house, but he would by degrees come seldomer, once in six weeks or two months. But to go on to my daughter Grey's coming down to Durdants; he writing to his wife to come up to London, that he might speak to her before he went to his own house at Up-Park; my daughter

Grey desired he might come thither, and it being in his way to Sussex, I writ him word, that believing he was not able to go to Up-Park in one day from London, he might call at my lord's house at Durdants, and dine there by the way, as calling in, intending to lie at Guildford, for it is just the half-way to Guildford. He, instead of coming to dinner, came in at nine o'clock at night (I am sure it was so much) for it was so dark we could hardly see the colour of his horses, from my lord's great gate to the place where we were in the house: And coming at that time of night, I thought if I turned him out of the house, my lord would wonder at it, and so would all the family. Therefore I was forced, as I then thought, in point of discretion, to let him lie there that night, which he did; and he told me, Madam, I had not come here, but upon your ladyship's letter, nothing else should have brought me: because I was to give him leave to come, knowing the faults he had committed against the honour of our family. Upon which I told him, My lord, I hope you have so much honour and generosity in you, after the promises you have made me, and the confidence and indulgence I have shewn you, that you will give my daughter no letters, and I will look to her otherwise, that you shall have no conversation with her. He desired me to walk up with him into the gallery, and there he told me he had brought no letters, and would have had me looked into his pocket. I told him that would be to no purpose, for his man Charnock (whom we knew he did not prefer from being his coachman to be his gentleman but for some extraordinary service he did him, or he thought he would do him) might have letters enough, and we be never the wiser: but I trusted to his honour and his Christianity: and I told him that his going on in any such way would be her utter ruin. He told me he would not stay there any longer than the next day; nay, he would be gone immediately if I pleased, and he sent his coach to London, and had nothing but horses left. But his wife desiring her husband to stay, I had a very hard task to go through, being earnestly pressed, both by her and my own lord's importunities for his stay. But my Lord Grey, whilst he was there, did entertain me with his passion, he had the confidence to do it, and he wished himself the veriest rake-hell in the world, so he had never seen her face since he was married. And, said he, madam, you will always think me a villain, and never have a good opinion of me; I shall be always unfortunate, both in myself and your bad opinion of me. Seeing this, I thought it was time to do something more; and I told him that night he should stay no longer, he should be gone; and his wife seemed to be much concerned, and would fain have him stay. For by this time she began to find out that there was some disorder in her mother and the family, though she knew not what it was; and she sent her sister Lucy to beg he might stay, I told her I would not suffer it: however, she proposed an expedient, how her sister Harriett should take physick, and keep her chamber while he was there. That I was in a sort compelled to do, and I told him, upon their importunity for his stay, that his sister Harriett should be seen no more by him, but take physick while he stayed there: to which he replied, Madam, it is indeed rude for me to say it to you, but I must say it, give me my choice, either to be drowned or hanged. Upon this I was extremely disturbed, and the next morning I told him I was not satisfied he should stay in England; he had ordered his wife to go into France, and she was to go within a month after, I would have him go with her. He told me he had law-suits, and he could not: I told him, he had told me before they were of no great

consequence, and therefore they could not hinder him; and I pressed him very much, and I fell into a great passion at last; and told him, if he did not go, I would tell her father and he should take care of her, to send her where she should be safe enough from him. For I was sensible the world would take notice if he came not thither; and, said I, I am not able to bear you should. Upon this, he promised me with all the oaths, imprecations, and promises in the world, that he would go and follow his wife into France at Christmas, and stay there eight months; and by that time, I did hope, this unfortunate miserable business might be over: for I had a great kindness for my child, and would have done any thing to save her, if it had been in my power, or would yet do any thing: I would give my life that the world did not know so much of it as now it must this day. The world knows I had always the greatest kindness and tenderness for her, which was such, that some that are now here have said since that it was my indulgence to her, and not making it known to my lord, that encouraged this last ill business. And there-upon my Lord Grey was ordered by me to go away, and he promised me so to do, which was upon Saturday. I then went up to her chamber, and saw her very melancholy, and did what I could to comfort her. Said I, I warrant you, by the grace of God, do but do what you ought, and I will bring you off this business; be cheerful, and be not so much cast down (for I thought she was troubled at my carriage to her) and though I said some severe things to you at dinner (as I did talk of her going away, and being sent abroad), be not troubled, for I only meant it out of kindness to you; for all I design, is only to seek an occasion of getting him away; and therefore, as long as he stays, I will seem to whisper with you, and look frowningly upon you, and that if he hath any tenderness for you, he may see I am angry with you, and do the more to leave you at quiet: but take no notice of it, for I now smile to you, though I frowned before him, be not affrighted. In the afternoon I told her the same thing again. But then, said she, he will shew my letters to him, and that will ruin my reputation for ever, and that troubles me; but yet it need not, for I never writ to any man but him, and if he doth shew them, he will expose himself for a base unworthy man, and I can but deny it, and he can never prove it. This is true, said I, and very well said, and therefore be not afraid of him, but trust to the friendship of your mother, and do as you ought to do, and I am confident we shall bring you clear off from this ugly business. And then, said she, but oh, Madam! my sister, my sister Grey, will she forgive me this? I told her, her sister Grey was good-natured and religious, and I made no doubt she would forgive her the folly of her youth, and if she would take up yet, she was young, and her sister would impute it to that, and, said I, I am sure she will forgive you; and I told her I would do all that lay in my power to assist her; and I bid her be cheerful, and trust in God and in my friendship. She was to blame, indeed, she acknowledged, but she was young, and he was cunning, and had made it his business to delude and entice her. I told her it was true, and therefore now she must consider with herself, what was to be done to bring her off, which I doubted not, if she would do but as she ought; she promised me so to do; and yet that very night when I was in my sleep she ran away——

[Here she swooned again.]

Serj. *Jeff.* What time went my Lord Grey away, madam, that day?

Lady Berkeley. He went away about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Serj. *Jeff.* And the ensuing night the lady was gone ?

Lady *Berkeley.* Yes, that night she went away too.

The Lady Theophila Lucy (wife of Sir Kingsmill Lucy, Bart.) another sister-in-law of the accused, gave some additional testimony as to her following Lord Grey, when her sister was missed, and overtaking him; Lord Grey then pretended to Lady Lucy that he knew nothing of the elopement. Several other witnesses proved that Charnock and his wife assisted the Lady Harriett in her flight, and took lodgings for her; that she lodged at the Jones's at Charing Cross, and was attended and taken care of by Jones and his wife; and that Lord Grey came to visit the Lady Harriett there, and at other lodgings, in a disguise. The evidence of one witness to this portion of the case, a Captain Fitz-Gerrard, is quaint, and curious.

Capt. *Fitz-Gerrard.* My lord, it was my fortune six months ago, to take a lodging at Mr. Jones's, and while I kept my lodgings there, I had occasion sometimes to go to Windsor, to wait upon his majesty; and one night coming home to my lodging, my servant that waits upon me in my chamber, told me there was a lodger lately come to the house, who lay in the upper rooms. I asked who it was; he told me the maid of the house told him it was a mistress of my Lord Grey's. I asked how long she had been there; he said it was but two or three days since she came. I never thought of this for four or five days after, nor thought myself obliged to take notice of the discourse of the servant in the house; but being in Covent Garden in company, there was some discourse about my Lady Harriett Berkeley's being gone from her father's, as it was the talk of the town. I came home about nine o'clock at night, and having no servant just then ready to wait upon me, Mr. Jones himself came very kindly to put me to bed. I had some fancy upon the discourse of the town, this might be my Lady Harriett. Upon which, I said to Mr. Jones, you cannot but hear of the report of my Lady Berkeley's being run away from her father, and I know you have a dependance upon my Lord Grey, and I have a suspicion you conceal her in your house. If you do, said I, you do a very dishonest thing, a very ill thing, and occasion a great deal of trouble and disquiet to a noble family. And possibly my lord and my lady may not know she is alive; therefore, I desire you as a friend to make a discovery of the lady, that they may know where she is. He seemed very angry upon my saying of this, and told me, as long as I lodged in his house quietly, I need not trouble myself who lodged there besides. Upon that I thought more earnestly upon this thing; and I told him again, I am resolved to go into the room, and know who this lady is that lies here, for now I suppose there is something more in it. Says he again, nobody shall offer such a rudeness in my house. Said I, I assure you I will do it. He grew very angry, but I went from him to my sword and was going up. Says he, pray Mr. Fitz-Gerrard do not offer such a thing as this is; you would take it unkindly yourself to have your house searched at this time of night. Well, said I, upon condition that I may see her to-morrow morning before she goes away, who she is; I will make no disturbance in your house to-night. Upon that he left the room, promising me I should to-morrow morning see who the lady was. I went out early the next morning upon some necessary business, and coming home between eleven and twelve o'clock, said I to him, now is a very civil time to see this lady, who she is, for it is not fit you should receive any person into your house, in such circumstances, when there is such a cause of

suspicion. Says he, she is now gone out of the house. And this is all that I can say in this matter, I never saw the lady there then, nor did I ever see her in my life but once or twice at Epsom.

The final evidence for the prosecution was also of a singular nature; the party who gave it seems to have been a kind of spy set on Lord Grey. The testimony is as follows:—

Serj. Jeff. My lord, we have but one witness more, and that is a gentleman, who, by order from my Lord and Lady Berkeley, kept my Lord Grey company, and he will tell your lordship what my Lord Grey confessed to him, what a passion he had for the lady, and what methods he used to get rid of it, but could not. Swear Mr. Craven: [which was done.]

Sol. Gen. Will you tell my lord and the jury, whether you were sent by my Lord Berkeley to be with my Lord Grey at Up-Park, and what passed between you?

Mr. Craven. My lord, the Wednesday after my Lady Harriett Berkeley went away, my Lady Berkeley told me my Lord Grey had proffered he would go down into the country for six months, to shew that he had no designs upon her; and therefore, if she would propose some friend of her's to go along with him to keep him company, he would be very well satisfied with it; and then my Lady Berkeley told me she would fix upon nobody but me, if he would take me with him. Then I met my Lord Grey on Wednesday morning at Sir Thomas Armstrong's, and afterwards went down to his house to him. When I came there, he met me on horseback, and came up civilly and kindly to me. I thought fit to give him a caution, having received such orders from my lady. My lord, said I, I am sorry I am forced to come upon such an account as this, to be a guard over your words and actions; and I am very much troubled that this unfortunate thing has happened, and you are reputed to be the occasion of it. Says he, I do own, Craven, I have done a very ill thing; but that is past, I cannot help that now; but the thing that is to be thought on is, what is to be done for the future. My lord, said I, the best way, if I may give you my advice, were to send her home again, before any report be spread abroad of the business. How can that be? says he, I do not know where she is, but I have had a letter from her, as I told my lady, I did believe I should find a letter here when I came down. I will shew you the letter, which he did. My lord, said I, this letter will be thought as of your penning before you came out of town. I cannot tell what they will think, said he, but here it is. Said I, my lord, I have a great respect for your lordship, and do very much desire, for your own reputation and honour, as well as their's, it may be made up in some way before it be too public. We were discoursing of this. How shall that be done, says my Lord Grey. My lord, said I, if you would consent to this, to send her over into France, to Calais or Dieppe, we will there find some body that will help her into a nunnery; and when she is there, she may write to her mother, that she found she had an intention to marry her to a match she could not by any means approve or like of, and therefore she went away to prevent her being forced to it; and this would be as plausible a thing as any in the world. And when that letter should come, my Lady Berkeley should shew it about to her friends; nay more, she should go over herself to fetch her back again, that she might receive her into her house with honour. He said, that was a very plausible thing, and he would do it, if he could tell where she was; but her letter to him was, that she was

gone from her father, but she did not think fit to let him know where she was, for fear he should deliver her up again. Then my Lord Grey asked me in what condition they were all at my Lord Berkeley's about it. Said I, they are in such a confusion and trouble they are all mad almost. Says he, how does my lord bear it? Said I, he is so afflicted that it will go near to break his heart. Says he, he is indeed one of the men in the world that is to be pitied; she pitieth him very much, but for her mother she doth not care. One day when we went out a shooting, as we did several days together; Mr. Craven, says he, I will tell you the whole intrigue between my Lady Harriett and I. I have had a great affection for her ever since she was a child, and have always been taking great delight in her company; and keeping her company so often till she grew up, my passion grew to that height, that I could stifle it no longer, but I was forced to tell her of it, and then I could not speak to her of it, but writ. But withal I begged her to take no notice of it to any body, for if she did it would ruin us both. She was very angry to hear of it, and neither by writing nor speaking could I perceive she had any affection for me again till the Parliament sat at Oxford; and then I did pursue my love, and at last, she one day told me, said she, I have now considered of it, and if you do not leave writing or speaking to me of this matter, the very first time you write or speak to me again, I will tell my father and mother of it. That struck him so, he said, that he did not know almost what to say or what to do, and he walked up and down just like a ghost; but he hid it as well as he could, that it should not be perceived by others. But that parliament being quickly dissolved, he did intend to go down to Sussex to his house there, as he found she was resolved against admitting his affection, and he would stay there several years, till he had weaned himself of his passion, and by that time she would be disposed of otherwise, and he might be at ease. And he, hiding his trouble as much as he could from my Lord Berkeley and my lady, forbore to speak to her, but only when he saw her he could not forbear looking earnestly upon her and being troubled. My Lord Berkeley, not knowing anything of it, asked him to go to London with us and not to Sussex? he was very much persuaded by my lord and my lady to it: and at last my Lady Harriett Berkeley came to him, and told him, said she, you are very much persuaded by my father and mother to go to London and not to Up-Park, why do not you go with them? Madam, says he, you have stopped my journey to London, you have hindered my going with them, for I will rather suffer any thing than render you any disturbance, and if I go to London with you, I shall not be able to contain myself; but if I go to Sussex, I alone shall have the trouble of it. But one day, when my Lord of Aylesbury was leading my Lady Berkeley, and my Lord Grey was leading my Lady Harriett, she took my Lord Grey's hand and squeezed it against her breast, and there was the first time he perceived she loved him again; and then she told him he should go to London with them; and he did go, and from that time, for a twelve-month before she went away, he did see her frequently, almost every night, pursuing his amour in writing, and speaking to her as often as he could have opportunity.

Att. Gen. Pray tell us on what terms he insisted upon, for his parting with her, and what he said the law was in the case?

Mr. Craven. I told him, my lord, besides the dishonour you bring upon yourself and two noble families, you should do all that in you lies to avoid the punishment that will come upon you for it by the law. Oh,

says he, you mistake yourself in that, for you must think I have considered of all that before; they cannot do any thing in law against me for it; let them examine the case of Mrs. Heneage and my Lord Cavendish.

Att. Gen. What, did he say he would not part with her but upon terms?

Mr. Craven. He said, I cannot persuade her and I will not betray her. Truly, said I, my lord, you had better betray her, and when she comes to be sensible of her own good, she will thank you for it. Then he owned he had her in his power, but would not part with her never to see her again.

Att. Gen. What were the terms he stood upon?

Mr. Craven. My Lady Berkeley sent me to the coffee-house, and desired me to ask him, if he would give her an answer to what she had met him at my lord chief justice's about. My lord told me, he did not approve of sending her to the place proposed, but he would send her to his own sister, his brother-in-law Mr. Nevil's; I told my lady of it, who said, if he did state the case right to Mr. Nevil, she was sure he would not receive her, nor let him come to her if he did. After that Mr. Petit's was proposed, so he might visit her. But he did say, if that be the design, that they would have her from me, and I not to come at her when I please, they shall never see her while they live, nor will I ever deliver her.

Serj. Jeff. We rest here, to know what they on the other hand say to it, and we think this foul fact is fully proved.

Lord Cavendish. My lord chief justice, I desire to be heard one word in this matter. This gentleman, Mr. Craven, that was last examined, has been pleased to tell a very long improbable story in itself, and amongst other things that he has said, he has been pleased to make use of my name impertinently enough: for he speaks of a case that that noble lord, he says, was pleased to mention to him.

Lord Chief Justice. My Lord Cavendish, I could have wished he had not named your lordship, because it was not at all to the purpose.

Lord Cavendish. My lord, I am not concerned at it at all, more than at the impertinency of his using my name.

L. C. J. I could have wished, indeed, the gentleman had spared your lordship's name.

Lord Grey, in his defence, protested his innocence. No man, he said, ever lay under a more infamous accusation: his honour was at stake, and if his life was so too, he should not be more concerned to save it, than he was to clear his reputation. Was he guilty of the villainy laid to his charge, he needed no other punishment; he was sure he could not have a worse than the reflection of his own conscience for it; and he ought to be banished the society of mankind. He confessed he was so unhappy as to have a great kindness for the unfortunate lady, though not a criminal one, as the witnesses would have it believed. He protested he was no way assisting to her escape, or privy to it: nor had he ever detained her from her father, though he had suffered a fortnight's close confinement for it. That one day, when he was at a coffee-house in Covent Garden, indeed, the young lady called in a coach at the door, and sent for him; and when he came to the coach side, she gave him a tedious history of her ill usage at home, which made her come away. He observed, that he acquainted his lordship, the Chief Justice, when the warrants were out to search for her, that she sought only for protection, and was willing to return home, if she might be secured from

being ill-treated again. And then, when his lordship said, he, Lord Grey, could not protect her against her father, he answered, she was not in his house, nor in his custody; and his only crime was, that he knew where she was. If he deserved punishment for keeping his word and faith with her, which he gave her upon her importunity in a letter, *that he would not betray her*, he must submit to it, he could not do otherwise.

The Lady Harriett herself being sworn, at the desire of Lord Grey's counsel, deposed that his lordship had no hand in her escape: she had no advice from him or any body about him to go away: nor did she see Lord Grey till a great while after she went from her father's; the first time was in a hackney coach, at a coffee-house door in Covent Garden: nor did any of those mentioned in the information assist her to escape from Durdants. Her ladyship then desired to clear her reputation, and tell the cause of her coming away from her father's; but the Chief Justice said he saw no reason to indulge her so far, unless she had appeared more ingenuous in her evidence. She had injured her own fame, had degraded herself, and was not to be believed.

After the Lord Chief Justice had summed up the evidence, and the jury had withdrawn to consider their verdict, the following extraordinary scene took place in open court.

Earl of Berkeley. My lord chief justice, I desire I may have my daughter delivered to me again.

L. C. J. My Lord Berkeley must have his daughter again.

Lady Henrietta. I will not go to my father again.

Just. Dolben. My lord, she being now in court, and there being a *Homine replegiando* against my Lord Grey, for her, upon which he was committed, we must now examine her. Are you under any custody or restraint, Madam?

Lady Henrietta. No, my lord, I am not.

L. C. J. Then we cannot deny my Lord Berkeley the custody of his own daughter.

Lady Henrietta. My lord, I am married.

L. C. J. To whom?

Lady Henrietta. To Mr. Turner.

L. C. J. What Turner? Where is he?

Lady Henrietta. He is here in court.

[He being among the crowd, way was made for him to come in, and he stood by the lady and the judges.]

L. C. J. Let's see him that has married you. Are you married to this ady.

Mr. Turner. Yes, I am so, my lord.

L. C. J. What are you?

Mr. Turner. I am a gentleman.

L. C. J. Where do you live?

Mr. Turner. Sometimes in town, sometimes in the country.

L. C. J. Where do you live when you are in the country?

Mr. Turner. Sometimes in Somersetshire.

Just. Dolben. He is, I believe, the son of Sir William Turner that was the advocate, he is a little like him.

Serj. Jeff. Ay, we all know Mr. Turner well enough. And to satisfy you this is all a part of the same design, and one of the foulest practices that ever was used, we shall prove he was married to another person before, that is now alive, and has children by him.

Mr. *Turner*. Ay, do, Sir George, if you can, for there never was any such thing.

Serj. *Jeff*. Pray, Sir, did not you live at Bromley with a woman as man and wife, and had divers children, and living so intimately were you not questioned for it, and you and she owned yourselves to be man and wife ?

Mr. *Turner*. My lord, there is no such thing ; but this is my wife I do acknowledge.

Att. Gen. We pray, my lord, that he may have his oath.

Mr. *Turner*. My lord, here are the witnesses ready to prove it that were by:

Earl of *Berkeley*. Truly as to that, to examine this matter by witnesses, I conceive this Court, though it be a great Court, yet has not the cognizance of marriages : and though here be a pretence of a marriage, yet I know you will not determine it, how ready soever he be to make it out by witnesses, but I desire she may be delivered up to me, her father, and let him take his remedy.

L. C. J. I see no rea-on but my lord may take his daughter.

Earl of *Berkeley*. I desire the Court will deliver her to me.

Just. *Dolben*. My lord, we cannot dispose of any other man's wife, and they say they are married. We have nothing to do in it.

L. C. J. My Lord Berkeley, your daughter is free for you to take her ; as for Mr. *Turner*, if he thinks he has any right to the lady, let him take his course. Are you at liberty and under no restraint ?

Lady *Henrietta*. I will go with my husband.

Earl of *Berkeley*. Hussey, you shall go with me home.

Lady *Henrietta*. I will go with my husband.

Earl of *Berkeley*. Hussey, you shall go with me, I say.

Lady *Henrietta*. I will go with my husband.

Mr. *Williams*. Now the lady is here, I suppose my Lord Grey must be discharged of his imprisonment.

Serj. *Jeff*. No, my lord, we pray he may be continued in custody.

L. C. J. How can we do that, brother, the commitment upon the Writ De Homine Replegiando is but till the body be produced, and here she is, and says she is under no restraint.

Serj. *Jeff*. My lord, if you please to take a little time to consider of it, we hope we may satisfy you that he ought still to be in custody.

L. C. J. That you can never do, brother.

Serj. *Jeff*. But your lordship sees upon the proofs to day this is a cause of an extraordinary foul nature, and what verdict the jury may give upon it we do not know.

Att. Gen. The truth of it is, we would have my Lord Grey forthcoming, in case he should be convicted, to receive the judgment of the Court.

L. C. J. You cannot have judgment this term, Mr. Attorney, that is to be sure ; for there are not four days left. And my Lord Grey is to be found to be sure ; there never yet, before this, was any thing that reflected upon him, though this, indeed, is too much and too black if he be guilty.

Just. *Dolben*. Brother, you do ill to press us to what cannot be done ; we, it may be, went further than ordinary in what we did, in committing him, being a peer, but we did it to get the young lady at liberty ; here she now appears, and says she is under no restraint ; what shall we do ?

She is properly the plaintiff in the *Homine Replegiando*, and must declare, if she please, but we cannot detain him in custody.

L. C. J. My lord shall give security to answer her suit upon the *Homine Replegiando*.

Mr. Williams. We will do it immediately.

L. C. J. We did, when it was moved the other day by my brother *Maynard*, who told us of ancient precedents, promise to look into them; and when we did so, we found them to be as much to the purpose, as if he had cast his cap into the air, they signified nothing at all to his point. But we did then tell him (as we did at first tell my lord so) if he did produce the lady, we would immediately bail him. And she being now produced, we are bound by law to bail him. Take his bail.

[And accordingly he was bailed at the suit of the Lady *Henrietta Berkeley*, by *Mr. Forrester*, and *Mr. Thomas Wharton*.]

Earl of Berkeley. My lord, I desire I may have my daughter again.

L. C. J. My lord, we do not hinder you, you may take her.

Lady Henrietta. I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley. Then all that are my friends seize her I charge you.

L. C. J. Nay, let us have no breaking of the peace in the Court. But, my Lord *Cavendish*, the Court does perceive you have apprehended yourself to be affronted by that gentleman *Mr. Craven's* naming you in his evidence; and taking notice of it, they think fit to let you know, that they expect you should not think of righting yourself, as they have some thoughts you may intend. And therefore you must lay aside any such thoughts of any such satisfaction. You would do yourself more wrong by attempting to right yourself in any such way.

Lord Cavendish. My lord, I am satisfied that your lordship does think it was impertinently spoken by him, and shall not concern myself any further, but only desire that the Court would give him some reproof for it.

Then the Court broke up, and passing through the hall there was a great scuffle about the lady, and swords drawn on both sides, but my lord chief justice coming by, ordered the tipstaff that attended him (who had formerly a warrant to search for her and take her into custody) to take charge of her, and carry her over to the King's-bench; and *Mr. Turner* asking if he should be committed too, the chief justice told him he might go with her if he would, which he did, and as it is reported, they lay together that night in the Marshal's-house, and she was released out of prison, by order of the Court, the last day of the term.

On the morning after the trial, being Friday the 24th November, the jury that tried the cause, having (as is usual in all cases not capital tried at the bar, where the Court do not sit long enough to take the verdict) given in a private verdict the evening before, at a judge's chamber; which was, that all the defendants were guilty of the matters charged in the information, except *Rebecca Jones*, who was not guilty; which verdict being recorded, was commended by the Court and the king's counsel, and the jury discharged.

But in the next vacation the matter was compromised, and so no judgment was ever prayed, or entered upon record, but *Mr. Attorney-General* was pleased, before the next Hilary-Term, to enter a *Noli Prosequi* as to all the defendants.

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

(Annotated.)

HARECOURT. Errand de Harcourt, (descended from Bernard the Dane, to whom Rollo of Normandy granted, A. D. 876, the Lordship of Harcourt in that Duchy) commanded the Archers of Val de Ruel in the Conqueror's army, but returned to his hereditary possessions immediately after William's coronation. His next brother Robert, however, who had also accompanied the expedition to England, remained in the conquered country. His son, William de Harcourt, a gallant adherent of Henry I., against Robert Curthose, commanded the troops which defeated the Earl of Mellent in 1123, and received in recompense a great addition of territory in England. Of his three sons, the eldest **ROBERT**, Baron of Harcourt, Elbœuf, &c. was ancestor of the Viscounts of Chatelleraut, the Comtes d'Harcourt, the Marquises and Dukes of Harcourt in France; and the second Ivo, who inherited all his father's English possessions, became the founder of the noble House of **HARCOURT** in this country, of which was the famous lawyer, **SIMON**, Lord **HARCOURT**, Lord Chancellor, *temp.* Queen Anne. The present male representative of the English Harcourts, is **GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT**, Esq. of Ankerwycke, co. Bucks, who descends from Philip Harcourt Esq. brother of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

HOUELL OR HOVELL. The descendants of the Norman Houell were seated in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, at Hillington in the former and at Ashfield in the latter, bearing for arms "sa. a cross. or." One of them, Richard Hovell, Esquire, of the body to Henry V., was ancestor of the family of Hovell, which adopted the surname of Smith, and the coheirress of which, Elizabeth dau. of Robert Smith, alias Hovell, Esq. *m.* in 1730 the Rev. Thomas Thurlow,

Rector of Ashfield, co. Suffolk, and had three sons, **EDWARD** Lord Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, Thomas, Bishop of Durham, (whose son Edward, late Lord Thurlow, took the additional surname of **HOVELL**) and John, Alderman of Norwich.

HAKET. The Hackets of Niton, in the Isle of Wight, were the descendants of the Haket of the Battle Abbey Roll. The eventual heiress, Agnes, daughter of John Hackett, Esq. of Niton, *m.* John Lye, Esq. of Dorsetshire, and was mother of Anne Lye, wife of Sir James Worsley, Constable of Carisbrook Castle. Dominus Paganus de Haket, who also derived his descent from the soldier of Hastings, accompanied Henry II., to Ireland, and acquired broad lands and seignories there; and his descendants, generation after generation, were parliamentary Barons and potent Magnates in the sister kingdom. They are now represented by **MICHAEL HACKETT**, Esq. of Brooklawn, co. Dublin.

HAMOUND. Among the many of his own kin, who accompanied the Duke of Normandy on his invasion of England were two brothers, sons or grandsons of Hamon Dentatus,—Robert Fitz-Hamon, the renowned Conqueror of Glamorganshire; and Haimon, called in the Domesday Survey, "Dapifer," from his having received the office of Lord Steward for the King; (see vol ii. p. 157). The latter *d.* issueless; and the former left four daus. only, three of whom devoted themselves to conventual lives, and the fourth, Mabel, *m.* Robert Fitzroy, Earl of Gloucester. Haimon Dentatus appears to have had at least two other sons, **RICHARD** of Granville and Corbeil, ancestor of the Granville family, illustrious in the ranks of the peers and landed proprietors; and **CREUQUER**, as he is styled in the Battle

Abbey Roll, who inherited the Barony of Chatham from Robert Fitz-Hamon and many of the Kentish estates of Hamon Dapifer. Creuquer, or Crève-cœur, had his manors erected into a lordship, called by distinction "Baronia de Crèvequer," and from Chatham being its head, his descendants generally wrote themselves DOMINI DE CETHAM. We find these honours, in the reign of Richard I., in possession of Haimon de Crèvequer, who *d.* in 1203, leaving Robert Haimon, his heir. Haimon joined in the confederacy of the Barons under Simon de Montfort against Henry III., and was among those who in consequence lost their estates. From him lineally descended Ralph Heyman or Hayman, of Sellenge, co. Kent, ancestor of the Heymans of Somerfield, extinct Baronets, and Roger Hayman, who to avoid religious persecutions in Queen Mary's reign, fled into Devonshire, where he established a line represented now both in Somersetshire and Ireland. The present chief of the Irish portion of the family is MATTHEW HAYMAN, Esq., of South Abbey, Youghal, a magistrate for the county of Cork.

KARRE. Two brothers, Ralph and John, descended from the Norman Karre, passed from England into Scotland sometime in the 13th century, and laid the foundation of those two illustrious Houses, KER of FERNIHURST, now represented by the Marquess of Lothian, and KER of CESFORD, whose chief is the DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

KIRIELL. Robert, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's father, in order to keep in check the people of the Pays de Dol, built in the year 1030 a castle at Cazel or Cheruel upon the Coesnon, a river which then divided the provinces of Normandy and Brittany. This place gave name to a family, which became highly distinguished in succeeding generations, and of which was the Norman knight, Kiriell, who appears on the Battle Abbey Roll. Among the more celebrated personages of the name, we may mention Hue Kyriell, Admiral of the French, and Nicholas Kiriell, Admiral of the English Fleet, in the 14th century; Yvon Cheruel, the brother in arms of Bertrand du Guesclin, and Sir Thomas Kyriell, K.G. a gallant military Commander, and a devoted adherent of the house of York, who was beheaded by Queen Margaret,

after the second Battle of St. Albans. The only family of eminence bearing a similar name and similar arms now existing in this country, is that of KYRLE, of Much Marele, co. Hereford, represented by the REV. WILLIAM MONEY-KYRLE, of Hom House, one of whose collateral ancestors, JOHN KYRLE has acquired from Pope, as the MAN OF ROSS, a claim to immortality more deserving of the world's esteem, than could be derived from all the honours of war. The family of Stansfeld, of Stansfeld, and of the Island of Jersey, deriving from Wyon Maryon, of a noble house in Brittany, to whom the extensive township in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whence he adopted his surname, was granted by the Conqueror, claims a common origin, with the Kyriels and Kyrles, from the Kiriell of the Battle Abbey Roll. Claude Marion, Seigneur de Kerhouel, had confirmation, in 1669, of the noble descent of the family of Marion, and of their ancient arms, the charges of which—the three fleurs-de-lis—are the same as those now used by the representatives of the MAN OF ROSS.

LACY.—Two distinguished members of this ancient family, namely—Walter de Lacie and Ilbert de Lacie, came into England with the Conqueror; but it has not been ascertained in what degree of relationship they stood to each other. WALTER was one of the Commanders whom WILLIAM sent into Wales to subjugate the principality; and being victorious, he acquired large possessions there, in addition to those already obtained as his portion of the spoil of Hastings. These, vastly augmented by royal favour, and extensive grants in Ireland, descended, in the course of time, to Walter de Laci, "vir inter omnes nobiles Hiberniæ, eminentissimus," whose granddaughters and co-heiresses were Maud, wife of Peter de Geneva, and Margery, wife of John de Verdon. ILBERT DE LACI, the fellow-soldier, if not kinsman, of Walter, had, from his Royal Master, a grant of the castle and town of Brokenbridge, Yorkshire, which he afterwards denominated, in the Norman dialect, Pontefract. From him sprang the De Lacys, Constables of Chester, and Earls of Lincoln, whose last male-heir

Henry de Lacy, third Earl of Lincoln, and *jure uxoris*, Earl of Salisbury, one of the most eminent noblemen of his time, died in 1312, "at his mansion-house, called Lincoln's Inn, in the suburbs of London, which he himself had erected," leaving an only daughter and heir, ALICE, Countess of Lincoln and Salisbury, who married, first, Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, secondly, Eubold le Strange, and thirdly, Hugh le Frenes; but died without issue. The curious privilege, "the patronage of the minstrels," which was enjoyed by the Duttons, had its origin in the services of Roger de Lacy, Constable of Chester, (great grandfather of the last Earl of Lincoln.) In his time, Ranulph, Earl of Chester, having entered Wales at the head of some forces, was compelled by superior numbers, to shut himself up in the castle of Rothelaw, where, being closely besieged by the Welch, he sent to De Lacy, Constable of Chester, who forthwith marched to his relief, at the head of a concourse of people then collected at the fair of Chester, consisting of minstrels and loose characters of all descriptions, forming altogether so numerous a body, that the besiegers, at their approach, mistaking them for soldiers, immediately raised the siege. For this timely aid, the Earl conferred upon de Lacy and his heirs the patronage of all the minstrels in those parts; which patronage the Constable transferred to his Steward, Dutton and his heirs. The privilege was—"that at the Midsummer Fair, held at Chester, all the minstrels of that country resorting there, do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's Church, (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country,) one of them walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding two and two, and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. When divine service terminates, the like attendance upon Dutton to his lodging, where a court being kept by his Steward and all the minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are made for the government of the society of minstrels."

LATIMER.—This surname is said to have been adopted from the tenure

of certain lands, which required the possessor thereof to act as "latimer," or *interpreter*. In English history it occupies a prominent place, and has been borne at various times by the most distinguished warriors. In the reign of Henry III. flourished WILLIAM DE LATIMER, a crusader under Prince Edward, and a gallant soldier in the French wars; and under Edward III., William, Lord Latimer, his great grandson, a warrior of great renown, celebrated for a victory achieved over Charles of Blois, at the siege of Doveroy, where, with only 1600 men, English and Britons, he encountered that Prince, who had come to the relief of the place, at the head of 3,600 men; and defeated and slew him, besides nearly a thousand knights and esquires; taking prisoners also, two earls, twenty seven lords, and fifteen hundred men at arms. The only child and heiress of this heroic soldier, was ELIZABETH LATIMER, married, 1st, to John, Lord Nevill, of Raby; and 2nd, to Robert, Lord Willoughby de Eresby. Another branch of the house of Latimer were the Lords Latimer of Braybroke, whose eventual representative (in the female line) EDWARD GRIFFIN, was created in 1688 Baron GRIFFIN of BRAYBROKE.

LOVEDAY.—A family of this name, bearing for arms, "per pale arg. and sa, an eagle displayed with two heads, counterchanged; armed, membered, and ducally gorged or," is seated at Williamscoote, co. Oxford, being now represented by JOHN LOVEDAY, Esq., High Sheriff of the county in 1841.

LOVELL.—Robert, Lord of Breherval and Yvery in Normandy, a younger son, it is stated, of Eudes, sovereign Duke of Brittany, was the potent noble to whom this entry on the Roll of Battle Abbey refers. He received from the Conqueror a grant of the Lordships of Kary and Harpetre, in the county of Somerset; but returned eventually to his native Duchy; where he assumed the cowl, and died a monk in the abbey of Bec, leaving three sons, of whom the eldest, Ascelin Gouel de Pereval, succeeded his father as Lord of Breherval. This feudal chief held, like his predecessor, a distinguished place in the

Norman army, and was rewarded for his services with divers manors, particularly Weston and Stawel, co. Somerset. He was a man of violent temper, and thence acquired the surname of "Lupus." Ordericus Vitalis gives the particulars of a long and extraordinary dispute which Ascelin had with the Earl of Bretevil, and which ended by his obtaining his own terms, after sustaining a siege of two months, in his castle of Breherval, against a powerful army, commanded by the ablest captains of the age, which terms included the retention of the fortress, and the hand of Isabella, the Earl of Bretevil's only daughter in marriage. The issue of the union thus accomplished, were seven sons and one daughter. Of the former, the eldest Robert, Earl of Yvery, died *s. p.* in 1121, and was *s.* by his brother, WILLIAM, surnamed "Lupellus," or the little wolf, which designation was softened into *lupel*, and thence to *luvel*. By Auberice, his wife, sister of Walleran de Bellemonte, Earl of Mellent, William Lupellus had five sons; 1st, WALERAN, Lord of Yvery in Normandy; 2nd, RALPH, Lord of Castle Kary, in Somersetshire, died *s. p.*; 3rd, HENRY, ancestor of the Lords Lovel of Kary, whose heiress, Muriel Lovel, *m.* Sir Nicholas St. Maur, Lord St. Maur; 4th, William, ancestor of the LOVELS of Tichmersh; and 5th, Richard, who retained the original surname of Perceval, and from whom descended the EARLS of EG-MONT. The Lovels of Tichmersh, who had summons to Parliament, 26th January, 1297, were a baronial family of considerable distinction. The last baron, Francis, 9th Lord Lovel of Tichmersh, created Viscount Lovel in 1483, was an eminent military commander, and is said to have fallen at the battle of Stoke, fighting in support of the pretensions of Lambert Simnell. The circumstance, however, of his lordship's death at Stoke admits of doubt, for after the battle he was certainly seen endeavouring on horseback to swim the river Trent; yet, from this period, no further mention is made of him by any of our historians. A rumour prevailed that he had, for the time, preserved his life, by retiring into some secret place, and that he was eventually starved to death, by the

treachery or negligence of those in whom he had confided; which report seems, in later days, to be confirmed by a very particular circumstance related in a letter from William Cowper, Esq., clerk of the Parliament, concerning the supposed finding of the body of Francis, Lord Lovel:—

Hertingfordbury Park, 9 Aug. 1737.

SIR—I met t'other day with a memorandum I had made some years ago, perhaps not unworthy of notice. You may remember, that Lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII., giving an account of the battle of Stoke, says of the Lord Lovell, who was among the rebels, that he fled and swam over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover the further side, by reason of the steepness of the bank, and so was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but states that he lived long after in a cave or vault. Apropos to this; on the 6th of May, 1728, the present Duke of Rutland related in my hearing, that about twenty years then before—viz. in 1708, upon occasion of new laying a chimney at Minster Luvel, there was discovered a large vault under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, &c.; in another part of the room lay a cap, all much mouldered and decayed, which the family and others judged to be the Lord Lovel, whose exit has hitherto been so uncertain.

W. COWPER.

Hence it may be inferred that this once powerful but ill-fated nobleman retired secretly to his own castle; and having entrusted himself to some friend or dependent, died either by treachery or neglect—a melancholy period to the fortunes of one of the greatest and most active personages of the era in which he flourished. In his lordship vested the baronies of Lovel, Holand, D'Eyncourt, and Grey of Rotherfield, all of which fell under the attainder that closed the last act of his life's tragedy. One of Lord Lovel's manors—that of Bayons, co. Lincoln, has become, by subsequent grant and re-purchase, the property of the Right Honourable CHARLES TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT, who descends from the heir-male of this distinguished warrior.

LUCY.—The first mention of the family of Lucy is in a render made by King Henry I. of the lordship of Dice, in Norfolk, to Richard de Lucie, governor of Falais, who subsequently acted a prominent part in the contests of Stephen's reign, and was more than once LIEUTENANT OF ENGLAND.—The affinity which existed between that celebrated noble and Reginald de Lucie, the ancestor of the Lords Lucy,

whose heiress Maud, wedded Henry Percy, 1st Earl of Northumberland, Dugdale declares his inability to discover. The Lucys of Charlecote, co. Warwick, (Shakespeare's Lucys) now represented by WILLIAM FULK LUCY, Esq., descend from Sir William de Charlecote, who changed his name to Lucy, from the fact, it is supposed, of his mother being the heiress of some branch of the great baronial family of Lucy.

LASCALES.—This Norman adventurer seems to have been requited for his services by grants in the Northern counties, particularly in Yorkshire, where his descendants were seated at a very early period. Dugdale states that the family produced divers persons of great note many ages since;—the chief of whom was ROGER DE LASCELS, summoned to Parliament as a baron, *temp.* EDWARD I. From this ancient stock, the Earls of Harewood claim descent.

LOTRELL.—In the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen, Sir J. Luttrell, (son or grandson probably of the Norman warrior,) held, *in capite*, the manor of Hoton Pagnel, in Yorkshire, which eventually devolved upon an heiress, who married John Scott, feudal Lord of Calverley, and Steward of the household to the Empress Maud. Of the derivative branches were the feudal barons of Irnham, the EARLS OF CARHAMPTON and the LUTTRELLS of Dunster, co. Somerset.

LONGUEVALE.—The descendants of the Norman Longueville became Lords of Overton, co. Huntingdon, and Wolverton, Bucks; and in one branch vested the barony of Grey de Ruthin. During the great civil war, they arrayed themselves under the royal banner, and suffered, in consequence, loss and confiscation. The chief of the house, Sir Edward Longueville, of Wolverton, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I. His grandson, Sir Thomas Longueville, last Bart., was seated at Prestatyn, co. Flint and Eslusham, co. Denbigh. He married Maria Margareta, dau. of Sir John Conway, Bart., and left three daughters, his co-heirs, *viz.* : 1. Maria Margareta, who *m.* 1st, Thomas Jones; 2nd, Joseph Taylor, gent., by the former of whom she was grandmother of Thomas Longueville Jones, Esq., of Prestatyn, who took the name of Longueville, and of Hugh Jones, Esq., of Lark Hill, West Derby, co. Lancaster; 2nd, Conway, who *m.* George Hope, Esq., and died *s. p.*; and 3rd, Harry, *m.* to the Rev. Richard Williams, of Cron, co. Flint.

* * Mr. Partridge, the tasteful Heraldic artist of Great Portland Street, has finished (since we first commenced our Annotations), a very beautifully illuminated copy of this celebrated Roll of the warriors of Hastings, for Lady Webster, the present possessor of Battle Abbey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRICIAN.

SIR,—In looking over an old foreign work, I found the following arms belonging to a French family, of the name of Goulaine de Ladouiniene de la Grande Babatne; “per pale, the arms of England and France,” with this singular motto, “Ici et la je donne des couronnes,” but I have never been able to trace the origin of such a grant. Could any of the readers of the Patrician enlighten me?

Yours, M.

THE BELL FOUNDER OF BRESLAU.

PARAPHRASED FROM WILHELM MÜLLER.

THERE lived in Breslau city once,
A bell founder, 'tis told,
The cunning'st master of his craft—
A burgher wise and bold.

Full many a bell his hands had wrought,
Pealed out the solemn sound
Of bidding from the Minster tower—
From shrines and convents round.

Why spoke in deepest melody,
Each bell that bore his name?—
The master's faith informed the mould—
His prayers had fanned the flame!

And yet of founder's art the pride
Of all his tasks the crown,
The Bell of blood—the sinner's bell,
Is called, at Breslau town.

From Magd'len's tower it pours the chime
That tells of God on high:—
O many a pardoned soul that voice
Has welcomed to the sky!

How oft upon this toil of love,
With anxious thought bestowed,
The master's wearied fingers paused—
His manly visage glowed!

And when the auspicious day was come,
The crowning labour near—
Behold! the form is walled secure,
The molten flood is clear.

Prompt at his call the Tyro stands
Fast by the cauldron side;—
"I leave thee at the furnace
To watch awhile," he cried.

"A beaker I must quaff, or ere
The gush begins—for know,
'Tis thus we make the clammy mess
In readier current flow!

But mark me well—to touch the spout,
 Thy meddling hands refrain :
 By Heaven ! thy life is forfeit else—
 Rash boy ! thy prayers were vain !”

Now in the seething fiery flood,
 The wondering youth surveys,
 How brisk, with eddying bubbles high,
 The ruddy demon plays !

With hissing din his ears are drowned,
 His frame is trembling o'er ;
 And toward the spout his hand is drawn,
 As by magnetic power.

He feels it in his grasp—it moves—
 'Tis turned : Oh, luckless day !
 Half conscious, with averted eyes,
 He shrieked, in wild dismay.

Then headlong to the master,
 To tell his fault he flies ;
 And clasped his knees—and “ mercy !”
 In piteous accents cries.

But scarce his first half uttered words,
 The doleful truth declare ;
 When passion stormed the listener's breast ;
 Nor yields to pity there.

He lifts the knife—the hapless boy
 Lies weltering in his gore :—
 Then to the fire in reckless haste—
 For reason swayed no more—

Perchance to check the rushing stream,
 The frantic master hies ;
 But see ! the pan is full—the spout
 No burning drop supplies.

'Tis freed—and quick the bell (but ah !
 The sight no joy bestows)
 Before his eyes, of matchless form,
 Uncracked, unblemished, rose !

He turned, his work forgot—the youth
 Lay stretched and pale to view :—
 Oh, master, cruel master !
 Thy aim had been too true !

A self accuser to the throne
 Of Justice prompt he speeds ;
 And at the tale of guilt deplored
 Each heart with pity bleeds.

But none may save :—the listening crowd
 Stood mute in shuddering awe ;
 One only tongue bade welcome
 The dire behest of law,

“ Whoso man’s blood has shed—to man
 His blood the forfeit be !”
 With steadfast breast unmoved he hears
 The dreadful, just decree.

And when the appointed hour was come,
 The last of mortal pain,
 The all sufficient feast is spread
 Of Christ for sinners slain.

“ With thankful heart I greet ye well,
 My masters kind and true,
 Yet lowly for another grace,”
 He cried, “ I dare to sue.

’Tis that my latest handiwork
 The passing knell may sound,
 I wrought with care—’twill soothe to know
 What end my toils has crowned.”

The prayer is heard—the march begins—
 The scaffold darkens nigh,
 When lo ! the death bell on his ear,
 Slow boomed with plaintive cry !

Again ! again ! the mellow chime
 Rings out, so full, so clear :
 The master’s glistening eyes o’erflow :
 ’Twas rapture waked the tear !

“ My darling work ! what hopes divine
 Thy first sweet accents roll !
 They speak of peace and pardon
 To my departing soul !”

Transported, as mid seraph sounds—
 His brows in light arrayed,
 He kneels : what death has promised,
 Is life that ne’er shall fade !

A. LODGE.

PRESENTATIONS AT THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

24th FEBRUARY, 1847.

Before the Levee,
Lord Monson was presented to the Queen, at an audience in the Royal Closet, by the Lord Chamberlain, and restored to her Majesty the Ribbon and Badge of a Civil Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, worn by the late Lord Metcalfe.

Sir Charles Rowley was presented to the Queen, at an audience by the Lord Chamberlain, and returned the Ribbon and Badge of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, worn by his late father, Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.

In the Foreign Diplomatic Circles, were introduced to her Majesty,
By the Count Dietrichstein, the Austrian Ambassador, Count Rodolph Wenkheim, Captain of Cuirassiers, and Mr. Charles Perceval, Captain of the 1st Imperial Hussars.

By the Count Schimmelpenninck, the Netherlands Minister, Baron Cohoorn, Lieutenant of Royal Netherlands Horse Artillery.

By the Baron Rehausen, Swedish Chargé d'Affaires, Mons. Auguste Jarta, Secretary of the Swedish Legation.

At the GENERAL LEVEE, the following presentations were made:

The Marquess of Drogheda, by the Marquess of Hertford. This young nobleman attained majority on the 14th of last August. He is only son of the late Lord Henry Seymour Moore, and succeeded to the honours at the decease of his uncle, the late Marquess of Drogheda, in 1837. His grandmother was the Lady Anne Seymour, dau. of Francis, 1st Marquess of Hertford, and his lordship is consequently cousin to the nobleman by whom he was presented.

Earl Grosvenor, by the Marquess of Westminster. Lord Grosvenor, heir apparent of the honours and princely estates of the house of Westminster, completed his 21st year in Oct. last. He bears the Christian names of Hugh-Lupus, in memory of the famous Earl of Chester, whose nephew was Gilbert le Grosvenor, the patriarch of the Grosvenor family. Few of the aristocracy are so brilliantly connected as Earl Grosvenor. He is son of the Marquess of Westminster, nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, the Duchess of Norfolk, and of the Earls of Ellesmere and Wilton, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Northumberland.

The Earl of Ellesmere, on his elevation to the peerage, by the Duke of Norfolk. Of this nobleman, brother of the Duke of Sutherland, and inheritor of the great canal property of the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, we gave full particulars on a former occasion (see vol. i. p. 299.) His title of Ellesmere, he derives from that adopted by his ancestor, the Lord Chancellor of the time of Elizabeth.

Viscount Seaham, on his marriage, by his father, the Marquess of Londonderry. His lordship is eldest son of the Marquess, by Francis-Anne, his second wife, only dau. and heir of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, and will succeed at the death of his father, to the Earldom of Vane, which was conferred with special limitation to the children of Lord Londonderry's second union. Lord Seaham's marriage with Mary-Cornelia, only dau. and heir of Sir John Edwards, Bart. of Garth, (the cause of the presentation) occurred on the 3rd of last August.

The Earl of Fingall, on being made a Knight of St. Patrick, by the Earl Fortescue.

The Bishop of St. Asaph, on his translation, by Lord John Russell.

Lord Ebrington, on his appointment to office, by Lord John Russell.

Lord Guernsey, by Lord Brooke. Lord Guernsey is eldest son of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and nephew, maternally, of the Earl of Warwick, whose son, Lord Brooke, presented him.

Lord Burghley, Lieut.-Colonel of the Northamptonshire Militia, on promotion, by his father, the Marquess of Exeter. His lordship attained his majority on the 30th of last April. The title he bears was conferred, in 1571, on his ancestor, the illustrious William Cecil, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards Lord High Treasurer.

The Hon. Sydney Pierrepont, by Lord Hotham. This gentleman who became of age last March, is second son of Earl Manvers.

The Hon. Cecil Lawless, M.P. by Lord Foley. Mr. Lawless is second son of Lord Cloncurry, and half brother of the Earl of Miltown.

The Hon. Captain G. R. W. Trefusis. R.N., by the Earl of Auckland. Captain Trefusis is only brother of the present Lord Clinton.

The Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Massey, on his promotion, by Lord Clarina.

Sir John Pakington, on being created a Baronet, by the Marquess Camden, K.G. Sir John Pakington, who sits in Parliament for Droitwich, is son of William Russell, Esq. of Powick Court, co. Worcester, by Elizabeth, his wife, dau. of Sir Herbert Perrott Pakington, Bt. of Westwood, the representative of the eminent family of Pakington, of which we gave some account in our last number, when describing their fine old seat of Westwood. The new Baronet has been twice married, his present wife being dau. of George Murray, Bishop of Rochester, and sister-in-law of the Marquess Camden.

Sir George Wombwell, on succeeding to the Baronetcy, by the Marquess of Donegal. Sir George is eldest son of the late Baronet, by Anne, his first wife, who was dau. of Hen.

Belaysse, 2nd Earl of Fauconberg, and niece of the late Lord Melbourne.

Sir Willoughby Jones, by Lord Sandes. Sir Willoughby, who is second son of the late distinguished Engineer Officer, Sir John Thos. Jones, succeeded to the Baronetcy in Nov. 1845, on the melancholy death of his brother, Sir Lawrence Jones, who was murdered by brigands in Greece.

Right Hon. George Byng, M.P., on his appointment as Secretary to the Board of Control, by the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse. Capt. Byng is eldest son of Lord Strafford, the distinguished military commander of the Peninsular war, and nephew of the late George Byng, Esq. of Wrotham, the venerable and respected member for Middlesex. He married in 1829, Lady Agnes Paget, and is now a widower.

Baron de Goldsmid and de Palmeira, on receiving her Majesty's gracious permission to use the title in this country, by the Earl of Aberdeen. The family of Goldsmid was originally seated at Cassel, in Germany, and became established in England about the early part of the last century. Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, on whom the Queen of Portugal has conferred the title of Baron, was created a Baronet in 1841. He is a merchant of the city of London, and one of its most opulent capitalists.

The Dean of Salisbury, by the Right Hon. S. Herbert.

Mr. Crowder, Queen's Council, on his appointment as Recorder of Bristol, by Sir George Grey. This eminent lawyer, one of the leaders of the Western Circuit, was called to the Bar in 1821.

The Rev. William Tierney Elton, by the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. The Rev. Gentleman, who is Rector of White Stanton, Somersetshire, is third son of Isaac Elton, Esq. of Stapleton House, co. Gloucester, and son-in-law of Sir Chas. Abraham Elton, Bart. of Clevedon Court.

The Rev. Charles Richard Bradley, on his marriage, by Capt. Francis Seymour.

Dr. Harwood, by Gen. Lord Aylmer.

- Dr. Ryall, by the Right Hon. H. Labouchere.
- Sir Charles Rowley, on his succeeding to the Baronetcy, by General Sir Henry Cumming. Sir Charles, who is a Lieut.-Colonel in the army, is son of the late gallant Admiral, Sir Charles Rowley, G.C.B., created a Baronet in 1836. For more than a century the family has been eminently distinguished in our naval annals.
- Dr. Coombe, on appointment to the Royal Artillery, by the Marquess of Anglesey.
- Dr. M'Dermott, on return from foreign service, by General Sir C. Bulkeley Egerton, G.C.M.G., and K.C.H.
- Mr. Erin Vardon, on his appointment as one of her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, by Lord Foley.
- Mr. Benjamin Hawes, on his appointment as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, by Earl Grey. Mr. Hawes has had a seat for Lambeth since 1832.
- Mr. Theobald Blake, on his appointment to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, by Lord Foley.
- Mr. David Jardine, on return from India, by Mr. Matheson, M.P.
- Mr. Adolphus, on his appointment to be Solicitor-General for the County Palatine of Durham, by the Right Hon. Sir George Grey. This gentleman, called to the Bar in 1822, is son of the late well known criminal lawyer. Early in life, he acquired considerable literary reputation by an admirable essay on the authorship of the Waverley Novels.
- Mr. Aston Key, Surgeon in Ordinary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart. Mr. Key, senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital, holds a distinguished place in his learned profession, and is a medical writer of eminence.
- Mr. Canning Alexander, by Sir William Curtis, Bart.
- Mr. Hasler, by the Duke of Richmond. Mr. Hasler, who resides at Aldingbourne, near Chichester, is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieut. for Sussex, and descends from a family long resident in that county. He married in 1830, Miss Wyndham, dau. of the late Hon. Wm. Wyndham, and has issue.
- Mr. Orlando Bridgeman, by Sir Hen. Fergusson Davy.
- Mr. Christopher Rawlinson, on his appointment as Recorder of Prince of Wales Island and Singapore, by the Right Hon. Sir John Hobhouse. This gentleman, a Member of the Western Circuit, called to the Bar in 1831, was Recorder of Portsmouth, when Louis Philippe visited that port, and read to his Majesty the address of the corporation. At the Levee, the Queen conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Sir Christopher is, we believe, son of John Rawlinson, Esq. of New Place, near Alresford, one of the Hampshire magistrates.
- Mr. James Haggard, by Viscount Chelsea.
- Mr. Frederick W. Tupper, by Lieut.-Colonel Selwyn.
- Mr. Arthur C. Tupper, Lieut. Royal West Middlesex Militia, by Colonel the Right Hon. G. S. Byng, M.P.
- Mr. John Austin, by Mr. Wm. Goode-nough Hayter, Q.C.
- Mr. Duff, M.P., on his marriage, by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. Mr. Duff is elder son of the Hon. Sir Alexander Duff, G.C.H., of Delgaty Castle, co. Aberdeen, and nephew of the Earl of Fife. His marriage to Lady Augusta Georgiana Hay, second dau. of the late Earl of Erroll, took place on the 16th of last March.
- Mr. Antrobus, on his marriage, by Sir Edmund Antrobus.
- Mr. Raines, by the Right Hon. Chas. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. William Raines, Esq. of Wyton, co. York, is a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and has just been appointed Judge of the Hull Circuit of the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire County Courts.
- Mr. Kay Shuttleworth, by the Marquess of Lansdowne. This gentleman, whose patronymic is Kay, assumed the surname and arms of Shuttleworth, in consequence of his marriage in 1842, with Janet, only child of the late Robert Shuttleworth, Esq. of Gawthorp, co. Lancaster, with whom he acquired that valuable estate and ancient mansion.
- Richard Graves Maedonnell, LL.D.,

- Chief Justice, Gambia, by Earl Grey. Mr. Macdonnell is son of Dr. R. Macdonnell, the learned Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He was called to the Bar in 1838, and became distinguished for his able contributions to the periodical literature of the day. He has taken an active and benevolent interest in the welfare of the exiled Poles.
- Mr. Horne, by the Hon. Sir Bladen Capell.
- Mr. Pulman, on his appointment as Norroy King of Arms, by his Grace the Earl Marshal.
- Mr. Charles Howard Gibbon, on his appointment as Richmond Herald, by his Grace the Earl Marshal.
- Mr. Robert Reid, by his brother, Col. George A. Reid, M.P.
- Mr. John Levien, by Lord Byron.
- Mr. Arthur Helps, by Lord Morpeth.
- Mr. Howell, by Lord Monson.
- Mr. Hugh Seymour, on his marriage, by the Marquess of Cholmondeley.
- Mr. Dundas, of Carron Hall, by Mr. Hart Davis.
- Mr. George Clavering Redman, by Viscount Strangford, G.C.B.
- Mr. Atty, Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, by Lord Brooke. Mr. Atty is eldest son of the late Robt. M. Atty, Esq. of Ingon Grange, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Warwickshire, and its High Sheriff in 1824. He is himself a Justice of the Peace.
- Mr. John Todd, on his appointment as Captain in the East York Militia, by the Right Hon. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. Mr. Todd, a Magistrate for the East Riding of Yorkshire, succeeded to the estate of Tranby Park, at the decease of his father in 1837, and subsequently acquired by purchase from Sir John P. Milbanke, Bart. the fine property of Hahnaby. He is married to Jane, dau. and coheir of Thomas Rutherford, Esq. related to the late Lords Stowell and Eldon, and has an only daughter.
- Mr. James Stuart Wortley, on his marriage, by Lord James Stuart.
- Mr. Johnstone, on his appointment to the 2nd Life Guards, by Lord Londonderry.
- The O'Conor Don, on his appointment as one of the Lords Commis-
- sioners of her Majesty's Treasury, by Lord John Russell. O'Conor Don, is the direct descendant and representative of Cathal, of the Red Hand, next brother of the famed Roderick O'Conor, the last Milesian King of Ireland. His father, the late O'Conor Don, resided at Belanagare, in the co. of Roscommon, and possessed a considerable estate there and at Clonalis, which has descended to his son, the present chief of the royal and illustrious house of O'Conor.
- Mr. Jones, by the Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, M.P.
- Mr. James Prior, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, Royal Marines, by the Earl of Auckland.
- Mr. William Herbert Woodhouse, by Lieut.-General Wyndham, C.B.— This gentleman, resident at Woolmers, Herts, of which county he is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant, is grandson and heir of the late Very Rev. J. C. Woodhouse, Dean of Lichfield, and represents the very ancient family of Woodhouse, of Womburne Wodehouse, co. Stafford. He is married to his cousin Helena Sarah Charlotte, daughter and coheir of the late Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart.
- Mr. Leopold Grimston Paget, on his appointment to the Royal Horse Artillery, and marriage, by the Marquess of Anglesey. Mr. Leopold Paget is youngest son of the late Hon. Berkeley Paget, nephew of the Peer by whom he was presented, and great grandson, maternally, of James, Viscount Grimston. His marriage to Georgiana Theodosia, only child of the Rev. J. F. Moore Halsey, of Gaddesden Park, Herts, took place on the 3rd of last November.
- Mr. William Brown, M.P., by Lord John Russell. Mr. Brown is one of the most eminent merchants of Liverpool: much connected with America, where several members of his family are settled. He resides at Richmond Hill, near Liverpool, and possesses the estate of Beilby Grange, co. York.
- Mr. Walter Henry Medhurst, interpreter, China Civil Service, on return from China, by Viscount Palmerston.

- Mr. Heathcote, Rifle Brigade, by his father, Sir W. Heathcote, M.P.
- Mr. Torrence M'Cullagh, by the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere.
- Mr. Morier, her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Confederation, by Viscount Palmerston.
- Mr. Parratt, surgeon, Royal Artillery, on promotion and return from China, by Field Marshal the Marquess of Anglesey.
- Mr. Philip D. Vigers, on appointment to the 11th Regiment, by Viscount Bernard. Mr. Vigers is youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Mercer Vigers, of Burgage, co. Carlow, who derives in direct descent from Urian Vigers, of Old Leighlin, brother of Dr. Bartholomew Vigers, Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns. Of the same family was Mr. N.A. Vigers, the late M.P. for Carlow.
- Mr. Lionel Atty, on his appointment to an ensigncy in the 2d (Queen's) Royal Regiment, by Col. Home, Grenadier Guards. Mr. Atty is youngest son of the late Mr. Atty, of Ingon Grange.
- Charles T. Stewart, ensign, H.E.I.C.'s Engineers, by Colonel Sir Frederic Smith, K.H., R.E.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James John Hamilton, Bart., on promotion, by Major-General Sir Jas. Cockburn, Bart., G.C.H. Sir James John Hamilton, who descends from a younger son of the first Lord Paisley, is son and successor of the late Sir John Hamilton, a distinguished military commander, celebrated for his memorable defence of the unfortified town and dismantled castle of Alba de Tormes against Marshal Soult.
- Colonel Blane, on promotion, by the Adjutant-General.
- Captain Blake, on his return from India, by General Caulfield.
- Captain Swyny, on return from India, by Lieut.-General Anderson, C.B.
- Captain Greenwood, on promotion, by Major-General G. D. Pitt.
- Captain Brownrigg, on return from Canada, by Mr. J. S. Brownrigg, M.P.
- Captain the Hon. Charles Elliot, by the Earl of Minto. Captain Elliot is Lord Minto's third son. He passed for Lieutenant in 1838, was made Commander in 1840, and obtained recently Post rank. The family from which he springs is the same as that of the renowned General Elliot, the defender of Gibraltar.
- General O'Brien, Consul-General of Uruguay, by Lord Palmerston.
- Colonel Chaplin, on promotion, by the Marquess of Exeter. The family of Chaplin is one of great influence in Lincolnshire. The present Colonel Chaplin, of Blankney, formerly represented that county in Parliament, as did his father the late Charles Chaplin, Esq., for several years before. He is related to the noble Marquess by whom he was presented, through his grandmother Lady Elizabeth Cecil Chaplin, daughter of Brownlow, eighth Earl of Exeter.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, by Lieut.-General Brotherton, on promotion.
- Lieut.-Colonel Selwyn, by Viscount Sidney.
- Major-General Woulfe, on his return from India, by Lieut.-General Fair.
- Lieut.-General Fair, on promotion, by Lieut.-General Sir J. Doveton.
- Captain Wesley, Assistant Adjutant-General Royal Marines, on appointment to the Staff, by Colonel Owen.
- Colonel Sir H. F. Davie, on being created a baronet, by Earl Fortescue. Sir Henry Ferguson Davie assumed the latter surname in consequence of his marriage with Frances Juliana, daughter and eventual heiress of Sir John Davie, Bart., of Creedy, and in her right has obtained a recreation in his favour of the old baronetcy of Davie, of Creedy.
- Captain Richard Collinson, R.N., on nomination to the Companionship of the Bath, by the Right Hon. the Vice-Chancellor of England.
- Commander Shadwell, R.N., on promotion and return from foreign service, by the Right Hon. the Vice-Chancellor of England.
- Major-Generals Bunbury and Sir De Lacy Evans, K.C.B., and Lieut.-General Sir T. Downman, on their promotion. Major-General Bunbury, K.H., lately commanding the 67th Regiment, entered the army in 1804, and in the same year led the storming party at Fort Zelaina, in Surinam. He served the campaign

of 1814 in Holland, and participated in the last American war. Sir De Lacy Evans, a Waterloo officer, was appointed in 1835 to the command of the British Auxiliary Legion in Spain. He is by birth an Irishman, the son of John Evans, Esq., of Miltown, co. Limerick, and descends in the female line from the great house of De Lacy. He was born in 1787.

Generals Mundy and Sir C. Egerton, on their promotion, and Captain S. Cole, on his return from China, by Lord Aylmer. General Mundy is second son of Edw. Miller Mundy, Esq., of Shipley, co. Derby, by Frances, his first wife, daughter and coheir of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. His half sister, Georgiana Elizabeth Mundy, married in 1807 the present Duke of Newcastle, and died in 1822, leaving with other issue, a son Henry, Earl of Lincoln. General Mundy is himself married to Sarah daughter of the 1st Lord Rodney, the celebrated naval hero. Sir Charles Bulkeley Egerton, G.C.M.G., K.C.H., &c., entered the army in 1791, and served at the blockade of Malta and the surrender of Valetta, in the operations under Abercrombie in Egypt, and in Spain and Portugal. He was born in 1774, the fourth son of Philip Egerton, Esq., and brother of the late Rev. Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., of Egerton and Oulton.

Lieutenant-General Sir J. L. Lushington, on promotion; Lieutenant-General Lygon, and Colonel Pattle, by Viscount Combermere. Sir Jas. Lushington, third son of the late Rev. James Stephen Lushington, Prebendary of Carlisle, obtained the Grand Cross of the Bath in 1838, on the occasion of the Queen's coronation, at which time he filled the chair of the East Indian Direction. He is on the Company's military service. General the Hon. H. B. Lygon is brother of Earl Beauchamp, and son-in-law of the late Earl St. Germans.

Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Howe Bromley, on promotion, by Earl Howe. Sir Robert Bromley is grandson of Sir George Smith, Bart., by Mary Howe, his wife, granddaughter of Prince Rupert; and son of the late

Sir George Smith (who took the name of Bromley) by the Honourable Hesther Curzon, his wife, aunt of Earl Howe.

Lieutenant-Colonel Liddell, Captains Mercer, and W. Y. Peel, on their promotion, and Lieut. Meyrick, on his appointment, by Colonel B. Drummond.

Lieutenant R. T. Bedford, R.N., on his appointment as Resident Gentleman Usher and Almoner to Queen Adelaide, by Lord Howe.

Major-General De la Motte, on return from India; Major J. Pope, Major G. Fisher, on being appointed a Companion of the Bath, and Capt. Hillersdon, on return from India, by Sir J. Hobhouse.

Major-Generals Taylor and St. Clair, on their promotion; Colonels Moun- tain, H. Robinson, and J. Campbell, on their promotion; and Lieutenant-Colonel G. Brown, by Lord F. Somerset. General Taylor, who is Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst and a Companion of the Bath, was engaged in active employment during the late wars, and served at Waterloo. His estate of Ogwel, co. Devon, he inherits from his ancestors, in the female line, the Reynells—a family of great antiquity and distinction.

Colonel Eden and Lieutenant-Colonel Romilly, on their promotion, by Colonel B. Drummond.

Major-General Sir W. Herries and Colonel Gawler, on their promotion, by the Adjutant-General. Sir W. Lewis Herries, who is Chairman of the Audit Board, entered the army in 1801, served in South America, accompanied the Walcheren expedition, and was Assist. Quartermaster-General to the left wing of the Peninsular forces; at Bayonne, in 1814, he lost a leg. Sir William is son of the late Colonel Herries, and brother of the Right Hon. J. C. Herries.

Colonels S. Stanhope and Angerstein, Lieutenant-Colonels F. Hamilton and Hon. J. Lindsay, on their promotion, and Lieut. W. Morant, on his appointment, by Colonel Home. Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer, on being appointed a C.B., and return from the Sutlej, and Majors Longworth and Garvoek, on their return from

- the Sutej, by General Sir C. Halkett.
- Ensigns J. Fuller and G. Watson, by Colonel Sir F. Smith.
- Capt. Tyler, on promotion, by Major-General Sir John Burgoyne.
- Captain George Balfour, late Consul at Shanghai, on return from China, by Viscount Palmerston.
- Captain St. George, on promotion, by the Earl of Gosford.
- Captain Warre, Aide-de-Camp, on promotion, and returning from North America, by Major-General Sir William Warre.
- Captain Patrick Ogilvie, by Major-General Sir De Lacy Evans, K.C.B.
- Captain Gascoigne, by Colonel Owen, C.B. and K.H.
- Captain Kirkland, on his appointment to be Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces in North America, by Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B.
- Captain Macpherson, by Lieutenant-Colonel Lord William Paulet.
- Captain Troubridge, by Sir Augustus Clifford.
- Captain Pierrepont Mundy, on his return from the West Indies, by his father, General Mundy.
- Captain J. B. Mann, on returning from the Cape of Good Hope, and on receiving the appointment of Brigade-Major in South Wales, by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Arbuthnot.
- Commander Rowley, on his promotion, by Sir Charles Rowley.
- Captain the Hon. A. M. Jones, R.N., by Mr. W. Downing Bruce. Capt. Jones is uncle and heir presumptive of Lord Ranelagh, being youngest and only surviving son of Charles, fourth Viscount Ranelagh, Chairman of Committees in the Irish House of Lords. His commission of Lieutenant in the Royal Navy bears date 15th May, 1800, that of Commander, 22d January, 1806, and that of Captain, 1st Aug., 1811. He married Caroline, daughter of Thomas Palmer, Esq., of Hambleton, Hants, and niece of General Sir William Myers, by whom he has three sons and two daughters, of whom the elder Caroline Sarah is wife of Baron Henry De Vismes.
- Major Rawdon Vassal, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General Paul Anderson. This gentleman, Major in the 78th Highlanders, is younger brother of the late Sir Spencer Lambart Hunter Vassal, R.N., and second son of the gallant Colonel Spencer Vassal, who found a soldier's grave in leading the British troops to the assault of Monte Video.
- Major George, on being appointed a Companion of the Bath, by Lieut.-General Sleigh, C.B.
- Major Stevens, on promotion, by Colonel Owen, C.B.
- Major Tomkyns, on promotion, by Major-General Bradshaw.
- Major Carter, by the Earl of Fife.
- Commander Frederick Johnston, R.N. on his promotion, by his father, the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston.
- Commander Arthur Cumming, R.N., by his father, General Sir H. J. Cumming.
- Commander M'Clintock Bunbury, R.N., M.P., by Viscount Beresford.
- Lieutenant George Fowler, R.N., on appointment to her Majesty's yacht, William and Mary, by Commodore Sir Gordon Bremer.
- Captain T. Locke Lewis, by Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, K.H.
- Captain T. Renny, on his return from India, by Major-General M'Leod.
- Captain Renny (of the Bengal Engineers) is eldest surviving son of the present Alex. Renny Tailyour, Esq., of Borrowfield, co. Forfar.
- Lieutenant Gaspard Le Marchant Tupper, on promotion, by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart., M.P.
- Lieutenant Charles Rowley Platt, on his return from India, by his father, Sir Samuel Platt.
- Ensign F. W. Peile, by Colonel Sir Frederick Smith, K.H.
- Ensign G. S. Whitmore, on appointment to Cape Mounted Riflemen, by Colonel Weare, A.D.C.
- Lieutenants Suart, R. C. Germon, and J. H. Babington, by Sir J. Hobhouse.
- General Sir G. Drummond, on his appointment; Lieutenant-Generals Wyndham, on promotion; Sir B. D'Urban, and Sir W. Cotton, on their appointments; Major-Generals Calvert, Fox, and Ewart, on their promotions; G. D. Pitt, on promotion and appointment; Brotherton, on appointment; and Fearon, on promotion and return from India; and Colonel Monins, on promotion,

by the Commander-in-Chief. Sir Gordon Drummond, G.C.B., Col. of the 49th Foot, entered the army in 1789, and served in all parts of the globe. He held the chief command in the action fought near the Falls of Niagara, in July 1814, and has been distinguished on various occasions. He was born in 1772, the third son of Colin Drummond, Esq., by Katharine, his wife, sister of Robert Oliphant, Esq., of Rossie; and grandson of John Drummond, of Lennox and Megginch, M.P. for Perthshire. By Margaret, his wife, daughter of William Russell, Esq., of Brancepeth Castle, he has one surviving son, Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Drummond, of the Coldstream Guards, and one daughter, Eliza, Countess of Effingham. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G.C.B. a distinguished military officer, wears a cross and five clasps for his services as Brigadier-General in the Portuguese service, at Busaco, Albuhera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, and Toulouse, and was nominated in 1814 a Commander of the Tower and Sword. Sir Willoughby Cotton, only son of Admiral Cotton, and cousin to Lord Combermere, has served in Germany, Denmark, Spain and France. He fought under General Crawford at Coa, was present at the battle of Vittoria, and commanded the Light Infantry at the passage of the Adour. For several years after, he held a command in the army of the Indus. Ensigns G. Chapman, B. Hutchinson, A. Johnstone, D. Home, R. Sankey, A. Garnett and R. Roberts, by Colonel Sir F. Smith.

Lieutenant-General Thackeray, on appointment and promotion; Major-Generals Robbins, Macdonald, J. Grant, and Parker, on their promotion; Colonels Lewis, Rudyard, Sir F. Smith; Lieutenant-Colonels Anderson, Hope, Freer, H. Gordon, and Matson, on their promotion; Major H. Wulff, on promotion, and return from the Bahamas; Captains C. Broke, on promotion; R. Tylden, C. Ford, and E. Ford; J. Tylden, on his appointment; Cornet S. Fox; Lieutenant Franklin, on return from foreign service; Gibbons and Gabbett, on their appointments; Forbes

and Childers, on commission; Street, Dynely, Margesson, and Woolsey, on their promotion; and H. Williams, B. Wilkinson, C. Sedley, J. Liddell, G. Sorrell, W. Lambert, F. Belson, C. Barry, R. Warren, Norrie, and A. M'Kenzie, by the Marquess of Anglesey.

Major-General Jones, on promotion; Admiral Sir C. Ogle, on promotion; Rear-Admirals Purvis and Austen, on their promotion; Sir T. Ussher, Captains A. Branch, Moubray, S. Fremantle, H. Stewart, on their appointments; F. Glasse, on promotion and returning from foreign service; Hon. R. Gore, M.P., on promotion; Commanders Jennier, on promotion; H. Otter, A. Becher, on their appointments; G. Morrit, A. Woodley, Barker, and A. Key, on their promotions, and return from foreign service; W. Hoare and G. Harvey; Commodore Sir G. Bremer, on return from service, and appointment to command at Woolwich; Lieutenants R. Moubray, on return from foreign service; Robert Moubray, on promotion, and W. Heath, by the Earl of Auckland. Of these officers we may mention the following particulars:—Sir CHAS. OGLE, a descendant of the great Baronial family of Ogle, distinguished himself at the capture of the French West India Islands, and served in the expedition to Egypt. Admiral PURVIS is elder son of the late Admiral John Child Purvis, and great grandson of George Purvis, Esq., of Darsham, M.P., Comptroller of the Navy in 1735. Sir THOS. NEVILLE USSHER, the son of the Rev. Thos. Ussher, and a descendant of Archbishop Ussher, has served in almost every part of the world, and has been twice severely wounded. In 1814 he commanded the *Undaunted*, and conveyed Napoleon Buonaparte to the Island of Elba. The elegant compliment paid during the voyage by Captain Ussher, to the fallen Emperor, evinced the classic taste, and the kindness of feeling of the British officer. Capt. FREDERICK GLASSE is son of the late Rev. George Henry Glasse, M.A., Rector of Hanwell, Middlesex, half-brother of George Henry Elliot, Esq., of Binfield Park, Berks,

- and stepson of Sir Gordon Bremer. The Hon. ROBERT GORE is brother of the Earl of Arran; and SIR GORDON BREMER is the eminently distinguished naval commander whose gallant services extend over a considerable period, from his first entrance into the Royal Navy, in 1802, to the fall of Canton in 1841.
- Lieutenant-Stephen Pott, Bengal Engineers, on return from India, by Major-General M'Leod.
- Lieutenant Taylor, Royal Marines, on appointment, by Col. Parke, C.B.
- Lieutenant Smith Barry and Cornet J. A. Digby, by General Sir Henry Cumming.
- Lieutenant Boyce, R.N., by his father, Mr. Boyce.
- Ensign F. R. Maunsell, by Lord Monson.
- Ensign G. H. Goddard, on appointment to Royal Wilts Militia, and Ensign William Hutton, by the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse.
- Major-General Howard Vyse, on his promotion, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. H. Lygon. General Howard Vyse, who resides at Stoke, near Windsor, and possesses considerable estates in Northamptonshire (which county his second son represents in Parliament), is son of the late General Richard Vyse, by Anne, his second wife, only surviving daughter and heiress of Field-Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B., of Stoke, whose wife was sister and coheir of William Wentworth, 4th Earl of Stafford.
- Lieut.-General Sir David Leighton, K.C.B., on promotion, by General Sir Thomas Bradford, G.C.B. Sir David Leighton entered the East India Company's military service in 1795.
- Lieutenant-General Cleiland, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General W. Macbean, K.C.B. Lieut.-General Wm. Douglas Cleiland, E.I.C.S., is son of the late Lieutenant Robert Cleiland, R.N., and grandson of Colonel Robert Cleiland, who was grandson of Major Wm. Cleiland, the 10th Cleiland of that ilk, and the representative of an old Scottish family, which is said to have derived its arms from the office it held in early times, of Hereditary Forester to the Earls of Douglas.
- Colonel Maclean, on promotion, by Lord George Lennox.
- Colonel Henry Montagu, on promotion, by Colonel B. Drummond.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Gaspard Le Marchant, K.C.S.F., on his appointment as Governor of Newfoundland, by Earl Grey. Sir Gaspard Le Marchant is brother of the present Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart., of Chobham Place, and third son of General Le Marchant, who fell at the battle of Salamanca.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Milner, on his return from foreign service, by the Hon. Colonel Wingfield Stratford.
- Colonel Milner descends from a Kentish family, and possesses the estate of Preston Hall, in that county.
- Lieutenant Kennedy, on return from foreign service, by Col. Parke, C.B.
- Lieutenant L. Nicholson, on promotion, by the Earl of Lovelace.
- Lieutenant F. E. Cox, on appointment to the Royal Engineers, by Sir Robert Sheffield.
- Lieutenant Charles Sutton, by the Duke of Rutland.
- Lieutenant C. T. Hutchinson, by the Earl Manvers.
- Lieutenant E. S. Mercer, on return from India, by his father, Colonel E. S. Mercer.
- Cornet Pakenham, by Major-General Brotherton, C.B.
- Cornet Stisted, on appointment to the 3rd Light Dragoons, by Colonel Middleton.
- Lieutenant Charles Peregrine Teesdale, on his appointment in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, by General Fox.
- Lieut. H. T. Siborne, of the Royal Engineers, by Captain Siborne.
- Lieutenant-Colonel A. Cunynghame, on promotion and appointment, by the Hon. G. Rice Trevor.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, C.B., on return from service in India, by Viscount Falkland.
- Major-General Thomas, on promotion, by General Sir James Kemp, G.C.B.
- Lieutenant-General Nicolls, on promotion, by Lieutenant-General Sir Jasper Nicholls, K.C.B.
- Major-General Sir Francis Coekburn, on promotion, by Major-General Sir James Cockburn.
- Lieutenant-General Dyson, on pro-

- motion, by Lieutenant-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B., K.C.H.
- Ensign Coghill, by Rear-Admiral Sir Josiah Coghill.
- Lieutenant Hayes, late of the Bundelkund Cavalry, on return from Scinde, by Lieutenant-General Sir J. L. Lushington.
- Cornet Wyndham Spencer Portal, North Hants Yeomanry Cavalry, by the Right Hon. Sir George Grey.
- Mr. Portal is third surviving son of John Portal, Esq., of Freefolk Priors, Hants, by Elizabeth, his second wife, daughter of Henry Drummond, Esq., of the Grange, and descends from the De Portals, of France, "Capitouls of Toulouse."
- Ensign and Lieutenant Albert Evelyn Rowley, on his appointment to the Grenadier Guards, by Sir Charles Rowley.
- Lieutenant Ross, Royal Engineers, by Major-General Sir Hew Ross.
- Lieutenant Charles E. Taylor, 35th Regiment Madras Infantry, by the Marquess of Donegall.
- Lieutenant P. Antrobus, 9th Lancers, by Major-General Brotherton, C.B.
- Lieutenant B. D. Wemyss, 3rd West India Regiment, on his return from abroad, by the Right Hon. Lord Reay.
- Colonel Baumgardt, inspecting Field Officer, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cardigan.
- Ensign Francis B. Drew, 40th Regiment, on return from foreign service, by Lieutenant-General Sir A. Woodford.
- Col. Simpson, on return from India, and on being appointed Commander of Chatham, by Lord Strafford.
- Lieutenant the Hon. J. J. Bury, of the Royal Engineers, by the Earl of Charleville.
- Lieutenant Henry Clerk, Royal Horse Artillery, by his father, Sir George Clerk.
- Lieut. Delacombe, Royal Marines, by Colonel Owen, C.B.
- Lieutenant Lord Adolphus Vane, on appointment as A.D.C., by General Sir Willoughby Cotton. Lord A. Vane is brother of Lord Seaham, and second son of the Marquess of Londonderry, by his second wife, Frances Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart.
- Lieutenant Arthur H. H. Mercer, 60th, or King's Royal Rifles, on exchange, by Lieutenant-General Sir W. G. Davy.
- Lieutenant Philip Harris, Royal Marines, by Colonel Parke, C.B.
- Lieutenant Gordon, Royal Engineers, on promotion, by Major-General Sir John Burgoyne.
- Lieutenant Ferguson Davie, on appointment to the Grenadier Guards, by his father, Colonel Sir H. F. Davie.
- Lieutenant G. F. Atkinson, Bengal Engineers, on his return from India, by the Earl of Limerick.
- Lieutenant Francis, 29th Regiment, on promotion and return from India, by General Lord Strafford.

THE PLANTAGENETS.

THE princely blood of our ancient sovereigns, the chivalric Plantagenets, may be found to flow in very humble veins at the present time. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales-Owen, butcher, and Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley, who are both grandsons of Walter Woodcock, by Frances, his wife, sister and coheir of Ferdinando, Lord Dudley, who derived through the Tiptofts and Charltons, from Joan Holand, the fair Maid of Kent, dau. and heiress of Edmund of Woodstock. Among the descendants and representatives of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., King of England, may be clearly traced Stephen James Penny, late sexton at St. George's, Hanover-square, and his two brothers, Mr. William John Penny, foreman to Messrs. Baker, the upholsterers, of Lower Brook-st., and Mr. Thos. Penny, shoe-maker, Brompton, who have all a right to quarter the royal lions of England.

THE PROGRESS OF THE OPERA.

THE career of Her Majesty's Theatre prior to Easter has certainly never before been so brilliant. Since our last report of the prosperous doings under its mighty lyric dome, and since the appearance of Gardoni, another tenor has come forward and proved to be another success. "Lucia di Lammermoor," that chef d'œuvre of Donizetti, and most sweet and plaintive production of dramatic harmony, where the composer has so completely caught the sad and gentle feeling of the story, and so beautifully expressed it in the music—Lucia di Lammermoor was the opera chosen for introducing into England this new tenor of continental fame—the delight of Italy—Signor Fraschini. On the evening of Tuesday, the 9th of March, Fraschini made his debut as Edgardo, and at once established the highest reputation. He is a singer whose forte is the passionate and energetic. His voice is immensely powerful, and, like most of the modern Italian school, he abstains from the *falsetto*, and sings almost entirely from the chest, though his tendency is to give remarkable force to the upper notes. In scenes of violent passion the quality of his organ and the energy of his style produce a superb effect; hence his crowning effort was in the famous finale to the second act. The entrance in that scene of Fraschini at the back of the stage was marked by an imposing deportment, which prepared for the great outbreak, when the working up of the emotion, till it burst out with overpowering force in the malediction, was almost electrical. The sensation he produced has scarcely yet abated. Night after night he has repeated the character, and night after night has he had the same rapturous applause.

Who else can so exquisitely impersonate Lucy of Lammermoor as Signora Castellan. In her acting we have, to the life, the tender and loving, yet vacillating and miserable maiden whom Scott so perfectly drew—in her singing, we acknowledge at once the pleasing power of that soft yet impassioned melody, which Donizetti would impart, and which is now familiar to the ear of Europe. Signora Castellan made her first appearance for the season as Lucia, on the occasion of Fraschini's debut. A turmoil of congratulation welcomed her, and her star is now, as ever, in the ascendant.

Coletti, also a new comer, and almost a novelty, who is alike excellent for his voice and the manner in which he uses it, played Enrico. A purer baritone, with more equal melody, and with nicer feeling for gradations of colouring has probably never been heard. Such is the cast of "Lucia," combining the energy and power of Fraschini, the fascinating sweetness of Castellan, and the stern, weighty manner of Coletti; no doubt, then, that this opera goes off admirably.

The untiring and universal attraction of Lucia di Lammermoor has permitted but one more change of opera, and that has been "La Sonnambula, with Castellan as Amina, and Gardoni as Elvino.

It is impossible to conceive a triumph more complete than that of Gardoni in this, his second character, Elvino. His exquisitely sweet voice goes through all the modifications of joy and grief without dis-

covering a single weakness. His singing is of the deepest emotion; the nicest colourings of feeling are discernible in its course: every note breathes passion, yet the organ is firm throughout. With some vocalists, the intensity of the passion overcomes the flow of the melody, and what the actor gains in expression the singer loses in the quality of his notes. But in Gardoni all is satisfactory. While his inspired manner touches the enthusiast, the purity of his style, the evenness of his voice, the correctness of his intonation satisfy the most fastidious. In the duet with Amina, "Al vorrei," he uses the falsetto frequently, and nothing can be sweeter than his *voce di testa*. "D'un pensiero," in the finale to the first act, is particularly striking; in every one of his airs Gardoni delights his audience to the highest degree. In fact, this performance of Elvino so far confirms the impression made in *La Favorita*, that there is no doubt he will take a position with the English public which few tenors have reached. Madame Castellan's Amina is a beautiful impersonation, one that every one knows but to admire and appreciate: Voices, chorus, and orchestra considered, altogether *La Sonnambula*, always a favourite, never has more enthusiasm than now.

The new ballet, which is called *Théa, ou la Fée aux Fleurs*, is a happy medium between *ballet* and *divertissement*. It is a succession of brilliant dancing from the beginning to the end, the costumes and scenic effects being of the most novel and poetical character. The *corps de ballet* are attired in costumes of the hues of various flowers, from the white lily to the many-coloured tulip; there is an elaborate last scene, which combines all the richness and mechanical ingenuity of the final tableau of *Coralia*, with floral instead of aquatic splendour.

The cast and tableaux of *Théa* are as follow:—

Théa (the favourite slave of Hassan)	Mlle. Carolina Rosati.
La Fée aux Fleurs	Mlle. M. Taglioni.
Prince Hassan	Paul Taglioni.

FIRST TABLEAU.

Introduction	By the Corps de Ballet.
La Moréska	Mlle. Rosati.
Les Clochettes	M. Gouriet and the Ladies and Children of the Corps de Ballet.
Scene Dansante, L'Indifference	Mlle. Rosati and M. Paul Taglioni.

SECOND TABLEAU.

Solo of La Fée aux Fleurs	Mlle. M. Taglioni.
Danse de L'Animation des Fleurs	Mlle. M. Taglioni.
Les Œillets	Milles. Honore and Cassan.
Le Lys	Mlle. Montfort.
Les Marguerites	Milles. Julien, Lamoureux, The- venot, and Bertin.
Differentes Fleurs	The Corps de Ballet.
Le Bouquet, La Rose	Mlle. Carolina Rosati.

The story is thus given in the programme:—

The scene takes place at Bagdad, in one of those magnificent gardens

which are the chiefest luxury of Eastern princes. With Prince Hussein, the hero of the *ballet*, a garden is a still greater requisite than with any of his compeers. No burgomaster ever loved tulips as he loved roses; he sits throughout the day in a kiosk in his garden, near the statue of the Flower Fairy, the *genius loci*; and so much is he absorbed by his adoration of flowers, that no strain of music, however sweet and varied, can alter the current of his thoughts; he scarce notices the fair maidens of his bower. In vain they strive to please him by their songs, or by footing the graceful and sprightly dances of their country. Théa, the favourite Sultana, the fairest of the bevy, who loves Hussein with devoted passion, in vain attempts to awaken a responding feeling of love. The Prince sees her not, and contemplates the roses, until, under the soothing influence of their perfumed aroma, he falls asleep. Théa watches over him, and whilst he sleeps saves him from the attack of a serpent of which one of her companions is the victim. Her devotion does not move the Prince's feelings; he is absorbed by his favourite flowers, and leaves her to her bitter disappointment. Théa, in her despair, weaves a wreath, deposits it at the foot of the statue, and endeavours to propitiate the *Fée au Fleurs*. Suddenly the fairy appears; she listens to the distress of Théa, and transforms her into a rose tree. The Prince, on his return, is struck with its marvellous beauty, and he plucks the roses. The Fairy appears, and indignantly reproaches him. She tells him he must pay the forfeit of his life; and only pardons him, at last, on condition that he will wed the rose tree. The Prince is lost in astonishment at so singular a proposal, but he has no resource but to consent. Then all the flowers become animated, and at the head of the nymphs that issue from them is Théa, who no longer finds the Prince indifferent. On the contrary, he pursues her with ardent passion, and their mutual happiness is complete.

The dances in this ballet are highly artistic, and are one and all executed with the utmost skill. *La Moreska*, danced by Carolina Rosati, is full of piquancy and point; *L'Indifference*, by the same lady and Paul Taglioni—a *pas de deux*—is pleasing and satisfactory; the *solo* of the flower's fairy, executed by Marie Taglioni, is beautifully choregraphic; so is *La Danse de l'animation des Fleurs*, by the same promising young artist. The gem of the ballet is, however, *Le Bouquet*, in which Carolina Rosati is the rose—a rose in its perfection. She here consummates a success far greater than in *Coralia*. Combining in herself the most striking qualities of the great *danseuses* of the age, she, throughout this ballet, keeps the audience delighted. The whole of Théa is, indeed, a brilliant display of scenic decoration and choregraphic art.

Such is the present great splendour of Her Majesty's Theatre. Are we to ascribe it to the energy roused by a threatened opposition? Or, may we not more fairly lay the credit to the carrying out of that plan, which Mr. Lumley clearly put in action at the commencement of his management, long before there could be any contemplation of rivalry on the part of a smaller theatre? Be this as it may, the result is evident. The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre are, in every department, gradually attaining a degree of perfection, which must render it the finest temple of intellectual harmony in Europe.

NOTES UPON THE THEATRES.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. M. Lafont, M. Alcide Tousez, and Mlle. Fargueil have been the great attractions here. Lafont has shown himself as witty, as piquant, and as feeling as ever. Le Capitaine Roquefinette and Pierre Le Rouge have again delighted his admirers, and some new characters have met with signal approbation. Among those, we would particularly remark his Rameaudor in "Les deux Brigadiers:" a more capital representation never was given of that kind of soldier who flourished in the early part of the last century, and who mingled the ancient cavalier with the modern dragoon: just such a one as, if English, we could conceive my uncle Toby commanding. Rameaudor is an admirable counterpart of the same actor's Roquefinette, and Austerlitz. Alcide Tousez, the glory of the Palais Royal, is drollery itself: his quiet simplicity and ludicrous absurdities are irresistible. Mlle. Fargueil is an artist of perfect elegance in manner and appearance, and of consummate feeling in her acting. How good in every respect is this French Theatre! How complete in performers, dresses, decorations! No wonder that it is the favoured resort of an august visitor, who, to the sincere gratification of her subjects present, appears to fully enter into, and to enjoy the real wit and humour of the scene.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. Matilda of Hungary maintains a more than common popularity. The opera is continually repeated, and the music is now familiar to every one—the surest test of excellence. Mr. Wallace is fortunate in so completely securing his fame: may it induce him to persevere in a course so beneficial to the cause of English music. The vocal and terpsichorean attractions of this theatre are no wise abated.

ADELPHI THEATRE. A melodrame, evidently suggested by the prosperity of "The Green Bushes," and also written by Mr. Buckstone, has been eminently successful here. It is entitled, "The Flowers of the Forest, a Gipsy story." It is thus cast:—

Captain Hugh Lavrock	Smith.
Alfred (his friend)	Boyce.
Cheap John (a travelling auctioneer)	Wright.
The Kinchin	Bedford.
Gilbert (a gamekeeper)	Waye.
Tintori	Morgan.
Laybourne	Worrell.
Mayfield	Aldridge.
Headborough	Freeborne.

Gipsies.

Ismael (the Wolf)	O. Smith.
Pharos	Glennaire.
Nimnor	Sanders.
Lemuel (an English Gipsy boy)	Miss Woolgar.
Lady Agnes Lavrock	Miss Harding.
Abigail	Miss M. Taylor.

Winifrid.....	Miss Taylor.
Starlight Bess.....	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
Hagar.....	Mrs. Laws.
Cynthia (a Zingari).....	Madame Celeste.

The plot is this :—

Alfred, a young gentleman, is on the point of marrying a young lady, when he is accosted at the church door by Cynthia, an Italian gipsy, with whom he has become acquainted in her own country, and who entertains an ardent passion for him. This discourse, though harmless in itself, exasperates the bride's brother, who immediately challenges Alfred. The meeting takes place, and Alfred fires in the air; but at the same moment his antagonist is shot by Lemuel, a gipsy boy, in revenge for a horsewhipping received the day before. The fatal shot having been fired from a place of concealment, the victim dies declaring that he is killed by Alfred. The unfortunate gentleman is arrested, tried, and on the point of being sentenced to death, when Cynthia, who is stricken with remorse at the mischief she has occasioned to a man she loves, and is determined to save him if possible, overhears Lemuel confess the story of his guilt to his gipsy sweetheart, Starlight Bess. She drags him to justice, saves Alfred, but is in return expelled by her tribe as a traitress. One condition of reconciliation is offered her; she will be forgiven if she stabs Alfred, who has come to testify his gratitude, and is sleeping in one of the gipsy tents. She pretends to comply, but plunges the dagger into her own heart.

This story, brief as it may appear, is extended into three acts with great skill; the most powerful situations occur in the third act. Of all these the most remarkable is that in which Cynthia drags Lemuel from his tent with the ferocity of a tigress, while Bess, anxious to save him, clings to him with equal pertinacity on the opposite side, the boy himself being weakened by the distress of guilt and discovery. The two gipsy characters of Cynthia and Bess—the one a romantic Italian, the other a good-natured forgiving creature of English birth,—are excellently contrasted, and it is a graceful trait given to Bess, that, when Cynthia is deserted by all the tribe, she, who is most deeply injured by her, is her only advocate. For the strong picturesque acting of Madame Celeste, and the natural hearty style of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, these characters are admirably adapted. The complete depression of the lad Lemuel after the commission of the crime, and the bodily weakness occasioned by it, are represented by Miss Woolgar with very great care and feeling. The father of Cynthia, a sort of gipsy Virginius, makes an effective part for O. Smith. A scampish vendor of trifles to the country folks, who travels in a caravan, and his assistant, familiarly called the “kinchin,” are the two comic “reliefs” to the serious business, and in the hands of Wright and Paul Bedford keep the theatre in a roar. There are scenic effects in abundance, of which perhaps the most striking are a gipsy encampment by fire light, and the church with its churchyard.

The drama met all the success merited by its own interest, the completeness with which it was acted, and the beauty of the scenery and decorations.

SADLERS WELLS THEATRE.—A very able tragedy, acted at this theatre, has caused some sensation in the literary and dramatic world. It bears the title of “Feudal Times,” and is of a highly dramatic and poetic

character. One part in it, that of Margaret Randolph, was exquisitely represented by Miss Laura Addison, who, in every new performance, exhibits more and more her surpassing histrionic powers. The tragedy of "Feudal Times" has strong resemblance to one produced some years ago by that justly admired dramatic writer, Mr. Haines, called "Mary Stuart." The poetry of Mr. Haines's play displayed passages of beautiful poetry, and we deem it no small merit of "Feudal Times" that it recalls not only the plot, but also the force, and fluency of versification that characterised the prior tragedy.

TO THE SILVERY MOON.

Hail, lovely Moon! had I been born
 In young Creation's early morn,
 And never heard the Word Divine,
 But worshipped at some Pagan shrine;
 My chosen Goddess thou hadst been
 The stilly night's fair silvery queen:
 'Tis thine to cheer the evening's close
 And watch o'er Nature's soft repose—
 To bring that calm and lonely hour
 When memory lends her pensive power
 Awaking with her tender art
 Fond dreams which slumber in the heart—
 Those dreams of youth, of pleasures past,
 O'er which the veil of time is cast,—
 Of friends beloved, whose blighted bloom
 Lies withering in the silent tomb—
 Of morning joys too quickly fled,
 Long numbered with the early dead.
 Those cherished records of our youth
 When life was love, and love was truth.
 Affection with a master key
 Unlocks from stores of memory,
 And gives us back each tender tie
 Which bound our souls in years gone by,
 Uniting, as in life again,
 The broken links of that loved chain
 Which drew so many hearts together
 When only death the tie could sever.
 It is for this I bless those rays
 That mirror lights of happier days—
 Far dearer days in memory's dream
 Than all the glow of solar beam.

M. D.

LITERATURE.

SCOTLAND DELINEATED, in a series of Views, by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, R.A., W. L. LEITCH, THOMAS CRESWICK, A.R.A., DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., J. D. HARDING, JOSEPH NASH, HORATIO MACCULLOCH, R.S.A. Drawn in Lithography by J. D. HARDING; with Historical, Antiquarian and Descriptive letterpress, by JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. In two volumes. Joseph Hogarth, 5, Haymarket.

THIS is one of the most superb illustrative books that have been produced. The artists employed in it, all draughtsmen of peculiar excellence, have vied with each other in giving picturesque life to places famed in Scottish story. The chaste and correct conceptions of Nash, whose sketches are so simple and yet so striking; the gothic and romantic graces of Roberts, who can so well combine the beautiful with the historical, the exquisite clearness, and finish of Stanfield, whose pictures cheer both eye and mind, and the graphic and grotesque style of George Cattermole, who may be truly termed the master painter of the middle ages and other monuments,—all appear in this work, in most appropriate, and most advantageous contrast. While viewing these few and faithful representations of localities and structures—mighty landmarks of a bygone age—where many a momentous event has passed, we are brought back to those periods in Scottish record, which are of dark, but never failing interest. This feeling is increased by the admirable plan the artists have here adopted of representing the views at the moment when some transaction of importance for which they are celebrated, is actually taking place. The effect of such a plan is highly picturesque and dramatic; and adds tenfold to the attraction of the literary portion of the work. Two parts of this book have now appeared, and contain twelve pictures, among which we would particularly point out, The Entrance to Roslin Chapel, *D. Roberts, R.A.* West Bow, Edinburgh, *Cattermole.* Barnhogle Castle, *C. Stanfield.* Moray House, Cannongate, *J. Nash*; and Linlithgow Palace, *D. Roberts, R.A.*

From the literary contents, of more than common merit, we extract the following interesting specimen of "Edinburgh past and present." It is the history of its Castle :—

"On whatever side the traveller approaches Edinburgh, he cannot fail to admire the mingled beauty and grandeur of a scene where nature has bestowed every charm that can adorn a great city. Mountain and valley—woods, corn-fields and meadows—a sea view of surpassing beauty—and beyond, fading into the distance, the blue hills of Fifeshire and the Grampians, unite to form a scene which can no where be excelled. But amidst all this variety of landscape, one lofty and majestic object rises prominent in the view, and marks for miles around the position of the Scottish capital. This is the castle, whose history, varied and troublous as the dark ages that have rolled over it, is now to engage the reader's attention. Nor is it without reason that the first place in the present work is

assigned to this subject. The Castle of Edinburgh is associated with so many important events in Scottish history, that its annals take precedence almost by right; and it is invested with another and peculiar interest by the fact that the city itself owes its origin to the fortified and almost impregnable precipices of the castle rock, in those early days when men generally sought the protection of such places of strength, and erected their rude habitations in their immediate vicinity.

In 1559, Mary of Guise, the widowed consort of James V., and mother of Queen Mary, for whom she had acted as regent after the deprivation of the Earl of Arran, resided in the castle during the siege of Leith by the Lords of the Congregation, who were assisted by the English auxiliaries. The state of the Queen Dowager's health rendered her retreat to the fortress necessary, as she prudently declined to expose herself in Leith to the hazard of a siege which was protracted to the following year. She however, daily watched with anxiety from the ramparts all the operations of her adversaries and their English allies, the former of whom had branded her French forces in Leith as 'throat-cutters' to whose mercy in their opinion, 'no honest men durst commit themselves.' During one desperate assault in 1560, in which the besiegers were repulsed, the Queen sat on the battlements of the castle, regarding with intense feelings the vicissitudes of the fight, even while she was labouring under an illness which in a few days proved fatal. When the Queen saw the English repulsed and the French banners again placed triumphantly on the walls of Leith, she was unable to repress her joy; and she is accused by John Knox of exclaiming—'Now will I go to mass, and praise God for that which mine eyes have seen;' and she immediately proceeded to the castle church, which was dedicated to the canonized Queen Margaret. The French, elated at their success, are accused of expressing their exultation in a very atrocious manner. As soon as the English had returned to their encampments on Leith Links and the vicinity, the French are said to have sallied out and stripped naked the dead bodies of their assailants, and then to have ranged and suspended the corpses along the outside of the wall, the lower parts of which were composed of sloping earth, and exhibited them in that position several days. When these were shown to the Queen Dowager, she is reported to have exclaimed—'Ah! yonder is the prettiest tapestry I ever beheld. Would that all the fields between me and Leith were covered with the same stuff!' The Queen must have had most extraordinary powers of vision if she, or any other person, could have recognized a row of dead bodies on the then defences of Leith, from Edinburgh Castle, which is about two miles distant in a straight line. Whether she said it, is another matter, though it is not likely, when it is recollected that she was then suffering from a malady which caused her death a few days afterwards; and it seems inconsistent with the authentic accounts of her last moments, during which she had an interview with her four most determined opponents, the Earls of Argyll, Glencairn, and Marischall, and Lord James Stuart, then Prior of St. Andrews, subsequently Earl of Moray and Regent of Scotland. During this her mortal illness she requested particularly to have an interview in the castle with D'Oisel the French ambassador, to bid him farewell; but this was not permitted, though he had been one of her intimate friends. She addressed to him a letter requesting some medicines, which was intercepted, and presented to Lord Grey of Wilton, the English commander, who quietly observed: 'Medicines are more abundant and fresher in Edinburgh than they can be in Leith; there lurketh here some mystery.' He held the paper before a fire, and some secret writing appeared which he examined. His lordship destroyed the letter, observing to the Queen's messenger. 'Albeit I have been her secretary, tell her that I shall keep her counsel; but say to her that such wares will not sell till there is a new market.' The Queen died in the castle, almost in the presence of the above mentioned-nobleman, on the 9th of June, 1560; but the apartment is not pointed out, though it must have been one of those in that part of the fortress in which her grandson, James VI., was born. She exhorted the noblemen who were with her at her deathbed to be loyal to her daughter; and lamenting in the most pathetic manner the distracted state of the

kingdom, occasioned by religious and political strife, and the unhappy forebodings of the future, she asked forgiveness if she had at any time offended them, and died in the most peaceful manner. If interment suitable to her rank and the rites of her religion had been permitted, it is not unlikely that the body of the Queen Dowager would have been deposited beside that of her husband in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, but the opposition of the Reformers was too powerful. The corpse was accordingly enclosed in a leaden coffin and kept in the castle until the 19th of October following, when it was placed in a vessel at Leith, conveyed to France, and buried in the Benedictine Convent of St. Peter at Rheims, of which her sister was Abbess. John, fifth Lord Erskine, properly sixth Earl of Mar, of the surname of Erskine, in 1665, restored to that ancient earldom, was Keeper of Edinburgh Castle at the death of the Queen Dowager, and for some years afterwards. He succeeded his father John fourth Lord Erskine in that important charge, and in his honours and estates in 1552. Lord Erskine subsequently appears as the Regent Mar, the successor of the Earl of Lennox in that high office, and consequently one of the four Regents of Scotland during the minority of James VI.

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“Cromwell caused the fortress to be thoroughly repaired, and some allege that the present Half Moon Battery was erected by him. The Castle was repeatedly a state prison for Royalists in his time. Among those committed were the Earl of Kinnoull and his son Viscount Dupplin, the Earl of Glencairn, Viscount Dudgehope, and the Earl of Rothes, the last mentioned on the pretence of breaking his parole to Cromwell, but in reality to prevent a duel between him and Viscount Howard, whose lady he had seduced. At the death of the Protector in 1658, his son Richard was proclaimed his successor at the Cross; ‘the Castle also of Edinburgh,’ observes the local diarist, ‘displaying their colours, and shooting their cannons from the castle: nothing was wanting at this tyme for honouring of that solemnitie, and much more was intended.’ But this apparent devotion to Cromwell’s dynasty was of no long duration. The entrance of Charles II. into London on the 29th of May, which was also the anniversary of his birth, was duly celebrated by the garrison of the Castle, and the same diarist records that the discharging of the artillery ‘was met from the heavens with fire and a great deal of thunder, the like whereof was not seen by the space of many years before.’ On the 19th of June, Major-General Morgan, who was Commander-in-Chief, gratified the citizens by a military display of cavalry and infantry; at night fireworks were exhibited from the Castle, and from the Citadel at Leith; and the whole was concluded by ‘the effigies of that notable tyrant and traytor Oliver set upon a pole, and the devil upon one other, upon the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; it was ordered by fyre-work, ingyne, and trayne—the devil did chase that traytor, and persecut him still till he blew him the air.’”

Such works as this “Scotland Delineated” deserve the highest praise. Doing alike homage to drawing, and to history, they elevate our taste for the former, and impress the latter gracefully and indelibly on our memory. The whole book when concluded will be one of really national adornment to the library or the drawing-room.

TANCRED: OR THE NEW CRUSADE. By B. DISRAELI, M.P. Author of “Coningsby,” “Sybil,” &c. In three vols. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. 1847.

MR. DISRAELI, of all men who have of late created a sensation with the public, is the one who the most attracts attention by the adoption of novelty in both thought and action. An originator, in politics, and in parliament, of sentiments which, however violently opposed, have caught and captivated many, Mr. Disraeli carries the same mind into literature;

and there, the effect is far more striking, for it is combined with other qualities not elsewhere so apparent. A grammatical and graceful style, a thorough knowledge of the foibles of the world, and especially of the world of fashion, a deep but calm flow of satire, and a truthful correctness in the description of locality and character, are adjuncts far more likely to tell in writing, than in the hurried harangue of a stormy debate. Thus does it prove with Mr. Disraeli; the excellencies we mention enhance in his novels the strangeness of the novelty he aims at; and render the perusal peculiarly pleasing, although his plots are usually extremely simple, and few events of a romantic or stirring nature startle the reader throughout his books, except perhaps in the present instance. Tancred indeed takes a wider and bolder range than the prior tales of its author. In the first volume the scene, as in Disraeli's former novels, is in the midst of the high fashion of London, but the second and third volumes transfer the reader from England to the countries of the East, and to much adventure there. Upon the politics and principles developed throughout Tancred, it is not of course for us to enter: we therefore confine our notice to giving some sample of each peculiar portion of this varying, and very entertaining novel. The actual beginning of the story presents capital specimens, first of the author's power of description, and then of his talent for severe, though subdued satire:

"In that part of the celebrated parish of St. George, which is bounded on one side by Piccadilly and on the other by Curzon Street, is a district of a peculiar character. 'Tis a cluster of small streets of little houses, frequently intersected by mews, which here are numerous, and sometimes gradually, rather than abruptly, terminating in a ramification of those mysterious regions. Sometimes a group of courts develops itself, and you may even chance to find your way into a small market-place. Those, however, who are accustomed to connect these hidden residences of the humble with scenes of misery and characters of violence, need not apprehend in this district any appeal to their sympathies, or any shock to their tastes. All is extremely genteel; and there is almost as much repose as in the golden saloons of the contiguous palaces. At any rate, if there be as much vice, there is as little crime.

"No sight or sound can be seen or heard at any hour, which could pain the most precise or the most fastidious. Even if a chance oath may float on the air from a stable-yard to the lodging of a French cook, 'tis of the newest fashion, and, if responded to with less of novel charm, the repartee is at least conveyed in the language of the most polite of nations. They bet upon the Derby in these parts a little, are interested in Goodwood which they frequent, have perhaps, in general, a weakness for play, live highly, and indulge those passions which luxury and refinement encourage; but that is all.

"A policeman would as soon think of reconnoitring these secluded streets as of walking into a house in Park Lane or Berkeley Square, to which, in fact, this population in a great measure belongs. For here reside the wives of house-stewards and of butlers in tenements furnished by the honest savings of their husbands and let in lodgings to increase their swelling incomes; here dwells the retired servant, who now devotes his practised energies to the occasional festival, which with his accumulations in the three per cents., or in one of the public houses of the quarter, secures him at the same time an easy living, and the casual enjoyment of that great world which lingers in his memory. Here may be found his grace's coachman, and here his lordship's groom, who keeps a book and bleeds periodically too speculative footmen, by betting odds on his master's horses. But above all it is in this district that the cooks have ever sought a favourite and elegant abode. An air of stillness and serenity, of exhausted passions and sup-

pressed emotion, rather than of sluggishness and of dulness, distinguishes this quarter during the day.

“When you turn from the vitality and brightness of Piccadilly, the park, the palace, the terraced mansions, the sparkling equipages, the cavaliers cantering up the hill, the swarming multitude, and enter the region of which we are speaking, the effect is at first almost unearthly. Not a carriage, not a horseman, scarcely a passenger; there seems some great and sudden collapse in the metropolitan system, as if a pest had been announced, or an enemy were expected in alarm by a vanquished capital. The approach from Curzon Street has not this effect. Hyde Park has still about it something of Arcadia. There are woods and waters, and the occasional illusion of an illimitable distance of sylvan joyance. The spirit is allured to gentle thoughts as we wander in what is still really a lane, and, turning down Stanhope Street, behold that house which the great Lord Chesterfield tells us, in one of his letters, he was ‘building among the fields.’ The cawing of the rooks in his gardens sustains the tone of mind, and, Curzon Street, after a long, straggling, sawney course, ceasing to be a thoroughfare, and losing itself in the gardens of another palace, is quite in keeping with all the accessories.

“In the night, however, the quarter of which we are speaking is alive. The manners of the population follow those of their masters. They keep late hours. The banquet and the ball dismiss them to their homes at a time when the trades of ordinary regions move in their last sleep, and dream of opening shutters and decking the windows of their shops. At night, the chariot whirls round the frequent corners of these little streets, and the opening valves of the mews vomit forth their legion of broughams. At night, too, the footman, taking advantage of a ball at Holderness or a concert at Lansdowne House, and, knowing that, in either instance, the link-boy will answer when necessary for his summoned name, ventures to look in at his club, reads the paper, talks of his master or his mistress, and perhaps throws a main. The shops of this district, depending almost entirely for their custom on the classes we have indicated, and kept often by their relations, follow the order of the place, and are most busy when other places of business are closed.

“A gusty March morning had subsided into a sunshiny afternoon, nearly two years ago, when a young man, slender, above the middle height, with a physiognomy thoughtful yet delicate, his brown hair worn long, slight whiskers, on his chin a tuft, knocked at the door of a house in Carrington Street, May Fair. His mien and his custom denoted a character of the class of artists. He wore a pair of green trousers, braided with a black stripe down their sides, puckered towards the waist, yet fitting with considerable precision to the boot of French leather that enclosed a well-formed foot. His waistcoat was of maroon velvet, displaying a steel watch-chain of refined manufacture, and a black satin cravat, with a coral brooch. His bright blue frock-coat was frogged and braided like his trowsers. As the knocker fell from the primrose-coloured glove that screened his hand, he uncovered, and passing his fingers rapidly through his hair, resumed his new silk hat, which he placed rather on one side of his head.

“‘Ah! Mr. Leander, is it you?’ exclaimed a pretty girl, who opened the door, and blushed.

“‘And how is the good papa, Eugenie? Is he at home? For I want to see him much.’

“‘I will show you up to him at once, Mr. Leander, for he will be very happy to see you. We have been thinking of hearing of you,’ she added, talking as she ushered her guest up the narrow staircase. ‘The good papa has a little cold: ’tis not much, I hope; caught at Sir Wallenger’s, a large dinner; they would have the kitchen windows open, which spoilt all the entrées, and papa got a cold; but I think, perhaps, it is as much vexation as anything else; you know, if anything goes wrong, especially with the entrées—’

“‘He feels as a great artist must,’ said Leander, finishing her sentence. ‘However, I am not sorry at this moment to find him a prisoner, for I am pressed to see him. It is only this morning that I have returned from Mr. Coningsby’s at Hellingsley—the house full, forty covers every day, and some judges. One

does not grudge one's labour if we are appreciated,' added Leander; 'but I have had my troubles. One of my marmitons has disappointed me; I thought I had a genius, but on the third day he lost his head; and had it not been—Ah! good papa,' he exclaimed, as the door opened, and he came forward and warmly shook the hand of a portly man, advanced in middle life, sitting in an easy chair, with a glass of sugared water by his side, and reading a French newspaper in his chamber robe, and with a white cotton nightcap on his head.

"'Ah; my child,' said Papa Prevost, 'is it you? You see me a prisoner; Eugenie has told you; a dinner at a merchant's; dressed in a draught; everything spoiled, and I——' and sighing, Papa Prevost sipped his eau sucrée.

"'We have all our troubles,' said Leander, in a consoling tone; 'but we will not speak now of vexations. I have just come from the country; Daubuz has written to me twice; he was at my house last night; I found him on my steps this morning. There is a grand affair on the tapis. The son of the Duke of Bellamont comes of age at Easter; it is to be a business of the thousand and one nights; the whole county to be feasted. Camacho's wedding will do for the peasantry; roasted oxen, and a capon in every platter, with some fountains of ale and good Porto. Our marmitons, too, can easily serve the provincial noblesse; but there is to be a party at the Castle of double cream; princes of the blood, high relatives and grandees of the golden Fleece. The Duke's cook is not equal to the occasion. 'Tis an hereditary chef who gives dinners of the time of the continental blockade. They have written to Daubuz to send them the first artist of the age,' said Leander; 'and,' added he, with some hesitation, 'Daubuz has written to me.'

"'And he did quite right, my child,' said Prevost, 'for there is not a man in Europe that is your equal. What do they say? That Abreu rivals you in flavour, and that Gaillard has not less invention. But who can combine goût with new combinations? 'Tis yourself, Leander; and there is no question, though you have only twenty-five years, that you are the chef of the age.'

"'You are always very good to me, sir,' said Leander, bending his head with great respect; 'and I will not deny, that to be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods. But we must never forget that I had an advantage which Abreu and Gaillard had not, and that I was your pupil.'

"'I hope that I have not injured you,' said Papa Prevost, with an air of proud self-content. 'What you learned from me came at least from a good school. It is something to have served under Napoleon,' added Prevost, with the grand air of the Imperial kitchen. 'Had it not been for Waterloo, I should have had the cross. But the Bourbons and the cooks of the empire never could understand each other. They brought over an emigrant chef, who did not comprehend the taste of the age. He wished to bring everything back to the time of the *œil de bœuf*. When Monsieur passed my soup of Austerlitz untasted, I knew the old family was doomed. But we gossip. You wished to consult me?'

"'I want not only your advice, but your assistance. This affair of the Duke of Bellamont's requires all our energies. I hope you will accompany me: and, indeed, we must muster all our forces. It is not to be denied that there is a want, not only of genius, but of men, in our art. The cooks are like the civil engineers: since the middle class have taken to giving dinners, the demand exceeds the supply.'

"'There is Andrien,' said Papa Prevost, 'you had some hopes of him?'

"'He is too young; I took him to Hellingsley, and he lost his head on the third day. I entrusted the soufflés to him, and, but for the most desperate personal exertions, all would have been lost. It was an affair of the bridge of Arcola.'

"'Ah! mon Dieu! those are moments!' exclaimed Prevost. 'Gaillard and Abreu will not serve under you, eh? And if they would, they could not be trusted. They would betray you at the tenth hour.'

"'What I want are generals of division, not commanders in chief. Abreu is sufficiently bon garçon, but he has taken an engagement with Monsieur de Sidonia, and is not permitted to go out.'

“ ‘With Monsieur de Sidonia! You once thought of that, my Leander. And what is his salary!’

“ ‘Not too much; four hundred, and some perquisites. It would not suit me; besides, I will take no engagement but with a crowned head. But Abreu likes travelling, and he has his own carriage, which pleases him.’

“ ‘There are Philippon and Dumoreau,’ said Prevost; ‘they are very safe.’

“ ‘I was thinking of them,’ said Leander, ‘they are safe—under you. And there is an Englishman, Smit, he is chef at Sir Stanley’s, but his master is away at this moment. He has talent.’

“ ‘Yourself, four chefs, with your marmitons, it would do,’ said Prevost.

“ ‘For the kitchen,’ said Leander; ‘but who is to dress the tables?’

“ ‘A—h!’ exclaimed Papa Prevost, shaking his head.

“ ‘Daubuz’s head man, Trenton, is the only one I could trust; and he wants fancy, though his style is broad and bold. He made a pyramid of pines relieved with grapes without destroying the outline, very good, this last week, at Helling-sley. But Trenton has been upset on the railroad, and much injured. Even if he recover, his hand will tremble so for the next month that I could have no confidence in him.’

“ ‘Perhaps you might find some one at the Duke’s?’

“ ‘Out of the question!’ said Leander; ‘I make it always a condition that the head of every department shall be appointed by myself. I take Pellerini with me for the confectionary. How often have I seen the effect of a first-rate dinner spoiled by a vulgar dessert; laid flat on the table, for example, or with ornaments that look as if they had been hired at a pastrycook’s: triumphal arches, and Chinese pagodas, and solitary pines springing up out of icetubs surrounded with peaches, as if they were in the window of a fruiterer of Covent Garden.’

“ ‘Ah! it is incredible what uneducated people will do,’ said Prevost. ‘The dressing of the tables was a department of itself in the Imperial kitchen.’

“ ‘It demands an artist of a high calibre,’ said Leander. ‘I only know one man who realizes my idea, and he is at St. Petersburg. You do not know Anastase? There is a man! But the Emperor has him secure. He can scarcely complain, however, since he is decorated, and has the rank of full colonel.’

“ ‘Ah!’ said Prevost, mournfully, ‘there is no recognition of genius in this country. What think you of Vanasse, my child? He has had a regular education.’

“ ‘In a bad school: as a pis aller one might put up with him. But his eternal tiers of bon-bons! As if they were ranged for a supper of the Carnival, and my guests were going to pelt each other! No, I could not stand Vanasse, Papa.’

“ ‘The dressing of the table: ’tis a rare talent,’ said Prevost, mournfully, ‘and always was. In the Imperial kitchen—’

“ ‘Papa,’ said Eugenie, opening the door, and putting in her head, ‘here is Monsieur Vanillette just come from Brussels. He has brought you a basket of truffles from Ardennes. I told him you were on business—but to-night, if you be at home, he could come.’

“ ‘Vanillette!’ exclaimed Prevost, starting in his chair, ‘our little Vanillette. There is your man, Leander. He was my first pupil, as you were my last, my child. Bring up our little Vanillette, Eugenie. He is in the household of King Leopold, and his forte is dressing the table!’”

There is much of recognizable truth in the following portraiture of Mr. Guy Flouney.

“ Mr. Guy Flouney was a sporting character. His wife had impressed upon him that it was the only way in which he could become fashionable and acquainted with ‘the best men.’ He knew just enough of the affair not to be ridiculous; and, for the rest, with a great deal of rattle and apparent heedlessness of speech and deed, he was really an extremely selfish and sufficiently shrewd person, who never compromised himself. It is astonishing with what dexterity Guy Flouney could extricate himself from the jaws of a friend, who, captivated by his thought-

less candour and ostentatiously good heart, might be induced to request Mr. Flouncey to lend him a few hundreds, only for a few months, or, more diplomatically, might beg his friend to become his security for a few thousands, for a few years. Mr. Guy Flouncey never refused these applications, they were exactly those to which it delighted his heart to respond, because nothing pleased him more than serving a friend. But then he always had to write a preliminary letter of preparation to his banker, or his steward, or his confidential solicitor; and, by some contrivance or other, without offending any one, rather with the appearance of conferring an obligation, it ended always by Mr. Guy Flouncey neither advancing the hundreds, nor guaranteeing the thousands. He had indeed managed, like many others, to get the reputation of being what is called 'a good fellow;' though it would have puzzled his panegyrists to allege a single act of his that evinced a good heart.

"This sort of pseudo reputation, whether for good or for evil, is not uncommon in the world. Man is mimitic; judges of character are rare; we repeat without thought the opinions of some third person, who has adopted them without inquiry; and thus it often happens that a proud generous man obtains in time the reputation of being 'a screw,' because he has refused to lend money to some impudent spendthrift, who from that moment abuses him: and a cold-hearted, civil-spoken personage, profuse in costless services, with a spice of the parasite in him, or perhaps hospitable out of vanity, is invested with all the thoughtless sympathies of society, and passes current as that most popular of characters, 'a good fellow.'"

But let us follow Mr. Disraeli from the atmosphere of this metropolis of great and petty pride to a warmer and a wilder clime, where the human intellect is less mighty, and less frivolous. Mr. Disraeli treads the oriental shores with the step of knowledge and self-possession: here, too, he brings into play a spirit of poetry and romance, which introduces a new charm into his fiction. The Queen of the Ansarey, for example, is a fine picture, done in glowing and brilliant colours. The chapter that first shows her in her state, is one of the most animated in the novel:—

"Our travellers were speculating, not very sanguinely, on the possible resources which Gindarics might supply for the amusement of a week, when, to their great relief, they were informed by Keferinis, that the Queen had fixed noon on this the day after their arrival, to receive them. And accordingly at that time some attendants, not accompanying however the chief minister, waited on Tancred and Fakredeem, and announced that they were commanded to usher them to the royal presence. Quitting their apartments, they mounted a flight of steps, which led to the wooden gallery, along which they pursued their course. At its termination were two sentries with their lances. Then they descended a corresponding flight of stairs, and entered a chamber where they were received by pages; the next room, of larger size, was crowded, and here they remained for a few minutes. Then they were ushered into the presence.

"The young Queen of the Ansarey could not have received them with an air more impassive had she been holding a levée at St. James's. Seated on her divan, she was clothed in a purple robe; her long dark hair descended over her shoulders, and was drawn off her white forehead, which was bound with a broad circlet of pure gold and of great antiquity. On her right hand stood Keferinis, the captain of her guard, and a priestly-looking person with a long white beard, and then at some distance from these three personages, a considerable number of individuals, between whose appearance and that of her ordinary subjects there was little difference. On her left hand were immediately three female attendants, young and pretty; at some distance from them, a troop of female slaves; and again, at a still further distance, another body of her subjects in their white turbans and their black dresses. The chamber was spacious, and rudely painted in the Ionic style.

“ It is most undoubtedly requested, and in a vein of the most condescending friendship, by the perfectly irresistible Queen, that the princes should be seated, said Keferinis, and accordingly Tancred occupied his allotted seat on the right of the Queen, though at some distance, and the young Emir filled his on the left. Fakredeen was dressed in Syrian splendour, a blaze of shawls and jewelled arms; but Tancred retained on this, as he had done on every other occasion, the European dress, though in the present instance it assumed a somewhat more brilliant shape than ordinary, in the dark green regimentals, the rich embroidery, and the flowing plume of the Bellamont Yeomanry Cavalry.

“ You are a prince of the English,’ said the Queen to Tancred.

“ I am an Englishman,’ he replied, ‘ and a subject of our Queen, for we also have the good fortune to be ruled over by the young and the fair.’

“ My fathers and the house of Shehaab have been ever friends,’ she continued, turning to Fakredeen.

“ May they ever continue so!’ he replied. ‘ For if the Shehaabs and the Ansarey are of one mind, Syria is no longer earth, but indeed paradise.’

“ You live much in ships?’ said the Queen, turning to Tancred.

“ We are an insular people,’ he answered, somewhat confusedly, but the perfectly informed Keferinis came to the succour both of Tancred and of his sovereign.

“ The English live in ships only during six months of the year, principally when they go to India, the rest entirely at their country houses.’

“ Ships are required to take you to India?’ said her majesty.

Tancred bowed assent.

“ Is your Queen about my age?’

“ She was as young as your Majesty when she began to reign.’

“ And how long has she reigned?’

“ Some seven years or so.’

“ Has she a castle?’

“ Her Majesty generally resides in a very famous castle.’

“ Very strong, I suppose?’

“ Strong enough.’

“ The Emir Beschcer remains at Stamboul?’

“ He is now, I believe, at Brusa,’ replied Fakredeen.

“ Does he like Brusa?’

“ Not as much as Stamboul.’

“ Is Stamboul the largest city in the world?’

“ I apprehend by no means,’ said Fakredeen.

“ What is larger?’

“ London is larger—the great city of the English, from which the prince comes—Paris is also larger, but not so large as London.’

“ How many persons are there in Stamboul?’

“ More than half a million.’

“ Have you seen Antakia (Antioch)?’ the Queen inquired of Tancred.

“ Not yet.’

“ You have seen Beiroot?’

“ I have.’

“ Antakia is not near as great a place as Beiroot,’ said the Queen, ‘ yet once Antakia was much larger than Stamboul; as large perhaps as your great city.’

“ And far more beautiful than either,’ said Tancred.

“ Ah! you have heard of these things!’ exclaimed the Queen, with great animation. ‘ Now tell me—why is Antakia no longer a great city, as great as Stamboul and the city of the English, and far more beautiful?’

“ It is a question that might perplex the wise,’ said Tancred.

“ I am not wise,’ said the Queen, looking earnestly at Tancred, ‘ yet I could solve it.’

“ Would that your Majesty would deign to do so.’

“ There are things to be said, and there are things not to be said,’ was the reply, and the Queen looked at Keferinis.

“ ‘ Her Majesty has expressed herself with infinite exactitude and with condescending propriety,’ said the chief minister.

“ The Queen was silent for a moment, thoughtful, and then waved gracefully her hands; whereupon the chamber was immediately cleared. The princes, instructed by Keferinis, alone remained, with the exception of the minister, who, at the desire of his Sovereign, now seated himself, but not on the divan. He sat opposite to the Queen, on the floor.

“ ‘ Princes, said the Queen, ‘ you are welcome to Gindarics, where nobody ever comes. For we are people who wish neither to see nor to be seen. We are not like other people, nor do we envy other people. I wish not for the ships of the Queen of the English, and my subjects are content to live as their fathers lived before them. Our mountains are wild and barren; our vales require for their cultivation unceasing toil. We have no gold or silver, no jewels: neither have we silk. But we have some beautiful and consoling thoughts, and more than thoughts, which are shared by all of us and open to all of us, and which only we can value or comprehend. When Darkush, who dwells at Damascus, and was the servant of my father, sent to us the ever-faithful messenger, and said that there were princes who wished to confer with us, he knew well it was vain to send here men who would talk of the English and the Egyptians, of the Porte and of the nations of Franguestan. These things to us are like the rind of fruit. Neither do we care for cottons, nor for things which are sought for in the cities of the plains, and it may be, noble Emir, cherished also in the mountains of Lebanon. This is not Lebanon, but the mountains of the Ansarey, who are, as they have ever been, before the name of Turk or English was known in Syria, and who will remain as they are, unless that happens which may never happen, but which is too beautiful not to believe may arrive. Therefore I speak to you with frankness, princes, of strange countries: Darkush, the servant of my father, and also mine, told me, by the ever-faithful messenger, that it was not of these things, which are to us like water spilt on sand, that you wished to confer, but that there were things to be said which ought to be uttered. Therefore it is, I sent back the faithful messenger, saying, send then these princes to Gindarics, since their talk is not of things which come and go, making a noise on the coast and in the cities of the plains, and then passing away. These we infinitely despise; but the words of truth uttered in the spirit of friendship will last, if they be grave, and on matters which authorize journeys made by princes to visit queens.’

“ Her Majesty ceased, and looked at Keferinis, who bowed profound approbation. Tancred and Fakredeed also exchanged glances, but the Emir waved his hand, signifying his wish that Tancred should reply, who, after a moment’s hesitation, with an air of great deference, thus ventured to express himself.

“ ‘ It seems to me and to my friend, the Prince of the Lebanon, that we have listened to the words of wisdom. They are in every respect just. We know not, ourselves, Darkush, but he was rightly informed when he apprised your Majesty that it was not upon ordinary topics, either political or commercial, that we desired to visit Gindarics. Nor was it out of such curiosity as animates travellers. For we are not travellers, but men who have a purpose which we wish to execute. The world, that, since its creation, has owned the spiritual supremacy of Asia, which is but natural, since Asia is the only portion of the world which the Creator of that world has deigned to visit, and in which he has ever conferred with man, is unhappily losing its faith in those ideas and convictions that hitherto have governed the human race. We think, therefore, the time has arrived when Asia should make one of its periodical and appointed efforts to reassert that supremacy.’ But though we are acting, as we believe, under a divine impulse, it is our duty to select the most fitting human agents to accomplish a celestial mission. We have thought therefore that it should devolve on Syria and Arabia, countries in which our God has even dwelt, and with which he has been from the earliest days in direct and regular communication, to undertake the solemn task. Two races of men alike free, one inhabiting the desert, the other the mountains, untainted by any of the vices of the plains, and the virgin vigour of their intelligence not dwarfed by the conventional superstitions of towns and cities—one prepared

at once to supply an unrivalled cavalry, the other an army ready equipped of intrepid foot-soldiers, appear to us to be indicated as the natural and united conquerors of the world. We wish to conquer that world, with angels at our head, in order that we may establish the happiness of man by a divine dominion, and, crushing the political atheism that is now desolating existence, utterly extinguish the grovelling tyranny of self-government.'

"The Queen of the Ansarey listened with deep and agitated attention to Tancred. When he had concluded, she said, after a moment's pause, 'I believe also in the necessity of the spiritual supremacy of our Asia. And since it has ceased, it seems not to me that man and man's life have been either as great or as beautiful as heretofore. What you have said assures me, that it is well that you have come hither. But when you speak of Arabia, of what God is it you speak?'

"'I speak of the only God, the Creator of all things, the God who spoke on the Arabian Mount Sinai, and expiated our sins upon the Syrian Mount Calvary.'

"'There is also Mount Olympus,' said the Queen, 'which is in Anatolia. Once the gods dwelt there.'

"'The gods of poets,' said Tancred.

"'No; the gods of the people; who loved the people, and whom the people loved.'

"There was a pause, broken by the Queen, who, looking at her minister, said, 'Noble Keferinis, the thoughts of these princes are divine, and in every respect becoming celestial things. Is it not well that the gates of the beautiful and the sacred should be closed?'

"'In every sense, irresistible Queen, it is well that the gates of the beautiful and the sacred should not be closed.'

"'Then let them bring garlands. Princes,' the Queen continued, 'what the eye of no stranger has looked upon, you shall now behold. This also is Asian and divine.'

"Immediately the chamber again filled. The Queen, looking at the two princes and bowing, rose from her seat. They instantly followed her example. One came forward, offering to the Queen, and then to each of them, a garland. Garlands were also taken by Keferinis and a few others. Cypros and her companions walked first, then Keferinis and one who had stood near the royal divan; the queen, between her two guests, followed, and after her a small and ordered band.

"They stopped before a lofty portal of bronze, evidently of ancient art. This opened into a covered and excavated way, in some respects similar to that which had led them directly to the castle of Gindarics; but, although obscure, not requiring artificial light, yet it was of no inconsiderable length. It emerged upon a platform cut out of the natural rock; on all sides were steep cliffs, above them the bright blue sky. The ravine appeared to be closed on every side.

The opposite cliff, at the distance of several hundred yards, reached by a winding path, presented, at first, the appearance of the front of an ancient temple; and Tancred, as he approached it, perceived that the hand of art had assisted the development of an intimation of nature: a pediment, a deep portico, supported by Ionic columns, and a flight of steps, were carved out of the cliff, and led into vast caverns, which art also had converted into lofty and magnificent chambers. When they had mounted the steps, the queen and her companions lifted their garlands to the skies, and joined in a chorus, solemn and melodious, but which did not sound as the language of Syria. Passing through the portico, Tancred found himself apparently in a vast apartment, where he beheld a strange spectacle.

"At the first glance it seemed that, ranged on blocks of the surrounding mountains, were a variety of sculptured figures of costly materials and exquisite beauty; forms of heroic majesty and ideal grace; and, themselves serene and unimpassioned, filling the minds of the beholders with awe and veneration. It was not until his eye was accustomed to the atmosphere, and his mind had in some degree recovered from the first strange surprise, that Tancred gradually recognised the fair and famous images over which his youth had so long and so early pondered.

Stole over his spirit the countenance august, with the flowing beard and the lordly locks, sublime on his ivory throne, in one hand the ready thunderbolt, in the other the cypress sceptre; at his feet the watchful eagle with expanded wings; stole over the spirit of the gazing pilgrim, each shape of that refined and elegant hierarchy made for the worship of clear skies and sunny lands; goddess and god, genius, and nymph, and faun,—all that the wit and heart of man can devise and create, to represent his genius and his passion—all that the myriad developments of a beautiful nature can require for their personification. A beautiful and sometimes flickering light played over the sacred groups and figures, softening the ravages of time, and occasionally investing them with, as it were, a celestial movement.

“ ‘The gods of the Greeks!’ exclaimed Tancred.

“ ‘The gods of the Ansarey,’ said the queen; ‘the gods of my fathers!’

“ ‘I am filled with a sweet amazement,’ murmured Tancred. ‘Life is stranger than I deemed. My soul is, as it were, unsheltered.’

“ ‘Yet you know them to be gods,’ said the queen; ‘and the Emir of the Lebanon does not know them to be gods?’

“ ‘I feel that they are such,’ said Fakredeen.

“ ‘How is this, then?’ said the queen, ‘How is it that you, the child of a northern isle—’

“ ‘Should recognise the Olympian Jove,’ said Tancred. ‘It seems strange; but from my earliest youth I learnt these things.’

“ ‘Ah, then,’ murmured the queen to herself, and with an expression of the greatest satisfaction, ‘Darkush was rightly informed; he is one of us.’

“ ‘I behold, then, at last, the gods of the Ansarey,’ said Fakredeen.

“ ‘All that remains of Antioch, noble Emir; of Antioch the superb, with its hundred towers, and its sacred groves and fanes of flashing beauty.’

“ ‘Unhappy Asia!’ exclaimed the Emir; ‘thou hast indeed fallen!’

“ ‘When all was over,’ said the queen; ‘when the people refused to sacrifice, and the gods, indignant, quitted earth—I hope not for ever—the faithful few fled to these mountains with the sacred images, and we have cherished them. I told you we had beautiful and consoling thoughts, and more than thoughts. All else is lost—our wealth, our arts, our luxury, our invention—all have vanished. The niggard earth scarcely yields us a subsistence; we dress like Kurds—feed hardly as well; but if we were to quit these mountains, and wander like them on the plains with our ample flocks, we should lose our sacred images—all the traditions that we yet cherish in our souls, that in spite of our hard lives preserve us from being barbarians—a sense of the beautiful and the lofty, and the divine hope, that, when the rapidly consummating degradation of Asia has been fulfilled, mankind will return again to those gods who made the earth beautiful and happy; and that they, in their celestial mercy, may revisit that world which, without them, has become a howling wilderness.’

“ ‘Lady,’ said Tancred, with much emotion, ‘we must, with your permission, speak of these things. My heart is at present too full.’

“ ‘Come hither,’ said the queen, in a voice of great softness; and she led Tancred away.

“ ‘They entered a chamber of much smaller dimensions, which might be looked upon as a chapel annexed to the cathedral or Pantheon which they had quitted. At each end of it was a statue. They paused before one. It was not larger than life, of ivory and gold; the colour purer than could possibly have been imagined, highly polished, and so little injured, that at a distance the general effect was not in the least impaired.

“ ‘Do you know that?’ asked the Queen, and she looked at the statue, and then she looked at Tancred.

“ ‘I recognise the god of poetry and light,’ said Tancred; ‘Phœbus Apollo.’

“ ‘Our god: the god of Antioch, the god of the sacred grove! Who could look upon him, and doubt his deity!’

“ ‘Is this indeed the figure,’ murmured Tancred, ‘before which a hundred steers have bled? before which libations of honeyed wine were poured from golden goblets? that lived in a heaven of incense!’

“ ‘ Ah ! you know all.’

“ ‘ Angels watch over us !’ said Tancred, ‘ or my brain will turn. And who is this ?’

“ ‘ One before whom the pilgrims of the world once kneeled. This is the Syrian goddess ; the Venus of our land, but called among us by a name which, by her favour, I also bear—ASTARTE.’ ”

Mr. Disraeli cleverly adopts a plan, successfully used by some authors of reproducing the characters of a former novel in a new one. Thus have we here the heroine of Coningsby gracefully reappearing, as also other familiar acquaintances of that popular narrative. The carrying out of this idea will have the advantage of making Mr. Disraeli’s tales (much more of his fiction, we trust, is yet to come) a continuing and amusing satire on the times in which he takes so forward and remarkable a share.

THE BATTLE OF NIBLEY GREEN, from the MSS. of a *TEMPLAR* ; with a Preface, Notes, and other Poems, by J. B. KINGTON. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street. 1847.

QUAINT and learned, and yet romantic and really poetic. There is much curious matter, and much good verse in this small volume. The “ Battle of Nibley Green ” is strange and interesting, and the other principal poem “ Maid Marian,” is a very pretty and pleasing fragment. The following description of Marian at Evening Prayer is elegantly written :—

Do not light the candles yet ;
Close not out the Evening Star ;
But leave me quite alone ; and let
The door remain ajar.

Bow thee down irreverent head,
For a sound comes down the stair ;
Marian, kneeling by her bed,
Saith the Evening Prayer :

Praying—Evermore to Bless
Those that all about her be !
Hush : God give me worthiness ;
Marian prays for me !—

Marian ! kneeling by her bed,
Earnest, meek, absorbed and calm ;
Drooping forward her dear head ;
Pressing palm to palm ;

Looking, with her loving eyes,
Far above the eastern meadows ;
Where the pond’rous cloud-mass lies,
In its deep, broad shadows ;—

A tall Fortress, vast and dun,
Fitted for an Empire’s keeping ;
Whilst a single Star looks on,
O’er the watch tower peeping,—

As a Warder looks afar,
To his fixed purpose given :
Marian sees, nor cloud, nor star ;
But, beyond them, Heaven !—

Kneeling lowly, murmuring slowly,
 With a soft, low fervency,
 Words half spoken, lisped, broken,
 Praying still for me !

Oh ! the potency and sway
 Of Gentleness, o'er tutor'd skill ;
 This Child takes my heart away,
 And moulds it to her will :

I,—that, stooping, give my finger
 To her, in the garden walk ;
 Proud, amid the joy, to linger
 O'er th' innocent talk ;

By a lisping accent caught,
 Murmur'd, kneeling, by a bed—
 I, the lesson'd teacher, taught,
 And the leader, led !—

To that infant purpose moulded,
 As a Soul, that upward sings,
 Mounting, still, to Heaven, enfolded—
 In an Angel's wings !

What a power ! intent and will
 Speaking, in a child's caressing,
 And a broken syllable—
 Shapèd to a blessing !

Learning yield pretension, now ;
 Power be dumb, and Pride be calm ;
 Hide thee, stern, cold-thoughted Brow,
 In the humbling palm ;

Serpent Wisdom hear the Charmer ;
 Rebel Will to homage fall ;
 Conscience doff thy world-forg'd armour ;
 Turn Thee to the Wall !

THE NEMESIS IN CHINA, COMPRISING A HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY ; with a complete account of the Colony of Hong Kong. From the notes of CAPTAIN W. H. HALL, R.N., and the personal observations of W. D. BERNARD, Esq. A.M., Oxon. Third Edition revised and improved. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-Street.

THIS book, which has now become a standard work, is not only interesting from its adventurous narrative, but also extremely valuable from its lucid historical information. Seldom do we find so good, and fair an account of a great transaction, so soon after its occurrence, as the history of the late Chinese war here given. The perilous journey of the Nemesis to the scene of action, the description of the places she stopped at on the way, and then the singular struggle itself, are most ably, and agreeably related. The book is probably the only clear and correct view we as yet have of the war in China : but we need say no more, for the merits of the work are now generally known. To this third edition of

it, however, is attached an interesting preface, from which we extract the following curious tale :—

“When the island of Chusan was taken by the combined English forces on the 1st of October, 1841, they found there, in a state of complete destitution, a Chinese boy, whose father, a military man, had been killed in the attack, and the fate of whose mother could never be ascertained. The child was in consequence without a home, without a friend, and nearly famished. Captain Hall took him on board the *Nemesis*, and the kindness with which he was there treated soon reconciled him to his new abode and protectors.

“On the following day, this boy, whose name was Afah, went ashore and visited Tinghae, his native city, but could learn no tidings of his mother or any of his relations. The former had no doubt fled with many others to the hills in the interior of the island, when our troops began to bombard the town; for the terror of all, but especially of the women, was extreme. He appeared delighted on his return, when he found himself once more on board the *Nemesis*. His visits to the shore were frequently repeated, and he met with many of his old play-fellows, whom he treated to sweetmeats. From his smiles and manner when on board, he appeared to be perfectly contented.

“He soon picked up a few words of English, and, to keep up the knowledge of his own language, he was sent to school at Chusan; but such was his dislike to it, that he invariably tried to get excused from going, and so completely was he domesticated with his new friends, when the *Nemesis* proceeded northward with the expedition, that he expressed no wish to be left behind.

“In a few months, Afah learned sufficient English to be useful as an interpreter, and was very serviceable in assisting to procure fresh provisions for the fleet, which was in great need of them, especially for the sick and wounded.

“On one occasion, there was a warm dispute between the two Canton interpreters and a mandarin, who had undertaken to procure oxen and vegetables at a moderate price for the troops, on condition that they should not molest the inhabitants of his town, a few miles distant from the place where the *Nemesis* and *Dido* lay at anchor. The mandarin explained, through Afah, that those interpreters ‘no good and no speak proper; they want plenty things first before they talk about your *pidgeon* (business)—not so with the little boy, he speak all proper.’ The consequence was that all the extensive purchases at that place were ever afterwards made by Afah: and, whenever foraging parties were sent out to collect supplies for the expedition, it was absolutely necessary for their success, and to keep up a good understanding with the natives, that Afah should accompany them.

“At Nankin, Afah was in great request to attend parties to the far-famed porcelain Pagoda; and at that anchorage he was frequently sent for by the captains of ships to clear up any misunderstanding that might arise between the Chinese and English, when bargaining.

“An English party, rambling one day on shore near Nankin, came upon a farm-house, where a woman, on seeing the strangers, instantly ran and threw herself into a deep pond. With difficulty she was taken out alive, and nothing but the assurances of Afah that no harm would happen to her, prevented her from throwing herself in again: but at length she walked quietly off to a neighbouring cottage, persuaded that she had no injury to fear from the English, and that they were not so bad as they had been represented.

“At dinner one day on board the Thames transport at Chusan, Sir Charles Burdett, of the 41st Madras Native Infantry, said to Afah that, if he would pronounce his name, he would give him a pistol. “The little fellow immediately ran to Captain Hall, and inquired what was the name of that soldier-gentleman, pointing to Sir Charles. On being told, he found the task a difficult one, exclaiming, “Too much hard, no can.’ He persevered, however, until he mastered it, when he hastened to Sir Charles, and calling out his name, claimed the reward, which was duly presented to him. A few days after receiving the pistol, he accompanied Captain Hall and a party to Ningpo, to act as interpreter. One of the public offices was allotted for their residence during their stay. In one of the rooms required, lay a Chinese soldier, half asleep, and who would not get out of

bed. Afah was summoned: he entered the room, pistol (not loaded) in hand, and pointed it at the man's face, telling him at the same time, 'Suppose he no get up, he makey shoot.' The fellow, in great alarm, roared out, 'No fire! I go! I go!' and ran out of the house to the great amusement of all present.

"During the action at Woosung, when the shot were flying about rather briskly, and one of the crew had his arm shot off, to the no small surprise of Captain Hall, he perceived Afah upon the bridge which runs across from the paddle-boxes, and on his asking what brought him there, the boy replied, 'he only came up to see the fun and what go on.' Of course he was immediately ordered below.

"On his arrival in England, Afah became an inmate in the family of Mr. Pope, of Manchester square, who received and continued to befriend and protect him. As he possessed only an oral knowledge of the English language, and was necessarily ignorant of the first principles of religion, Mr. Pope was induced, on the recommendation of the Rector of St. Marylebone, to place him for a time in the infant school attached to the Rectory. There he soon became distinguished for his general good conduct and his aptitude for acquiring knowledge; and, after careful previous instruction, he was baptized by the Rector, by the names of William Leong Afah. He was afterwards sent by Captain Hall to a good boarding-school at Hanwell, where he continued to improve, and became a favourite of his teachers as well as of his school-fellows.

"When on board the royal yacht at Woolwich, Captain Hall left him one day to go to the Admiralty. On his return in the evening, he was informed that the boy was missing, and it was feared that some accident had befallen him. Captain Hall, thinking it likely that he had hid himself, called him aloud by his name, 'Here I am, Sir!' he instantly answered from his cabin. The Captain asked why he had locked himself up; he replied, 'Soon you go away, plenty of people come on board the yacht; all want to see China Boy; China Boy no want to see them: they no your friends, everybody friends. I tired and go into your cabin, and lock myself up till you come back: all the sailors look for me and call China Boy: I no answer till I heard your voice.'

"During her Majesty's visit to Scotland, Afah was on board the royal yacht with Captain Hall. When at Dundee, he came up one day without shoes and stockings and asked leave to go on shore. 'Go on shore without shoes and stockings!' said Captain Hall: 'certainly not.' He immediately answered, 'The women in Scotland no wear shoes and stockings: why should I not go without them all same?'

"To the great delight of the little fellow, her Majesty and Prince Albert were graciously pleased to notice him, and, with their usual benevolence inquired into his history and asked if he had any relations left. The Princess Royal, who was present, appeared much amused: she wished to shake hands with him, and sweetly expressed her sorrow, when the Prince told her that his father had been killed. These will be precious recollections for Afah, and, should he ever return to his native land, they will no doubt be proudly and gratefully detailed [to his countrymen; and it is impossible to calculate what beneficial effects may some day accrue, either to the land of his birth or to the British Empire, from the humanity, kindness, and protection extended by Captain Hall and other benefactors to the Orphan Boy, and from the Christian instruction and the English education which they have taken care to give him."

Captain Hall may be truly said to have achieved a double fame on board the *Nemesis*. In his case, "the doctarum hederæ præmia frontium" gracefully entwine with the laurel of victory.

SURGICAL AND PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISEASES OF THE HUMAN FOOT : to which is added Advice on the Management of the Hand. By JOHN EISENBERG. 4to. London: Henry Renshaw.

THE author of this treatise is the well-known and justly celebrated Chiropedist Eisenberg, who has had very considerable experience in the treatment of diseases of the feet; and by those who have in any way suffered (and who has not) from the subjects treated of, it will readily be acknowledged it is one of great importance, and one the investigation of which cannot be other than a source of interest to most of us. Beauty of carriage is mainly dependent on the judicious preservation of the feet, and in vain is the body drilled by the dancing-master or by the serjeant if the great support of the whole frame be in a disordered state; and yet the maladies to which the feet are subject have been generally deemed of too trivial a nature to be worthy of serious enquiry.

The human body is coated with three tissues, each performing certain functions necessary to the healthy condition of the body. The first of these tissues is a membrane to which the name of epidermis is given; the second, from its resemblance to a collection of net work, and from the exudation which is always pouring from it, is called the rete mucosum; beneath this, is that covering which, from its exquisite sensibility, and from its being apparently the natural seat of sensation has been called the cutis vera, or true skin. The rete mucosum secretes a mucus of a singular character, a portion of it lubricates the upper surface of the cutis vera, and another the inferior surface of the epidermis. It is in this tissue that may be found the first cause of corns, and it is to the inspisation of the secreted mucus that the existence of these annoyances springs.

“The three tunics which cover the body having been thus described, and the attempt made to shew the nature and proximate cause of the corn, our next object is to ascertain what is the immediate cause of the pain which, sometimes altogether dormant, at length awakens attention, and leads the invalid to seek some relief to sufferings which increase not as the integuments appear to be more or less involved, but under circumstances which do not at all times seem explicable. We have reason to know that fibrillæ or threads of nerves inosculate over the whole foot. That great master of our art, Haller, laid it down as a decisive doctrine that irritability is the property of muscular fibre; sensibility that of the nervous; it is however next to impossible to cut off the connexion between the two, for minute nervous fibrillæ intertwine with every muscular fibre, so that the utmost art of dissection could not separate them; and it may be imagined that the nerves, form so intimate a union with the muscular fibre, that they almost form an integral portion of it; certain it is that the smallest injury inflicted upon the muscular fibre will be felt, and if I may so say expressed by the nerve in the sensation of pain. Minute as is the injury which is done to the system by the corn, however healthy the condition of the general system, it becomes the source of pain the instant a nervous fibrilla is touched. During the first access of the corn there is little or no suffering, because the rete mucosum, attempting to defend the cutis vera from injury, increases the quantity and quality of its secretion, and this for a time shields the nerves; but no sooner is the superincumbent weight greater than can be borne, then pain is felt with its consequences, the sympathy of the rest of the system; when follows a train of alterations, which may be said at least fully to develop the nature of the corn. It is the cutis vera where the nervous fibrilla is acted upon, but the rete mucosum, and the epidermis becomes the apparent disease.”

Our author next enters into a full definition and classification of corns, describes the various tests employed in a chemical examination of them; warns his readers not only of the danger of having recourse to the knife, but also against the use of balsams, tinctures, and the host of other "*certain cures*" so boastfully put forward by certain empirics; and then gives such hints and advice as may be necessary for the proper treatment of the feet and hands under every circumstance of health and disease.

We cannot part with Mr. Eisenberg without a word on the success of his mode of operating, which, as far as we are enabled to judge from our own experience, is most successful.

For want of space, we are compelled to defer to next month, our Review of Mr. Sleigh's interesting Novel of "*The Outcast Prophet*," as well as the concluding notice of "*The Castles and Mansions of England*," by Mr. Twycross.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- Aboyne (Countess of), of a son, 5th March.
 Allaway, Mrs. Stephen, of a dau., at the Grange, Newnham, 7th March.
 Alfrey, Mrs. Robert, of a son, at Wakefield Park, Berks, 18th March.
 Angerstein, Mrs. William, of a dau., in Stratton-street, 15th March.
 Baker, Lady, of a dau., in Brook-st., 17th March.
 Beaver, Mrs. wife of Hugh Beaver, Esq. of a son, at Glyn Garth, Anglesey, 10th March.
 Biddulph, Mrs. Ormus, of a dau., 7th March.
 Black, Mrs. John Young, of a son, at Clayton, co. Fife, 14th March.
 Blundell, Mrs., wife of Benson Blundell, Esq. of a dau., 8th March.
 Braham, Mrs., wife of Augustus Frederick Braham, Esq. late of 5th 12th Regiment, of a dau., 5th March.
 Brodie, Mrs., wife of P. B. Brodie, Esq. of a dau., at 49, Lincoln's-inn-fields, 11th March.
 Brotherton, Mrs. John William, of a dau., at Westbourne-terrace, Hyde-park, 8th March.
 Bruce, Lady Ernest, of a dau., 15th March.
 Bruce, Mrs. Henry, of a dau., at Erskine House, Hampstead, 17th March.
 Budd, Mrs. James, of a son, at Bayswater, 19th March.
 Cert, Mrs. H. H., of a dau., in York-st., Portman-square, 2nd March.
 Creyke, Mrs., wife of Lieut. R.B. Creyke, R.N., of a dau., 11th March.
 Daniell, Mrs. Bainbridge, of a son, 4th March.
 Darby, Mrs. Edmund, of a dau., at Guernsey, 4th March.
 Duncombe, Mrs., wife of Rev. Wm. Duncombe, of a son, at Coombe vicarage, 11th March.
 Dunlop, Mrs., wife of Capt. Dunlop, R.A., of a dau., at Gibraltar, 21st Feb.
 Edwards, Mrs. John, of a son, at Bath, 13th March.
 Egerton, Mrs. Thomas, of a dau., 7th March.
 Elliot, Mrs., wife of Dr. Elliot, of a dau., at Stratford, 15th March.
 Emlyn, Viscountess, of a son, 13th Feb.
 Forster, Mrs., wife of John Forster, Esq. of a dau., at Highbury, 8th March.
 Fowler, Mrs., wife of Rev. Charles Fowler, of a son, at Ryde, 10th March.
 French, Mr., wife of George French, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, of a son, 24th Feb.
 Gooday, Mrs., wife of J.F.S. Gooday, Esq. of a son, at Chilton, 25th Feb.
 Greaves, Mrs., of a son, at the Rectory, Tooting, 25th Feb.
 Grieve, Mrs. James, of a son, at Dumfries, 13th March.
 Harison, Mrs., wife of Capt. Harison, R.A., of a dau., at Woolwich, 11th March.
 Henderson, Mrs., wife of Rev. J. H. Henderson, M.A., of a son, at Hull, 5th March.
 Hewitt, Lady Mary, of a son, 3rd March.
 Hill, Mrs., wife of Rev. James Hill, M.A., of a son, at Greenwich, 25th Feb.
 Jay, Mrs., wife of Samuel Jay, Esq. of Norfolk st. Patcham, 6th March.
 Kennaway, the lady of Sir John Kennaway, Bart., of a son, 28th Feb.
 Kennion, Mrs., wife of George Kennion, Esq. M.D., of a son, at Harrogate, 8th March.
 Kinnaid, Hon. Mrs. Charles Arthur, of a son, 16th Feb.
 Lacon, Mrs., the lady of Capt. Lacon, R.N., of a dau., at Ryath House, Ruthin, 9th March.
 Lister, Mrs., wife of John Lister, Esq. M.D., of a son, 8th March.
 Lockwood, Mrs., wife of Rev. E. J. Lockwood, of a dau., at St. Mary's Rectory, Beds, 3rd March.
 Maitland, Mrs., wife of Sir Thos. Maitland, H.M.S. America, of a dau. 15th March.
 Maude, Mrs., wife of Capt. G. Ashley Maude, R.A., of a son, 17th March.
 Medhurst, Mrs., wife of Francis Hastings Medhurst, Esq. of a dau., at Naples, 16th Feb.
 Melville, Mrs. Philip, of a dau., in Clarendon-place, Hyde-park-gardens, 7th March.
 Murray, Mrs. Edw. Jenner, of a son, 15th March.
 Nicholl, Mrs., of a dau., at Stratham Rectory, 1st March.
 Oakes, Mrs., wife of Capt. Augustus F. Oakes, of the Artillery, of a son, at Madras, 24th Jan.
 Palin, Mrs., wife of Rev. J. D. Palin, of a dau., at Colombo, Ceylon, 31st Dec.
 Parr, Mrs., wife of Lieut.-Col. Charles Parr, Bombay army, of a son, 9th March.
 Peacock, Mrs., wife of Rev. W. Afflick Peacock, of a son.
 Petre, Hon. Mrs., of a son, at Leamington, 26th Feb.
 Powel, Mrs., wife of Rhys D. Powel, Esq., High Sheriff, of a dau., at Craig-y-Ros, co. Brecon, 3rd March.
 Raven, Mrs. Wodchouse, of a dau., at Clapham-park, 12th March.
 Rawlings, Mrs., wife of Benj. W. Rawlings, Esq. of Romford, Essex, of a dau., 10th March.
 Reade, Mrs. Compson, of a dau., at Birk head, 11th March.
 Richards, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Kensington, 18th March.
 Riddell, Mrs., wife of Major Wm. Riddell, of a son, at Stoke Newington, 8th March.
 Roberts, Mrs., wife of Maj. Gen. H. Roberts, C.B. of a son, at Milford Lodge, Lymington, 8th Mar.
 Rose, Mrs. Philip, of a son, in Hans-place, 3rd March.
 Sellon, Mrs., wife of Edward Sellon, Esq. late of the Madras army, of a son, at Brighton, 12th March.
 Seton, Hon. Mrs., of a son, 20th Feb.
 Snapp, Mrs. Henry T., of a son, at Brompton, 6th March.
 Stanford, Mrs. William, of a son and heir, at Preston-place, Sussex, 3rd March.
 Sutherland, Mrs., of a son, at Blackheath, 17th March.

- Taylor, Hon. Mrs. Henry, of a dau. at Mortlake, 13th March.
 Thordike, Mrs., wife of Lieut.-Charles Faunce Thordike, R.A., of a dau., at Southsea, 25th Feb.
 Tolcher, Mrs. Robert H., of a son, at Clapham, 18th March.
 Tyte, Mrs., wife of Edward C. Tyte, Esq. of a son, at Harrow, 6th March.
 Valpy, Mrs. Robert Harris, of a dau., at Inholmes, near Hungerford, Berks, 4th March.
 Wade, Mrs., wife of Major Wade, C.B., of a son, 11th March.
 Wardroper, Mrs. William, of a son, 7th March.
 Webb, Mrs., of Tutbury, of a dau., 2nd March.
 Wheeler, Mrs., wife of Henry James Wheeler, Esq. of a dau., in Hyde-park Gardens, 8th March.
 Whish, Mrs. Major Gen., of a son, 1st March.
 Whitmore, Mrs. Charles H., of a son, at Clapham, 9th March.
 Windsor, Mrs., wife of Charles P. Windsor, Esq. of a dau., at Kensington, 11th March.
 Woodfall, Mrs., wife of Dr. Woodfall, of a son, 5th March.
 Yorke, Hon. Mrs., of a son, in Eaton-square, 2nd March.
 Young, Mrs., wife of Charles Baring Young, Esq. of a dau., 15th March.

Marrriages.

- Alsbury, George, Esq., Collector of Her Majesty's Customs, Anguilla, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Henry, Turner, Esq. of Bridgewater, Somerset.
 Aujard, E., Esq., to Ann E. Attfield, second dau. of W. P. Attfield, Esq. of Hadley-green, Middlesex, 6th March.
 Ball, S. I., Esq., to Sarah Maria, youngest dau. of the late John Palmer, Esq. of Loughborough, 6th March.
 Brackenbury, Sir Edward, K.T.S., K.F. and K.C. B.A., of Skendleby, co. Lincoln, to Eleanor, widow of the late William B. Clark, Esq. of Bel-ford-hall, co. Northumberland, eldest daughter and co heiress of the late Addison Fenwick, Esq. of Bishopwearmouth, in the county of Durham.
 Campbell, John Montgouery, Esq., to Emily Georgina, eldest dau. of George Chilton, Esq. Q.C.
 Collier, Frederic Leonidas, eldest son of Dr. Collier, of Spring-gardens, and grandson of the late Captain William Collier, of Stafford, to Louisa Ann Vaughan, the younger daughter of the late Edward Weaver, Esq. surgeon of Gloucester-street and formerly of Blackmore-street, St. Clement Danes, 4th March.
 Crawshay, George, eldest son of George Crawshay, Esq. of Colney Hatch, Middlesex, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir John Fife, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Gortienloisy, Argyll, 25th March.
 Donkin, Thomas, Esq. of Manor-house, Old Kent road, to Sarah, only surviving daughter of the late John Dunn, Esq. of Durham.
 Ebrington, Viscount, to Miss Damer, eldest dau. of the Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Dawson Damer, 11th March.
 Edmunds, Edward, of Lowneis-street, Belgrave-square, to Emma Bray, widow of the deceased George Bray, of Holborn, 2nd March.
 Edwards, Clement Alexander, Capt. 18th Regt., son of the late Lieut. Col. Clement Martin Edwards, 1st Ceylon Regt., to Jane, dau. of the late Robert Newenham, Esq. of Sandford, co. Dublin, 16th March.
 Eldridge, Frederick, Esq. surgeon, Sutton Scotney, to Miss Elizabeth Lings, of Holy Rhoad, Southampton, 1st March.
 Engleue, Captain, resident agent for the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, to Eliza Penelope daughter of Thomas Simson, Esq. of Rotherhithe, at Calcutta, 16th Jan.
 Eyles, James, Esq. of Croydon, Surrey, to Eliza Wells, of Bartholomew place, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Wells, of Aldbourn, Wilts. 10th March.
 Fletcher, Radcliffe, Esq. of Louisville, Kentucky, United States, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Richard Miles, Esq. of the Commissariat, 6th March.
 Flood, Edward, Esq., late 16th Regt., to Adelaide Jane, dau. of John Maddock, Esq. H.M. Ship Rodney, 10th March.
 Gibson, Robert, Esq. of Sandhurst Lodge, Berks, to Eleanor Harriet, only daughter of Sir Benjamin Smith, of Regent-street, Portland-place, 6th March.
 Goodwyn, Capt. W. F., 13th Regt. Madras Army, to Elizabeth, widow of the late W. B. Vyse, Esq. 25th Feb.
 Graham, the Rev. John, Abbey Tintern, Monmouthshire, to Louise Constance, relict of the late Francis William Stanley, Esq. of Gateshead Iron Works, Durham, 11th March.
 Greville, the Rev. Eden S., rector of Bonsall, Matlock, youngest son of the late Rev. Robert Greville, of Wyaston-grove, Derbyshire, late rector of Bonsall and Eddleston, to Anne Paton, of Hampstead-heath, dau. of the late George Paton, Esq. late of Upper Gower-street, 4th March.
 Hamilton, the Rev. James, B.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, second son of the late James J. Hamilton, Esq. of Ballynacool, in the county of Meath, Ireland, to Louisa, fourth daughter of J. J. Durbin, Esq. Rodney villa, Cheltenham, 3rd March.
 Harris, Major Philip, Commandant 5th Regt. Scindia's Contingent, to Ellen Mary, third dau. of Robert Burn, Esq. R.N., Stirling, at Nusseerabad, East Indies, 11th Jan.
 Hawker, Captain Lanoe, late 74th Highlanders, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Fraser, Esq. of Stirling, North Britain, 11th March.
 Hay, Charles, Esq. of the island of Nevis, to Georgina Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Mair, vicar of Fulburn and curate of Newton, 10th March.
 Hemsworth, the Rev. Augustus Barker, second son of Henry D'Esterre Hemsworth, Esq. of Shrop-ham Hall, Norfolk, to Duncana, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Kilmartin, Argyleshire, 17th March.
 Hodgson, George, third son of Jeremiah Hodgson, Esq. Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy, Basinghall-street, London, to Marie Celestina, eldest daughter of the late Don Antonio Guerrero,

- of Malaga, merchant, on board Her Majesty's ship, Amazon, off Malaga, 11th March.
- Howell, Walter, youngest son of the late Thomas Howell, Esq. of Clapham, to Lucy Lamotte, eldest daughter of George Frederick Davis, Esq. of Clapham rise, 11th March.
- Huggins, James, of No. 6, Bellina-villas, Kentish-town, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Mr. George Thomas Franks, of 45, Drummond-street, Euston-square, 18th March.
- Huges, Captain G. F., R.L., Bombay Army, third and only surviving son of the late Rev. John Hughes, of Redvales, near Bury, Lancashire, to Mary Anne, only child of the late John Attrall, Esq. of Worcester.
- Jackson, the Rev. William, to Emma dau. of Edward Phillips, Esq., of Melksham, 10th March.
- Jarvis, William J. Esq., of Saville-row and Harley-street, to Anna Octavia, youngest dau. of John Bowyer Nichols, Esq., of Parliament-street and Little Ealing, 11th March.
- Jay, Edward, Esq., of Bath, to Anne, dau. of the late Abraham Harman, Esq., of Walworth, 2nd March.
- Johnson, John, Esq., to Susanna, second dau. of the late John Chatfield, Esq., of Stockwell, Surrey, 6th March.
- Julius, the Rev. Archibald E., curate of Great Straughton, Hants, to Charlotte, eldest dau. of the Rev. Joseph Mayor, rector of South Collingham, Notts, 11th March.
- Kitchin, Mr. Joseph, second son of the late Rev. Isaac Kitchin, of Ipswich, to Mary Ann, second dau. of Mr. Charles Gill, Temple, 11th March.
- Knapp, Charles, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Emma Sarah, widow of the late Samuel Straight, Esq., 3rd March.
- Lewis, Mr. W. of Edward-street, Portman-square, to Sarah, dau. of M. Marks, Esq., of Maryon-house Hampstead, 17th March.
- Lysons, the Rev. Samuel Lysons, of Hempsted-court, to Miss Lucy Curtis Hayward, second dau. of Mrs. Curtis Hayward, of Leckhampton-court, and sister of John Curtis Hayward, Esq., of Quedgeley house, 11th March.
- M'Dermott, B. K. Esq., Lieut. 8th Regt., to Frances Catharine, dau. of the late, and sister of the present Prideaux Selby, Esq., of Swansfield and Porstan, co. Northumberland, 8th March.
- Mair, John, jun., Esq., eldest son of John Mair, Esq., of Nightingales, Buckinghamshire, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest dau. of Samuel Smith, Esq., of 82, Pall-mall, 4th March.
- Maybury, William, Esq., of Killarney, to Georgiana Fenton, youngest dau. of James Thomas Blurton, Esq., of St. James's-street, 11th March.
- Michall, Henry Seymour, Esq., 49th Regt., to Hester Louisa, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. Coast, 21st Fusileers, 9th March.
- Nethercote, Henry O. Esq., only son of J. Nethercote, Esq., Moulton Grange, Northamptonshire, to Louisa, youngest dau. of Robert Garnett, Esq., Wyreside, Lancashire, 4th March.
- Peck, Floyd Minter, of Folkstone, Kent, to Anna Maria, youngest dau. of the late Charles John Robertson, of Worton-house, Isleworth, Middlesex, 17th March.
- Ringrose, Thomas, Esq., of Cottingham, to Fanny Voase Elizabeth, third dau. of Lord Henry Smith, Esq., of Bond-street, Hull, 25th March.
- Seton, Capt. W. Carden, 41st Regt., second son of the late Colonel Seton, C.B., to Anna Shawe, only dau. of Henry Shawe Jones, Esq., of Dal-lands town, co. Meath, 4th March.
- Valmer, Viscomte le, to Mrs. Miller, of Ogleworth-park, sister of the late Earl of Egremont, 11th March.
- Watson, Gustavus, eldest son of Gustavus Belford, Esq., of Cote d'Ingouville, France, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest dau. of John Bernard Turner, Esq., of Ilfracombe, Devon, 10th March.
- Watts, Henry Esq., surgeon, son of the late James Watts, Esq., R.N., to Sophia Anne, eldest dau. of Mr. Goode, of South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, 8th March.
- Wylie, the Rev. George, A.M. rector of Newnham with Maplederwell, Hants, to Helen Craik, youngest dau. of the late Andrew Hunter, Esq., of Lochrennie, in the stewartry of Kir-cudbright, 2nd March.

Annotated Obituary.

- Anderson, Mary, widow of the late Capt. Anderson, E.I.C.S. at Brompton, 8th March.
- Annand, Alexander, Esq. late of Sutton, Surrey, aged 71, 4th March. Mr. Annand, a much-respected magistrate for the county of Middlesex, was son of the late John Annand, Esq. by Helen, his wife, daughter of Adam Smith, Esq. and derived in direct descent from the ancient northern family of Annand, of Auchter Ellon, co. Aberdeen, which was there seated, in high repute, for several generations. The gentleman whose death we record was born 6th January, 1777, and married 31st March, 1798, Sophia, youngest daughter of William Bennett, Esq. of Faversham, in Kent, by whom, who died in 1836, he has left four sons and one daughter.
- Appleyard, Henry William, the youngest son of the late Richard Langley Appleyard, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and Montague street, Russell square, at Auckland, New Zealand, in the 34th year of his age, 12th July, 1846.
- Astell, William, Esq. M.P. for Beds, 7th March. This venerable and respected member of the House of Commons was son of the late Godfrey Thornton, Esq. of Mogerhanger House, co. Bedford, one of the Bank Directors, and grandson of Godfrey Thornton, Esq. of Clapham, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of William Astell, Esq. of Everton. His descent from this lady gave rise to the deceased gentleman's change of name from Thornton to Astell. Mr. Astell, for a long series of years, carried on an extensive

- business in the City of London. He was also a director, for a considerable period, of the East India Company, and chairman of the Russian Company, and of the Great Northern Railway, and was a large shareholder in other undertakings. Of the House of Commons he was one of the oldest members, having first entered it as representative for Bridgewater in 1807; he was returned for Bedfordshire in the last general election in 1841. Mr. Astell was a Deputy Lieutenant, and Magistrate for Bedfordshire, and also Lieutenant-Colonel of its County Militia. In 1800 he married Sarah, only daughter of John Harvey, Esq. of Ickwellbury, and by that lady, who died in 1841, he leaves a large family, the eldest son of which, Richard William, is Lieutenant Colonel in the Grenadier Guards.
- Athill, Mrs. widow of the late John Athill, Esq. of the island of Antigua, at Boulogne-sur-mer, aged 75, 16th March.
- Bailey, Mrs. Nathaniel, late of Underhill, Barnett, Herts, 7th March.
- Bannerman, Anne Catherine, only surviving daughter of Sir Charles Bannerman, Bart. 26th Feb.
- Barber, Lieut. Percy E. 35th Madras N. I. 21st Dec.
- Barron, Edward, Esq. of Northiam, Sussex, aged 77, 9th March.
- Beckett, Christopher, Esq. of Meanwood Park, near Leeds, at Torquay, after a few days' illness, in the 71st year of his age, 15th March.
- Bird, the Rev. William, of Church Eaton, co. Stafford, aged 84, 13th March.
- Black, Dr. Adam, 3rd March.
- Boghurst, Captain Francis Edward Robertson, 3rd Reg. of Lancers of the Austrian Service, only son of Edward Boghurst, Esq. Beverley, Yorkshire, at Treghin, Hungary, 24th Jan.
- Bradshaw, James, Esq. M.P. after a long and painful illness, at his residence, South street, Park lane, 4th March. He had a seat in Parliament for very many years. From 1823 to 1832 he represented Brackley, sat for Berwick in 1835, and was member for Canterbury since 1837. In politics he was an undeviating Tory; and during the recent struggles on the Corn question gave his strongest support to the Protectionists. He was son of the late James Bradshaw, Esq. of Portland place, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of Thomas Fitzhugh, Esq. of Plas Power, co. Denbigh, and became, by the second marriage of his mother, stepson of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart. Mr. Bradshaw married, several years since, Miss M. Tree, the celebrated actress, who, with his only daughter, attended him in his last moments.
- Bradley, Abigail, wife of Robert Bradley, Esq. at Brompton, 7th March.
- Brandon, Ellen, wife of G. T. Brandon, Esq. of Stockwell, and daughter of the late Mr. Thomas William Griffin, of Barking, Essex, at Hastings, beloved and lamented by all who knew her, 10th March.
- Brydges, the Rt. Hon. Sir Harford Jones, Bart. aged 83, 19th March. At one period of his life this gentleman was British Envoy at Bagdad, and for his services there received from Fateh Ali Shah, King of Persia, a grant of the Royal Arms of that Kingdom, which were confirmed to him in England by Royal Warrant in 1810. In 1807 he obtained a patent of Baronetcy; in 1822 was sworn of the Privy Council; and in 1826 assumed, in compliance with the will of Miss Mary Brydges, from whom he derived a very considerable fortune, the additional surname of Brydges. Sir Harford was only son of the late Harford Jones, Esq. of Presteign, High Sheriff of Radnorshire in 1778, grandson of Harford Jones, Esq. of Whittern, co. Hereford, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of William Brydges, Esq. of Old Colwall, and great grandson of Colonel James Jones, a gallant soldier in Marlborough's wars, so preeminently distinguished at Blenheim (where he lost an arm) that he was presented by his Sovereign with a sword inscribed "the gift of Queen Anne," which is still preserved by the family. Sir Harford married, 16th February, 1796, Sarah, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Gott, Knight, of Newland Park, Berks, and widow of Robert Whitcomb, Esq. of Whittern, by whom he has left one son, the present Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. and two daughters—Sarah Laura, married to John Lucy Scudamore, Esq. of Kentchurch Court, co. Hereford, and Sarah, wife of George Bentham, Esq. only son of the late Sir Samuel Bentham.
- Burke, Anna Maria, the beloved wife of William M. Burke, Esq. of Ballydugan, Galway. This lady was the only daughter of the late John Blake, Esq. of Winfield, by Mary his wife, daughter of Christopher Bowen, Esq. of Hollymount, co. Mayo.
- Bushe, Gervase Parker, Esq. of fever, at Vienna, Attaché to the British Embassy at that Court, only son of the late G. P. Bushe, Esq. county of Kilkenny, Ireland, and nephew of the Dowager Countess of Listowel, 5th Feb.
- Butterworth, Henry, Esq. elder brother of the late Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M.P. for Coventry, 7th March.
- Clanmorris, Denis-Arthur Bingham, third

- Lord, died at Rugby, in Warwickshire, aged 39. His Lordship, who succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his brother, the second Baron, in 1829, was younger son of John, first Lord Clanmorris, by Anne Maria, his wife, only daughter of Barry Yelverton, Viscount Avonmore. He married, at the early age of eighteen, Maria Helena, second daughter of Robert Persse, Esq. of Roxborough, co. Galway, and has left a very numerous issue, the eldest son of whom, John-Charles-Robert, inherits the peerage. The Lords Clanmorris and the Earls of Lucan have a common ancestor in George Bingham, Military Governor of Sligo in 1596; and descend from a scion of the ancient Saxon family of Bingham, of Melcombe, co. Dorset. The immediate ancestor of the Clanmorris line was the Right Honourable Henry Bingham, of Newbrook, co. Mayo, at one time one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.
- Clarke, Richard Henry, Esq. at Dulwich, aged 58, 7th March.
- Clarkson, the Rev. John, at Great Barford, Beds, 16th March.
- Cooper, Rev. William Harvies, at Manor house, Dublin, 26 years the pastor and founder of Zion Chapel in that city, in his 49th year, 1st March.
- Cotterell, Sir John Henry. This youthful Baronet, who died at Eton, had enjoyed the title just two years, having succeeded his grandfather, the late Sir John Geers Cotterell, in January, 1845. He was born 20th August, 1830, the elder son of John Henry Cotterell, Esq. by Pyne-Jesse, his wife, eldest daughter of Major-General the Hon. Henry Otway Trevor, brother of Lord Dacre. The original name of the family was Brookes, but it was changed for that of Cotterell by John Brookes, Esq. of Broadway, county of Worcester, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his maternal uncle, Thomas Cotterell, Esq. The fine estate of Garnons was acquired by the marriage of Sir John Brookes Cotterell, High-Sheriff of Herefordshire, in 1761, with Anne, only daughter and heir of John Geers, Esq. Of this alliance the son and heir was the late Sir John Geers Cotterell, Colonel in the Army, who commanded the Hereford Militia from 1796 to 1803, and represented that county in Parliament from 1804 to 1831. He died, as we have already mentioned, in 1845, when the Baronetcy (a title conferred on him for his public services) devolved on his grandson, Sir John Henry Cotterell, the young gentleman whose decease we record. He is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Geers Henry Cotterell, Bart.
- Curtis, Sir William, Bart. 16th March. Sir William, a partner in the Banking house of Roberts and Co. was the eldest son of William Curtis, Alderman of, and member in Parliament for, the City of London, who was created a Baronet the 23rd December, 1802. Sir William, the son, was born on the 2nd March, 1782, and succeeded his father, as second Bart. the 18th January, 1829: he married, on the 19th November, 1803, Mary-Anne, only child of the late George Lear, Esq. of Leightonstone, Essex, by whom he leaves issue, seventeen children, seven sons and ten daughters. Sir William died suddenly on the 16th inst. at his residence in Portland place. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, now Sir William Curtis, third Baronet, who was born the 26th August, 1804, and is married to Georgina, eldest daughter of John Stratton, Esq.
- Dalziel, Ann, widow of the late Captain Allan Dalziel, at 34, Princes-street, Rotherhithe, 15th March.
- Deverell, Mary Anne, wife of John Deverell, Esq. at Purbrook Park, Hants, 28th Feb.
- Dickenson, Edward Wingfield, Esq. Lieut.-Col. Warwickshire Militia, aged 68, 26th Feb.
- Farren, George, Esq. jun. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, aged 37, 9th March. Mr. Farren was son of George Farren, Esq. Resident Director of the Asylum Insurance Company, and nephew of Mr. William Farren, the inimitable actor.
- Fielde, the Rev. Thomas, M.A., at the Rectory, Hertingfordbury, aged 81, 6th March. The Rev. gentleman was seventh son of the Rev. Thomas Fielde, and great grandson of Sir Thomas Fielde, Knt., of Stanstead, Herts.
- Fyffe, Lawrence Hay, Esq. M.D., at Lea Park Blackheath, 12th March.
- Giles, Francis, Esq. C.E., 4th March.
- Gipps, Lieut.-Colonel Sir George, Royal Engineers, 28th Feb. The military career of this brave and intelligent soldier began in 1809, when he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers; his last promotion was to the rank of regimental Lieut.-Colonel, November, 1841. He served in the Peninsula to the end of the war, was present at the siege of Badajoz, in March and April, 1812; in the affair at the pass of Biar, battle of Castalla, at other smaller affairs in Catalonia, at the capture of the Fort of Balaquer, the siege of Tarragona, and blockade of Barcelona, in 1813-14. He led one of the columns of assault at Fort Picurina, during the siege of Badajoz, and was wounded in the left arm on that occasion. He received knighthood in 1835. In 1837 he was appointed to succeed Sir Richard Bourke

as Governor of New South Wales. He arrived in the colony early in 1838, and remained there till a short time after the arrival of his successor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, in 1846. In the office of governor Sir George displayed an acute intellect, extensive information, and integrity. Still, it cannot be denied that Sir George Gipps's government of New South Wales was an unhappy one; though a man of great intellect, information, and integrity, he had a somewhat proud and peremptory disposition. Owing partly to this infirmity of temper, and partly to the extremely embarrassing state of the affairs of the colony at the time, the Governor came into such unpleasant collision with his elective Legislative Council, that his recall was the consequence. Yet whatever complaint there might have been against Sir George's prudence, he retired with his honour unsullied, and the purity of his motives acknowledged. Sir George Gipps expired at Canterbury, on the 28th Feb., in the 57th year of his age.

Gilbert, Miss Mary Ann, lately of Loughton, Essex, at 66, Upper Seymour-street, Euston-square, aged 63, 8th March.

Glyn, the Rev. George Henry, Vicar of Henham, Essex, 4th March.

Gore, Langton, Colonel, M.P. for the eastern division of the county of Somerset, at Grosvenor-square, aged 88, 14th March. This venerable and respected gentleman, one of the oldest members of the House of Commons, took so far back as 1810 an active part in opposition to the Corn Laws, and at all times ranged himself in the ranks of the liberals, advocating Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, Free Trade, and the Ballot. His possessions in the county of Somerset, and elsewhere, were very considerable, and he is stated to have been one of the richest commoners in the Empire. The family from which he derived, is the parent stem whence spring the Gores, Earls of Arran, and the Gores of Woodford (now represented by William Ormsby Gore, Esq. M.P.) Col. Gore Langton, who was the elder son and heir of the late Edw. Gore, Esq. of Barrow Court, by Barbara his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir George Brown, Bart., of Kiddington, assumed his second surname on his first marriage with Bridget, only child of Joseph Langton, Esq. of Newton Park. By that lady he had issue one daughter, Frances Matilda, and three sons, the eldest of whom, William, died in his father's lifetime, leaving a son, William Henry Powell Gore Langton, Esq., present head of the family, who is married to Lady Anne Eliza Mary Grenville, only

daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. Colonel Gore Langton's second wife was Mary, only daughter of John Brown, Esq., of Salperton, county of Gloucester, and by her he had two sons and two daughters, viz., Mary Henrietta, wife of Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., and Caroline Maria, married to Colonel D'Oyley, of the Grenadier Guards.

Gould, John, Esq. aged 74, 16th March.

Gray, Ellen, eldest child of the late Francis Delaval Gray, Esq. 14th Light Dragoons, aged 2 years, 4th March.

Greenwood, Alfred, Esq. of Springfield, near Chelmsford, aged 26, 14th March.

Gregory, Edward, Esq. of Claremont-square, aged 69, 9th March.

Grundy, Joshua, Esq. of the Oaks, county Leicester, aged 68, 3rd March. He acted as a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the county in which he resided, and served as its High Sheriff in 1829. He was only son of Nicholas Grundy, Esq. by Ann, his wife, daughter of Wm. Hurst, Esq.

Gunton, Charlotte, wife of Wm. Gunton, Cirlhin-house, Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, and youngest daughter of the late Capt. Woods, 53th Regiment, of Balladoole, Isle of Man, aged 42, 9th March.

Haggett, Rev. George John, M.A. of Bury St. Edmunds, 1st March.

Haig, Rev. Robert, M.A., fifth son of the late Robert Haig, Esq. of Dublin, at Armagh, of typhus fever, caught in the discharge of his duties, aged 30, 9th March.

Hall, William, of the firm of Chapman and Hall, publishers, 7th March.

Hare, Major-General, C.B., K.H. This distinguished Waterloo and Peninsular officer, who died on his passage home from the Cape of Good Hope, filled, for many years, the office of Governor of the interior district of that colony, and had, but a short time previous to the melancholy event, completed his term of service. General Hare entered the army as a cavalry officer in 1799, and saw, and shared in, much rough work during the late war. He took part in the landing at the Helder, and in the campaign under the Duke of York. For his services during 1801 he received a medal. He was, in 1809, at the capture of the islands of Isehia and Procida. He was also in Spain, and he was wounded at Waterloo.

Harrison, William Horatio, Esq. late Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, at Brompton, aged 49, 17th March.

Hartley, Winchcombe Henry, Esq. at Rome, 21st Feb.

Herbert, Henry A., son of the Hon. Edw. Herbert, aged 8 years, 8th Feb.

Herbert, Charles, of the Middle Temple,

- Esq. barrister-at-law, formerly First Fiscal of British Guinea, at George Town, Demerara, aged 51, 30th Jan.
- Hewitt, W., Esq. at Castle-hill, Reading, aged 55, 12th March.
- Hewlett, the Rev. J. T. This gentleman was a writer of a pleasant vein; his most known productions were "Peter Prigins," and "College Life;" his last work was "Dunster Castle," a tale of the Great Rebellion. Sad, however, is it to relate that the life of Mr. Hewlett adds another to the too many instances already recorded of the miseries attending an author's career. The death of poor Hewlett occurred amid the most fearful want and woe. At the time, an execution was in his house, and a family of nine children surrounded the bed of the penniless and dying man. He was buried at the expense of a Mason Lodge. A subscription has since been opened for the now orphan family, which has at the head of the list the names of the Queen Dowager, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Llandaff: this journal earnestly joins its voice in such a call upon the public. There is, perhaps, no case which more claims the salvation of charity, than that of the young children of a literary man left destitute and helpless by the sudden loss of their father.
- Hill, William, son of the late Henry Hill, Esq. of Liverpool, aged 24, 25th Feb.
- Hoskins, James, jun. Esq. Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 19th Madras N. I., at Cuddapah, East Indies, aged 22, 15th Jan.
- Howell, Hester, relict of Edward Howell, Esq. late of Taynton House, county Gloucester, 27th Feb.
- Humphry, Frederick, Esq. of the Civil Engineers' Department, Ceylon, second surviving son of the late William Ozias Humphry, Esq. of the Privy Council Office, at Rambudde, 7th Dec.
- Hutton, Sarah Naomi, relict of the late Rev. George Hutton, D.D. of Gate, Burton, Lincolnshire, and last surviving sister of the late Rev. James Hurdis D.D., in her 78th year, greatly regretted; at her residence, Southover, Lewes, Sussex, 22d Feb.
- Imhoff, Charlotte, wife of Gen. Sir Charles Imhoff, and fifth daughter of Sir Charles Wm. Blunt, third Baronet, 14th March.
- Jones, Margaret, last surviving daughter of the late Arthur Jones, Esq. of Bath, 1st March.
- Karstadt, Edward Paul Maurice, youngest son of the late G. F. Karstadt, Esq. of the General Post-office, London, and Sheffield, Yorkshire, of consumption, in his 26th year, 13th March.
- Kemp, Thomas Nathaniel, eldest son of the late Thomas Read Kemp, of Kemptown, Brighton, aged 36, 11th March.
- Le Geyt, Philip Curteret, Esq. at the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, aged 68, 7th March.
- Le Grice, Arabella Mary, wife of D. P. Le Grice, Esq. aged 36, 6th March.
- Ley, William, Esq. fourth son of John H. Ley, Esq. and the Lady Frances Ley, 15th March.
- Lomax, Edmund, Esq. of Netley Park, Surrey, at Florence, 24th Feb.
- Goring, Charlotte Jesse, wife of Hector Goring, Esq. Com. R.N., 5th March.
- Macbraire, Major James Henderson, 9th Madras N. I. at Jaulna, 3d Jan.
- Macdonald, Captain Robert G. Livingston, 52nd Regt., at Brixton, 26 Feb.
- Maddock, Elizabeth Anne, wife of the Rev. Samuel Maddock, at the vicarage, Ropley, Hants, aged 61, 8th March.
- Man, Henry, Esq. at St. John's-wood, 4th March.
- Marriott, Lieut.-Gen. Thomas, at his seat, Avonbank, near Pershore, co. Worcester, 16th March. This gallant officer was Lord of the Lordship of Seagrave, co. Leicester, and a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the counties of Worcester and Gloucester. His father, the late Randolph Marriott, entered the Civil Service of the East India Company, and, with many other civilians, distinguished himself under Lord Clive, obtaining a gold medal for the battle of Plassy. Having acquired fame and fortune, he returned to England, and married Elizabeth, second daughter of Christopher Wilson, Bishop of Bristol, by whom he had, besides the gentleman whose death we record, five other sons and eight daus. General Marriott, at the period of his demise, had completed his 73rd year. He was married to Anne, daughter of Sir John Beckett, Bart. and by her leaves four sons and two daughters.
- Marsden, Robert, Esq. of Hanover-terrace, Regents-park, 7th March.
- Marsh, Thomas Coxhead, Esq. at Paris, aged 68, 24th Feb.
- Masterson, Henry William, Esq. at 4 Clarence-ter., Regents-park, 8th March.
- May, Anne, wife of Samuel May, Esq. at Amphil, Beds. 13th March.
- Merrifield, Mr. Thomas, of Great Doggetts, Rochford, aged 58, 15th March.
- Mills, Samuel, Esq. of Russell-square, 4th March.
- Morris, Mary, the wife of E. W. Morris, Esq. of Grovehurst, near Tunbridge-wells, in her 39th year, 17th March.
- Newman, Jane, the wife of the Rev. W. A. Newman, M. A., at the Deanery, Wolverhampton, 15th March.

- Nightingale, Marianne, relict of the late Alexander Malcolm Nightingale, Esq. 18th Feb.
- Panter, William, Esq. at Whitchurch, near Cardiff, 28th Feb.
- Partridge, Maria Agnes, wife of the Rev. Waller John Partridge, 26th Feb.
- Potter, Martha, wife of John Dell Potter, Esq. of Ponder's-end, Middlesex, in the 75th year of her age, 2nd March.
- Powys, Caroline Sophia, the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. T. Powys, at Goring-heath, near Reading, aged 15.
- Prendergast, Major Stephen, late of Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, at Paris, aged 72, 11th March.
- Riddell, Thomas Carre, eldest son of Major William Riddell, at sea, on board the Seringapatam, on the passage from Calcutta, 14th Dec.
- Rogers, Edward, second son of Thomas Rogers, Esq. of Helston, Cornwall, aged 23, 1st March.
- Rudd, Frances, widow of the late Thomas Anderson Rudd, Esq. 1st March.
- Rush, Jane, daughter of J. R. Rush, Esq. of Tavistock-square, 5th March.
- Sarjeant, William, Esq. late pay-master 34th Regiment, 27th Feb.
- Schomberg, the Rev. George Hay, Incumbent of Kilmone, Monaghan, 19th Feb.
- Seymour, Henry C., Esq. late of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, 5th March.
- Shepherd, Arthur, Esq. at his residence Shaw-end, near Kendal, aged 54; 28th Feb.
- Simpson, the wife of Major Simpson, at Cheltenham.
- Smith, William Corbet, Esq. of Bitteswell Hall, co. Leicester, at Cheltenham, in his 37th year, 9th March. This gentleman who was formerly a Captain in the Dragoon Guards, and served as High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1845, was eldest son of George Smith, Esq. of Spetsbury, co. Dorset, and Goldicote-house, co. Warwick, by Frances, his wife, daughter and coheir of Thomas Grace Smith, Esq. of Normanton-hall. He married 24th June, 1840, the Hon. Arabella St. John, youngest daughter of Viscount Bolingbroke, and has left issue.
- Smith, Elizabeth Anne, wife of Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Bart. 27th Feb.
- Smith, Carissima Matilda, wife of Walter Crafton Smith, Esq. and second daughter of the late John Slater, Esq. of Hall-place, St. John's-wood, at Fiume, near Trieste, 2nd March.
- Snelson, the Rev. Richard Filewood, for 55 years Vicar of Reigate, 6th March.
- Snow, Margaret, relict of the late Robert Snow, Esq. aged 79, 10th March.
- Stair, Joanna, Countess Dowager of, at Edinburgh, 16th Feb. Her Ladyship was eldest dau. of the late Charles Gordon, Esq. of Cluny, county Aberbeen, and sister of the present Colonel Gordon, of that place, one of the most considerable landed proprietors in North Britain. Her marriage to the late Earl of Stair took place in 1804; but his Lordship, under the impression that the contract was not binding, entered on a second alliance, in 1808, with Lady Laura Tollemache, dau. of the Countess of Dysart. In the following year, however, Miss Gordon substantiated the validity of her marriage, and Lord Stair's union with his second wife was dissolved.
- Starkey, Sophia Maria, wife of Captain J. C. Starkey, Madras Native Infantry, eldest son of John Crosse Starkey, Esq. of Wrenbury-hall, Cheshire, off Suez, on her return from India, in Feb.
- Sturges, William, Esq. late Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Scots Greys, at Pisa, 8th March.
- Sutton, Henry John, Esq. late Captain in the 7th Hussars, 3rd March.
- Taylor, William, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Regent's-park, aged 72, 13th March.
- Thurlow, the Rev. Edward South, 17th Feb. This gentleman was only son of Alderman John Thurlow, of Norwich, and nephew of Edward, Lord Thurlow, the celebrated Chancellor. At the period of his decease, Mr. Thurlow held the following valuable preferments:—A prebendal stall at Norwich; the Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, co. Durham (estimated at £2,157 per annum); the vicarage of Stamfordham, Northumberland, the yearly income of which is £574; and the sinecure benefices of Eastyn, co. Flint, and Llandrillo, co. Merioneth, producing together an additional revenue of £700 per annum. The reverend gentleman married, first, 17th July, 1786, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of James Thompson, Esq.; and, secondly, in 1810, Susanna, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Love, and by both leaves issue.
- Tomlinson, Vice Admiral Nicholas, aged 83, 6th March.
- Tuach, Fanny, the wife of Mr. F. W. Tuach, of Preston, Lancashire, of consumption, 17th March.
- Tulloch, Lieutenant Charles Browne, 12th Regiment N L., son of Colonel J. Tulloch, C. B., Bengal Army, at Lahore, from the effects of a wound received in action at Ferozeshah, 27th Dec.
- Turner, Henry, Esq. at Twickenham, aged 57, 13th March.
- Turnour, Lady Jane, eldest daughter of Edward, second Earl of Winterton, aged 65, 17th March.
- Walcott, Edmund Yeamans, Esq. Lieut.-

- Col. Horse Artillery, eldest son of the late Edmund Walcott Sympson, Esq. at Winkton, Hants, 28th Feb.
- Watts, William, Esq. of Hanslop-park, Bucks, formerly E.I.C.S., 28th Feb.
- Webber, Lieut-Col. William, H. P. Royal Artillery, eldest son of the late William Webber, of Exmouth, in the county of Devon, Esq. formerly Secretary of the Revenue Department, Bengal Civil Service, at Hexworthy-house, Cornwall, the residence of his brother G. W. Webber, Esq. aged 59, 1st March.
- Williams, Robert, Esq. of Bridehead, Dorset, aged 81, 10th March. This gentleman, an eminent Banker of London, of which city he served as Alderman and Sheriff, was returned ten successive times to parliament; twice for Wooton Bassett, once for Kilkenny, and seven times for Dorchester, in the neighbourhood of which town he resided at the beautifully situated seat of Bridehead. The family, whence he derived his descent, was a younger branch of the Williams's, of Herrington. Mr. Williams married 28th August, 1794, Frances, youngest dau. of the late John Turner, Esq. of Putney, and by her (who died in 1841) he leaves one son, Robert, Banker of London, and one dau, Fanny, wife of Arthur Henry Dyke Acland, Esq.
- Wood, Sir Alexander, K. C. M. G. died recently. Early in life Sir Alexander Wood went to Ceylon, on the Civil Establishment, and became Member of Council, and sole Commissioner of Revenue there. In 1811, he returned to England, and was subsequently appointed Chief Secretary to the Governments of Malta and the Ionian Isles. Of the latter, he was, at the period of his decease, Resident Agent in this country. Sir Alexander was son of the late Alexander Wood, Esq. of Edinburgh, a member of the medical profession. In 1807, he married Miss Forbes, eldest daughter of Sir William Forbes, Bart. of Pitsligo.
- Worthington, William Henry, Esq. late of Sandaway Bank, co. Chester, on the 21st Feb. This gentleman formerly held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and was for many years a Magistrate for the county in which he resided. Derived in the male line from ancestors established in high repute in the palatinate of Lancaster from the time of the Plantagenets, the family of Worthington represent through the heiress of a branch of the princely line of O'Farrell of Annaly, the eminent Cheshire house of Dod, of the Lower Hall of Broxton, and branches of many of the most distinguished families in the North of England, including Norreys of Speke, Molyneux of Crosby, Villiers and Harrington. The gentleman, whose decease we record, was son of John Worthington, Esq. by Frances, his wife, daughter of William Farrell, Esq. and grandson of Burdett Worthington, Esq. of Ashton Hayes, co. Chester, whose father Bruen Worthington, Esq. of Philpotstown, co. Meath, was Clerk of the Irish House of Commons. Mr. Worthington was born in 1767, and married in 1792, Margaretta, daughter of Daniel Seaman, Esq. by which lady (who died in 1840) he had issue—1, William Henry, who died in 1834, leaving an only daughter; 2, John Robert, who died unmarried; 3, Richard Burdett, in Holy Orders, who died in 1837; 4, Edward; 1, Frances Margaretta; 2, Frediswid Charlotte, married to William Slater, Esq.; 3, Eliza Anne, married in 1835 to William Hughes, Esq. eldest son of the late William Hughes, Esq. of Pen-y-clawdd, co. Denbigh, representative in the male line, of the Hughes's of Gwercias; and 4, Harriet Mabel.
- Urmston, George C., Esq. late of the 7th Fusiliers, eldest son of Sir James Urmston, of Ryde, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, in the 31st year of his age, 10th March.
- Urquhart, William, Esq. of Craigstone, J.P. and D. L. of Aberdeenshire, at Cheltenham, aged 45, 12th March.
- Vallings, Lieutenant George Augustus, Bengal Artillery, at Gullundur, aged 20, 2nd Dec.
- Vernet, Mary Anne, wife of André Charles Vernet, Esq. of Geneva, and eldest dau. of the late John Frances Menet, Esq. of Frogna, Hampstead, at Geneva, aged 39, 7th March.
- Yates, Major General Richard Hassall, Madras Army, aged 69, 22nd Feb.

THE PATRICIAN.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

NO. IX.—THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL GOODERE AND MATTHEW MAHONY FOR THE MURDER OF THE CAPTAIN'S BROTHER, SIR JOHN DINELEY GOODERE, BART.

THIS murder, called at the time "The Bristol Fratricide," is one of the most daring and dreadful crimes on record. One brother, a captain in the Royal Navy, and an officer of well-earned reputation, seizes upon the other brother, a baronet, in the midst of the crowded city of Bristol, drags him, with the aid of a gang of ruffians, through the streets, conveys him on board his vessel, and has him there strangled the same night. The facts will be amply given in the following abridged report of the trial, which it may be as well to precede with a short account of the Goodere family.

Edward Goodere, Esq. of Burhope, in the co. of Hereford, M.P. for Evesham, and afterwards for Herefordshire, was created a baronet in 1707. He married Eleanor, only daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Dineley, Knt. of Charleton in Worcestershire, and had by her two sons and a daughter. The elder of these sons, and the successor to the baronetcy, was the unfortunate Sir John Dineley Goodere, the person murdered; the murderer was the younger son, Captain Samuel Goodere. The daughter, Eleanor, their only sister, was married to Samuel Foote, Esq. of Truro, M. P. for Tiverton, by whom she had with other issue John Foote, who, pursuant to what is stated in the trial, became his uncle Sir John's heir, and assumed the name of Dineley. Another son of Mr. and Mrs. Foote was Samuel Foote, the celebrated wit and dramatist. The murderer succeeded of course by virtue of his crime as third baronet: he was when he committed the offence captain of the Ruby man of war, and had distinguished himself in his profession at the capture of St. Sebastian, Ferral, and St. Antonio.

The trial took place (after a short adjournment in consequence of Goodere's ill health) on the 26th March, 1741, at the Sessions Court of the city of Bristol, before the Mayor, Henry Combe, Esq. and the Recorder, Michael Foster, Serjeant at Law.

The case was thus stated for the crown:—

Mr. *Vernon*. May it please you, Mr. Recorder, and you gentlemen that are sworn on this jury, I am counsel for the king against the prisoners

at the bar, who stand indicted for the murder of Sir John Dineley Goodere; they stand also charged on the coroner's inquest with the same murder: and though it is impossible for human nature not to feel some emotions of tenderness at so affecting a sight as now presents itself at the bar; yet, gentlemen, should the guilt of this black and frightful murder be fixed upon the prisoners (as from my instructions I fear it will) pity must then give way to horror and astonishment at the baseness and barbarity of the fact and circumstances; and our sorrow ought to be, that through the lenity of the laws the unnatural author and contriver of so shocking a piece of cruelty, and this his brutal accomplice in the ruffianly execution of it, should be to share the common fate of ordinary malefactors. Gentlemen, you perceive it is laid in the indictment that the prisoner Mahony strangled the deceased, and that the prisoner Goodere was present, aiding and abetting him in that barbarous action, and so involved in the same guilt, and equally a principal in the murder: but, gentlemen, Mr. Recorder, I believe, will tell you, that the only matter for your enquiry will be, whether the prisoners were concurring in the murder of the deceased, and present at the strangling of him; for if so, whether Mahony, Mr. Goodere, or another in fact strangled him, it will in consideration of law be the same thing, and the act of strangling will be as much imputable to each of them, as if they had both assisted in putting the cord about the neck of the deceased, and been his actual executioners; nor will it be material, whether they strangled him with a rope, a handkerchief, or their hands, so the kind of death be proved. And, gentlemen, as to the crime set forth in the indictment, I have matter, in my brief, for a very heavy charge against both the prisoners, but distinguished against the prisoner Mr. Goodere with this black characteristic, that he was brother of the deceased, and, as such, bound by the ties of blood and nature to have preserved his person from violence; and yet, gentlemen, I am afraid it will appear that his brother died by his procurement, and in his presence, which is the same, in effect, as if he had perished by his hand. But as it would ill become me to aggravate in a case of this nature, I shall only state to you the most material passages relating to the murder of that unfortunate gentleman, and leave the rest to come from the mouths of the witnesses themselves. And, gentlemen, (as I am instructed) there had been a long and very unhappy difference between the deceased Sir John and his brother, the prisoner, owing to various occasions; and amongst others, to Sir John's having cut off the entail of a large estate in Worcestershire, to which Mr. Goodere (as the next remainder man) would have otherwise stood entitled, in default of issue of Sir John. Gentlemen, this misunderstanding by degrees grew to an inveterate grudge and hatred on the part of Mr. Goodere; which was so rooted in his heart, that it at length worked him into a formed design of destroying his brother, and making away with him at all hazards and events. The great difficulty was, how to get Sir John into his power, for he generally travelled armed; nor was it easy to get together a set of fellows so base and desperate, as to join with him in the carrying off his brother. But, unfortunately for the deceased, the prisoner, Mr. Goodere, having been lately honoured by his majesty with the command of the Ruby man of war, happened, in January last, to lie stationed in King-road, (as much within the county of Bristol as the Guildhall where this court is sitting.) Sir John (who was advanced in years, and very ailing) had, it seems

been advised to come to Bath for the recovery of his health : and having occasion to transact affairs of consequence at Bristol with Mr. Jarrit Smith, Mr. Goodere took this opportunity of laying a snare for his brother's life, as you will find by the event. He applies to Mr. Smith, and taking notice to him of the misunderstanding between himself and his brother, pretends a sincere desire of reconciliation, and desires Mr. Smith, if possible, to make up the breach between them ; and Mr. Smith promised to do his utmost towards effecting a reconciliation, and was as good as his word ; for, by his interest and persuasions, he at length prevailed upon Sir John to see and be reconciled to his brother ; and Sir John having appointed Tuesday the 13th January last, in the morning for calling on Mr. Smith at his house in College-Green, Mr. Smith soon made his brother, Mr. Goodere, acquainted therewith ; and no sooner was he informed of it, but he begun to take his measures for the executing his wicked scheme against his brother's life. For on Monday (the day before Sir John was to be at Mr. Smith's) Mr. Goodere, with the other prisoner Mahony, (his inseparable agent and companion in every stage of this fatal business) went together to the White Hart, an ale-house near the foot of College-Green, in the view of, and almost opposite to Mr. Smith's, in order to see if it was a fit place for their desperate purpose : and finding it to be so, Mr. Goodere commended the pleasantness of the closet over the porch, and said he would come and breakfast there the next day. And accordingly the next morning (which was Tuesday the 13th) Mr. Goodere, with his friend Mahony, and a gang of fellows belonging to the privateer called the Vernon, whom they had hired to assist them in the way-laying and seizing of Sir John, (but whom, one would have thought, the name of that gallant admiral should have inspired with nobler sentiments) came to the White Hart, where having ordered they should have what they would call for, he went himself to breakfast in the closet over the porch, from whence he had a full view of Mr. Smith's house, whilst the others posted themselves below on the look-out for Sir John ; and it was not long before he came on horseback to Mr. Smith's : but his stay was very short, being obliged to go to Bath ; however, he promised Mr. Smith to be in Bristol again by the Sunday following. He was seen from the White Hart by Mr. Goodere and his spies upon the watch ; but having a servant, and riding with pistols, they did not think proper to attempt the seizing of him then ; but, as he rode down the hill by St. Augustine's back, Mr. Goodere called out to Mahony in these words, " Look at him well, Mahony, and watch him, but don't touch him now." And in fact, gentlemen, the prisoners and their companions followed and watched Sir John a considerable way. Afterwards Mr. Smith acquainted the prisoner Mr. Goodere, that his brother was to be with him on the Sunday following ; and little thinking that an interview between brothers could be of a fatal tendency, advised him to be in the way, that he might bring them together : which advice the prisoner observed with but too great punctuality, taking care, in the interim, to lay such a train, as that it should be hardly possible for his brother to escape falling into his hands. He ordered the man of war's barge to be sent up for him on the Sunday ; accordingly it came up about two or three that afternoon ; of which Mr. Goodere being informed by one Williams a midshipman, whom he had ordered up in it, he enquired of Williams if he knew the river, and the Brick-kilns going down it ? And Williams telling him he did, Mr.

Goodere ordered him to get all the boat's crew together, and be sure to place the barge at the Brick-kilns, and leave but two or three hands to look after the barge, and bring all the rest of the men to the White Hart ale-house, and wait for him there, for he had a certain person coming on board. Accordingly, gentlemen, Williams and most of the barge-men came to the place of rendezvous at the White Hart, where Mahony, with several of the privateer's men (I believe all, or most of the same gang that had been there on the watch the Tuesday before) were also met by Mr. Goodere's orders to way-lay and seize Sir John, and stood at the window on the look-out, in order to watch his coming out of Mr. Smith's. Thus the ambuscade being laid, the prisoner Mr. Goodere goes to Mr. Smith's about three in the afternoon (the hour at which Sir John had appointed to be there); he went directly towards his brother Sir John, and kissed him (what kind of kiss it was will best appear by the sequel), and observed to him with an outward show of satisfaction, that he looked in better health than he had formerly done. Mr. Smith was so good to drink friendship and reconciliation between the two brothers: Mr. Goodere pledged it in a glass of wine, which he drank to his brother Sir John; and Sir John (being under a regimen) offered to pledge him in water, little thinking his brother designed to end their differences, by putting an end to his life. But that, gentlemen, you'll soon see was the sole end he had in view; for Sir John in about half an hour taking his leave, Mr. Goodere was following him: Mr. Smith stopt Mr. Goodere, saying, "I think I have done great things for you." Says Mr. Goodere, "By God, this won't do;" and immediately followed his brother: and meeting some of the sailors whom he had posted at the White Hart, says to them, "Is he ready?" and being answered, "Yes," he bid them make haste. Mahony, and the other fellows who were on the look-out at the White Hart, seeing Sir John go down St. Augustine's Bank, immediately rushed out, and (as they had been ordered by Mr. Goodere) seized Sir John as their prisoner. Just then Mr. Goodere himself was come up, and had joined his companions, and showed himself their ringleader: for (according to my instructions) he gave them positive orders to carry Sir John on board the barge, and they but too exactly observed the word of command. They hurried on Sir John with the utmost violence and precipitation, forcing him along, and even striking him in the presence of his brother, and (as the Romans used to do their malefactors) dragged him through the public way. The poor unfortunate creature made repeated outcries of murder, that he was ruined and undone, for his brother was going to take away his life. He made what resistance he could, and called aloud for help, but all was to no purpose. Several persons indeed followed them, and asked what was the matter? But they were answered by Mr. Goodere and his associates, that the person they were hauling along was a murderer, had killed a man, and was going to be tried for his life. The most of this ruffianly crew being armed (it seems) with bludgeons and truncheons, obliged the people who came about to keep off, holding up their sticks at them, and threatening to knock them down. Gentlemen, when they had thus forced Sir John towards the end of the rope-walk, Mr. Goodere (who all along bore them company, and animated them as they passed along) bid them make more dispatch, and mend their pace. Accordingly they took up Sir John, and carried him by main force a considerable way, then set him down again, and pushed and hauled him

along, till they had got him to the slip (opposite to the King's Head). Sir John cried out, "Save me, save me, for they are going to murder me." There the barge came up, and the prisoner Mr. Goodere had his brother forced on board, and with Mahony and the rest went also into the barge. Sir John then called out, "For God's sake run to Mr. Smith, and tell him I am going to be murdered, or I am an undone man." And crying out that his name was Dineley, Mr. Goodere stopt his mouth with his hand, to prevent his telling his other name: and though Sir John was in an ill state of health, yet his hard-hearted brother forcibly took his cloak from off his back, and put it upon himself: and having thus got him into his power, he ordered the men to row off, telling his brother, that now he had got him into custody he would take care of him, and prevent his making away with his estate. But, gentlemen, in fact, so little did he think himself concerned in what Sir John did with the estate, that he was of opinion, no act of Sir John's could affect it longer than his life; and that it must necessarily devolve to him (as the next in remainder) on his brother's dying without issue. And this, gentlemen, he declared to Mr. Smith but a few days before. And indeed his brother at once saw what kind of prevention it was he meant; "I know," says he to Mr. Goodere, (soon after his being forced into the barge) "you intend to murder me this night, and therefore you may as well do it now, as carry me down." Poor gentleman, his heart misgave him, that the design of this base and daring outrage was to make the ship his prison, one of his cabins his slaughter-house, and the sea his grave, and therefore he made it his choice to be thrown overboard in the river (where his body might be found) rather than buried in the ocean. The prisoner Goodere denied, indeed, he had any such design, but yet could not refrain from the usual exhortation to dying persons, that he would have him make his peace with God. At the Redcliff the privateer's men were set on shore; and I think about seven in the evening the barge reached the Ruby man of war, then in King-road. Mr. Goodere had in their passage talked of bleeding and purging his brother to bring him to his senses, pretending he was a madman; for he knew very well that very few of his own men would have assisted him in such an enterprize, had they not been under a belief that his brother was really mad. And to keep up such a notion, as soon as he had got him on board the Ruby, he hurried him down what, I think, they call the gangway, into the purser's cabin, making an apology, that he had brought a mad fellow there; then ordered two bolts to be clapt on the cabin-door, for the making his prison more secure, which was accordingly done. And now having made his brother a prisoner, his next step was to destroy him. He took Mahony with him into his own cabin, and there the cruel means of murdering his brother was concerted between them. They agreed to strangle him; and engaged one White (who is hereafter to stand to the justice of his country) to assist them in the butchery. I should have told you, gentlemen, that it is usual in ships of war to place a sentinel over persons under arrest; and accordingly one was placed by Mr. Goodere's orders, with a drawn cutlass in his hand, at the door of the cabin where Sir John was confined. This sentinel, about twelve at night, was relieved by one Buchannan. It was impossible for the prisoners to put their wicked design into execution, whilst this Buchannan remained at the cabin door; so, to remove that obstacle, Mr. Goodere, (after having been in close conference with

Mahony and White) comes down to the purser's cabin, takes the cutlass from Buchanan, and orders him on deck, posting himself at the door of the purser's cabin, with the drawn cutlass in his hand. I shall open none of the circumstances disclosed by Mahony in his confession, as being no evidence against Mr. Goodere, but it will be made appear to you in proof, that Mahony and White came to the purser's cabin whilst Mr. Goodere stood posted at the door of it; that they were let into the purser's cabin by Mr. Goodere himself. Mahony, in particular, was seen by one Macguiness (who kept watch in the gun-room) to go into the purser's cabin, Mr. Goodere at the same time standing sentinel at the door of it, and waving his cutlass at Macguiness, to make him keep back. He did so; but Mr. Goodere waved the cutlass at him a second time, and bid him keep back. Then, gentlemen, it was that Mr. Goodere and his two accomplices effected the cruel murder of his unfortunate brother. Mahony was heard to bid him not stir for his life; and then in conjunction with White, whilst Mr. Goodere stood watch for them at the cabin door, (which Mr. Recorder will tell you was the same as being actually within it) fell on this unhappy gentleman as he lay in the cabin: And one of them having half throttled him with his hands, they put a rope about his neck, and at length strangled him. Great were his agonies, and long and painful the conflict between life and death. He struggled violently, and kicked against the cabin, crying out several times very loud, "Murder! must I die! Help, for God's sake; save my life, here are twenty guineas, take it:" For he well knew they were strangling him by his brother's orders, and therefore offered them a bribe to spare his life; but the ruffians were relentless and inexorable. The ship's cooper (one Jones) and his wife, lying in the adjoining cabin, heard his dying out-cries, and the noise occasioned by his kicking; his cries too were heard by others far beyond the cabin door. Nature at length gave way, and he expired under these cruelties. Then Mahony called for a light, that they might have all the evidence of their eye-sight that Sir John was actually dead; and (which is a shocking circumstance in the case) Mr. Goodere himself handed them in the candle on that occasion. Buchanan perceiving the light disappear, was coming to him with another; but Mr. Goodere waved his cutlass at him to stand off. Such, gentlemen, was the fatal conclusion of this tragical business. What was seen by the cooper and his wife after the candle's being handed in, with regard to rifling the deceased, I choose shall come from their own mouths. The murder being thus effected, Mr. Goodere locked the door, and withdrew to his own cabin; Mahony and White were, by his order, put aboard the yawl, and sent to Bristol. They did not fly the city, gentlemen, depending that their fellow-murderer would somehow smother this deed of darkness, and take care of their security for the sake of his own. But Divine Providence ordered otherwise. The honest cooper, though he durst not give the alarm whilst the murder was committing, for fear of sharing the same fate with Sir John, yet as soon as he could with safety, made a discovery of the whole that he had heard and seen. It was concluded Mr. Goodere had made away with his brother, which too evidently appeared on the cooper's forcing open the purser's cabin door where Sir John lay murdered, and thereupon the cooper had the resolution to seize the murderer, who remained on board (though his captain). He pretended innocence; and when brought by warrant before Mr. Mayor, and other of the city magistrates, publicly

declared, he did not then know that his brother was murdered, and went so far as to deny his having had any hand in either the seizing, detaining, or murdering him. But, gentlemen, if my instructions do not mislead me, we shall fix the thing at least as strongly upon Mr. Goodere as Mahony, and more strongly upon them both than I am willing to open it. We shall therefore call our witnesses, and, upon the whole of the evidence on both sides, appeal to your judgments, and to your consciences, whether both the prisoners, by the parts they bore in this horrid action, have not forfeited their lives to the justice of their country as accomplices in guilt, and principals in the murder of the unfortunate Sir John Dineley Goodere.

From the evidence, which fully bore out Mr. Vernon's address, and which underwent little or no cross examination on the part of the prisoners, we take the following account of the actual murder.

Theodore Court, Master of the ship was sworn.

Mr. Vernon. Will you tell Mr. Recorder and the jury what you know concerning the death of Sir John Dineley Goodere?

T. Court. On the 18th of January last, being Sunday, the barge went up to fetch Captain Goodere from Bristol, and about seven of the clock in the evening he came on board, and when he came into the gangway, says he, How do you all do, gentlemen? Excuse me, gentlemen, from going the right way to-night, for I have brought an old mad fellow on board, and I must take care of him. I saw a gentleman with a black cap coming up the ship's side, and his groans shocked me, so that I could not help him; he looked much surprised, as a person used ill: as soon as he was on board, he was taken into custody, and carried by the captain's orders down to the cock-pit, and put into the purser's cabin, and a sentinel ordered upon him; and I saw him no more at that time. Next morning I was told that the captain's brother was murdered, and that the captain had given Charles White and Mahony leave to go on shore.

Mr. Recorder. By whose directions was he put into the purser's cabin?

T. Court. The captain himself went down, and saw them put him in.

Mr. Vernon. Whereabout in the ship is the purser's cabin?

T. Court. In the cock-pit.

Mr. Vernon. Was it a place where gentlemen who came on board commonly lay?

T. Court. No, nobody had laid in it for a considerable time. The next morning the cooper met me, and said, Here is fine doings to-night, Mr. Court! Why, what is the matter, said I? Why, said he, about three o'clock this morning they went down and murdered Sir John. The ship was in an uproar; the cooper said, if Mr. Perry (the lieutenant) did not secure the captain, he would write to the board: we had several consultations in the ship about it. The captain sent for me to breakfast with him: I accepted of his invitation: I can't say but he behaved with a very good name to all the people on board. About ten o'clock Mr. Perry, myself, and the other officers, with the cooper, consulted about securing the captain. Mr. Perry cautioned us not to be too hot; for, said he, if we secure the captain before we know Sir John is dead, I shall be broke, and you too. We sent for the carpenter, and desired him to go down and open the cabin door, the sentinel who stood there having said it was locked; the carpenter went down, opened the cabin door, and came up, and said Sir John was murdered; and that he lay on

his left side, with his leg up crooked. I told them, gentlemen, there is nothing to be done before the coroner comes; and therefore we must not touch him: whereupon the door was ordered to be fastened up: we then consulted how to take the captain, and a method was agreed on for that purpose. And as soon as the captain was taken, he declared he was innocent of it, that he knew not that his brother was murdered. When the coroner came, I saw the deceased, and my heart ached for him.

Mr. Recorder. Who was it put the sentinel upon Sir John?

T. Court. The captain ordered it to be done.

Mr. Vernon. Is it usual to place a sentinel at the purser's cabin door?

T. Court. No, it is not; unless there be somebody there under confinement.

Mr. Vernon. Is there any other cabin near the purser's?

T. Court. Yes, there is the slop-room just by; there the cooper and his wife lay that night: there is just a little partition of about half-inch deal, parting the slop-room from the place where Sir John lay confined.

Mr. Vernon. Pray, will you tell us whether any, and what discourse passed between Mr. Goodere and you, about sailing; and when it was?

T. Court. Sir, in the morning he asked me, Will the wind serve to sail? He said, he had another pressing letter from the lords of the admiralty to sail as soon as possible. I told him that the wind was west-south-west, and that we could not go out to sea; for no pilot would take charge of the ship, I believed. And as this is a harbour where a pilot is allowed, I don't pass for this place; otherwise I must have observed his orders.

Mr. Vernon. Did he acquaint you how far, or to what part, he would have you sail?

T. Court. Yes, he said, if he got no further than the Holmes, he did not care; and asked me if it was safe riding there. I told him it was not; for it was foul ground for such a ship as ours.

Edward Jones was then sworn.

Mr. Vernon. Mr. Jones, I think you are the cooper of the ship *Ruby*?

Jones. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Vernon. Were you on board upon Sunday the 18th January last?

Jones. Yes, Sir, I was.

Mr. Vernon. In what cabin did you lie that night?

Jones. I had no cabin, but I made bold to lie in the slop-room that night, having my wife on board.

Mr. Vernon. Pray what is that you call the slop-room?

Jones. It is like a cabin.

Mr. Vernon. How near is the slop-room to the purser's cabin?

Jones. Nothing but a thin deal-partition parts it from the purser's cabin.

Mr. Vernon. Will you relate to Mr. Recorder and the jury, what you know about the murder of Mr. Goodere's brother: tell the whole you know concerning it.

Jones. About Wednesday or Thursday before this happened, the captain said to me, Cooper, get this purser's cabin cleaned out, for he said he expected a gentleman shortly to come on board. I cleaned it out; and on Sunday evening the gentleman came on board, when the people on deck cried, Cooper, shew a light. I brought a light, saw the captain going down the cock-pit ladder, the gentleman was hauled down: he

complained of a pain in his thigh by their hauling him on board. The captain asked him, if he would have a dram? He said no; for he had drank nothing but water for two years. The captain ordered Mahony a dram; he drank it; he also ordered one Jack Lee to put two bolts on the purser's cabin-door. The gentleman walked to-and-fro the purser's cabin while they were nailing the bolts on. He wanted to speak with one of the officers. The carpenter told him he was the carpenter. Says the gentleman, Do you understand what my brother Sam is going to do with me? And said, His brother had brought him on board to murder him that night. The carpenter said, He hoped not, but what was done was for his good. The captain said, They must not mind what his brother said, for he had been mad for a twelve-month past. And the captain went up again, and went into the doctor's room. I went to bed about eight o'clock, and about two or three o'clock my wife waked me. She said, Don't you hear the noise that is made by the gentleman? I believe they are killing him. I then heard him kick, and cry out, Here are twenty guineas, take it; don't murder me; Must I die! must I die! O my life! and gave several kecks with his throat, and then he was still. I got up in my bed upon my knees; I saw a light glimmering in at the crack, and saw that same man, Mahony, with a candle in his hand. The gentleman was lying on one side. Charles White was there, and he put out his hand to pull the gentleman upright. I heard Mahony cry out, Damn ye, let us get his watch out; but White said he could not get at it. I could not see his pockets. White laid hold of him, went to tumbling him up to get out his money, unbuttoned his breeches to get out his watch; I saw him lay hold of the chain; White gave Mahony the watch, who put it in his pocket; and White put his hand into one of the gentleman's pockets, and cursed that there was nothing but silver: but he put his hand in the other pocket, and there he found gold. White was going to give Mahony the gold: damn ye, says Mahony, keep it till by-and-by.

Mr. Recorder. In what posture did Sir John lie at that time?

Jones. He lay in a very uneasy manner, with one leg up; and when they moved him, he still remained so; which gave me a suspicion that he was dead. White put his hand in another pocket, took out nothing but a piece of paper, was going to read it. Damn ye, said Mahony, don't stand to read it. I saw a person's hand on the throat of this gentleman, and heard the person say, 'Tis done, and well done.

Mr. Recorder. Was that a third person's hand, or the hand of Mahony or White?

Jones. I cannot say whether it was a third person's hand or not. I saw but two persons in the cabin, I did not see the person, for it was done in a moment. I can't swear I saw any more than two persons in the cabin.

Mr. Recorder. Did you take notice of the hand that was laid on Sir John's throat?

Jones. I did.

Mr. Recorder. Did it appear to you like the hand of a common sailor?

Jones. No; it seemed whiter.

Mr. Vernon. You have seen two hands held up at the bar. I would ask you to which of them it was most like in colour?

Jones. I have often seen Mahony's and White's hands, and I thought

the hand was whiter than either of theirs ; and I think it was neither of their hands by the colour of it.

Mr. *Recorder*. Was Sir John on the floor, or on the bed ?

Jones. On the bed ; but there was no sheets : it was a flock-bed, and nobody had lain there a great while.

Mr. *Vernon*. How long did the cries and noise which you heard continue ?

Jones. Not a great while : he cried like a person going out of the world, very low. At my hearing it, I would have got out in the mean time, but my wife desired me not to go, for she was afraid there was somebody at the door that would kill me.

Mr. *Vernon*. What more do you know concerning this matter, or of Mahony and White's being afterwards put on shore ?

Jones. I heard some talking that the yawl was to go to shore about four of the clock in the morning, and some of us were called up, and I importuned my wife to let me go out. I called, and asked who is sentinel ? Duncan Buchanan answered, It is I. Oh, says I, is it you ? I then thought myself safe. I jumped out in my shirt, went to him ; says I, There have a been a devilish noise to-night in the cabin, Duncan, do you know any thing of the matter ? They have certainly killed the gentleman, what shall we do ? I went to the cabin-door where the doctor's mate lodged, asked him if he had heard any thing to-night ? I heard a great noise, said he. I believe, said I, they have killed that gentleman. He said, he believed so too. I drew aside the scuttle that looked into the purser's cabin from the steward's room, and cried, Sir, if you are alive, speak. He did not speak. I took a long stick, and endeavoured to move him, but found he was dead. I told the doctor's mate, that I thought he was the proper person to relate the matter to the officer, but he did not care to do it then. If you will not, I will, said I. I went up to the lieutenant and desired him to come out of his cabin to me. What is the matter ? said he, I told him I believed there had been murder committed in the cock-pit, upon the gentleman who was brought on board last night. Oh ! don't say so, says the lieutenant. In that interim, whilst we were talking about it, Mr. Marsh the midshipman came, and said, that there was an order to carry White and Mahony on shore. I then swore they should not go on shore, for there was murder committed. The lieutenant said, Pray be easy, it can't be so ; I don't believe the captain would do any such thing. That gentleman there, Mr Marsh, went to ask the captain, if Mahony and White must be put on shore ? And Mr. Marsh returned again, and said, that the captain said they should. I then said, it is certainly true that the gentlemen is murdered between them. I did not see Mahony and White that morning, because they were put on shore. I told the lieutenant, that if he would not take care of the matter, I would write up to the Admiralty, and to the mayor of Bristol. The lieutenant wanted the captain to drink a glass of wine ; the captain would not come out of his cabin : then the lieutenant went in first ; I followed him. I told the captain, that my chest had been broke open, and I desired justice might be done. Then I seized him, and several others came to my assistance.

The following was the confession of the prisoner Mahony :—

City and county of Bristol, to wit. The voluntary Examination and Confession of Matthew Mahony, a native of Ireland, aged about twenty-one years. This examinant confesseth and saith, That about sixteen or

seventeen days ago, and several times since, he was desired by Mr. Goodere captain of the Ruby man of war, now lying at King-road, in the county of the city of Bristol, to seize his, the captain's, brother, Sir John Dineley Goodere, Bart., and bring him on board the man of war; and that on Tuesday last, this examinant, and the crew belonging to the man of war's barge, and Edward Mac-Daniel, John Mac-Graree, and William Hammon, privateer's men, were placed by the captain at the White-Hart ale-house, opposite St. Augustine's church, in order to seize Sir John Dineley Goodere that day; but it so happened the captain forbade them to do it then. And that on Sunday last, this examinant, the barge's crew, or the greatest part of them, and George Best, cockstern of the barge, Edward Mac-Daniel, John Mac-Graree, William Hammon, and one Charles Bryer, privateer's men as aforesaid, were again placed at the White Hart aforesaid, to seize Sir John Dineley Goodere, and waited there for some time; and he coming out of Mr. Jarrit Smith's house, and coming under St. Augustine's church-yard wall, this examinant and his comrades pursued him, and near the pump there they came up with him, and told him there was a gentleman wanted to speak with him; and he asking where the gentleman was, was answered a little way off, and he went quietly a little way; but no one appearing, he resisted and refused to go; whereupon this examinant and comrades sometimes forcibly hauled and pushed, and at other times carried him over St. Augustine's butts, Captain Day's rope-walk, and along the road to the Hot-well, (Captain Goodere being sometimes a little behind, and sometimes amongst the crowd all the way) till they came to the slip where the barge lay. But Sir John was very unwilling to go, made the utmost resistance, and cried out murder a great many times; and when he was put into the barge, called out and desired somebody would go to Mr. Jarrit Smith, and tell him of his ill usage, and that his name was Sir John Dineley; whereupon the captain clapt his hand on Sir John's mouth to stop his speaking, and told him not to make such a noise, he had got him out of the lion's mouth (meaning the lawyer's hands) and would take care he should not spend his estate; and bid the barge-men row away, which they did; and in their passage to the man of war, the two brothers bickered all the way: But when they came to the man of war, Sir John went on board as well as he could, and the captain took him down into the purser's cabin, and staid a little time with him, and treated him with a dram of rum, and then left him for a considerable time; and in the interim sent for this examinant into his, the captain's cabin, and there told this examinant he must murder his brother, for that he was mad, and should not live till four o'clock in the morning. And this examinant reasoning with him, and telling him he would not be concerned, and that he thought he had brought him there with intent only to bring him to reason, and take care that he should not spend his estate in law, and to have a perfect reconciliation: but the captain still insisting, that as this examinant had taken him, he should do it; and this examinant then saying: he was not able to do it of himself, the captain replied, if this examinant could get nobody else, he and this examinant must do it themselves. And then ordered him to call one Elisha Cole; and he being too drunk to undertake such an affair, bid this examinant call one Charles White, a very stout lusty fellow, and the captain gave him a dram, and bid him sit down, and soon gave other drams, and asked him

if he could fight, and told him, Here is a madman, he must be murdered, and thou shalt have a handsome reward. And this examinant, Charles White, and the captain, being all agreed to murder Sir John Dineley Goodere, the captain then proposed the method, and produced a piece of half-inch rope about nine foot long, and Charles White having made a noose in the rope, the captain said to this examinant and Charles White, You must strangle him with this rope, and at the same time gave the handkerchief now produced, that in case he made a noise, to stop his mouth; and said, I will stand sentinel over the door whilst you do it; and accordingly instantly went out of his own cabin, and turned the sentinel from the purser's cabin door, and let this examinant and White into the purser's cabin, where Sir John Dineley Goodere was lying in his clothes on a bed: The captain having pulled to the door, and standing sentinel himself, White first strangled Sir John with his hands, and then put the rope about Sir John's neck, and hauled it tight, and Sir John struggled, and endeavoured to cry out, but could not. And this examinant confesses, that whilst White was strangling Sir John, this examinant took care to keep him on the bed, and when one end of the rope was loose, this examinant drew and held it tight; and thus each bore a part till Sir John was dead; and they having rifled the deceased of his watch and money, knocked at the door to be let out; and the captain called out, Have you done? they replied, Yes. He opened the door, and asked again, Is he dead? And being answered in the affirmative, and having a light, swore, by God, he would be sure he was dead; and then went in himself, and returning, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, and they all went together to the captain's cabin again, and there this examinant gave the captain Sir John's watch, and the captain gave this examinant his own watch in lieu of it; and then the captain gave them both some money, and White afterwards gave this examinant eight guineas as part of the money he took out of the deceased's pocket, and then the captain ordered them to be put on shore in his own boat. And further this examinant confesses and saith, That before and after the murder was committed, the captain, Charles White, and this examinant, consulted what to do with the corpse; and the captain proposed to keep it two or three days in the ship, and as he expected to go to sea, would sew it up in a hammock, or something else, and there throw it overboard: And that before this examinant and his comrades were sent to seize Sir John, as is before set forth, they were ordered by Captain Goodere, that, if they met with any resistance, they should repel force by force, and were prepared with short heavy sticks or bludgeons for that purpose.

MATTHEW MAHONY.

Mr. Recorder (speaking to the jury.) "Gentlemen, you are to take notice, that this confession is evidence against the prisoner Mahony alone, and so far only ought you to regard it. It is no evidence, nor ought you to lay any stress upon it, as against the prisoner Goodere."

The two prisoners made scarcely any defence. Captain Goodere feebly endeavoured to prove that his brother was a madman, and stated that he, in consequence, brought him on board for security, and that he was not present at the murder or had any share in it. The witnesses, however, whom he brought to his character, with some others called by the crown, completely refuted the assertion of his brother being insane. As to the evidence of a Mrs. Gethins, alluded to by the Recorder in pass-

ing sentence, it went rather against the prisoner. All that Mahony said was that he was a poor, pressed servant, that he was drunk when he made his confession, and that he was frightened out of his wits.

Both prisoners were found guilty; Charles White, the participator in the crime, was tried separately and convicted the following day, the 27th March. The day after that, the 28th March, 1741, the three miserable men were brought up for sentence, when Mr. Recorder Foster thus addressed them in passing judgment.

Mr. Recorder. Samuel Goodere, Matthew Mahony, and Charles White, you have been all convicted, upon very full evidence, of one of the greatest crimes human nature is capable of; deliberate and wilful murder. A crime, which in all ages, and through all nations, hath been had in the highest detestation. For however mankind have differed in other matters, they have been in one sentiment concerning this crime and the demerits of it; as if they had been all witnesses to the promulgation of the precept, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

But this crime, great as it is, is capable of several aggravations arising from the circumstances which attend it.

To lay violent hands upon a person who never gave his murderer the least offence, whom perhaps he never saw till the moment he was marked out for execution; and to do this for hire, shows a mind lost, I fear, to all the impressions of humanity.

But what then is the case of one, who can procure all this mischief, and involve others in this guilt; especially if the person to whom the violence is offered is near to him by the ties of blood or friendship?

It is true, murders of this kind are not very frequent; and less so in this nation than in any other. But in the case in which three of you are concerned, they all concur.

A gentleman of distinction is murdered by persons, who, in a manner, were strangers to his face, and his only brother aiding and abetting the murder. I may say thus much, because your country hath upon full evidence found it so.

I will carry these reflections no farther: I choose to leave that part to your own serious consideration.

I hope I need not persuade you to employ the time you have to live, in making your peace with God: I hope, I say, that a sense of your own condition hath already put you upon that work. And pray do not suffer yourselves to be diverted from it by the hope or expectation of mercy from the crown. His majesty's disposition to mercy is great; but his love of justice, and his love to his people are still greater. And because I would not mislead you, nor have you deceive yourselves, in a case of this importance, I think it my duty to deal freely with you.

I do not see what room any of you have to expect mercy.

You who have been the immediate actors in this affair. What have you pleaded in mitigation of your crime? One says he is a poor pressed servant; and the other, that he was drunk when the fact was committed. Neither of those excuses can avail you. You both undertook the murder for hire, rifled the gentleman's pockets, and shared the plunder between you.

You had, perhaps, no design upon the gentleman's life, till near the time of execution. This is no excuse. It shews you were ready to shed innocent blood at the first call—that you yielded to the first temptation

And if drunkenness could be admitted as an excuse for crimes of this nature, this would be no world then of virtue and sobriety.

You, Sir, who have been the principal actor in this affair, what have you offered for yourself?

You admit, that you employed a number of people to seize your brother, here in the heart of the city, and in the face of the sun, and to carry him on board the ship of which you had then the command. This is too evident to be denied, and for that reason only, I fear it is admitted.

To give some colour to this unparalleled outrage, you say that your brother was distracted, and that you took him on board in order to put him under confinement. Admitting that your brother was distracted, was the place you carried him to, or the hands into which you committed him, or the treatment which he met with from them before he was got aboard the barge, at all proper for his case, or fit for a brother to think of?

You called Mrs. Gethins to prove that Mahony was to have had 5*l.* a month for looking after him at her house. She remembers nothing of Mahony. But, had that been proved, could it at all avail you to say, that for three weeks before the murder was committed, you intended to have confined him under the care of the very man who now appears to have murdered him.

Indeed, you have denied all concern in the murder, or the least knowledge of it. But it hath been proved by three witnesses, that you were in the cock-pit while the murder was committing, and might have heard the noise and struggle in the cabin, the cry of murder, and your brother's dying groans, as well as they did.

Nay, two of them are positive that you stood sentinel at the door, with a drawn cutlass in your hand, while the fact was committing. One of them says that you delivered a candle into the cabin, after the cry of murder ceased; and that you, soon after, locked the door, and took the key with you. And it is agreed on all hands, that when the door was opened the next morning, your brother was found there murdered.

Those facts, with other circumstances, are strong and pregnant proofs of your concern in the murder; unless the credit of the witnesses could be impeached, which you have not attempted to do.

It was charged as a circumstance against you, that after the fact was committed, Mahony and White were sent ashore by you. This likewise you denied. But it came out of the mouth of a witness called by yourself, that they went up in the yawl by leave from you.

I have nothing more to do, before I proceed to that which the duty of my place obliges me to, than to exhort you all to make your peace with God by a serious and hearty repentance. His mercy is infinite, and to that we must leave you.

On Wednesday, the 15th of April following, the prisoners Matthew Mahony, Samuel Goodere, and Charles White, were executed at Bristol, according to the sentence pronounced against them. They all confessed the fact. The body of Mahony was hung in chains near the place where the horrid fact was committed.

At the same Court, Charles Bryan, Edward M'Daniel, and William Hammon, were indicted, tried, and convicted, for a misdemeanor, in forcibly assisting and seizing Sir John in the parish of St. Augustine, in the said city and county, and carrying him on board the barge belonging

to the Ruby man of war; and were fined 40s. each, to be imprisoned for one year, and then each to give security for his good behaviour for one year more.

The two sons of Sir Samuel Goodere, the murderer, successively inherited the baronetcy: the elder son, Sir Edward Dineley Goodere, died unmarried, a lunatic, in 1761: the younger son, Sir John Dineley Goodere, succeeded his brother, and at his decease, also unmarried, in 1776, the baronetcy of Goodere, of such fearful fame from the event here related, became extinct.

John Foote, as we have above stated, became heir to his unfortunate uncle, and assumed the surname of Dineley, but Dame Mary Dineley Goodere, the widow of the murdered Sir John, held the Charleton estate in dower, and married secondly, William Rayner, a printer in White Friars, London, who, being thus in possession, partly by his marriage and partly by purchase from Mr. Foote Dineley, became seised of the whole in fee, and sold it to Joseph Biddle, Esq. of Evesham, from whose executors it was purchased in 1774, by Messrs. Beesly, Locket, Lilly, and Bevington, of Worcester, in partnership.

Samuel Foote, the dramatist, (Sir John Goodere's nephew) was greatly affected by the frightful tragedy of his relative's death: in conversation he seldom alluded to it, and never without the deepest emotion. One strange anecdote respecting it is related of him:

On the night the murder was committed, Foote arrived at his father's house at Truro, and described himself as having been kept awake for some time by the softest and sweetest strains of music he had ever heard. At first, he imagined that it was a serenade got up by some of the family, by way of a welcome home; but, in looking out of his windows, could see no trace of the musicians, so was compelled to come to the conclusion that the sounds were the mere offspring of his imagination. When, however, he learned shortly afterwards that the catastrophe of the murder had occurred on the same night, and at the same hour when he had been greeted by the mysterious melody, he became, says one of his biographers, persuaded that it was a supernatural warning, and retained this impression to the last moment of his existence. Yet the man who was thus strongly susceptible of superstitious influences, and who could mistake a singing in the head, occasioned, possibly, by convivial indulgence, for a hint direct from heaven, was the same who overwhelmed Johnson with ridicule for believing in the Cock Lane ghost.

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

THE ANCESTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE death (recorded in this month's Obituary) of Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford, the last surviving son of "the Author of Waverley," supplies another addition to the roll of illustrious men, of whom no male descendant remains. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Byron, are obvious instances, and it is not a little remarkable that the same observation applies to many of the most brilliant ornaments in every department of intellectual greatness. How many pages of biography and history bear testimony to this striking fact! Without reverting to distant times, we may indicate, besides those to whom we have alluded, Marlborough, Napoleon, Nelson, Washington, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Locke, and Newton, and to this catalogue a whole host of others might easily be added.

How forcibly, too, does the melancholy event, which has originated these passing words, tell of the instability of all earthly plans. The ruling passion of the illustrious Minstrel of the North was ancestral pride, and, subordinate to it, the ambition to found, in his person, a separate branch of the eminent house of which he was a scion. Hence may be traced his never-ceasing anxiety to augment his family's position, his acquisition and adornment of Abbotsford, and the thousand consequent embarrassments and cares, which at last wore his life away. And now, within the brief space of less than twenty years, no one of his name and race remains to succeed to an inheritance acquired at so costly a price. The Baronetcy is extinct, and the estate of Abbotsford passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, only surviving son of the Editor of the Quarterly, and the only grandson of the immortal novelist.

The family of Scott, renowned in border song and border foray, ranks in antiquity and eminence with the most distinguished in North Britain: and has possessed at various times great landed possessions. The senior line now vests, through female descent, in HIS GRACE OF BUCCLEUCH, while the male representation has devolved on Henry Francis Hepburne Scott, Lord Polwarth, who derives from the renowned freebooter—Walter Scott of Harden—of whom many interesting anecdotes are told in "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This ancient Laird married Mary, dau. of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, celebrated in song as "the Flower of Yarrow," and had four sons, of whom we shall speak presently. By the marriage contract, the bride's father, Philip Scott, of Dryhope, engaged to find Harden in horse meat and man's meat at his tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but so great was the dread of the freebooter's lawless spirit, that five Barons pledged themselves that at the expiry of this fixed period the son-in-law should depart without attempting to hold possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names! The original still remains, we believe, in the Charter-room of Harden. Of the four sons of Walter Scott and the Flower of Yarrow, the eldest was Sir William Scott, fifth Laird of Harden; the

second, Walter, who was killed in a fray at a fishing party by one of the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh; the third, Hugh, from whom came the Scotts of Gala; and the fourth, Francis, who was ancestor of the Scotts of Synton. The 5th Laird of Harden enjoyed in an especial degree the favour of King James VI. Inheriting his father's turbulent character, he appears to have been much concerned in the feuds of his time, and to have been frequently engaged in hostilities with the neighbouring proprietors. On one occasion, after a bloody conflict, he was made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, and sentenced to lose his head; one means of safety only being allowed—a marriage with a daughter of his captor, known by the descriptive appellation of "Muckle mouthed Meg." To the latter alternative he consented, but not before he had ascended the scaffold: he lived, however, long and happily with the lady, and had, by her, eight children; the second son, Sir Gideon Scott, father of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, husband of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, the greatest heiress of her time in Scotland, was ancestor, by a second marriage, of the present Lord Polwarth; the third son, Walter Scott, became of Raeburn, co. Selkirk; the fourth son, James Scott, founded the family of Thirlestane; and the fifth, John Scott, that of Scott of Woll.

Walter Scott, the 1st of Raeburn, appears, by acts of the Privy Council, to have been "infected with Quakerism," and to have suffered in consequence imprisonment and persecution. By Ann Isabel, his wife, dau. of William Macdougall, of Makerstoun, he had two sons, William, direct ancestor of the present Laird of Raeburn, and Walter, progenitor of the Scotts of Abbotsford. The younger, who was generally known by the name of "Bearded Wat," from a vow which he had made to leave his beard unshaven until the Restoration of the Stuarts, married Jean, dau. of Campbell of Silvercraigs, and had three sons, of whom the second, ROBERT SCOTT, of Sandyknow, realized a considerable fortune by agriculture. His wife was Barbara, dau. of Thomas Haliburton, of New Mains, and by her he had, besides four daughters, as many sons—all referred to in Scott's Correspondence—viz. Walter, Thomas, Robert, and John. Of these, the eldest, WALTER SCOTT, Writer to the Signet, married Anne, dau. of John Rutherford, M.D. and had, with other issue, a third son,

Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford,

the illustrious author of "Waverley."

Sir Walter, born in the College Wynd of Edinburgh, 15th Aug. 1771, married 24th Dec. 1797, Margaret-Charlotte, dau. of Jean Charpentier, of Lyons, a devoted Royalist during the French Revolution, and by her, who died 14 May, 1826, had issue;

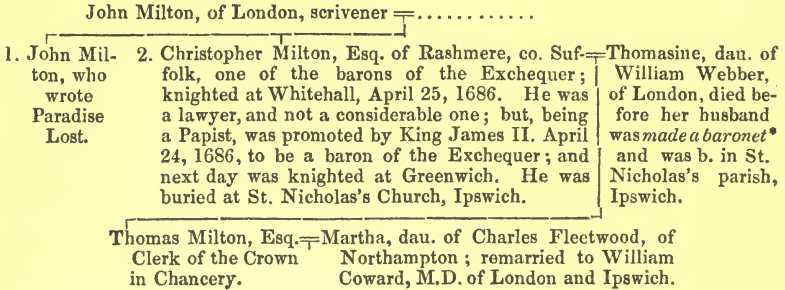
- I. WALTER. (Sir), 2nd Bart., Lieut.-Col. 15th Hussars, b. 28 Oct. 1801, who *m.* 3 Feb. 1825, Jane, dau. and heir of John Jobson, Esq. of Lochore, co. Fife, but died without issue in 1847, at the Cape of Good Hope, of dysentery, leaving his wife surviving.
- II. Charles, Student of Brasenose College, Oxford: died unm. at Teheran, in Persia, A.D. 1841, being then Attaché to the British embassy at the Court of Schah.
1. Charlotte Sophia, the favourite companion of her father, *m.* 28 April, 1820, John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. Advocate, Editor of the Quarterly Review, son of the

Rev. John Lockhart, D.D. and died 17 May, 1837, leaving surviving issue, one dau. and one son, WALTER SCOTT LOCKHART, a Cornet of Dragoons, who succeeds to Abbotsford. Mrs. Lockhart's elder son, who died in youth, is immortalized in the writings of Sir Walter, under the playful soubriquet of Hugh Littlejohn.

2. Anne, who died unm. 25 June, 1833.

MILTON.

It is a fact not generally known that the great poet had a brother who was a baron of the Exchequer, as the following pedigree from the MSS. of Peter le Neve will show:—



A NOTABLE WRESTLER.

SIR THOMAS PARKINS, BART., who lived in the early part of the last century, was remarkable for his skill in, and fondness for, the *Art of Wrestling*. By the inscription on his monument, we are informed that "he was a great wrestler, and Justice of the Peace for Notts and Leicestershire." Also "that he new roofed the chancel, built the vault below, and erected this monument wrought out of a fine piece of marble by his chaplain in a barn; that he studied physic for the benefit of his neighbours; wrote the 'Cornish Hug Wrestler;' and died in 1741, aged 73." He had two or three stone coffins made for himself, that he might take his choice. Notwithstanding, however, some eccentricity of character, he was upright and intelligent, and well versed in the learning of his day; and at his decease was universally lamented as a most excellent magistrate.

On his monument in the church he is represented in a posture ready for wrestling; and on another part of it he appears thrown by *Time*, accompanied with the following lines, said to have been written by Dr. Freind:—

"Quem modo stravisti longo in certamine Tempus
Hic recubuit Britonum clarus in orbe pugil
Jam primus stratus: præter te vicerat omnes;
De te etiam victor, quando resurget, erit."

- Which may be thus rendered:—

"At length he falls, the long, long contest's o'er,
And Time has thrown, whom none e'er threw before;
Yet boast not, Time! thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again and conquer thee."

Sir Thomas's great-grandson is the present Lord Rancliffe.

* Sic in orig. but probably a mistake for *knighted*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRICIAN.

SIR,

My attention having been drawn to the letters of Mr. Harvey Boys, in the two recent numbers of the Patrician, relative to the Scotts, or Baliols, I take the liberty of sending you a pedigree of the family of Scott, of Scotts Hall in Kent, from the time of John Scott, (the reputed son of William Baliol le Scot) who died, according to Mr. Boys, about 1348, to the present time. It is drawn from documents in my possession, and tends to strengthen the evidence obtained through the research of the above-named gentleman as to the identity of the families, and confirms his opinion that the direct line of the family is still in existence.

The only discrepancy which appears between the pedigree published in the last number of the Patrician, and that which I enclose, is the marriage of a Beaufitz (as second wife) with the John Scott who died in 1433. The only marriage which I can find according to the authority above alluded to, is that of Agnes Beaufitz, (misprinted in the Patrician, as I apprehend, Beausis) with John Scott, who died in 1485, two descents lower down.

I beg to apologize for troubling you, and I remain,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z.

London, 22 March, 1847.

John Scott, descended from Sir William Baliol le Scot, youngest brother of John, King of Scotland.

William Scott, Knight Marshal, knighted 10 Edward III. *d.* 1350, buried at Brabourne.

Michael Scott, of Brabourne. — Emma, dau. of

William Scott, of Brabourne. — Mascella, dau. of Alice.

John Scott, of Brabourne, Lieut. of Dover Castle, *temp.* Henry IV. — heiress of Coombe.

Jane, sister and coheiress of Richard Orleston. — Sir William Scott. — Isabel, dau. of Robert Vincent Harbord. — Robert, Lieut. of the Tower of London, 1424.

Sir John Scott, Lieut.-Governor of Calais, Comptroller of the Household, and of the Privy Council of Edward IV., Sheriff, 38 Henry VI., Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, 4, and Knight of the Shire, 7 Edward IV., Ambassador to the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, for which he received a grant of the Castle and Manor of Chilham; *d.* 17 Oct. 1485. — Agnes, dau. of Sir William Beaufitz. — Margaret Johan, *m.* — Yarde. Three sons.

Sir William Scott, Knight of the Bath, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Sheriff, 6 & 7 Henry VII. and 8 Henry VIII., Lieut. of Dover Castle, *d.* 24 Aug. 1524. — Sybella, dau. of Sir Thos. Lewknor. — Margaret, *m.* Bedingfield. — Isabel, *m.* Sir Edw. Poynings.

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Anne, *m.* Sir John Scott, Lieut. of Dover Cas- Anne, dau. and Edward, Alice, Sir Edw. tle, and Deputy Warden of the Cinque coheirress of Re- of the dau. of Bough- Ports, Sheriff 19 Henry VIII. He ginald Pympe, Mount, Thos. ton. was knighted by the Prince of Castile, and heir of her Sussex. Hogg. Two other dau. of John Pashley. William. Dau. of daus dres. Windsor.

Five sons. S.r Reginald Scott, 1st wife. 2nd wife. Margaret, *m.* T. Rook. Eight daus. Capt. of the Castle of Calais, 1542, Sheriff 33 Henry VIII. Emeline, dau. of Sir Wm. Kempe. Mary, dau. of Bryan Tuke. Elizabeth, *m.* Heyman. Mary, *m.* Argall. Ursula, *m.* Sir Jas. Rooke. Reginald, author of Discovery of Witchcraft. Four other sons.

Anne, *m.* Walter Sir Thomas Scott, Sheriff in the 1st wife. 2nd wife. a dau. of Catherine, *m.* John Baker. 18th, and Knt. of the Shire 13th and 28th of Elizabeth. He com- Elizabeth, Heyman, of Somers- manded the Kentish forces to d. 1583. John Ba- 3rd wife. Dorothy, oppose the Spanish Armada, singhurst, Horsman's Place, and widow of Fynch. 1583, d. 30 Dec. 1591.

1st son, 2nd son, Sir John Scott, Capt. of 3rd son, Sir 1st wife. 2nd wife. Other Thomas, a band of Lancers, Knt. of the Edw. Scott, Alice, Catherine, issue. 43rd Eli- Shire, 1st James I., *m.* first, Eli- Knt. of the dau. and dau. of John zabeth, dau. of Sir William Staf- Bath, 1627, coheir of Honeywood, zabeth, *m.* Eli- of Sir William Drury. 2ndly, James I., Sheriff 18th of Elmsted. zabeth, dau. of Catherine, dau. of Thos. Smith, Knt. of the Stringer, 3rd wife. 1601. Dau. of Al- Thomas Honey- relict of Sir Rowland Hayward. Shire, 1st Charles I. 1600. Edward Scott, d. 1663 Catherine, dau. of George Knatchbull. Goring, Earl of Norwich.

Sir Thomas Scott. Caroline, dau. of Sir George Carteret.

Six sons. George Scott. 1st wife. Anne, dau. of Sir Francis Pemberton, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 2nd wife. Cecilia, dau. of Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden Dering.

Three sons. Edward Scott, Margaret, dau. of John Sutherland, and Christiana, dau. of Robert Cunningham, of Gilbertsfield, b. 19 August, 1725, d. 29 Dec. 1818. Arthur, *m.* a dau. of Geo. Compton, Earl of Northampton. Caroline, *m.* T. Best, of Chilston park, Kent. Ten other children.

Eldest son. Francis Talbot Scott b. 16 March, 1745, d. 22 June, 1789. Cecilia, dau. of George Scott, and widow of Brice Fletcher. 4th son. William Scott, Captain R.N. Susan, dau. of Maun. 2nd son. Edward, Captain in the 3d Foot, and Equerry to the Prince of Wales, *m.* Louisa, dau. of Anwyll, and *d.s.p.* 1842. Caroline, *m.* Thomas George Best, of Chilston park, Kent. and four daus.

Francis, *d.s.p.* George Scott, *d.s.p.* Dau. of Henry Scott, Capt. R.N. Susan, dau. of Hartshone, and has issue. Thomas Fairfax Best, of Wierton. Margaret Anne, dau. of George Brett, and has issue.

THE WOOLLEN KNIGHT.

SIR Thomas Barton, of Holme, in Nottinghamshire, who possessed a great estate in that county in the 17th century, owed the acquisition of his fortune to the woollen manufacture, and was not ashamed to confess it. Over the windows of his mansion appeared this distich :—

I thank God, and ever shall;
It was the sheep that paid for all.

AGINCOURT.

“ Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward, Duke of York—Sir Richard Ketley—
David Gam, Esq.—none else of name.”

SHAKESPEARE—HENRY V., Act. IV.

THE inspection of West's picture of this celebrated battle, in which SIR DAVID GAM is pourtrayed, coupled with the perusal of the above lines awaken reminiscences of olden times, and an interest about the origin and posterity of those renowned heroes and relatives, Gam, Vaughan, and Lloyd, who so gallantly sacrificed their own lives in rescuing their monarch “ when stunn'd with a blow from a battle-ax, in the furious onset of 18 French Knights, who had associated in a vow to take him dead or alive, and who all fell in the attempt.”

Histories of England and Wales have duly recorded the achievements of these three heroic Welshmen whose origin was ancient and honourable, and whose respective descendants may be proud of inheriting the blood of such distinguished ancestors. In the histories of Brecknockshire, by Jones, and of Monmouthshire by Coxe, are the following notices.

“ Old Court, Monmouthshire, formerly the residence of the celebrated Sir David Gam, who, being sent to reconnoitre the French before the battle of Agincourt, say'd to King H. 5,—‘ an please your Majesty, there are enough to be beaten—enough to be taken prisoners—and enough to run away.’ King Henry (adds the Cambrian historian) was well pleased and much encouraged with this undaunted report of Sir David's, whose tongue did not express more valour than his hands performed; for in the heat of the battle—the King's person being in danger—Sir David charged the enemy with such eagerness and masculine bravery, that they were glad to give way and so rescued the King—tho' with the loss of much blood and lives of himself, his son-in-law Sir Roger Vaughan, and kinsman Walter Lloyd, (who were all three knighted by the King in the field before the breath was out of their bodies) and so ended the life, but not the fame, of the signally valiant Sir David Gam.”
Vide Coxe's Monmouthshire.

“ Gwladis Dhu, daughter of Sir David Gam, widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, slain at Agincourt (by whom he left three sons and some daughters) mother of Sir Roger Vaughan, of Tretower, married 2ndly, Sir William ap Thomas, father of Sir Wm. Herbert, 1st Earl of Pembroke, the fast friend and adherent of Edward. From that moment, the houses of Games, Vaughan, and Herbert, became united and call'd each other cousin, to the ninth generation. There seems indeed to have been a particularly warm attachment between the half brothers, Vaughan and

Herbert, (Ld. Pembroke) the latter as he rose in favour at Court using his interest continually to increase the property of the elder born (Sir Roger) and to procure him grants from the Crown, in Brecknockshire Glamorganshire, &c. &c., for Sir Roger Vaughan, not only partook of the Earl's possessions in Creikhowel, but had the Lordships of Centneff Seleffpenhelly-Myrthir Tydvil, &c.—the latter in Gower: so that he became by far the richest Commoner in Brecknockshire.”—Vid. *Jones's Brecknockshire*.

By pedigrees in these and other histories and documents, the origin of Sir David Gam, and his son-in-law Sir Roger Vaughan (ancestors of the Vaughans of Courtfield, Monmouthshire (inter alios) is traced from the princes and lords of South Wales, through ten or a dozen descents of alliances with some of the most ancient and distinguished families in the principality. Sir R. Vaughan's from Drymbenog, 2nd son of Dryffin, prince of Brecon, and his grandson Moreidig Warwyn, who married Elinor dau. of Lord Rhys, Prince of South Wales. His mother was a daughter of Sir W. Devereux, Lord Ferrars of Chartley; his grandmother, Florence, dau. of Sir W. Bredwardine, and his great-grandmother was a dau. of R. Baskerville. “The ancestor of the house of Vaughan, and with whom the pedigree generally commences, was first cousin to the unfortunate Bleddin ap Maenarch, the last Lord of Brecon. He was known by the name of Moreidig Warwyn:—the first appellation “the mighty jealous one” being undoubtedly descriptive of his mind: and the next “white nape or white shoulder” of some singularity or mark upon his body. Tradition indeed, tells us, that he was born with a snake round his neck from whence the place of his nativity Lechnyd, Radnorsh, altered from Lledychrynlyd, the place of horror, was so called, and from this supposed event, their posterity took their arms sa. three Joys heads couped at the shoulders, each having a snake wreath'd round his neck ppr. He lived in the beginning of the 14th century. His descendant of the 5th generation was of *Llechryd*, and called Rhoger Fawr, or the Great; and his son, Roger Bychan Fychan (since corrupted into Vaughan) or Roger the Little. In his time, from their connections, they seem to have been in opulent circumstances; but the founder of the family in point of wealth was Gwalter or Walter the Englishman, a contemporary and perhaps a companion of Einon Sais in the wars of France, *temp.* Edward III. Upon his return home this Walter Sais married Florence, dau. and heir of Sir W. Bradwardine of Crick Howell, and as the adventures of this Walter in the service of the King of England increased the wealth of the family, his grandson (Sir Roger Vaughan) was born to distinguish himself, and to throw a lustre on his descendants by the gallantry of his conduct on the plains of France, where the exploits of his grandsire had been forgotten.”—*Jones's Brecknockshire*.

In the Peerages, Baronetcies, and Commoners of the present day the descendants of Sir David Gam and Roger Vaughan may be found in the genealogies of the Earls of Pembroke, Caernarvon, Montgomery, Powis, Ashburnham, Oxford, &c., &c., and in the pedigrees of Vaughan of Courtfield, Weld of Lulworth Castle—Jones of Llanarth—Bodenhams of Rotherwas—Brydges of Bosbury—Tiberton Court—Colwall—Wells—&c., Lee Warner of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk, and Tiberton Court, Herefordshire, and many others, some flourishing, and some decaying. “The armorial bearings of Moreidig Warwyn were borne by all

the Vaughans of Brecon except Vaughan of Tyleglass, viz. ar. three boys heads couped at the shoulder with the snakes entwined round their throats ppr., motto, "Innocentes secus pueri segaces secut serpentes;" or "agne lan diogal."—*Vide Jones's Brecknockshire.*

Some of the Vaughans, however, and those of Clyro and Courtfield, Monmouthshire, adopted the bearings of their relatives of the half blood, the Herberts: party per pale az. and gu. three lions rampant ar. under the boys head, crest—as appear upon some ancient monuments, and particularly upon one erected in 1655, in the church of Mordiford, Herefordshire, to the memory of Margaret, dau. of John Vaughan, of Courtfield, in the county of Monmouth, Gent. and also of W. Brydges, of Upleadon, Bosbury," the direct ancestors of the Brydges's (and now Lee Warners) of Tiberton Court, Prior's Court, Colwall, &c., Herefordshire and Wells, Somersetshire, Sir W. J. Brydges, Bart., and other branches of the Brydges family, who by intermarriage have carried the blood of the heroes of Agincourt into numerous other influential and flourishing families who may be permitted, it is hoped, to transmit it, with the memory of their names and deeds, to the latest posterity.

LADY DROGHEDA AND WILLIAM WYCHERLY.

SEVERAL years after the appearance of his play of "The Plain Dealer," Wycherly encountered the Countess of Drogheda,* a young, rich, and beautiful widow, at Tunbridge. They met in a bookseller's shop. The lady came to inquire for "the Plain Dealer," and the master of the shop presently introduced Wycherly to her as the real plain dealer. This must have been subsequently to June, 1679, when the earl died. The Poet and the Countess were soon after privately married. The lady was (probably not without good reason) distractedly jealous. Dennis relates that their lodgings were in Bow Street, Covent Garden, opposite the Cock Tavern, and that if at any time he entered that place of refreshment with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open that she might see there was no woman in the company. Of course, a person of this disposition would feel considerable reluctance to trust her husband at court. The unfrequency of Wycherly's appearance there gave umbrage, and lost him the favour of Charles. The Countess did not long survive her marriage. She settled her whole estates upon Wycherly, but the settlement was disputed, and the dramatist, ruined by law and extravagance, was thrown into prison. There he lay for several years. It is said he was at last relieved by James II., who, having gone to see "The Plain Dealer" acted, was so delighted, that he was induced to give orders for the payment of the author's debts, and for the grant of a pension of £200 per annum. Wycherly did not profit by the king's liberality to the full extent, for, ashamed to confess the amount of his debts, he understated them. His pension dropped at the Revolution. His father's estate, to which he succeeded some years later, was strictly entailed, and the income fell, under an attachment, for the creditors. The Poet, nevertheless, continued to struggle on, till 1715, the year of his death. Eleven days before that event, in the 80th year of his age, he was married to a young woman with a fortune of £1500. What attractions such a match could possess for the lady it is difficult to imagine. He contrived to spend a good deal of her money; but repaid her on his death-bed, by the judicious advice, "not to take an old man for her second husband."

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

DEATH.

Who art thou, stranger! grim and old,
 Who com'st in silence, slow?
 Thy cheek is sunk—thy touch is cold,
 A stony eye hast thou!

What quivers in thy long, lank hand—
 Is it the dart of Death?
 And who the pale, affrighted band,
 Who cower thy glance beneath?

Art thou a king, who com'st in state?
 For monarchs bow to thee;
 And at thy nod this doom await,
 Trembling and fearfully.

And lo! thy ministers are these,
 That march before thy car
 Sorrow, and many form'd disease
 Famine, and bloody war!

Behind, a troop of mourners pass,
 Innumerable as the sands
 That fall within the mystic glass,
 Thou lift'st with bony hands.

On, on, grim, ruthless victor, sweep,
 With all thy shadowy train;
 The bitter tears of those that weep,
 To move thee are but vain!

Thou heedest not the orphan's sigh,
 The mother's blank despair,
 Who sees her first-born droop and die,
 Her own—the young and fair!

Sweep on, grim shadow! One will come
 Whom thou must bow before,
 And seek perforce thy realms of gloom,
 A victor King no more!

For He is greater, mightier far
 Than thee, O shape of fear!
 Who comes in glory through the air,
 To dry the mourner's tear.

Brief is thy triumph, haughty one,
 Thy reign is not for aye,
 With all thy ghastly state sweep on,
 Thou art but for a day!

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

... The timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE deaths of Henry VI and Edward V, have both been attributed to the personal act, or to the instigation of that object of general accusation, their successor Richard III, who, with the exception of Mary Tudor, may be said to have been the most calumniated monarch in English history.

The life of HENRY VI had certainly a dark and mysterious termination, but there are not the slightest grounds for believing that he was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester. Bayley, in his History of the Tower of London, thus relates the death of Henry, and forcibly argues on the subject.

“On the 4th May, 1471, the Lancastrian house received its final overthrow at Tewkesbury, and Edward IV after his victory, proceeded northward to crush a rising opposition in that quarter. On the 21st of the same month he returned in triumph to London; and we are told by historians who lived in that and the following age, that his unhappy rival King Henry was found dead the next morning, in his prison in the Tower; but, like many important events in that dark period of our history, the nature of his death will, perhaps, ever remain in doubt; though it must be allowed that the time, the place, and circumstances of its occurrence, favor the suspicion that it was violent. It is clear that the historian of Croyland Abbey, a coeval writer, was impressed with this idea; and, although he does not seem to disclose the fulness of his thoughts, he says, ‘may God spare and give time for repentance to him, whosoever it was, that dared to lay his sacrilegious hands on the Lord’s anointed.’ Fabian says on this subject, ‘of ye dethe of this prynce diverse tales were tolde; but the moost comon fame wente that he was strykked with a dagger by the hands of the Duke of Gloucester.’ Hall, who is copied by Grafton and Holinshed states that, ‘poore kyng Henry the sixte, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall croune, was now in the Tower of London, spoyled of his life, and all worldly felicitie, by Richard Duke of Gloucester, (as the constant fame ranne) which, to thintent that King Edward, his brother, should be clere out of all secret suspicion of sodain invasion, murdered the said king with a dagger.’ But Hollinshed makes an important addition, and tells us nevertheless, that some writers, who he says, were favorers of the house of York, have recorded, that after King Henry understood the losses that had happened to his adherents, the murder of his son, and the destruction of his friends, he took it so to heart that he died. Stow follows the account of Fabian.....

“The statement, that this unhappy prince was found dead in his prison the very morning after the king’s return to London is certainly incorrect: Hollinshed allows that this was not the case, and we have more satisfactory evidence that he lived several days at least, after Edward’s triumphant entry into the capital. But, suppose we yield to

the general and not unpalatable opinion, that the dethroned monarch being a prisoner in the Tower, was put to death by the ruling party, what ground have we for attributing his murder to the Duke of Gloucester? It rests on none but popular report, and that too at a time when prejudices ran so high against his memory, as to load it indiscriminately with all the enormities of that rude and barbarous period. The chronicle of Croyland says not a word to justify such a presumption, and all that Fabian asserts, who wrote at a distance of at least thirty years after the event occurred, he acknowledges to be founded on no better authority than common fame, and *to be only one of the many tales* that were told respecting the manner of his death. We may freely admit that it was to Edward's interest that his fallen rival should not remain alive, and we may allow the probability that his death was violent; but, if we suffer ourselves to believe that the Duke of Gloucester was the perpetrator of that bloody deed, we expose ourselves to the imputation of weakness and credulity. If Henry's death were resolved on by the court, would it have been necessary that the king's own brother should have incurred the odium of his murder? On such occasions did arbitrary princes ever want tools? Was Edward's court so pure, or was the age so virtuous and refined, that it could furnish no assassin but one of the princes of the blood; and that too a youth of only eighteen years of age? But it is pretended that Gloucester committed the act 'without knowledge or commandment of the king; who,' it is added, 'would undoubtedly, if he had intended such a thing, have appointed to that butcherly office some other than his own brother?' Could anything be more incredible? Is it likely that Gloucester should in cold blood, without authority, and, above all, without any personal interest, have made a purposed journey to the Tower, to stain his hands with the murder of this holy and unoffending being? What motive could he have had for such an act? He could not then by the remotest possibility have looked for any advantage from his death; for, however boundless might have been his ambition, Edward was at that time but rising into the prime of life, and there was not only his numerous issue, but his brother, the evil fated Clarence, with every prospect of a family from his recent marriage, to bar him from any prospect of the crown. Nor can it be argued that he was incited to such a deed by personal enmity or revenge; for Henry had never offended him, but, on the contrary, so far commanded his veneration and respect, that, after Richard had seated himself upon the throne he removed his body from its primary resting-place, and had it solemnly entombed at Windsor—an act by which, had he been his murderer, he would have been indiscreetly reviving a rumour that clogged his name with infamy.

“But these are not the only arguments that may justly and reasonably be adduced to clear the memory of the Duke of Gloucester from every charge connected with Henry's death. Our historians agree in stating that King Edward's return to London after the battle of Tewkesbury, was on the twenty-first of May: and we are informed, that after resting there one day, or two at most, he forthwith took his journey into Kent, with all his army in pursuit of the bastard of Falconbridge who had just been defeated in his attempt to win the capital. If therefore, this be correct, it at once proves that the Duke of Gloucester was not in London at the time of Henry's decease; for we know that he marched with part of the army before his brother into Kent, where he took a conspicuous part in punishing and suppressing the rebels; and we have satisfactory testimony that Henry lived at least up to the twenty-fifth of May.”

In fact, upon a full view of this mysterious affair, it would be absurd to charge Richard III with so foul and unnecessary a participation in the death of Henry.

History says little about the demise of Henry's gallant, but licentious successor, EDWARD IV, which was attributed partly to the continual debaucheries in which he indulged, and partly to his vexation on finding that Louis XI had craftily set aside the promised marriage of Edward's daughter Elizabeth with his son the Dauphin, and chosen another bride for the prince. These causes converted a slight ailment, which the English monarch had neglected, into a mortal attack. He at once prepared for death, and spent the few days preceding it in the exercises of religion; he directed that out of the treasures which he should leave behind him, full restitution should be made to all whom he had wronged, or from whom he had extorted money under the name of benevolence. He expired on the 9th April, 1483, in the twenty-first year of his reign, and the forty-second of his age. Immediately after his death he was exposed on a board naked from the waist upwards, during ten hours, that he might be seen by all the lords spiritual and temporal, and by the Mayor and Aldermen of London. He was interred with the usual pomp in the new chapel at Windsor.

The deaths of EDWARD V and his brother Richard, Duke of York, form a problem in English history now impossible of explanation. Their disappearance during the usurpation of their uncle Richard, is accounted for by Sir Thomas More and almost all subsequent historians, in a narrative on the very face of it extremely perplexing, improbable, and obscure. In support of that statement, Hume, and still more singularly, Dr. Lingard, have put forward very elaborate arguments. Buck, Carte, Walpole, and Lamy have however doubted the whole story, and the able historian of the Tower, Mr. Bayley, whom we have already quoted, questions the tale with such force and clearness that, however long his discussion, we cannot refrain from here giving the greater portion of it. Yet we must first relate the deaths of the princes, which are thus reported according to More and Hume:

Richard III., then at Gloucester, sent orders by one Greene to Sir Robert Brakenbury, Constable of the Tower, to put his nephews to death; but this gentleman, who had sentiments of honour, refused to have any hand in the infamous office. The tyrant then sent for Sir James Tyrrel, who promised obedience; and he ordered Brakenbury to resign to this gentleman the keys and government of the Tower for one night. Tyrrel, choosing three associates, Slater, Dighton, and Forest, came in the night-time to the door of the chamber where the princes were lodged; and sending in the assassins, he bad them execute their commission, while he himself stayed without: they found the young princes in bed, and fallen into a profound sleep. After suffocating them with the bolster and pillows they shewed their naked bodies to Tyrrel, who ordered them to be buried at the foot of the stairs, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. Tyrrel then went to Richard to announce the death; the king was much pleased, and knighted him.

These facts were said to be all confessed by the actors in the following reign; and they were never punished for the crime; the reason given is that Henry, whose maxims of government were extremely arbitrary, desired to establish it as a principle, that the commands of the reigning sovereign ought to justify every enormity in those who paid obedience to them. But there is one circumstance not so easy to be accounted for; it is pretended that Richard, displeased with the indecent manner of burying his nephews, whom he had murdered, gave his chaplain orders to dig up the bodies, and to inter

them in consecrated ground; and as the man died soon after, the place of their burial remained unknown, and the bodies could never be found by any search which Henry could make for them. Yet in the reign of Charles II, when there was occasion to remove some stones, and to dig on the very spot which was mentioned as the place of their interment, the bones of two persons were there found, which by their size exactly corresponded to the age of Edward and his brother; they were concluded with certainty to be remains of those princes, and were interred under a marble monument, by orders of King Charles. Perhaps Richard's chaplain had died before he found an opportunity of executing his master's commands; and the bodies being supposed to be already removed, a diligent search was not made for them by Henry in the place where they had been buried.

"Such," says Mr. Bayley, "is the account giving us by Sir Thomas Moore; but, without being sceptical, without appearing as the advocates of Richard, or risking an opinion on the ultimate fate of the two princes, let us examine the probability of this amusing story. First then, we are told, that while on his progress, and just after leaving London, Richard dispatched a messenger from Gloucester to Brakenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, commanding him to put his two nephews to death, which he refused to do! Is this probable? Would a deep, discerning, and politic man have sent such instructions without knowing how they would be received? Would he have hazarded such a message, which if either by accident or by design, had been exposed, would have blasted his name for ever, would have set the whole country in rebellion, and most likely, have cost him his crown and life? Would he not rather personally have sounded and instructed Brakenbury previous to his leaving London? or if he had been so rash was it Richard's character to have brooked a refusal from a person on whom he had heaped offices and honours? Would he have continued him the command of the Tower, and granted him other favours? Would he not rather have treated him as he had already done Hastings and others? Or, supposing he could have overlooked this refusal, would Brakenbury, who had the honour and spirit to disobey such a mandate, have continued faithful? Would he have fought and died in his cause at the field of Bosworth? Would he have not despised the wretch from whose soul such a thought could emanate? And would he not have felt insulted, and have hated and spurned the man that could have deemed him capable of such a crime? But this is not all: would Richard have been so weak and unguarded as to have made a confidant of a mere page at Warwick? Is this like a man close and secret, a deep dissimulator as we are told he was? Would he not have been personally acquainted with Tyrell's nature, and have privately broached the subject to him without the intervention of a servant? For Tyrell's situation was not that in which Sir Thomas Moore represents him: he was of an ancient and high family; had long before received the honour of knighthood, and enjoyed the office of master of the horse. But supposing we admit that Tyrell was sent to perpetrate this horrid deed, would Brakenbury have delivered him the keys of the Tower, as is pretended, without a formal warrant to justify him in so serious a transaction? And has ever any trace of such a document been discovered? Never. It has been anxiously sought for, but sought in vain: and we may, therefore, conclude, that Sir Thomas Moore's is nothing but one of the passing tales of the day; and we may believe that if the young princes were destroyed in the Tower, Brakenbury must have been instrumental in their murder, and have acted in obedience to instructions given to him personally by Richard, previous to his departure from London. But

we find that very strong doubts were entertained, even in the reign of King Henry VII, whether the children had been put to death or not: we know too, that in Richard's time a conspiracy for carrying them abroad was detected: we are also told that a design was entertained of getting some of their sisters out of sanctuary in disguise, and conveying them for protection to some foreign country; and Moore himself admits, that 'the deaths and final fortunes of the two young princes nevertheless so far come in question, that some remained long in doubt whether they were in Richard's days destroyed or not.' Nor does he stand alone: 'In vulgus fama valeret, filios Edwardi regis, aliquo terrarum secreto migrasse, atque ibi superstites esse;' says Polidore Virgil. Hull also writes 'that the fame went, and many surely supposed King Edward's children not to be found dead, but to be fled secretly to some strange place and to be living;' and Lord Bacon, speaking of Henry VII's accession, says, 'Neither wanted there even at this time, secret rumours and whisperings, which afterwards gathered strength and turned to great trouble, that the two sons of King Edward IV or one of them, which were said to be destroyed in the Tower, were not indeed murdered, but were conveyed secretly away, and were yet living. And all this time it was still whispered every where that at least one of the children was living!' Those who have been most forward to blacken the memory of Richard, have advanced, as an additional argument against him, the discovery of some bones, resembling those of two children, at the foot of the staircase leading to the chapel in the White Tower, : but, in fairness, little or no reliance should be placed on this circumstance; for so many and so contradictory are the statements respecting the burial of these young princes, that bones found at one time in an uninhabited turret were regarded as the remains of one of them; although it afterwards turned out that they were the limbs of an old ape that had clambered up there and died! It is also a very general opinion that the building called the Bloody Tower, received its appellation from the circumstance of the children having been stifled in it; and it is commonly and confidently asserted that the bones were found under a staircase there; yet both of these stories seem wholly without foundation.

"Such is the conflicting testimony on which this mysterious but interesting subjects rests. It must be admitted that, at the first view, appearances are much against Richard; but it is worthy of remark, that almost all that has been advanced against him was written in the succeeding reign—a period when popular prejudice was incited to the highest degree against his memory; and when, perhaps, nothing could safely have been recorded in his favour. The execution of Lord Hastings cannot be denied by his warmest advocates, though we are in total ignorance as to what were the circumstances which led to that sudden, extraordinary, and cruel act. That Richard also ordered the death of the Earl of Rivers, Lord Grey, and others at Ponfret, will not admit of doubt; but there are some circumstances which may be looked upon as throwing a shade over the guilt of that transaction: Rivers and another of the queen's relations had unquestionably procured the attainder and death of the unhappy Clarence; they had concerted measures for retaining the person of the young king, and possessing themselves of the administration; and with a view to promote these designs, the Marquis of Dorset who was Constable of the Tower when Edward IV died, had not only taken steps to secure that fortress, but had there possessed himself of the royal treasures, arms, and other necessaries for the equipment of a fleet, and furthering the object of their united ambition. Whether Richard be rightly accused of that vile and unnatural crime, the murder of his nephews will, it is feared,

never be satisfactory elucidated ; though that implicit belief of his guilt so generally entertained by the world, does not appear to be justified by the indecisive and prejudiced evidence whereon this judgment has been founded."

As to the confessions mentioned of Tyrell and Dighton, Mr. Bayley thinks them extremely doubtful, as they are not even alluded to by Fabian, Polidore Virgil, Hull, or Grafton. Tyrell was indeed put to death as a criminal, but it was for quite a different offence, that of aiding in the escape of the Duke of Suffolk. The very fact of so little publicity being given by Henry VII to confessions so important and valuable to him, shews the small reliance one can put upon their having really been made. There is too another argument against Richard's murder of the princes in the manner stated, an argument which has never been set at rest. We mean the appearance in the reign of Henry VII, of that extraordinary personage, known by the name of Perkin Warbeck. If ever pretensions had the stamp of truth, they were those of this unhappy individual, whose cause kings and princes espoused, and whose claim Henry himself never publicly refuted, except by extorted confessions, which may be held as naught. To this day, a great probability remains that Warbeck was actually Richard of York said to be slain in the Tower ; and the very existence of such a belief for more than three hundred years, cries out loudly against the unfairness of taking for granted that Richard III. was among the basest and most bloody of recorded murderers.

We now come to RICHARD III. himself, who, whether for good or evil, was the master spirit of this dark period, and who, we maintain, has had the greatest injustice done to his memory. This monarch has undergone to the fullest extent the penalty which falls more or less upon all princes who happen to have their enemies for successors. It was of course the interest and the object of Henry VII and the subsequent sovereigns of the House of Tudor to blacken the fame of the King whose dethronement and violent death mainly led to their obtaining the crown : and so it proved as Mr. Bayley has above stated. Charges the most unfounded and ridiculous against Richard, sanctioned by royalty, became current, and popular with the people. Unfortunately, moreover, for Richard's renown, these various tales and rumours were collected by one, who putting into action the whole power of his genius, blasted the fame of this monarch beyond the redemption of argument or elucidation. Shakespeare to gratify a queen of the house of Tudor, wrote the tragedy of Richard III : he there depicted a fearful tyrant with whom the world will ever continue to identify the original—an injustice now made irremovable by the lasting excellence of the play. Yet even Shakespeare himself could not deny or conceal the glorious manner of this calumniated monarch's death. Richard III fell as became the last of the Plantagenets—as a monarch of England ought to fall when beset, and driven to extremity by treason and invasion. He put the crown upon his head, summoned his nobles and other subjects, led them personally to battle, and suffered the diadem not to be won until it had fallen from his lifeless body. Give but to Richard the benefit of the doubts about his misdeeds to which he is fairly entitled, and what more brilliant is there in the whole range of our history than the picture it presents of this warrior monarch crossing the bridge of Leicester on his way to Bosworth, with the regal headpiece of a race of heroes glittering on his brow, and with the Percies, and the Howards, and others, the flower of England's chivalry about him, going to shed his heart's blood for the preservation

of a dynasty of sovereigns who infused into their people that spirit of victory which has passed unabated from generation to generation with the actual memory of their fame? The facts of Richard's death are thus related by Dr. Lingard:

“On the twenty-first of August, Richard rode from Leicester with the crown on his head, and encamped about two miles from the town of Bosworth. The same night Henry proceeded from Tamworth to Atherston, where he joined the Stanleys, and was encouraged by the repeated arrivals of deserters from the enemy. In the morning both armies (that of Richard was double in number) advanced to Redmore; and the vanguards, commanded by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Oxford, engaged. Richard was dismayed to see the Stanleys opposed to him, the Earl of Northumberland remaining inactive at his post, and his men wavering and on the point of flying or going over to his competitor. Chancing to espy Henry, he determined to win the day, or perish in the attempt. Spurring his horse and exclaiming, ‘Treason, treason, treason,’ he slew with his own hand Sir William Brandon, the bearer of the hostile standard, struck to the ground Sir John Cheney, and made a desperate blow at his rival,* when he was overpowered by numbers, thrown from his horse, and immediately slain. Lord Stanley, taking up the crown, placed it on the head of Henry, and the conqueror was instantly greeted with the shouts of ‘Long live King Henry.’ In the battle and pursuit the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Ferrers, some knights, and about three thousand others were killed. The victors lost but few: and to add to their joy, Lord Strange whom Richard had ordered to be beheaded at the beginning of the battle, escaped in the confusion, and rejoined his father. The body of the late king was stripped, laid across a horse behind a pursuivant at arms, and conducted to Leicester, where, after it had been exposed for two days, it was buried with little ceremony in the church of the Grey Friars.”

Thus perished Richard III, and if there must be death to his fame for his ambition, we may at least allow to the last Plantagenet honour for his valour.

* Henry, who was no soldier, is reported by some historians to have drawn back from the encounter.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GERMAN ROMANCE.

No. 1. LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

How refreshing is it to wander from the tainted atmosphere of French fiction, to the pure realms of modern German romance. The change might be almost compared to the beautiful description Virgil gives of the transition of Eneas from the gloomy regions of Tartarus, into the fields of Elysium. The reader engaged in perusing the French novels of the day, is, like the Trojan hero, led through localities replete with recollections of human wretchedness and crime—with records of virtue spurned, and religion set at naught—through scenes where all is bad, where happiness can never be, and where hope is not. The mind, though at first attracted and astounded by the majesty of the surrounding horrors, soon participates imperceptibly in the misery of the place; it becomes oppressed, and sickens in this vicinity of despair, and dread. Let the reader once emancipate himself from the literary pandemonium of France, and proceed into that pleasant country of fiction where sojourn the good genius of La Motte Fouqué, and those companion spirits who have always made virtue the theme of even their wildest legends. That territory, like Elysium, has its wonder also, but it is a wonder mingled with every better feeling of righteousness and religion, a wonder full of happiness and hope. Visitors to it are no longer depressed by narratives of endless sin. In the words of the poet—

*Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

German romance, until recently, was just as it had existed for centuries; improved, indeed, but unaltered. From the earliest times the people on the shores of the Rhine and the Danube delighted in listening to the recital of narratives most wild and wondrous: fiction, in consequence, filled their beautiful region with myriads of spirits. The woods and waters were thronged with gnomes and shadows—with spectral huntsmen, ethereal maidens, and demons of all colours, shapes, and sizes; the old embattled castles, relics of feudal rule and revelry, had their ghosts and goblins in plenty; and phantoms of more familiar nature ever and anon trod the very streets, and haunted the domestic hearth. Imagination luxuriated in this strange supernatural assemblage, and authors, poets, painters, and musicians emulated each other in taking their subjects from it. Two instances made the civilization of every country share in the charm which this creative inclination had over the minds of men: the genius of verse produced Mephistophiles, and the genius of harmony gave us the Freischütz. Yet the tales which sprang from this world of fiction were entirely without order, beyond the mere

connection of one marvellous fact with another : they were without object also, further than the momentary excitement of romantic interest or pleasing terror. Before Fouqué began to write, it never struck any one that this curious collection of legendary matter might be made the agreeable vehicle of Christian precept and sterling morality. The honour of discovering this belongs wholly to the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and nobly indeed has he worked the invention out. His stories, taken merely as narratives, are beautiful in their conception, in their characters, and in the conduct of their plots ; but they are more beautiful still in this—that every tale of his is an allegory replete with the inculcation of the purest virtue and religion. It is impossible for his reader to go on without feeling the gentle but positive and perceptible power of this metaphorical influence ; and however the work may abound in magic and marvel, one rises from the perusal with a certain sensation of improved and elevated thought. In the preface to a translated edition of Fouqué's works now before us, this amiable and admirable writer is thus spoken of :—

“Manly Christian grace, virgin purity, hoary wisdom, happy child-like innocence ; the grand, the severe, the tender, the lowly, the affectionate, and whatever else is calculated to touch and elevate the heart,—set off at times by the exhibition of the darker and more repulsive traits of human character (held up, however, only to be avoided),—find in the writings of our author their happy and appropriate exemplification. The noble, courteous Christian knight—the tender, modest, but high-minded maiden—the affectionate spouse—the aged man, in all the commanding dignity of years and wisdom—the pious peasant—the faithful domestic—are all mingled in the goodly array of characters which they present to us. And as the fair procession passes before us, and its magic colours float around the imagination and linger in the memory, who does not feel the best sympathies and aspirations of his heart irresistibly drawn forth?—who, too, will refuse his tribute of love and admiration to the gifted—and now, alas! deceased—author, the impress of whose own calm and beautiful mind they so fully bear.”

Earnestly, most earnestly, do we accord with this eulogy, and deeply do we regret that this mighty and pure-minded magician of romance has passed from amongst us—gone to that world of shadows, like one of those beings of his fancy whom he loved to draw, perfect incarnations of chivalry, goodness, or love ; gone—as his Christian belief was wont to dismiss them—to a region of eternal beatitude and peace.

A detailed account of all the numerous romances of La Motte Fouqué is not our object or intention, but, since we hold him to be supereminent as a writer of fairy and phantom fiction, we would here point out his excellence, by giving a sketch of some of his most striking plots of continual allegorical construction, and by illustrating our remarks with passages of note from his works. We begin with *Undine*, decidedly the most popular offspring that his brain has created. The allegory of *Undine* is evidently this. In a marriage of love, woman begins a new existence of happiness, which endures just as long as the affection and fidelity of her husband continue, and the purer and more perfect she is, the more surely will this be so. In developing the idea, the tale strongly depicts the miserable progress and issue of the husband's wavering and, finally, departing attachment : it tells the mortal danger he incurs in erring from the virtuous to the forbidden love ; it shows, moreover, as it concludes,

the impossibility of detaching real affection from the object of its endearment. How gladly and cheerily does the story commence with the bridal, and the bride's new state of earthly bliss! How sad and sorrowful is its termination, as her happiness gradually perishes, and fades for ever away! There, perhaps, scarcely before lighted on the imagination of author a more charming conception than Undine herself—that perfect combination of the good, the innocent, the gentle, and the graceful. “Fouqué's Undine, or Naiad,” observes Sir Walter Scott, “is ravishing. The suffering of the heroine is a real one, though it be the suffering of a fantastic being.” Coleridge was also loud in its praise. Undine he would describe as a most exquisite work: it was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination—what Scott had never done—an absolutely new idea.

From this story of Undine we take two extracts; one narrates the nymph's first appearance, the other her final departure; both passages are specimens of the romantic and imaginative style:—

“It is now about fifteen years since I one day crossed the wild forest with fish for the city market. My wife had remained at home as she was wont to do; and at this time for a reason of more than common interest, for although we were beginning to feel the advances of age, God had bestowed upon us an infant of wonderful beauty. It was a little girl; and we already began to ask ourselves the question whether we ought not, for the advantage of the new-comer, to quit our solitude, and, the better to bring up this precious gift of Heaven, to remove to some more inhabited place. Poor people, to be sure, cannot in these cases do all you may think they ought, sir knight; but what we can.

“Well, I went on my way, and this affair would keep running in my head. This slip of land was most dear to me, and I trembled when, amidst the bustle and broils of the city, I thought to myself, ‘In a scene of tumult like this, or at least in one not much more quiet, I must soon take up my abode.’ But I did not for this murmur against our good God: on the contrary, I praised Him in silence for the new-born babe. I should also speak an untruth, were I to say that any thing befell me, either on my passage through the forest to the city, or on my returning homeward, that gave me more alarm than usual, as at that time I had never seen any appearance there which could terrify or annoy me. The Lord was ever with me in those awful shades.”

Thus speaking, he took his cap reverently from his bald head, and continued to sit for a considerable time in devout thought. He then covered himself again, and went on with his relation:—

“On this side of the forest, alas! it was on this side, that woe burst upon me. My wife came wildly to meet me clad in mourning apparel, and her eyes streaming with tears. ‘Gracious God!’ I cried, ‘where's our child? Speak!’”

“‘With Him on whom you have called, dear husband,’ she answered; and we now entered the cottage together, weeping in silence. I looked for the little corpse, almost fearing to find what I was seeking; and then it was I first learnt how all had happened.

“My wife had taken the little one in her arms, and walked out to the shore of the lake. She there sat down by its very brink; and while she was playing with the infant, as free from all fear as she was full of delight, it bent forward on a sudden, as if seeing something very beautiful in the water. My wife saw her laugh, the dear angel, and try to

catch the image in her tiny hands ; but in a moment—with a motion swifter than sight—she sprang from her mother's arms, and sank in the lake, the watery glass into which she had been gazing. I searched for our lost darling again and again ; but it was all in vain ; I could nowhere find the least trace of her.

“The same evening we childless parents were sitting together by our cottage hearth. We had no desire to talk, even if our tears would have permitted us. As we thus sat in mournful stillness, gazing into the fire, all at once we heard something without,—a slight rustling at the door. The door flew open, and we saw a little girl three or four years old, and more beautiful than I can say, standing on the threshold, richly dressed, and smiling upon us. We were struck dumb with astonishment, and I knew not for a time whether the tiny form were a real human being, or a mere mockery of enchantment. But I soon perceived water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and stood in immediate need of our help.

“‘Wife,’ said I, ‘no one has been able to save our child for us ; but let us do for others what would have made us so blessed could any one have done it for us.’

“We undressed the little thing, put her to bed, and gave her something to drink : at all this she spoke not a word, but only turned her eyes upon us—eyes blue and bright as sea or sky—and continued looking at us with a smile.

“Next morning we had no reason to fear that she had received any other harm than her wetting, and I now asked her about her parents, and how she could have come to us. But the account she gave was both confused and incredible. She must surely have been born far from here, not only because I have been unable for these fifteen years to learn any thing of her birth, but because she then said, and at times continues to say many things of so very singular a nature, that we neither of us know, after all, whether she may not have dropped among us from the moon ; for her talk runs upon golden castles, crystal domes, and Heaven knows what extravagances beside. What, however, she related with most distinctness was this : that while she was once taking a sail with her mother on the great side, she fell out of the boat into the water ; and that when she first recovered her senses, she was here under our trees, where the gay scenes of the shore filled her with delight.

“We now had another care weighing upon our minds, and one that caused us no small perplexity and uneasiness. We of course very soon determined to keep and bring up the child we had found, in place of our own darling that had been drowned ; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not ? She herself could give us no light on the subject. When we asked her the question, she commonly made answer, that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory, and that she was willing to let us do with her all that might promote His glory and praise.

“My wife and I reasoned in this way : ‘If she has not been baptized, there can be no use in putting off the ceremony ; and if she has been, it is still better to have too much of a good thing than too little.’

“Taking this view of our difficulty, we now endeavoured to hit upon a good name for the child, since, while she remained without one, we were often at a loss, in our familiar talk, to know what to call her. We at length agreed that Dorothea would be most suitable for her, as I had

somewhere heard it said that this name signified a *gift of God*, and surely she had been sent to us by Providence as a gift, to comfort us in our misery. She, on the contrary, would not so much as hear Dorothea mentioned; she insisted, that as she had been named Undine by her parents, Undine she ought still to be called. It now occurred to me that this was a heathenish name to be found in no calendar, and I resolved to ask the advice of a priest in the city. He would not listen to the name of Undine; and yielding to my urgent request, he came with me through the enchanted forest, in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage.

“The little maid stood before us so prettily adorned, and with such an air of gracefulness, that the heart of the priest softened at once in her presence; and she coaxed him so sweetly, and jested with him so merrily, that he at last remembered nothing of his many objections to the name of Undine.

“Thus, then, was she baptized Undine; and, during the holy ceremony, she behaved with great propriety and gentleness, wild and wayward as at other times she invariably was; for in this my wife was quite right, when she mentioned the anxiety the child has occasioned us.”

Here is the fatal and melancholy finale of this master-piece of fairy fantasy:—

“He then assisted in arranging the funeral solemnities as suited the rank of the deceased. The knight was to be interred in a village churchyard, in whose consecrated ground were the graves of his ancestors; a place which they, as well as himself, had endowed with rich privileges and gifts. His shield and helmet lay upon his coffin ready to be lowered with it into the grave—for lord Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, chanting their melancholy songs beneath the calm unclouded heaven; Father Hielmann preceded the procession, bearing a high crucifix, while the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father.

“Then they suddenly saw in the midst of the mourning females, in the widow’s train, a snow-white figure, closely veiled, and wringing its hands in the wild vehemence of sorrow. Those next to whom it moved, seized with a secret dread, started back or on one side; and owing to their movements, the others, next to whom the white stranger now came, were terrified still more, so as to produce confusion in the funeral train. Some of the military escort ventured to address the figure, and attempt to remove it from the procession, but it seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again, with slow and solemn step, among the followers of the body. At last, in consequence of the shrinking away of the attendants, it came close behind Bertalda. It now moved so slowly, that the widow was not aware of its presence, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

“This continued until they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then it was that Bertalda perceived her unbidden companion, and, half in anger, half in terror, she commanded her to depart from the knight’s place of final rest. But the veiled female, shaking her head with a gentle denial raised her hands towards Bertalda in lowly supplication, by which she was greatly moved, and could not but remember with tears how Undine

had shown such sweetness of spirit on the Danube when she held out to her the coral necklace.

“Father Heilmann now motioned with his hand, and gave order for all to observe perfect stillness, that they might breathe a prayer of silent devotion over the body, upon which the earth had already been thrown. Bertalda knelt without speaking; and all knelt, even the grave-diggers, who had now finished their work. But when they arose, the white stranger had disappeared. On the spot where she had knelt, a little spring, of silver brightness, was gushing out from the green turf, and it kept swelling and flowing onward with a low murmur, till it almost encircled the mound of the knight's grave; it then continued its course, and emptied itself into a calm lake, which lay by the side of the consecrated ground. Even to this day, the inhabitants of the village point out the spring; and hold fast the belief that it is the poor deserted Undine, who in this manner still fondly encircles her beloved in her arms.”

A very singular print by Albrecht Durer gave rise to the marvellous story of Sintram in the imagination of Fouqué. The picture in question represents a knight of middle age, riding through a mysterious and horrid glen, attended by two forms, Death and Satan, of grotesque and fearful appearance. This engraving forms the frontispiece of Burn's edition of Sintram now before us, and it therefore becomes unnecessary to further describe it, since it may be easily seen. The print was sent as a birthday gift by a friend to Fouqué, with a request that he would frame from it a romance or a ballad. The proposal pleased the novelist, and after a long consideration of the subject, he produced the tale of “Sintram and his companions.” This masterpiece of allegorical fiction is less generally known and popular than “Undine,” yet it perhaps surpasses the legend of the lovely Naiad in wildness and wonder of narrative, in intensity of interest, and in strength and beauty of moral. Sintram is the history of a knightly youth of fierce and powerful passions, whose inherent purity of mind, aided by religion, struggles with his more evil inclinations, and in the end subdues every vice and temptation, despite of the mighty control they have had over him. The author personifies the bad feelings of the knight under the guise of a constant fiendish companion, the “Little Master,” evidently no other than the devil himself. This malignant spirit endeavours to lead Sintram to perdition by the most irresistible of all means, the allurements of beauty; he presents to him, in her extreme loveliness and witchery, the wife of his friend, and offers him every facility of removing her husband and obtaining possession of her. Yet does Sintram still resist the fiend; the holy influence of religion and virtue, incarnate in the persons of the Chaplain of Drontheim, and the knight's mother, the Lady Verena, gradually and triumphantly prevail, and as Sintram overcomes his diabolical pursuer, he finds that he can more steadily view another companion always with him—Death, whose image grows more benignant according as the conflict becomes less doubtful, and the chance of a happy immortality increases. Into what a fantastic, a charming, and a costly texture has Fouqué wove the thread of this allegory! At first it is apparently all about goblins and sprites, dreams and shadows, marvel and mystery; but as the reader progresses, the great and good object of the author opens upon him in its full splendour; the tale is written to advocate the potency and perfection of a holy condition—to convey, in mystic but impressive language, the truth—that vice must be ever gladless and

wretched, and that it waxes weak at once when really encountered by Religion, which, never a thing of gloom, can alone impart peace and pleasure to the human mind.

With all this moral tendency, the story is as eccentric and as fanciful as the most extreme lover of the marvellous could wish. The following scene between Sintram and the Tempter, may serve as an example :—

“Some weeks after this, in the twilight of the evening, Sintram, very disturbed, came down to the castle-garden. Although the presence of Gabrielle never failed to soothe and calm him, yet if she left the apartment for even a few instants, the fearful wildness of his spirit seemed to return with renewed strength. So even now, after having long and kindly read legends of the olden times to his father Biorn, she had retired to her chamber. The tones of her lute could be distinctly heard in the garden below; but the sounds only drove the bewildered youth more impetuously through the shades of the ancient elms. Stooping suddenly to avoid some over-hanging branches, he unexpectedly came upon something against which he had almost struck, and which, at first sight, he took for a small bear standing on its hind legs, with a long and strangely crooked horn on its head. He drew back in surprise and fear. It addressed him in a grating man’s voice; ‘Well my brave young knight, whence come you? whither go you? wherefore so terrified?’ And then first he saw that he had before him a little old man so wrapped up in a rough garment of fur, that scarcely one of his features was visible, and wearing in his cap a strange-looking long feather.

“‘But whence come *you*? and whither go *you*?’ returned the angry Sintram. ‘For of you such questions should be asked. What have you to do in our domains, you hideous little being?’

“‘Well, well,’ sneered the other one, ‘I am thinking that I am quite big enough as I am—one cannot always be a giant. And as to the rest, why should you find fault that I go here hunting for snails? Surely snails do not belong to the game which your high mightinesses consider that you alone have a right to follow! Now, on the other hand, I know how to prepare for them an excellent high-flavoured drink; and I have taken enough for to-day: marvellous fat little beasts, with wise faces like a man’s, and long twisted horns on their heads. Would you like to see them? Look here!’

“And then he began to unfasten and fumble about his fur garment; but Sintram, filled with disgust and horror, said, ‘Psha! I detest such animals! Be quiet and tell me at once who and what you yourself are.’

“‘Are you so bent upon knowing my name?’ replied the little man. ‘Let it content you that I am master of all secret knowledge, and well versed in the most intricate depths of ancient history. Ah! my young sir, if you would only hear them! But you are afraid of me.’

“‘Afraid of you!’ cried Sintram, with a wild laugh.

“‘Many a better man than you has been so before now,’ muttered the little Master; ‘but they did not like being told of it any more than you do.’

“‘To prove that you are mistaken,’ said Sintram, ‘I will remain here with you till the moon stands high in the heavens. But you must tell me one of your stories the while.’

“The little man, much pleased nodded his head; and as they paced together up and down a retired elm-walk, he began discoursing as follows :—

“Many hundred years ago, a young knight called Paris of Troy, lived in that sunny land of the south where are found the sweetest songs, the brightest flowers, and the most beautiful ladies. You know a song that tells of that fair land, do you not, young sir? ‘Sing heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers.’ Sintram bowed his head in assent, and sighed deeply. ‘Now,’ resumed the little Master, ‘it happened that Paris led that kind of life which is not uncommon in those countries, and of which their poets often sing—he would pass whole months together in the garb of a peasant, piping in the woods and mountains, and pasturing his flocks. Here one day three beautiful sorceresses appeared to him, disputing about a golden apple; and from him they sought to know which of them was the most beautiful, since to her the golden fruit was to be awarded. The first knew how to give thrones, and sceptres, and crowns, the second could give wisdom and knowledge; and the third could prepare philtres and love-charms which could not fail of securing the affections of the fairest of women. Each one in turn proffered her choicest gifts to the young shepherd in order that, tempted by them, he might adjudge the apple to her. But as fair women charmed him more than anything else in the world, he said that the third was the most beautiful—her name was Venus. The two others departed in great displeasure; but Venus bid him put on his knightly armour and his helmet adorned with waving feathers, and then she led him to a famous city called Sparta, were ruled the noble duke Menelaus. His young duchess Helen was the loveliest woman on earth, and the sorceress offered her to Paris in return for the golden apple. He was most ready to have her, and wished for nothing better; but he asked how he was to gain possession of her.’

“‘Paris must have been a sorry knight,’ interrupted Sintram. ‘Such things are easily settled. The husband is challenged to a single combat, and he that is victorious carries off the wife.’

“‘But duke Menelaus was the host of the young knight;’ said the narrator.

“‘Listen to me, little Master,’ cried Sintram; ‘he might have asked the sorceress for some other beautiful woman, and then have mounted his horse, or weighed anchor and departed.’

“‘Yes, yes; it is very easy to say so,’ replied the old man. ‘But if you only knew how bewitchingly lovely this duchess Helen was, no room was left for change.’ And then he began a glowing description of the charms of this wondrously beautiful woman, but likening the image to Gabrielle so closely, feature for feature, that Sintram, tottering, was forced to lean against a tree. The little Master stood opposite to him grinning, and asked, ‘Well now, could you have advised that poor knight Paris to fly from her?’

“‘Tell me at once what happened next,’ stammered Sintram.

“‘The sorceress acted honourably towards Paris,’ continued the old man. ‘She declared to him that if he would carry away the lovely duchess to his own city Troy, he might do so, and thus cause the ruin of his whole house and of his country; but that during ten years he would be able to defend himself in Troy, and rejoice in the sweet love of Helen.’

“‘And he accepted those terms, or he was a fool!’ cried the youth.

“‘To be sure he accepted them,’ whispered the little Master. ‘I would have done so in his place! And do you know, young sir, the look

of things then was just as they are happening to-day. The newly risen moon, partly veiled by clouds, was shining dimly through the thick branches of the trees in the silence of evening. Leaning against an old tree, as you now are doing, stood the young enamoured knight Paris; and at his side the enchantress Venus, but so disguised and transformed, that she did not look much more beautiful than I do. And by the silvery light of the moon, the form of the beautiful beloved one was seen sweeping by alone amidst the whispering boughs.' He was silent, and like as in the mirror of his deluding words, Gabrielle just then actually herself appeared, musing as she walked alone down the alley of elms.

"Man,—fearful Master,—by what name shall I call you? To what would you drive me?' muttered the trembling Sintram.

"Thou knowest thy father's strong stone castle on the Moon-rocks;' replied the old man. 'The castellan and the garrison are true and devoted to thee. It could stand a ten years' siege; and the little gate which leads to the hills is open, as was that of the citadel of Sparta for Paris.'

"And in fact the youth saw through a gate, left open he knew not how, the dim distant mountains glittering in the moonlight." 'And if he did not accept, he was a fool,' said the little Master with a grin, echoing Sintram's former words.

"At that moment Gabrielle stood close by him. She was within reach of his grasp, had he made the least movement; and a moonbeam, suddenly breaking forth, transfigured, as it were, her heavenly beauty. The youth had already bent forward—

' My Lord and God, I pray,
Turn from his heart away
This world's turmoil;
And call him to Thy light,
Be it through sorrow's night,
Through pain or toil.'

These words were sung by old Rolf at that very time, as he lingered on the still margin of the castle fish-pond, where he prayed alone to Heaven full of foreboding care. They reached Sintram's ear; he stood as if spell-bound, and made the sign of the cross. Immediately the little Master fled away, jumping uncouthly on one leg, through the gates, and shutting them after him with a yell.

"Gabrielle shuddered terrified at the wild noise. Sintram approached her softly, and said, offering his arm to her, 'Suffer me to lead you back to the castle. The night in these northern regions is often wild and fearful.'"

The last chapter of the romance is one of exquisite sentiment and conception; it is the acknowledgment of Sintram's chivalry and virtue by the knight Montfaucon, whose honour and the innocence of whose wife he had respected. After a lapse of years Sir Folko de Montfaucon sends his only son to Sintram, to be educated in the precepts and duties of pure Christian knighthood. The passage is most eloquent:—

"The spring had come in its brightness to the northern lands, when one morning Sintram turned his horse homewards, after a successful encounter with one of the most formidable disturbers of the peace of his neighbourhood. His horsemen rode after him, singing as they went. As they drew near the castle, they heard the sound of joyous notes wound on the horn. 'Some welcome visitor must have arrived,' said

the knight; and he spurred his horse to a quicker pace over the dewy meadow. While still at some distance, they described old Rolf, busily engaged in preparing a table for the morning-meal, under the trees in front of the castle-gates. From all the turrets and battlements floated banners and flags in the fresh morning breeze: esquires were running to and fro in their gayest apparel. As soon as the good Rolf saw his master, he clapped his hands joyfully over his grey head and hastened into the castle. Immediately the wide gates were thrown open: and Sintram, as he entered, was met by Rolf, whose eyes were filled with tears of joy while he pointed towards three noble forms that were following him.

“Two men of high stature—one in extreme old age, the other grey-headed, and both remarkably alike—were leading between them a fair young boy, in a page’s dress of blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold. The two old men wore the dark velvet dress of German burghers, and had massive gold chains and large shining medals hanging round their necks.

“Sintram had never before seen his honoured guests, and yet he felt as if they were well known and valued friends. The very aged man reminded him of his dying father’s words about the snow-covered mountains lighted up by the evening sun; and then he remembered, he could scarcely tell how, that he had heard Folko say that one of the highest mountains of that sort in his southern land was called the St. Gotthard. And at the same time, he knew that the old but yet vigorous man on the other side was named Rudlieb. But the boy who stood between them; ah! Sintram’s humility dared scarcely form a hope as to who he might be, however much his features, so noble and soft, called up two highly honoured images before his mind.

“Then the aged Gotthard Lenz, the king of old men, advanced with a solemn step and said—‘This is the noble boy Engeltram of Montfaucou, the only son of the great baron; and his father and mother send him to you, Sir Sintram, knowing well your holy and glorious knightly career, that you may bring him up to all the honourable and valiant deeds of this northern land, and may make of him a Christian knight, like yourself.’

“Sintram threw himself from his horse. Engeltram of Montfaucou held the stirrup gracefully for him, checking the retainers, who pressed forward, with these words: ‘I am the noblest born esquire of this knight, and the service nearest to his person belongs to me.’

“Sintram knelt in silent prayer on the turf; then lifting up in his arms, towards the rising sun, the image of Folko and Gabrielle he cried, ‘With the help of God, my Engeltram, thou wilt become glorious as that sun, and thy course will be like his!’

“And old Rolf exclaimed, as he wept for joy, ‘Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.’

“Gotthard Lenz and Rudlieb were pressed to Sintram’s heart; the chaplain of Drontheim, who just then came from Verena’s cloister to bring a joyful greeting to her brave son, stretched out his hands to bless them all.”

KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL OAK.

Gentlemen chosen by *King CHARLES II.* to be invested with the Order of the Royal Oak, and the value of their respective estates, A.D. 1660. From a MS. of *PETER LE NEVE*, Norroy.

This order of knighthood, projected by the restored monarch to perpetuate the loyalty of his faithful adherents, was wisely abandoned, under the apprehension that it might perpetuate, likewise, dissensions which were better consigned to oblivion.

<i>Bedfordshire.</i>		Per An.
Sir William Beecher, knt.	£1600
Richard Taylor, esq.	1000
Sir George Blundell, knt.	1200
William Spencer, esq.	1000
Sir John Duncombe, knt.	1000
William Boteler, esq.	1000
Francis Crawley, esq.	1000
Samuel Ironsides, esq.	600
<i>Buckinghamshire.</i>		
Charles Dormer, esq.	3000
William Dormer, esq.	1000
—Claver, esq. of Woovinge	600
—Abraham, esq. of Wingrave.	600
Francis Ingolsby, esq.	1000
Capt. Peter Dayrell	600
—Wells, esq. of Lillingston	600
Thomas Catesby, esq.	800
<i>Berkshire.</i>		
Sir Compton Read, bart.	2000
Hungerford Dunch, esq.	2000
George Purejoy, esq.	3000
Edmund Fettiplace, esq.	700
John Whitwicke, esq.	800
John Blagrave, esq.	2000
Col. Richard Nevil	1500
John Freeman, esq.	800
Sir St. John Moore, knt.	1500
John Elways, esq.	700
Edward Keyte, esq.	1000
Richard Garrard, esq.	1000
<i>Cambridgeshire.</i>		
Sir Thomas Marsh, knt.	1500
Thomas Chicheley, esq.	2000
Sir Thomas Willis, knt.	1000
Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, knt.	2000
Sir Thomas Bennet, knt.	£2000
Capt. Thomas Storey	800
Capt. John Millicent, of Bergham	700
Thomas Duckett, esq.	1000
Wm. Colvile, esq. of Newton	1000
Robt. Balam, esq. of Beaufort Hall	600
<i>Cornwall.</i>		
Francis Buller, esq.	3000
—Ellyott, esq. of Port Ellyott.	2500
Samuel Pendarvis, esq.	1500
Colonel Godolphin	1000
—Penrose, esq.	1000
—Boscoven, esq.	4000
—Hallet, esq.	800
Edmond Prideaux, esq.	900
Charles Grylls, esq.	700
Oliver Sawle, esq.	1000
Joseph Tredenham, esq.	900
John Vivyan, esq.	1000
Charles Roscarrocke, esq.	800
William Scawen, esq.	800
Pierce Edgecombe, esq.	2000
James Praed, esq.	600
<i>Cumberland.</i>		
Francis Howard, esq.	1500
Colonel Lamplugh	1000
William Layton, esq.	1000
Christopher Musgrave, esq.	1000
Thomas Curwen, esq.	1000
William Penington, esq.	1000
Edward Stanley, esq.	600
Wrightington Senhouse, esq.	600
<i>Cheshire.</i>		
Darcie Savage, esq.	1000
James Poole, esq.	2000
Thomas Cholmondeley, esq.	2000
—Leigh, esq. of Lymes	4000

	Per An.		Per An.
Peter Wilbraham, esq. . . .	£1000	John Wrothe, esq. . . .	£1500
Roger Wilbraham, esq. . . .	1000	Sir William Ayloffe, bart. . . .	1000
— Grosvenor, esq. of Eaton . . .	3000	— Clifton, esq. of Woodford . . .	800
Sir Thomas Mainwaring, knt. . . .	1000	Captain Charles Mildmay . . .	1000
Sir Thomas Wilbraham. . . .	3000	Captain Bramston . . .	1000
John Crew, esq. . . .	1000	William Knight, esq. . . .	1000
Edward Spencer, esq. . . .	600		
Henry Harpur, esq. . . .	600		
Thomas Baskerville, esq. . . .	1000		

Gloucestershire.

John Delabere, esq. . . .	1000
Benedict Hall, esq. of High Meadow	4000
William Jones, esq. . . .	800
Sir Humphrey Hooke, bart. . . .	1500
Duncombe Colchester, esq. . . .	800
Richard Stevens, esq. . . .	800
John Smythe, esq. . . .	1000
Thomas Morgan, esq. . . .	800
William Cooke, esq. . . .	1000
Sir Humphrey Hanmore, knt. (qy. Hanham)	1000
Thomas Masters, esq. . . .	1000
John Browneinge, esq. . . .	1000
Thomas Lloyd, esq. . . .	800

Dorsetshire.

John Tregunwell, esq. . . .	1100
John Still, esq. . . .	1000
Col. Robert Lawrence	700
William Thomas, esq. . . .	600
Capt. Henry Boteler	600
Wooley Miller, esq. . . .	1000
Col. Strangways	5000
Thomas Freake, esq. . . .	4000
Col. Humphrey Bisshopp	800
— Baskerville, esq. . . .	1000
Sir John Turberville, knt. . . .	1500

Durham.

Col. William Blakeston	600
Anthony Byerley, esq. . . .	600
John Tempest, esq. . . .	1000
Colonel Eden	1000
Marke Milbank, esq. . . .	2000
Ralph Millet, esq. . . .	600
Samuel Davison, esq. . . .	600

Devonshire.

Sir John Northcott, bart. . . .	1500
Sir William Courtney	3000
Sir Courtney Poole, knt. . . .	1000
Sir John Drake, bart. . . .	800
— Willoughby, esq. . . .	1700
Sir John Davie, bart. . . .	2000
Arthur Northcott, esq. . . .	800
Sir Copplestone Bamfield, knt. . . .	1900
Richard Duke, esq. . . .	1000
John Tuckfield, esq. . . .	1000
Francis Fulford, esq. of Fulford	1000
Sir John Rolles, knt. . . .	1000
Colonel Arthur Bassett. . . .	1000
Colonel John Gifford	1000

Essex.

Henry Woolaston, esq. . . .	1000
Thomas Lewther, esq. . . .	1000
Thomas Coates, esq. . . .	1000
Major Scott	1000
Captain Charles Maynard	1000

Hertfordshire.

Peter Soames, esq. . . .	1500
John Gore, esq. . . .	600
William Gore, esq. . . .	800
Sir Henry Wrothe, knt. of Durrants, in Enfield, Middlesex. . . .	2000
Thomas Keytley	800
Francis Shalcrosse, esq. . . .	800
Edward Watts, esq. . . .	600
Captain Thomas Morley	1000
Edward Bashe, esq. . . .	1500
— Harrison, esq. of Balls	600
Ralph Gore, esq. . . .	600
Edmund Field, esq. . . .	600
John Jessen, esq. . . .	600

Herefordshire.

Wallop Brabaston, esq. . . .	1200
Henry Lingham, esq. (qy. Lingham)	2000
Roger Vaughan, esq. . . .	1500
Fitzwilliams Coningsby, esq. of Hampton Court	2000
Roger Bodenham, esq. . . .	2000
Thomas Witney, esq. . . .	2000
Sir Edward Hopton, knt. . . .	2500
Humphrey Baskerville, esq. . . .	1000
Humphrey Cornwall, esq. . . .	6000
John Barnibee, esq. of Boothall	1000
Sir Thomas Tomkins	2000
Herbert Westphalinge, esq. . . .	800

<i>Huntingdonshire.</i>		<i>Leicestershire.</i>	
			Per An. £1000
	Per An. £600	Sir John Browne, knt.	2000
Major Lionel Walden, esq.	2000	John South, esq.	1500
Henry Williams, esq. of Bodsey	1000	William Blythe	1200
— Apreece, esq. of Washingley	1500	Captain William Thorold	3000
Robert Apreece, esq.	1000	Jervas Nevil, esq.	600
John Stone, esq.	600	Sir John Newton, bart. of Hather	1000
Richard Naylor, esq.	800	William Welby, esq.	1000
Thomas Rous, esq.		William Broxholme, esq.	1000
		— Desyad, esq. of Harleston†.	1000
<i>Kent.</i>		<i>Leicestershire.</i>	
Edward Badbye, esq.	1000	Sir Edward Smythe, knt.	2000
Edward Roper, esq.	600	Sir George Faunt, knt.	1000
William Roper, esq.	1000	George Dashwood, esq.	1000
Sir Richard Sands, knt.	1000	Major Brudnell	1000
William Dyke, esq.	700	— Terringham, esq.	1000
Thomas Englishe, esq.	1000	William Lawford, esq.	1000
Stephen Leonard, esq.	1000	William Street, esq.	1000
Roger Twisden, esq.	600	Richard Verney, esq.	2000
John Clinkerd, esq.	600	Colonel Neville, of Holt	600
Humphrey Hide, jun. esq.	600	Captain William Cole	1000
William Kenwricke, esq.	1500	— Skevington, esq. of Skevington	1000
Sir Thomas Leigh, knt.	2500	— Whaley, esq. of Norton	1000
Sir William Delaune, knt.		— Pochin, esq. of Barkby	1000
<i>Lancashire.</i>		<i>London and Middlesex.</i>	
Thomas Holt, esq.	1000	Thomas Tunman, esq.	2000
Thomas Greenhalgh, esq.	1500	Alderman Lewis	1500
Colonel Kirby	1000	Alderman Sterlinge	1500
Robert Holte, esq.	1000	Colonel Thomas Neville	600
Edmund Asheton, esq.	1000	Lieutenant Cox	2000
Christopher Banister, esq.	1000	Alderman Francis Dashwood	2000
Francis Anderton, esq.	1500	Alderman Francis Knight	3500
Colonel James Anderton	1000	Sir Robert Viuer, knt.	800
Roger Nowell, esq.	1200	Peter Vandeput.	1000
Henry Norris, esq.	2000	Charles Caryll, esq.	600
Thomas Preston, esq.	1000	Major Matthew Bayley	600
— Ffarrington, esq. of Worden	1000	George Skipp, esq.	600
— Fleetwood, esq. of Penwortham	1000	Commissary-General Sir Edward Knightley, knt.	5000
John Girlington, esq.	1000	Colonel William Carlos	800
William Stanley, esq.	1000	Captain Valentine Knight	800
Edward Tildesley, esq.	1000	Captain Edward Maunsell	2000
Thomas Stanley, esq.	1000	Sir Roger Norwich, bart.	1000
Richard Boteler, esq.	1000	Col. Sir Thomas Woodcocke, knt.	1000
John Ingleton, senior, esq.	2000	Colonel Sir Ralph Freeman, knt.	1000
— Walmesley, of Dunkenhalth, esq.		Major Robert Peyton	1000
		Colonel Arthur Trevor	600
		Colonel Charles Progers	600
		Colonel James Progers	600
		Colonel Charles Gifford	600
		Colonel Standish	600
		Major Christ. Pickeringe	600
		Captain Richard Crane	600
<i>Lincolnshire.</i>			
Sir Robert Carr, bart. of Sleaford	4000		
Charles Dymoke, esq. of Scrivelsby*	1000		
John Hanby, esq.	1500		

* Champion at the coronation of James II.

† Qr. De Lyad, or De Lyne.

	Per An		Per An
— Eyre, esq. of Mansfield Wood-		Sir John Clarke	2000
house	2000	Sir Thomas Penniston, bart..	800
— Middleton, esq.. .. .	1000	Sir Francis-Henry Lee, bart..	3000
Sir John Curzon, bart.. .. .	500	Sir Francis Wenman, knt. .. .	1500
<i>Northumberland.</i>		<i>Rutland.</i>	
Sir William Foster, knt. .. .	1000	Abel Barker, esq.. .. .	1000
Daniel Collingwood, esq. .. .	600	Edward Fawkenor, esq. of Up-	
Charles Howard, esq.... .. .	600	pingham	1600
Sir Thomas Horseley, knt. .. .	1000	Christopher Browne, esq. .. .	600
George Collingwood, esq. .. .	800	Richard Halford, esq. of Edi-	
Robert Shafto, esq.. .. .	1000	weston	600
— Thorneton, esq. of Nether-		Samuel Browne, esq.... .. .	600
whitton	800	Henry Noel, esq.. .. .	1000
Thomas Bæwicke, esq.. .. .	2000	<i>Suffolk.</i>	
<i>Norfolk.</i>		Charles Stutteville, esq. of Dal-	
William Paston, esq. of Paston	800	ham	1500
Sir Charles Waldgrave, bart..	2000	Capt. Bennett	1000
Christopher Bedingfeld, esq. of		Sir Edmund Poley, knt.. .. .	1000
Wyghton	800	John Warner, esq.. .. .	1000
Robert Wright, esq.. .. .	1000	Richard Cooke, esq.... .. .	1000
Thomas Wright, esq. of Kilverston	1000	Joseph Brand, esq. of Edward-	
John Wyndham, esq. of Felbrigge	3500	ston	1000
John Coke, esq.. .. .	1000	Edmond Sheppard, esq.. .. .	1000
John Nabbes, esq.. .. .	2000	Clement Higham, esq.. .. .	1000
Capt. Henry Stewart	1000	Roger Kedington, esq.. .. .	800
Sir Joseph Payne, knt. of Nor-		John Gibbes, esq.. .. .	800
wich	1000	John Brookes, esq.. .. .	1000
John Hobart, esq. of Blickling		Robert Style, esq.. .. .	600
and Intwood	1000	William Blomfield, esq.. .. .	600
John Kendall, esq. of Thetford	1000	William Barker, esq.... .. .	600
Sir Thomas Meddowe, knt. of		Randall Williams, esq.. .. .	600
Yarmouth	2000	Henry Warner, esq.... .. .	1000
Christopher Jug, esq.... .. .	1500	Robert Crane, esq.. .. .	1500
Richard Nixson, esq.... .. .	1000	<i>Southamptonshire.</i>	
Thomas Garrard, esq.... .. .	1000	Major Edward Cooke	1500
Osburne Clarke, esq.... .. .	1000	William Walle, esq. of Leushott	1000
Valentine Saunders, esq. .. .	600	George Pitt, esq. of Strathfieldsay	4000
John Tasburg, esq.. .. .	600	John Norten, esq.. .. .	1000
Lawrence Oxborow, esq. of		Sir Humphrey Bennet, knt. .. .	1000
Hackbech Hall	800	Edward Knight, esq. of Chawton	1000
<i>Oxfordshire.</i>		William Wall, esq. of Crundall	1000
Sir Henry Jones, knt.. .. .	1500	Henry Cooke, esq, the younger	1000
— Gardiner, esq. of Tew .. .	800	Sir Henry Titchbourne, of Titch-	
Matthew Skinner, esq.. .. .	600	bourne.. .. .	1000
Welsborne Sill, esq.... .. .	600	<i>Somersetshire.</i>	
Sir Francis Norris	1500	George Stawell, esq.	5000
George Wenman, esq.. .. .	2000	Edward Philips, esq.... .. .	1500
James Herne, esq.. .. .	1000	Sir George Norton, knt. .. .	1800
Rowland Lucey, esq.... .. .	1600	Edward Berkeley, esq.. .. .	1000
Sir Anthony Cope, bart. .. .	4000	John Pawlett, esq.. .. .	1000
Thomas Stoner, esq.... .. .	3000	Warwick Bamfield, esq.. .. .	1000
Cuthbert Warcrupp, esq. .. .	1000		
Sir Timothy Tyrrell, knt. .. .	1500		

	Per An.		Per An.
John Hall, esq.	900	Thomas Whitgrave, esq.	600
Samuel Gorges, esq.	600	Richard Congreve, esq.	600
John Tint, esq.	1000	Walter Fowler, esq.	1500
Francis Lutterel, esq.	1500	Capt. Francis Biddulph	600
Peregrine Palmer, esq.	1500	Robert Leveson, esq.	600
— Lacey, esq. of Hartley	1000	Henry Grey, esq. of Enville	1000
Sir William Basset, knt. of Claverton	1800	Charles Cotton, esq.	600
John Carey, esq.	1500	Richard Oakover, esq.	800
John Hunt, esq.	1500	Edwin Scrumshire, esq.	1000
		Jonathan Cope, esq.	800

Sussex.

George Lunsford, esq.	600
— Thorneton, esq. of Netherwitton	800
George Barker, esq.	2000
Thomas Middleton, esq.	600
Walter Dobell, esq.	1000
Henry Clune, esq.	600
John Machell, esq.	1000
— Lunsford, esq. of Windmill Hill	600
George Brett, esq.	600
Edward Eversfield, esq.	600
Henry Gouge, esq.	2000
Henry English, esq.	2000
Thomas Henshawe, esq. jun.	600
Edward Mitchell, esq.	1000
John May, esq.	600
Walter Burrell, esq.	600
John Eversfield, esq.	1500
— Mitchelbourne, esq. of Stanmere	600
— Cooper, esq. of Strowd	600

Salop.

Sir John Wylde, knt.	1000
George Weld, esq.	1000
Francis Charleton, esq.	2000
Charles Mainwaring, esq.	600
Col. William Owen	800
Thomas Cornwall, esq.	500
Thomas Talbott, esq.	1000
John Kynnaston, esq.	1000
Robert Leighton, esq.	800
Thomas Whitmore, esq.	600
Andrew Newport, esq.	800
Andrew Forrester, esq.	1000
Richard Fowler, esq.	1000
William Oakley, esq.	800
Henry Davenport, esq.	800

Staffordshire.

Francis Leveson, esq.	2000
Walter Gifford, esq.	1500
Colonel Lane	700

Surrey.

Richard Berry, esq.	1000
Edward Evelyn, esq. of Ditton	600
Edward Moore, esq.	600
Capt. John Holmendon	600
Charles Bickerstaffe, esq.	600
James Zouch, esq.	2000
Edward Woodward, esq.	1000
Edward Bromfeild, esq.	1000
George Turner, esq.	1000
Capt. Roger Clarke	600
Capt. Bartholomew	600
George Duke, esq.	600
Sir Adam Browne, bart.	1600
George Browne, esq.	600
White Titchbourne, esq.	1000
Roger Pettyward, esq.	2000
Davis Wymondswold, esq. of Putney	2000
Giles Dunster, esq.	600
James Gresham, esq.	800
— Thomas, esq. of Cobham	600
Roger Duncombe, esq.	1000
Peter Quinnall, esq.	600
Geo. Woodroffe, esq. of Poyle	1500
Geo. Vernon, esq. of Farnham	800
Vincent Randall, esq.	1000
Thomas Delmahoy, esq.	1200
Geo. Smyth, esq.	600
William Muschamp, esq. of Roebarnes	600
Sir John Evelyn, bart.	1800
Charles Good, esq.	700
Thomas Brand, esq.	700
John Dawes, esq.	700

Warwickshire.

— Middlemore, esq. of Edgebaston	2000
William Combes, esq.	800
William Dylke, esq. of Maxstoke Castle	800
Richard Verney, esq. of Compton	600
Thomas Flint, esq.	700
Thomas Broughton, esq. of Lawford	800

	Per An.		Per An.
Reynold Jenkins, esq..	£700	William Jones, esq. of Lanarth	£1000
James Lewis	700	Thomas Lewis, esq.. .. .	1000
<i>Carnarvon.</i>		Charles Vann, esq.. .. .	800
Sir John Owen's heire ..	1500	Walter Rumsey, esq.	600
<i>Denbigh.</i>		William Jones, esq. of Lantrischent	600
Charles Salisburie, esq..	1300	— Milborne, esq.. .. .	800
Huscall Thelwall, esq..	600	<i>Merioneth.</i>	
Foulke Middleton, esq..	600	William Salisbury, esq.. ..	800
John Wynn, esq.. .. .	600	William Price, esq.. .. .	1500
Sir Thomas Myddelton, knt. of		William Vaughan, esq.. ..	1200
Chirk Castle	600	Howell Vaughan, esq.. ..	800
Brevis Lloyd, esq.. .. .	600	— Anwyll, esq. of Parke ..	1500
John Lloyd, esq.. .. .	800	Lewis Owen, esq.. .. .	600
<i>Flintshire.</i>		John Lloyd, esq.. .. .	600
Sir Roger Mostyn, bart. of Mostyn	4000	<i>Montgomery.</i>	
Sir Edward Mostyn, knt. ..	1500	John Pugh, esq.. .. .	1000
— Salisbury, esq. of Hegrage	600	— Owen, esq. of Ruheston ..	1000
Robert Davies, esq. of Gwysaney	2000	— Blaney, esq.. .. .	1000
John Puliston, esq.. .. .	2500	Roger Lloyd, esq.. .. .	800
Sir John Hanmer, bart. ..	3000	Richard Owen, esq.. .. .	800
William Hanmer, esq.. ..	1500	Richard Herbert, esq.	700
<i>Glamorganshire.</i>		Sir Edward Lloyd	1200
Sir — Esterlinge, knt.. ..	2000	Edmund Wareing, esq.. ..	700
Herbert Evans, esq.. .. .	1500	<i>Pembrokeshire.</i>	
David Jenkins, esq.. .. .	1500	Thomas Langhorne, esq. ..	800
Thomas Mathewes, esq. ..	1100	Lewis Wogan, esq.. .. .	1000
William Basset, esq.. .. .	800	Hugh Bowen, esq.. .. .	600
William Herbert, esq.. ..	1000	Essex Meyricke, esq.	600
Edmund Lewis, esq.. .. .	800	Sir John Lort, knt.. .. .	2000
David Mathewes, esq.. ..	1000	<i>Radnorshire.</i>	
<i>Monmouthshire.</i>		George Gwynn, esq.	1500
William Morgan, esq.. ..	4000	Evan Davies, esq.. .. .	600
		— Price, esq.	1000

In the great struggle between King Charles and the Commons, the chiefs of almost all the ancient county families, as indicated in the foregoing curious list, were arrayed under the Royal Banner. The devotion and gallantry with which they fought to the last, for the chivalrous cause they had espoused, will ever be remembered, by their country and their descendants, with pride and gratification. The contest was boldly waged on the open battle-field: no vindictive feeling survived the issue, few deaths on the scaffold tarnished the wreath of victory, and, once the strife was ended, the angry passions that it had engendered were soon allowed to subside. If we compare the manly bearing and the reckless loyalty of our Cavalier nobles and gentlemen, who, unhesitatingly, ventured life and fortune in defence of their King, with the timidity and flight of the French noblesse, when somewhat similarly situated, we cannot but experience a sentiment of national superiority, and must, at all times, feel a pleasurable interest in the details of a contest that does honour to our national character.

In the next Number of the Patrician, we purpose illustrating this Roll of "the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak"—the stout soldiers of Edge Hill, Newbury, and Marston Moor,—by personal and genealogical annotations.

one village of Herefordshire at the (last) of our ancestors; I have rested here for near two days. There is within the walls of Lanthony abbey a nursing of its namesake in Monmouthshire (about 2 miles) (Lanthony's) a part, but still preserving the shell of the original building, which is a fine specimen of the side of the original building.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LETTERS OF GOUGH, THE ANTIQUARY.

DEAR F[ORSTER],

[Gloucester, Aug. 31, 1761].

I HAD scarce forwarded my last from Trecastle, when calling for a newspaper at my next stage, I saw the melancholy news of M^r Forster's death. I sincerely condole with you and your family on what I know they will all sensibly feel. Had I known it sooner, I should not have intruded on you by narratives which I am sure could give you no pleasure at such a time. My travels in Wales are, God be thanked, almost ended. Nothing but an intense fund of curiosity and high-raised expectations could have carried me over such precipices and through such scenes of adventure, which I long for an interview to recite to you, when it will be agreeable.

I imagine you are by this time removed from Bromfield: whether you can accommodate a friend at your new lodgings or not, I doubt I shall hardly be able to make them a visit this side Christmas: and after that you know I return to winter quarters, when I make no excursion. I am impatient to hear from you and from H. and shall call in Wbst. the first opportunity after my return.

At Brecon is a priory church venerable but shamefully neglected: part of a cathedral founded by Henry VIII. at the dissolution. At Abergavenny is a handsome church with the north aisle full of monuments of the Herbert family. They are in the style of the Veres, but better preserved, more numerous, and the sides of the tombs full of images and reliefs.

At Monmouth a little scrap of a priory and castle; but about ten miles north of it, the entire shell of Lanthony abbey, not so beautiful and elegant as Tintern, but equally good and venerable. The pillars are octagonal with four round ones in the middle of each of the long sides; the bases low, and I think, no capitals: the aisles (only the North remains) are roofed with rough flag stones bedded together edgeways; tower in the middle, imm[ense]: the w[est] fr[ont] of w[hich] consists of three long narrow windows corresponding to a door and two niches below, and separated from each other by a group of little round pillars with rich capitals, the whole belonging to Lord Oxford, who does not take the same care of it, as the duke of B[eaufort] does of Tintern, but suffers it to be pulled to pieces when farms and walls want repairing.—The situation and roads sweet beyond expression.—Vast mountains covered with enclosures, hedges and coppices from top to bottom — the R[oad] running to the road near half the way at bottom of a precipice, which is the road, and almost buried in trees of corn. No filthy iron works are in its neighbourhood, as at Tintern, nor beggarly inhabitants about it. Such are the ruins which presented themselves to me on entering and on quitting W[ales].

My next route was through the magnificent forest of Dean to Gloucester. Having taken leave of Cambria on the pitch of a mountain and passed through

one village of Herefordshire, at the Caer-Glou of our ancestors; I have rested here for near two days. There is without the city Lantony abbey, a nursling of its namesake in Monmouthshire battered about K[ing] C[harles]'s ears, but still preserving the shell of its massy buttress'd chapel, (which takes up one side of the nave) and two-thirds of a gateway, the apartments are all converted into barns and granaries. Within the city two monasteries of b[lack] and white friars, entire and inhabited by decent people, who will not injure them: and the cathedral kept in excellent repair, and not modernized.

Here are monuments of Ed[ward] II., king of Northumberland, Robert son of William the Conqueror, of Irish oak, in the guise of a Templar, and preserved from his time to ours; and several others of as great antiquity — good paintings of single figures in the east window. A little to the north of the cathedral are arches of the nave of the old one, prior to the conquest, filled up and made private houses, and behind them the old cloisters, to which join others of the same date with the present church, with most elegant Gothic pannels and ceiling. In the north aisle a lavatory of eight arches and as many sink-holes, and opposite three niches to hang towels etc. in. In the south and west are a row of niches for writing desks. The inhabitants are too tenacious of ancient customs to suffer any change in their old buildings any more than in their own nature and opinions.

I am yours sincerely,
R. GOUGH.

To the Rev. B. FORSTER.

DEAR FORSTER. I had hopes of seeing you in town by this time, but since I am disappointed of that pleasure, at least let me hear from you. I hope you received the D. — beer safe, and find it to your satisfaction; whether the fatigue of the voyage may have affected it, I can't say, but own it drank better at D. —. If you have taken the pains to unpack it, and will give yourself the further trouble to count the bottles, you will give me and my correspondent satisfaction. M^r. B. and I are going to send a parcel to Moore and will enclose whatever orders you have. I shall be glad to know what is to become of you from yourself; if yourself can determine, where your head-quarters are to be fixed, and which way or over what mountains your feet are to carry you to preach the Gospel. H. is such a rambling knave, one never knows when he is at home or in Berkshire. Full seldom has he been seen in the Museum, where I have devoured many volumes. Adieu! if you write soon, I shall be in Winchester Street; if not, I know not where.

Ap. 27, 1762.

DEAR F. May 28, 1764.

May I come and make my Whitsuntide orisons in little Horkesley church? Shall you have a horse and a mind to ramble with me to Stoozy, Mersey, etc. etc. etc. once more before you exchange your delectable antique corner of the country for the flutter and fuss of Londonized Wanstead? I shall take up my quarters at the — I forget the sign — in Colchester, which will be no immense distance from you. I should be glad to meet you at Chelmsford, but that I am not certain of the day of setting out. I would as fain bring H. with me, but he protests he cannot possibly come. He is running from London to Rochester to bid adieu to the whole A. family going to Paris, and from thence to General Parsloe's new purchase in Buckingham-

shire, and after that with Morritt all over the north-west parts of the kingdom.

Send me a line as soon as you can to Enfield. Yrs.

R. G.

To the Rev. Mr. Forster.

At Bromfield, near Chelmsford, Essex.

DEAR FORSTER,

Aug. 2, 1761.

I have exchanged Norfolk for Wales, and have made the tour of Dorsetshire in my way thither. Here is so large provision for your entertainment that I wish you were personally present. Haistwell gave us a most superficial account of all that he saw in and about Winchester. The hospital of Saint Cross alone is worth coming into this country to see. The chapel, larger than that at Jesus College, has Saxon arches all over it, but especially in the choir and north cross, four fine figures in the west window, and a number of old brasses: on the east side of the court a venerable cloister: the other sides disposed into 36 rooms, now allotted to 12 brothers, formerly to 36 at most: the venerable porter, who has made the tour of Europe, furnishes to travellers from a more venerable cell a slice of manchet and a horn of ale.

Of the famous abbey of Hide, where Alfred was buried, still remain the offices, gateway and chapel now in part a parish church; Christ church on the borders of Dorset is a fine cathedral, but miserably kept up within: the alterpiece is a most grotesque representation of the adoration of the Magi, who are sprawling over one another, stilo vere barbarico; above are sheep, and shepherdesses group'd together and treading on the heads of horses and oxen in a manger: below, David playing on the harp to a Colossean Saul asleep: on each side, several compartments with niches: the whole, of mouldering stone painted in the proper colors: on the north side of the altar a beautiful little free-stone chapel in good preservation and well kept: behind the high altar a lesser in a rich chapel defaced, as well as two good altar monuments on each side of it. The church has a lofty square tower, which commands an extensive view of the sea: and over its west door is a neat figure of Christ with a cross fleuri in his hand. In a round tower in the north side are interlaced arches: here are also two sides of a little castle, and some apartments of the priory. Wimborne Minster has a beautiful church with two square towers which at a distance appear like those of Westminster; the east one has lost its spire and the west was built just before that fell: the church has been eked out at the west end, but the original nave has Saxon arches with the zigzag. Under the choir is S. Mary's chapel, where King Ethelred, brother to King Alfred, was buried, once paved with mosaic: his figure with an inscription (a modern imitation) lies in the floor of the choir above. Here is a fine alabaster tomb of [John?] de Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who married the grandmother of Henry the Seventh: he is habited like Fitz-walter, holding his glove in his left-hand, and in his right his wife's right hand: she has the mitred head dress, and her statue is here, though she was buried elsewhere. Opposite to this is an altar monument for the great Marchioness of Exeter, mother of Edward Courtenay, last earl of Exeter. At Wareham is a prodigious intrenchment 60 feet high all round the town, which was the residence of the court, when the Saxon Kings went to hunt in the isle of Purbeck. Corfe Castle

surpasses description; the monument of the devastation of the civil wars, when the magnificent pile was batter'd and blown up. The inner gateway was undermined, so that the left side of it with the whole tower, has sunk near three feet below the other: entire towers overhang their bases; and the angles of large rooms lie unseparated. Part of a high square tower remains, the front of which has a colonnade with small square rooms of three stories on the south side of them. It stands on a high hill between too much higher, a bridge of three tall arches of the above form leads to it: and some distance in the valley below is a bridge of three pointed arches, where Edgar expired. At Weymouth are a good harbour and key [quay] but not antiquities. From thence I rode to Portland, where is a small castle of Henry VIII. Thence over a long beach (which joins it to the continent, made up of loose round stones, 12 miles in length, and almost 40 feet perpendicular on the west side) to Abbotshbury, where is a venerable church, ruins of the abbey, offices, gateway, one base of a pillar which seems to have supported a hall, and an immense store-barn with buttresses, and a good gateway with a little square tower formerly opening to the leads: one third of this is still a barn. At the top of a steep hill is S. Catharine's chapel, built of red stone with buttresses and a hexagon tower; the arched roof richly adorned with statues in two rows of niches and arms on the top; but mouldering away by the softness of the stone. I have neither time nor space to rehearse what I have seen at Dorchester, Milton Abbas, Poole, etc. in which two first are a fund of antiquities. Netley abbey near Southampton is a fine pile: the entire shell remains: the chapel has rich windows, and but for the large bushes within, one might form a compleat idea of the refectory, etc.: near it is a small stout castle. You may expect to hear shortly from South Wales.

Adieu. R. G. Aug. 2. 61.

To the Rev. M^r Forster,
at Bromfield,
near Chelmsford, Essex.

To the Rev. M^r Forster,
At Bromfield, near Chelmsford, Essex.

Chepstow, Aug. 9 [1761.]

Since my last I have visited Blandford where is not the least *vestige* of antiquity. Stalbridge the celebrated C. C. C. Living, where is a fine small cross 21 feet high, of which I will hereafter shew you a draught. The town is in the extreme but best part of Dorsetshire: beautifully wooded, and with fine meads about it, where are the best oxen of the county: there is a handsome parsonage-house of three stories, four rooms with large casements, and the yard filled with barns and hay stacks. The worst circumstance belonging to it is the roads, which are all hereabouts very stony. At Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, is a beautiful stone roof in the church. From thence I turned off to Glastonbury, where are delectable ruins. Saint Joseph's chapel is entire, except the roof and floor: the sides under the window adorned with interlaced round arches with small pillars: a beautiful gate on the north side. Two noble pillars of the tower of the church remain, adorn'd with double zigzags and mouldings which run round the side windows of the choir. The shell of the abbot's house remains; many ornaments and escutcheons have been taken from it and stuck

about an abbey-house built 1714. The famous Kitchen is entire: the whole is well exprest in Stukeley's Itinerary. In the town are two inns of Gothic Architecture built for the reception of pilgrims and over against the abbey is a little almshouse chapel whose gabel ends stand up above the present roof, and that towards the south has a bell and image remaining. I ascended Glastonbury Torr, a mountain whose ascent is a mile, and on its top the steeple of St. Michael's church with rich niches, images, and bas-reliefs remaining. I proceeded next to Wells, where is a Cathedral in beautiful preservation, with the images in the west front, and histories in quatrefoils between the points of the niches: the inside is very neat, few old monuments, except of Bishops and Abbots brought from Glastonbury, which have nothing singular nor any inscriptions; the chapter house, resting on one fluted pillar like that at York, very beautiful. The Close with a very antique palace is neatly laid out: two round towers leading into it and a market cross of a singular style which I drew—Two miles from Wells saw Okey hole, a monstrous cavern 200 yards long in the side of Chedder Hills, romantically shrouded in young woods. My next object was the circular Druid temple of monstrous single stone in a situation the most Druidical and in your taste that you can conceive: a hollow way covered with trees from whence nothing can be seen. I travelled thence to Bristol, where is only the choir and cross left of a Cathedral, whose nave was demolished in the civil wars. Here, is a good monument of its founder, Robert Fitzhardyng and wife who lived, temp. Henry 2nd. But the gate of the Monastery, a round arch with Saxon zigzags and two rows of these mouldings, exceeds all I have yet seen. The sides within have small interlaced arches: and above on each outside are a few well preserved statues. Ratclyffe church, built in the suburbs by a rich merchant, is a magnificent pile; an unmeaning Altar-piece and two scripture pieces on each side, by Hogarth, have lately been put up. The subject is the Ascension. The two angels are habited in surplices, one in a lounging posture talking to an apostle, the other holding out his hands as if giving a benediction. A woman runs across the middle of the piece, frighten'd out of her wits. On the left side is the sealing of the stone of the Sepulchre: where a soldier heats the wax in a bason with a handle like a sconce, by putting a candle under it. If these circumstances are not sufficient to give you the *ridiculous* idea, you must come to the Hot Wells. Last Saturday I crost the famous Severn with the most dreadful forebodings for self and horses, which last I expected would be absolutely spoilt by getting into the boat; whereas they only, out of 8 which made our load, escaped unhurt. We had a most favorable passage, being only 40 minutes on the water. Thus I lost both the risk and pleasure of seeing the famous sight call'd the Bore. I write this from Chepstow, which is the first stage in Wales, being only 50 yards out of Gloucestershire. Three miles from this is the most beautiful ruin I ever saw, Tintern Abbey: the shell of the church built in the form of a cross is entire, except the west pillars of the nave: the transepts are divided into two aisles by a row of pointed arches, the west window entire and very rich: the east windows richer, but only the middle bar remains; under the first south arch of the Choir was discovered, in clearing the site ten years ago, the figure of Robert Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, lying in compleat armour like Vere of Hatfield on a low altar-tomb with a rich flowered moulding: the abbey stands low among hills delightfully wooded, but execrable roads lead to it.

Yours R. G.

To the Rev Mr. Forsier.

At Bromfield, near Chelmsford, Essex.

Aug. 25, 1761.

My last carried me no further than Tintern Abbey. I have since been at Ragland Castle, a fine ruin belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, and defended by the first Lady Beaufort in the civil wars, for which it suffered so afterwards. Here is a noble Hall, which wants only the roof, also a kitchen, and several apartments entire. The whole, as well as many other castles in Wales, gave me a perfect idea of the disposition of those antient buildings, which in strength far surpassed any thing I have seen in England. Caerphilly castle, Glamorganshire, supposed to have been built by Vortigern, is a stupendous pile, well preserved within. One of the round towers in front overhangs its base nine feet. The hall and chapel are good, and the covered way all round under the battlements entire. At Margam, the seat of Lord Mansel, has been a nunnery. A beautiful chapter-house was lately recovered from the Castle supported by a fluted pillar in the middle, and many other parts of the building remain. Neath Abbey, though abused for forges, etc. is entire, even to wooden floors and staircases, has part of a spacious hall supported by four pillars in the middle, and a long gallery above to the left of it. The church, the finest in the country, is quite ruin'd. Swansea has a castle and palace of the lords of the manor: There is a compleat castle and a tall spired church at Kidwelly: at Caermarthen a priory gate-way: at Whitland indistinct ruins of an abbey erected on the spot where Hoel Dha compiled the Welsh body of laws. At Denbigh mere ruins of a castle almost in the sea. But at Pembroke castle magnificence indeed, as much I mean as could survive a three months siege. The outermost round towers are shattered, but a noble one remains within, which has been very lately stripped of its spiral staircase: two others are yet standing next the river: under one of these was a famous echo in a vault below, now destroyed by the water breaking in. They shew there the room where Henry the Seventh was born. The whole stands on a rock, as does the town, which is only one long street, surrounded with strong walls, whose three gates and a strong round tower at the corner next the river remain. Lanffy Court and Carew Castle, formerly palaces of the Bishop of Saint David's, are grand ruins, particularly the last where Sir J. Perrot, tempore Elizabeth, added a spacious hall with large bow windows on the west side of the quadrangle: the east and west sides are standing and one may walk over all the apartments. Manorbur castle by the sea-side is very entire and strong. That at Haverfordwest is a shell square with round towers at the corners, and commanding the whole town, which from it makes a good appearance. But I come now to St. David's where I want words to describe the state of the cathedral, and to abuse those who reduced it to such a state and who suffer it to remain so. The north and south aisles of the chancel were unroof'd by Cromwell, and having continued so ever since, many altar-monuments of Bishops and other eminent men are broke or overgrown with weeds. Our Lady's chapel behind the altar has the most beautiful Gothic roof with rich key-stones, adorned with arms and other devices, and tumbling every day for want of lead above. Bishop Vaughan's chapel, in which he is buried in a brass coffin, is between this and the chancel, and being leaded is well preserved and fresh. Its roof is Gothic, the arches rising as in King's chapel. In the chancel is an altar-monument of Edmund Earl of Richmond, father of

Henry, the Seventh. On each side two neat well preserved figures of Rhys Tudor and Owen Tudor. The roofs of the chancel and nave are very rich and neat; and the altar completely paved with painted bricks, but the nave and transepts are in a miserable condition: the tower in the middle weak and badly repair'd, and the whole north side of the nave blown out of its place. Adjoining to the church on the north side was a college for priests: the shells of its hall and chapel are standing. The palace a noble quadrangle stands on the west side. The hall, built to receive King John from Ireland, takes up near one side of it. There is a rich Catharine wheel-window in the east end and two mangled statues supposed of the King and Queen over the door: the apartments on the east side are likewise entire: but the rest were demolished by one of the Bishops.

Besides these I have visited many places of note, each having some remnant of antiquity about it. Castles stand thick in Wales, but I have described the most entire. But roads and inns, I never saw any thing so execrable: the former are sufficient to knock up an English horse and man, the latter can hardly furnish either with accommodations. The people nasty and lazy; clownish and ignorant. Pembrokeshire, the little England in Wales, is the best part of it for entertainment: Glamorganshire for romantic and rocky, and Caermarthenshire for cultivated and enclosed prospects: but both extremely mountainous. I am now entered Brecknockshire, which promises well: I shall traverse this and Monmouthshire before I repossess the Severn, and afterwards Gloucestershire etc. I have wrote you three letters at an uncertainty, si vous vous trouvez couché sur les rivages délicieux du Chelmer à Bromfieldt ou sur les marécageux à Chelmsfort. Je souhaite votre réponse, laquelle vous pourriez adresser à moi à Enfeldt. On me la depechera en quelque lieu que je me trouve.*

*To the Rev. Mr. Forster,
at Mr. Mendhanis, at Springfield, near Chelmsford, Essex.*

Enfield, Sept. 15, 1761.

DEAR FORSTER,

My peregrinations "paynfull and perlous" are now happily ended. At my return home, I found a letter from you. I hope you like your new apartments, and thank you for your invitation. But can we form the Bromfield triumvirate there? I brought home a most violent cold, the consequence of being wetted through and through in riding to Monmouth, which confined me to my museum and gave me time to digest my scattered collections into a regular itinerary; for in writing and drawing I have work enough, not to mention that just at present my thoughts are turned to the coronation.

I have seen many monuments of antiquity on this side Gloucester, whereof you will certainly deem Fairford church the principal. These windows I think superior execution: I wish the same could be said of their preservation: they are indeed completely wired, but time and weather have worn out many figures, etc., there are not a few broke. I have several printed series of them, which I have corrected and enlarged. They consist of a few

* The tours described in these letters furnished Mr. Gough with the information necessary to his improved Edition of Camden's Britannia, and to his "Sepulchral Monuments."

Old Testament histories, most of the history of Christ; the four Evangelists, the four principal fathers, the 12 major prophets, the preservers and the persecutors of the church, and the twelve Apostles. The last Judgment fills up the whole west window, grotesque and expressive. There are many exquisite faces in the whole set: the panes at each corner and above the larger arches are filled with little saints and angels, and some half-lengths in Dutch and German dresses of the times; the whole were designed by Albert Durer. Cirencester windows shew by their tatter'd remains that they were once adorned with fine paintings: there is one whole set of religious orders from the Pope to the mendicant, in whole single figures and groupes at their feet. From Farrington I saw the famous white horse cut on the hill four miles off. At Abingdon (where you may remember the Veres had connections) is the old priory church and the gateway, now a gaol. At Dorchester in Oxfordshire an inexhaustible fund of Roman antiquities are continually dug up and two large camps in the neighbourhood. It has a very old church whence the see was transferred to Lincoln. A south window of the chancel has the history of Saint Birinus the first bishop carved in large groupes at the bottom of its stone bars; an opposite window the genealogy of Christ in stone figures on the bars from whence issue branches, between which are the same persons painted on glass, with their names under them in very old capitals. There are several other groupes and old monuments about the church, which is shamefully neglected. I had almost forgot to mention that I spent a whole day in visiting Berkeley castle. It lies among marsh lands, but raised above them: beautiful prospects round it. Much of it was destroyed in the civil wars; the rest furnished a la moderne but not absurdly: the present Lady Berkely appears to have a good taste, and many of the rooms are hung and garnished with her tapestry. The room which rang with the

Shrieks of an agonizing king

is a small bedchamber detached from the rest of the house. In another room is an old bed-stead belonging to Henry VIII. brought from the unfinished castle of the Duke of Buckingham at Thornbury; and in another, the bed in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world; the furniture, the coarsest stuff with silver spangles.

I should be glad to hear something from you when you have leisure, or to meet you in Walbrook. Of Haistwell I know nothing, but suppose the retreats of Shaw detain him.

Adieu, Yours sincerely

R. G.

Enfield, Sept, 13, 1761.

Enfield, Oct 24, 1761.

DEAR FORSTER,

I You have herewith Stukely's Stonehenge, much at Dr. Gower's service for whatever time he likes to keep it. When we have formed the little antiquarian society, which Haistwell longs to set on foot, we shall be proud to admit him of it. Haistwell is ransacking all Winchester and its environs; he will not even let'em rest by moonlight: he has made an incursion into Sussex and shewed me some exquisite views collected there. I work hard to digest my Collectanea Cambrica, treading in the steps of archdeacon Girald who made the progress 600 years before me. I flatter myself we

shall see you in London after Christmas; but whence this sudden resignation? do you emulate the great minister? can you bring yourself to quit Essex, while even a bare subsistence can be earned there? Essex, the seat of pleasure and delights? Essex, into which I made yesterday an excursion of but two hours, and found new beauties? Agreeable to promise, I have engaged a person at D.—— to send me some of the true Corpus Christi, such as the Gods themselves reach forth their hands in rapture to; and shall we not drink it in? It was to have arrived by this, but I hear, no news of it. I fear it may make our enemies happy in the cabarets of Balais or S. Maloe's, or that 'tis engulfed in the jaws of some voracious shark, who you know would not stick at swallowing it bottles and all to be digested at his leisure. All our conversations relative to C. C. C. are knocked on the head by a commendam. M'entendez-vous? I wish sincerely you had the least chance for Great Braxstead, were it only as a curate. Is there no ill opinion of Essex in that society that would make them relinquish it? I have not yet heard who fills. I am very cold; I can't make my fire burn. F. Adieu! Enfield. Oct. 24, 1764.

Dodsley is publishing a vol. of Fugitive Pieces, but the list is not well chosen.

Jan. 10, 1764.

I beg your pardon for not answering your letter, but concluded you did not expect an answer from me before the holidays. I propose setting out on Tuesday next, weather favouring, and since you advise, to come by C. Henningham or rather will not engage to go thither with me, I think 'twill be best for me to go by Stortford Dunmow etc. lie at Braintree, breakfast at Henningham, and having explored its antiquities, proceed by the shortest way to London. I hope to see you at Lexden or Colchester next Wednesday; and will station man and horses at the King's head, though I inclined to the three cups, for the landlord's civility, when waiter at the blue posts. Verily there is as much parade about my coming as if I were going to be elected King of the Romans at Frankfort, or King of Poland in the plain of Warsaw. I saw Mr. Thomas yesterday in town, and had the mortification to find that he could not be one of our party.

Jan. 10, 1764.

Adieu.

I shall take the advice with which you closed your letter and would have you do the same for fear I should be a day later than I intend.

DEAR FORSTER,

I have purchased Hearne's Discourses, 12 shillings; Simon's Irish coins, 12 shillings; and Folkes's English coins, £2; the latter is the latest edition, 1763, by the Antiquarian Society, the only one with plates, which are not 70. I am feasting on these commissions till I hear again from you. I will dispose of the three commissions as you shall direct. I have exhausted all the marrow of the curious discovery, which is really very little.

Allow me to offer a few words for my own vindication: you shall understand that happening to call on Brown, Friday se'night, just as he had received your order to send Lettres de la Montagne by the Wanstead coach, (which he could not do till the afternoon) I took the book of him and having run through the two first letters, by seven o'clock it was in

Walbrook, on a full presumption, that as it was directed to you, Mr. Thomas would carry or send it next day. Let the blame rest where the book rested. He had before told me, as I left it, on your table, that he was to bring it to you the day after Mr. Cay had done with it.

You have two such brothers who know nothing of you, and yet will mislead one about you! I saw E. H. on Saturday and we agreed, we know not when, to beat up your quarters together. I shall be glad of your answers soon.—*Multas et felices!* Adieu! Jan. 2. 65.

Sept. 16, 1765.

I went last Saturday to Epping by nine, and though I wished for your company, I proceeded alone to Harlow, walked to Latton Vicarage, drew church and priory. One circumstance astonishes me, that I was not half so much struck with either of these buildings as at the first view of them last year. I walked down the Stenning road in quest of the chantry, which unfortunately, if it exists at all, I see by the coach-road map must be behind the church. I thought I discovered something as much like a vallum as the ploughed side of Barking camp. 'Tis a little beyond the Crown on the opposite side of the way, just by the twenty third mile stone in a gardener's ground; a very considerable slope and hollow on the outside; it goes East to a coachmaker's, and is lost, but appears faintly just beyond. I had no time to trace any more of it, and lay no great stress on what I saw. The church at Latton is great part brick plastered over: the glazed tiles (you remember we had some such at the priory) on the steps of Harlow chancel with lions etc. are exactly like those in the south isle at Saint Alban's, known to be brought from Verulam. Where should they come from at Harlow, but from a station as near as Verulam to Saint Alban's?

I propose taking my chance of coming over on Thursday or Saturday. If I find you engaged, will beat up the parson's quarters: I should be glad to meet him at Wood Street.

When you have the toothache next, pray devoutly to Saint Apollona.

To the Rev. B. Forster, 1767.

Stevenson in London and you at Wanstead? Or do the misinformed misinform? I enclose your bills—who is Dr. G's agent, when I am a bankrupt in his service? A happy meeting to you and Edward Haistwell. You do well to add the dubious particle, that bane of worldly happiness and hope, that foe to fond imagination, that blaster of human projects, that curse entailed on moral certainty, cankerworm of joy, nurse of melancholy, sire of despair, that genuine son of Fortune, which like an elder brother swallows up the other children's portions,—a monosyllable that neither suffers harmony in life, nor gives us comfort after death. If then might you hope for my presence as erst, fancy it as much as you please, but — despair of having it personally—I wish I could make out a letter equal in length to yours, but it would be on subjects which ill comport with the cold season.

Explicit. A little scrawl for you and Mister Vulcan.

Sept. 18, 1679.A

DEAR FORSTER,

My sister has been so ill with a fever for some days past, that I think this will make my excuse for not meeting you next Thursday. I don't know how to engage for Saturday, but if you don't hear from me before, I

can't come. The chantry at Latton was founded by Sir Peter Ard. time of Henry VI., whose house is by it, and the letters P. A. belong to him. The priory was in being before 1292 : and seems to have been dependent on St. Edmondsbury, the monks of which starv'd it till 'twas rais'd above 'em, Salm says not a word of Stangrove.

J'espère que vos entrailles ne se tourmentent pas jusqu'à sept heures.

Yours,
R. G.

Enfield,

Sept. 18, 69.

March 10, 1770.

The Cornish views and the sheet of Borlase have been duly delivered to your Cavendish square friend.

There is no likelihood of a new Edition of the Natural History of Cornwall. So you may lay in all materials necessary for your settlement in the sweet regions of Liskeard. But what a man to enjoin secrecy on the paragon of secretkeepers, when the next post proclaims it in Bloomsbury square, and all the world know the contents of the Budget, to speak in polite strain.

I heartily wish you possess of every requisite to your happiness, even a good wife when you are parson of 3 Cornish parishes, cum pertinentiis, and yet these were equal to those of our Essex friend.

For my own sake, I wish you would exert as much Antiquarianism as he once did, (for now he has something else to do). But much I fear I shall know as little of Cornwall as of Yorkshire. Perhaps you may be induced to visit Nature's wonders with your Patron, but not a word will you tell of Druidical or other monuments. At least after such a repulse as your Indolence and Dissipation have given my curiosity, I will not form the smallest expectation from you. So I take my leave of the diabolical office of exprobration. I wish Aislabie may have the wit to leave the venerable trees that have shot up and shadowed the Sanctum Sanctorum of fountains, and I shall not quarrel with him for bringing to light mosaic pavements in the choir.

Yours R. G.

Mar. 10, 70.

Gwyndé, Aug. 15, 1770.

On Monday last I set out from Carnarvon for Snowdon, in company with two Cambridge men, one a Felstedian, by name Brackenbury of Catharine Hall. We had a guide, and began our march precisely at seven. Two hours brought us to a cottage, two miles from the mountain-foot, which after long delays from the misty state of the atmosphere, we reached at five in the evening, being told that before sunrise or after sunset was the properest time to enjoy the prospect. We had not climb'd a tenth of the way, before the fog turned to such a rain and darkness as obliged us to desist, after this specimen of our adequateness to the task, which we resolved to resume next morning by three o'clock. For this purpose we dispatched to Bethgelert, about five miles onward, (of whose church you have a drawing after E. H.) such of our horses as could not bear to pass the night in the field, and after a hearty meal on the family-provisions, having improvidently consumed our own at dinner, we threw ourselves on the best bed and an arm-chair, in a mud-floor'd room, where cheese-cupboards and milk-pans left scarce a yard in the clear, and where fleas and gnats were our numerous

chamberlains. You may imagine what a night we past in such a purgatory, and how ready we were to quit it at the appointed hour of three. Two keffels had been bespoke of our host, but as no time was to be lost in catching 'em, we mounted four men on two horses, and once more traversed the rocky boggy plain to the hill-foot, just at which we met the keffels descending from the mountains. Once more behold us ascending with weary steps and slow, over moss-grown steeps, craggy points, and continued strata of rough stones of various sizes, we are got in one hour and half above half-way, to a clear cool spring, which we mix with brandy; and marching on, in two hours gain the highest peak about seven o'clock. As we approach nearer this, the ridge narrows and the east side presents most stupendous precipices, fenced with sharp and broken stones in all forms and directions. The peak has an inclosure of stone walls, cover'd with initials. Beneath us we saw fourteen of the twenty-seven lakes, that are usually seen in clear weather. All our distant prospect was Merionethshire and Anglesea: the intermediate space a sea of white rocky clouds, which but for their rolling and changing might be thought a drift of snow. We returned in an hour and half, thinking ourselves well paid for our fatigue by the little we saw, by the uncommon plants we gathered, and by having it in our power to say that by perseverance we had ascended to the top of Snowdon.

My companions are gone over the stony deserts of Pont Aberglasslyn, which is really a fine scene; I came hither by Beaumaris, crossing Abermanai in a boat.

M^{rs} Knowles has just shewn me a monstrous chicken with a divided breast-bone, or rather cartilage. How could she know I was a curious man? Because I dined on cold mutton at seven o'clock? That I might not sup on monsters I concurred with her scheme of sending it to D^r. Edwards, of Holy Head, and it goes with me to-morrow.

I retire to a temple of Cloacina behind a glorious rock, which you might wish in the place of your weeping willow.

This from Gwyn Dè, or the *white house*, in a romantic situation on a turnpike road. It may be answered at Shrewsbury; for I have not half done with Wales.

Aug. 15. 70.

R. G.

LETTER TO RICHARD GOUGH.

C. C. C. Mond. Feb. 29, 1774.

DEAR GOUGH,
I ought to make a thousand apologies for not having answered your last: I really do not see why Mess^{rs} Wedgewood, with their heroine Catherine H. should not give two guineas towards the expence of the Dorsetshire publication. I informed M^r. P. by the return of the post of the contents of your last.

I have written to E. H. since I last heard from him, and since his marriage; however I will write again when I have time. You will wonder how the Devil I should want time; but so it is, it is in vain that I run away from home for leisure; for I find it not, go where I will. By this very post I dispatch five long letters, and have barely time to tell you I am alive.

To-morrow I set out for Barton in Northamptonshire, where I shall be glad to hear of you. I wish you had five churches and three curates to manage, that you might know and might sympathize with the cares and fatigues of

Yours,
B. Forster.

LETTER FROM RICHARD GOUGH.

Alas that through fault of date of delivery I should not receive yours till I left Margate, which was this morning. I went to Ramsgate yesterday for the second time, and would certainly have called on the good old man. As to Mr. Pearse, unless he was a gentleman who took off his hat to me without further notice, I know nothing of him, and I do not know Mr. Pearse. Fine weather I think will come no more: you must remain in doleful dumps, for not to stand still to draw or see prospects must be penance to you. I have just visited Becket's shrine. There is a singularity in the pillars that surround it I never met with in any Gothic building.

They are perfect Grecian pillars paired together, and the capitals flourish in a style approaching uncommonly to that manner. If they are as old as said to be, 1184, I should like to have this accounted for. They support the whole quire which ends circularly towards the East, and then runs out into a lesser circle called Becket's Crown. The nave was built much later; and the windows are as long as those of old halls, reaching almost to the ground and divided into three rows. The whole church is vastly narrow and low-roof'd—One ascends to the choir by a magnificent flight of steps; but its inside is plain wainscot, without a particle of Gothicism.

I received yesterday a very polite letter from D' G. who had opened that I sent with the books for you, at which he must stare. I have some further commission to execute at my leisure. Once more I repeat my earnest desires that you would return me Boucicant if peradventure you have not lost it, as it seems you have Kirby's Suffolk, which you promised to lend me as soon as D' G. had done with it. The horrid prospect of sinking into Druidical ditches, or at least of leaving my boots behind in 'em, or of sustaining more wet and dirt than suits a constitution softened by a town-life of three months, joined to the little faith I have in your Reverence's leaping out of your bed by seven o'clock to visit the earthworks of ridiculous priests, as absurd five hundred years ago as now, deter me from rising one minute sooner than ordinary to accompany you, yet I could be glad you would come and prowl among the booksellers' shops with me, though you should at the end of your round find yourself a few pounds out of pocket.

You have sent me a temptation hardly to be resisted; but I have had my share of peregrinating for this season; besides you mark out too wide a circuit. Whenever I visit Oxford again, it will be with a fixed resolution of spending more time there than we now could. I would not give three straws for a second sight of Stow, even in your company. I know almost every thing you see there would disgust you. We must hear the Moravians on a Friday, to which you have an insuperable objection. Lastly, Amb. de Lamelas are not so thick-set that I could procure one on a week's notice, which I generally am a quarter of a year about. May I after all this hope you will again be at my service to go to Wints, Silchester, etc.? Will you come to Epping place with your C. Ned, who is to meet me there next Saturday, for any thing I have heard to the contrary. If you will, we may hold a talk about the matter in hand and various other matters. If you are bent upon a ramble, pray let me hear the ubi and the quando and all how and about it.

To the Rev Benjamin Forster.

There is a later complete edition of Fontenelle's works in ten volumes. If D^r G. chooses to have any more commissions executed, it will be proper to write by return of post; for Payne has a very quick sale, and the other catalogues are rather stale. I wish you had by a lucky hit of reflection be-thought yourself to leave out or return me Boucicant, unless perchance you had not read it. Success attend your recherches! but alas! Montagnes a machine, with torrents forth issuing like those of Etna or Vesuvius, water mingled with fire are not favorable to such enterprises, and should they chance to meet with a louring sky, lame horse or lazy master, what will the world be the better for these camps etc. which the genius of Rome reserved for your discovery. For myself, I think not of Epping or other schemes till I have moral certainty that you are safely lodg'd in your hermitage at Wanstead, when Haistwell, as far as he is master of his own resolutions, has engaged to be of the party: but this is not the first time that "magnus et piis tamen excidit ausis."

Accursed Payne, that has deprived me of six hours' feast on the delicious morsels I now forward! vile caitiff, that counts over the gold I paid for 'em, and cheats my ravening appetite: but see, they come! I fly to their embraces, clasp 'em with transport, gaze on 'em enraptured, and mix their essence with my very intelligence: ye dear delights, adieu! others long for your arrival, and I resign you.

I have just heard of a military chest found at Chigwell in a gravel-pit, not many years ago, and many urns continually thrown up, unheeded by a farmer there.

This accompanies all the books that were not gone. I can procure a very fair copy of the Register de Richmond, neatly half-bound, large paper, for 7^s. 6^d. There is a Skinner's Etymologicum at Payne's pr. 8 shillings, with MS. additions, one of which says that *treble* is derived from *Thuribulum*, because the boys that used the thuribula sung:—but the upper corners are stain'd. I take the British Librarian to be an account of books published like the M. R. Aloisa is a translation of Aretine's Dialogues and sold. Asgill's pamphlet is neither in Baker nor Payne's Catalogue, and you sent a wrong number.

Answers to the queries ordine methodica.

1. Raeke's benefactor Exeter and Devon—different.
2. Anstis's two books the same.
3. I suspect Buckingham Restored is a Satyr against some favourite minister, probably in the last century.
4. Aubrey's monumenta never published, Dr. G. has what is call'd Aubrey's Miscellanies, which I bought for him.
5. Blomfield's Antiquities of Norfolk are three incomplete folio volumes, full of antiquarian knowledge, but vilely printed, and with wretched cuts; price about 36s. or 2 guineas, of which I never saw two copies alike. He printed it at his parsonage, and died before it was all compiled or printed.
6. De Aquis Stratfordiensibus omnino ignoratur.
7. Your brother Ned has Bourne's Antiquities of the common people. I believe 'tis a treatise on vulgar errors or popular customs.
8. 10. 11. Essays on British Antiquities. Malcolm and Holm all treat of historical Antiquities, but not such subjects as Hearne's Discourses.
9. Memoirs of Ants. of G. B. 1723, and not octavo, is a Grub-Street compilation relating to the Reformation and religious orders.

R. G.

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Castle Hyde. co. Cork.

Ιμεροεν παν τ' εστ' ερατεινον
Αμφ' αλσεια γαρ Πυργ' "Υδειον.

There is no valley throughout this nation
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.—*English Translation.*

Few mansions have equal claims to a place in this series with the subject of our present notice. Castle Hyde, the seat of John Hyde, Esq. is within a mile of the town of Fermey, in the county of Cork. The principal entrance is a massive iron gateway supported by stone piers, on which two sphynxes, sculptured in marble, are seated. The spacious avenue leads to the Blackwater river, and, turning suddenly toward the east, opens to the visitor a scene of surpassing loveliness. The house fronts the river, a solid substantial mansion, consisting of a square centre with wings; a flight of steps conducts to the hall door, and the internal accommodation combines comfort with elegance. Dark woods clothe the banks, and in the distance the river loses itself in the dense shade formed by the overarching trees; a range of gently swelling hills rise on the opposite bank, broken and clothed by clumps of forest trees of great size and every variety, while the hoary head of Cairn-Thierna-mountain, soars aloft like a presiding deity, specially entrusted by Nature with the guardianship of the place. Close behind the house is a vast ledge of rock, called in ancient times *Carrig-a-neady*, i.e. the rock of the Shield, and there on the top of this cliff, like a veteran eagle in his eyry, is an ivy mantled tower proudly

————— breathing stern farewells,
To grey and leafy walls, where ruin grimly dwells.

What I love in Castle Hyde, is the charm of history which it bespeaks. There is no present to awaken the dreamer from his vision of the past. In all seasons—at all times—there is a solemn solitary feeling induced by the old tower, and the solitude of the dwelling, and the stillness of the wide, old woods, that conduces to recall the days when the ancestor of the present possessor led the forces of England against the Irish Kerne. The lofty site of the castle reminds the beholder of the insecurity of the time when portcullis, and ballium-moat and wall was required to resist the foeman, and he marks how, in later years, when peace, love, and order were established in the land, the lord of the manor was no longer obliged to climb to his aerial castle, but, sheltered and protected by the absence of danger, descended from his altitude, and erected his mansion on the spreading lawn. The gardens in the rear of the house are of great extent and kept in exquisite order. Castle Hyde Church, within the precincts of the demesne, is a tasteful Gothic edifice. The interior is richly groined and stuccoed. The aisle is lighted by a window of stained glass. The gallery and pews

are formed of oak grown on the demesne. Many tasteful monuments in the neighbouring churchyard betoken the respect of the living to the memory of the dead.

The Hydes, of Castle Hyde, are a very ancient and distinguished race. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Arthur Hyde, ancestor of the present possessor, obtained as a reward for his military services a grant of 6000 acres of the land forfeited by the Earl of Desmond. A full account of the various members of the peerage closely connected with this family would fill a long chapter.* The present representative is the eldest son of the late John Hyde, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Lord Lismore. One of his sisters is married to Robert McCarthy, of Carrignavar, who is noticed in the article on the Survivors of the Milesians,† as the descendant of the McCarthy Mores, Kings of Desmond.

The rides and drives through this extensive demesne are of great beauty. The broad Blackwater glides along fair fertile meadows, affording pasturage to the more domestic cattle, with herds of deer roaming along the highlands, and the sunbeams glitter on the ripples as the fish leap to the surface of the stream. The shadows of the majestic trees often fling a sombre hue over the cement, and the bleak hills in the distance form a scene of rugged wildness. Then that river, as it flows to the sea, what recollections does it not recall? How often has its dark tide been crimsoned with the blood of the native Irish or the invading English! How often has the trumpet of war roused the echoes along its banks as it flowed through the scene of strife! Peaceful is the scene now presented! and different from the pictures which passed across my mind, is the following tribute of a distinguished classic writer, and a rustic muse, to the striking and celebrated beauties of this choice casket of Nature's gems :

"HAY ΠΥΡΓ" "ΥΔΕΟΝ.

SWEET CASTLE HYDE.

Βαδίζων ἀρτι ἤματι θερινῷ
Παρ' οὐχθας κρηνης μελινύδρου,
Ἐχαιρον ἰδεῖν καλλι εἰρινῷ
Στιλβοντας κηπους Πυργ' Ὑδεον.
Ἐνταυθ' ἀκουσεις ορνεις μελποντας,
Τρηρωνος ὠδην και κορακιον,
Ἀμνους μεν οψειαι και αθυροντας—
Κοσμημα μεγα Πυργ' Ὑδεον.

As I roved out on a Summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming,
And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
The dove and partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting each night and morning,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

Ἦρωες εἰ μεν χωροῖς πλωειν
Ἀλλοτριοῖς εἰς τὸ νησιον,
Ἐν ἔλῃ ταυτῇ κρεας φανοιεν
Ἡμετεροὶ ὡς γε προτερον
Τὸ πνευμ' οικισκου του ἕγεινον
Ἐν κραδιῃν μεν ἀρεσκοῖ σου,
Ἰμεροεν παντ' ἐστ' ἐρατεινον
Ἀμφ' ἀλσεα γαρ Πυργ' Ὑδεον.

If noble princes from foreign places
Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
It is in this valley they could be feasted,
As often heroes had done before.
The wholesome air of this habitation,
Would recreate your heart with pride
There is no valley throughout this nation,
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

Ἐν λιμνῇ ἴσταται νεως μεν ψυχας
Ἡγεμονων σωζειν, ἀλλα προς
Θεους μηδεποτε λεγουσιν ευχας
Πυργος γαρ ἐστι τουτων ουρανος
Βοες και εἰσιν, ταυροι τε ἵπποι,
Ἐστ' ἀλωπηξι ἀντρον δηπου,
Οἱες εἰσιν ονοι και πίπποι
Ἐν ταις ἀρονραις Πυργ' Ὑδεον.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour
Where nobles often in their coaches ride,
To view the streams and pleasant gardens
That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde.
There are fine horses and stall-fed oxen,
And a den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheeping
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

* Vide Burke's Landed Gentry,—Hyde, of Castle Hyde.

† Vol. ii. p. 366.

Τουτοις μεν δρυμοις ανθων ανασσα,
 'Ρόδον ζηλοει το λειριον,
 'Ο κοσμος ευρυς και ιερνα πασα
 Ουκ εχει χωρον ευφορο τερον.
 Ο ελαφος τ' αιετος παιζουσι
 Συν αλωπηξι παραποταμω,
 Ιχθυες αι και πεσσειουσι,
 Καλησι ροης εν Πυργ-Υδεω

The richest groves in this Irish nation
 In fine plantations you'll find them there,
 The rose, the tulip, and fine carnation,
 All vie with the lily fair.
 The buck, the doe, the fox, the eagle,
 Do skip and play by the river side,
 The trout and salmon they play backgammon
 In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

Βλαρνεας υλαιο και Βαλλη-Κενεαλη.
 Το θωμασ-αστυ και Ιλαρον,
 Ραθκορμακος τε φιλ' Αββηφαιλη
 Θαμα μεν κραδινη εβασκανον,
 Εωρακν μεν Σεννανον ροαζ
 Βαρρον ρεεθρα και Βρυδεου
 ΑΛΛ' ουδαμ' οψω ρεεθρ'η ποαζ,
 Ομοια τουτων Πυργ-Υδεου.

I rode from Blarney to Bally-Kenealy,
 To Thomastown and sweet Donevaile,
 To sweet Kilshannock and gay Rathcormack
 Besides Killarney and Abbeyfail,
 The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne,
 The flowing Banow, and rapid Bride,
 But, in all my ranging and serenading,
 I saw no equal to Castle Hyde.

Mitchelstown Castle, co. Cork.

The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
 The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
 The flanking towers that round it sweep
 In yellow lustre shone.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE visitor on beholding the magnificent hill which now looms before us, covering many a fair rood of ground, must be dead to every feeling of emotion if he deny the intimate association between greatness of rank and the respect which it inspires when devoted to its proper objects. This castle is in every way worthy of the ancient lineage of the nobleman who built it, and the vast extent of territory which owns its sway. The sight wanders with a thrill of pleasure from tower to tower, from battlement to battlement, and becomes awed with the fulness of the feudal pile. The situation is commanding—without approaching elevation. The avenue slopes down from the entrance, then up a slight ascent, on the summit of which stands the majestic castle. The building forms three sides of a spacious quadrangle—a raised stone terrace occupies the fourth. The great portal of the building faces the east, it consists of a lofty archway with groined roof opening on a pannelled oaken doorway. The archway is flanked by a tower on each side one hundred and sixty feet in height. The view from these towers is very extensive. A horizon of lofty mountains—the Galtees—the Coomeragh and Knockmildown form a barrier that reach the skies on the verge of the horizon. One of the lofty towers, called “the White Knight’s Tower,” occupies the site of the former castle built by Fitz-Gibbon the White Knight. Several conflicts occurred here respecting that keep. It was reduced by the insurgents in the disastrous rebellion of 1641, but was speedily retaken. The Earl of Castlehaven afterwards, in 1645, laid siege to and took it. The present spacious edifice is of recent erection. The interior is in every way uniform with the exterior. A magnificent hall with groined roof leads to the saloon, eighty feet in length, with roof embellished with tracery and stucco, two fire-places of bronze, made for the late Duke of York, having knights in complete armour on either side, are in this apartment. A noble suite of rooms—dining-room—library—ante-room and drawing-room—run parallel. The gardens are very well kept. The conser-

vatory, perhaps the most extensive in this kingdom, the frontage being five hundred feet, contains the choicest exotics and finest grapery in Ireland.

The family do not trace back their patent of nobility to a very remote period. Sir John King was the first who was raised to the title of Baron Kingston by King Charles II. for his zeal in restoring the monarchy.* Long previous to this however the family had settled in Ireland, where Sir John King obtained large territorial possessions from Queen Elizabeth and James I.

A great portion of the immense possessions of the Earl of Kingston are derived from the marriage of Sir John King, Baron Kingston, with Catherine, daughter of Sir William Fenton, Knight, who intermarried with Margaret Fitz-Gerald, sole heiress to the descendant of the celebrated White Knight, Edmund Fitz-Gibbon. This turbulent chieftain occupies no inconsiderable space in the annals of Ireland, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was a Geraldine, and lies buried in Kilmalloch, where Mr. Crofton Croker was able to decypher the following inscription on his tomb.

I. H. S.

HIC TVMVLVS ERECTVS FV
IT IN MEMORIAM ILLIVS STE
MMATIS GERALDINORVM QVI
VVLGO VOCANTVR EQVITES
ALBI.
IOHONNES CVM FILIO SVO
EDMVNDO ET MAVRICIO FI
LIO PREEFATI EDMVNDI
ET MVLTII ALII EIVSDEM FAMIL
IEE HIC TVMVLANTVR.

Clifford, co. Cork.

THIS delightful seat of the Lloyd family is one of those rural mansions that form so agreeable a retreat from the bustle and vanity of a town sojourn. It lies in the midst of a highly picturesque country, having a considerable extent of diversified ground adjoining the house, and objects of interest to the antiquarian scattered on every side. The edifice, a pretty and commodious residence with projecting wings, forms a handsome feature in the landscape, and is not inaptly described by the following lines engraved on a tablet in the hall:—

“ Parva domus! nemorosa quies,
Sis tu quoque nostris hospitium laribus
Subsidium diu: postes tuas Flora ornet
Pomonaque mensas.”

The river Blackwater serves as the boundary of the demesne on the south bank, and extensive woodlands lend a grateful shade to the rambler through the grounds. On the opposite banks rises a ledge of rock crowned with the embattled towers of Carrignacouny—(i.e. the rabbit rock) formerly the residence of Sir Richard Nagle, Knight, Attorney-General to King James II. and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. The views from the windows of the mansion are very picturesque. The river flows through a deep glen, and the castled crag with the venerable walls form a fine contrast to

* Burke's Peerage and Baronetage

the dark ridge of heathery mountains behind. In a secluded dell of the domain is a handsome pedestal, bearing an urn of considerable size. The trees have closed over the spot, and its lonely situation excite thoughts and feelings well suited to the *genii loci*. This urn was placed here, as an inscription testifies, by Richard Martin; he was the former proprietor of this beautiful spot.

Monumentum hocce
Diis manibus R.M. posuit
A D. 1790.

Quisquis hoc sustulerit
Aut jusserit : ultimus
Suorum moriatur.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor : neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Vivus seu mortuus
Cor hic quiescit.
Quiescat !

“ Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete.
Sat me lesistis, ludite nunc alios.”

The Lloyds of Clifford are of great respectability in this county. Bartholomew Lloyd, Esq., Barrister at Law, recently married the daughter of William Brooke, Esq. Q.C., Master in Chancery in Ireland.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF EDWARD COURTENAY, EARL OF DEVON,
AND HIS COUNTESS, IN THE CHURCH OF TIVERTON.

Ho ! ho ! who lies here ?
’Tis I, the good Earl of Devonshire,
With Kate my wife, to me full dear.
We lived together 55 year.
That we spent, we had
That we left, we lost
That we gave, we have.

PRESENTATIONS AT THE COURT OF QUEEN
VICTORIA.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.

27th MARCH, 1847.

- In the Diplomatic Circle, the following presentations took place ;
- By the Countess Dietrichstein, wife of the Austrian Ambassador—
The Countess Keglevics.
- By Madame Bunsen, wife of the Prussian Minister—
Mrs. Ernest Bunsen, on her marriage; Miss Mary Bunsen, her third daughter.
- By the Viscountess Palmerston, wife of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—
Madame Iturregui, wife of the Peruvian Minister.
Mrs. Bancroft, wife of the American Minister.
Madame de Tacon, wife of the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires.
The Baroness Linden (Hon. Miss Affleck), wife of the Secretary of the Wirtemberg Legation.
- By the Count Dietrichstein, Austrian Ambassador—
Le Comte Jean Keglevics, Chambellan et Conseiller Intime de sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Autriche, et Grand Echanson d'Hongrie.
Major L. Kudriaffsky, Capitaine Wisiach, Capitaine Mollinary, Lieutenant Rede, and Lieutenant Henry Hoffmar, Officers in the Imperial Service.
- By the Baron de Brunnow, Russian Minister—
His Excellency M. de Titow, Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plenipotentiaire de sa Majesté l'Empereur de Russie près la Sublime Porte Ottomane.
- By the Commandeur Marques Lisboa, Brazilian Minister—
Captain J. J. Ignacio, Commander of the Imperial Brazilian frigate Constituicao.
- By the Count Revel, Sardinian Chargé d'Affaires—
The Count d'Aiglie, of the Piedmontese Service.
After the reception of the Diplomatic Corps, the general company were introduced, and the following ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty :—
Lady Rolfe, by Lady Langdale. Lady Rolfe is wife of the learned Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, and youngest daughter of the late Thomas William Carr, Esq. of Frognell. Her marriage took place in 1845.
Lady Guernsey, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Ormonde. Her ladyship, the heiress of the Wyse of Offchurchbury, co. Warwick, was married last year to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford.
Lady Charlotte Elliott, by the Countess Grey. Lady Charlotte Elliott is third daughter of the Earl of Minto, and next sister to Lady John Russell.
Lady Juliana Knox, and Lady Flora Knox, by the Countess of Ranfurly. Ladies Juliana and Flora Knox are the 4th and 5th daughters of the Earl of Ranfurly, and granddaughters (through their mother) of the late Dr. Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh. The family of Knox has been settled in the north of Ireland, in high repute, since the close of the 17th century : it claims kindred with the celebrated Reformer, John Knox.
The Lady Mayoress, by the Countess of Clarendon.
Viscountess Hardinge, on Lord Hardinge being created a Peer, by Lady Peel. Lady Hardinge, formerly

- Lady Emily Vane, is daughter of Robert, 1st Marquess of Londonderry, and granddaughter maternally of the great Lord Camden. She has been twice married, 1st, to John James, Esq. who died in 1818. and 2ndly, in 1821, to her present husband. By the former, her ladyship has one son, Sir Walter Charles James, Bart. of Langley Hall, Berks; and by the latter, two sons and two daughters.
- The Viscountess Falkland, on returning from abroad, by the Countess of Rosebery. Lady Falkland is youngest sister of the late Earl of Munster, and of the Lords Frederick, Adolphus, and Augustus Fitzclarence. Her marriage to Lord Falkland (now Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia) bears date in 1830, and its issue is an only son.
- Lady M'Leod, by Lady Gardiner.
- Viscountess Bury, by Baroness North. Lady Bury is wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle.
- Lady Albreda Elizabeth Wentworth Fitzwilliam, by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden. Lady Albreda Fitzwilliam is youngest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam, by Mary his wife, daughter of Thomas Lord Dundas, whose youngest daughter, Isabella, widow of John Charles Ramsden, Esq. is the lady by whom the presentation was made.
- Countess of Dundonald, by the Dowager Lady Napier. Lady Dundonald, the wife of the gallant and preeminently distinguished naval commander so well known as Lord Cochrane, is daughter of Thomas Barnes, Esq. of Romford, in Essex. She has four sons and one daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Katherine Fleming, of Stoneham Park, Hants.
- Lady Vincent, on her return from the continent, by the Countess of Rosebery. Lady Vincent, the wife of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. is only child of the late Hon. Charles Herbert, R.N. and granddaughter of the first Earl of Carnarvon. The Vincent family is nearly allied to the noble house of Rosebery, Neil, late Earl, having married Mary, only daughter of Sir Francis Vincent, the 7th Bart.
- Lady Alfred Hervey, by Lady Katherine Jermyn. Her ladyship, dau. of Lieut.-Col. John Chester, was married to Lord Alfred Hervey, M.P. youngest son of the Marquess of Bristol, in 1845. Lady Katherine Jermyn, by whom she was presented, is wife of her brother-in-law, Lord Jermyn, and daughter of the Duke of Rutland.
- Lady Ferguson Davie, on taking the name of Davie, by Lady Mary Stephenson. Lady Ferguson Davie, sister and heiress of Sir John Davie, the 9th Bart. of Creedy, married Col. Henry Robert Ferguson, and assumed, with her husband, in 1846, the name and arms of Davie. In the same year, the old Baronetcy of her family was revived in favour of Col. Ferguson.
- Lady Duff Gordon, by the Countess of Charlemont. Lady Gordon is only child of John Austin, Esq. and was married in 1840 to Sir Alexander Cornwall Duff Gordon, Bart. of Halkin.
- The Hon. Mrs. Kerr, by the Viscountess Hardinge. Mrs. Kerr is youngest daughter of Hans, 3rd Lord Dufferin, and was married in 1842 to David Stewart Kerr, Esq. M.P. eldest son of David Kerr, Esq. of Portavo, and nephew, maternally, of the Marquess of Londonderry, and of the lady by whom Mrs. Kerr was presented.
- The Hon. Mrs. Skeffington, by the Countess of Charlemont.
- The Hon. Mrs. Dundas, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden. Mrs. Dundas is daughter of James Talbot, Esq. of Talbot Hall, co. Wexford, and wife of the Hon. John Charles Dundas, Lord Lieutenant of Orkney, brother of the Earl of Zetland. Mrs. Ramsden is Mrs. Dundas's aunt.
- The Hon. Mrs. George Cadogan, on her marriage, by Viscountess Chelsea. Mrs. Cadogan is wife of Capt. Cadogan, of the Grenadier Guards, 2nd son of Earl Cadogan.
- The Hon. Mrs. Mortimer Sackville West, on her marriage, by the Countess Delawar. Mrs. Sackville West, youngest daughter of Major General Dickson, was married on the 14th of last January, to Capt. the Hon. Mortimer Sackville West, 4th son of Earl Delawarr.
- Mrs. Field-Marshal Grosvenor, by

- the Duchess of Bedford. Mrs. Grosvenor, daughter of George Wilbraham, Esq. of Delamere, in Cheshire, is the 2nd wife of Field Marshal Thomas Grosvenor, 1st cousin of the late Marquess of Westminster.
- Mrs. Mountain, by the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden.
- Mrs. Master, by the Countess Delawarr.
- Mrs. Charles Bentinck, by Mrs. Henry Bentinck.
- Mrs. Leopold Paget, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley Paget. Mrs. Leopold Paget, only child of the Rev. J. F. Moore Halsey, of Gaddesden Park, Herts, was married on the 3rd of last November to Leopold Grimston Paget, Esq. Roy. Art. youngest son of the late Hon. Berkeley Paget, and nephew of the Marquess of Anglesey.
- Mrs. Henry Robarts, on her marriage, by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle.
- Mrs. Hugh Seymour, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley. Mrs. Seymour is daughter of General Robert Ellice. Her marriage to Hugh Horatio Seymour, Esq. only son of Col. Hugh Seymour, by Charlotte his wife, dau. of George, 1st Marquess of Cholmondeley, and grandson of Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, took place 4th Nov. last.
- Mrs. Sheriff Kennard, by the Countess of Clarendon.
- Mrs. Perfect, by the Viscountess Duncan.
- Mrs. Torrens M'Cullagh, by Mrs. Labouchere.
- Mrs. Horne, on her marriage, by Hon. Lady Capel.
- Mrs. Heneage Dering, on her marriage, by Lady Katherine Jermyn. Mrs. Heneage Dering is youngest daughter of the late Clotworthy Upton, Esq. R.N. Her marriage took place on the 21st of January last. Mr. Heneage Dering is elder son of Cholmeley Dering, Esq. of Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts, and first cousin of Sir Edward Cholmeley Dering, Bart. of Surrenden Dering, Kent.
- Mrs. Halstead Cobden, by her mother, the Lady Mayoress.
- Mrs. Lewis Knight Bruce, on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. Newte. This lady is wife and first cousin of James Lewis Knight Bruce, Esq. 2nd son of the Vice Chancellor.
- Mrs. Harcourt, on her marriage, by Viscountess Mahon. Mrs. Harcourt is only daughter of G. Lucas, Esq. of Newport Pagnell, and wife of George Simon Harcourt, Esq. of Ankerwycke, Bucks, formerly M.P. for that county, and male representative of the great house of Harcourt.
- Mrs. Chandos Wren Hoskyns, on her marriage, by the Countess of Clarendon. This lady, the second wife of Mr. Wren Hoskyns, to whom she was married 9th July, 1846, is youngest daughter of Charles Milner Ricketts, Esq. Her husband, the 2nd son of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart. of Harewood, assumed the surname and arms of WREN, on his first marriage with Theodosia Anne Maria, daughter and heir of Christopher Roberts Wren, Esq. of Wroxhall Abbey, co. Warwick, the descendant of the famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren.
- Mrs. John Martin, on her marriage, by Mrs. Henry Labouchere. Mrs. Martin, eldest daughter of Evan Hamilton Bailie, Esq. of Gloucester Place, is wife of John Martin, Esq. M.P., of Berkeley Square and Ledbury.
- Mrs. Henry Liddell, on her marriage, by the Countess of Charlemont.
- Mrs. Hutton, by the Countess Dowager de Salis.
- Mrs. Cornewall, by the Countess of Charlemont.
- Mrs. Antrobus, on her marriage, by Lady Antrobus.
- Mrs. Clark, by the Hon. Lady Capel.
- Mrs. Robert Reid, by the Countess of Gainsborough.
- Mrs. Borthwick, by Mrs. Bax.
- Mrs. Holland, by the Duchess of Sutherland.
- Mrs. Rolleston, on her marriage, by her aunt, Lady Mary Stanley. This lady, the daughter of Robert Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck, co. Inverness, and granddaughter, maternally, of the late Earl of Lauderdale, was married a few months since to Col. Rolleston, of Rolleston, Notts.
- Miss Catherine Westcombe, by her mother, Mrs. Westcomb.

- Miss Parke, by her mother, Lady Parke.
- Miss Gertrude Catherine Law, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Law. This young lady is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Evan Law, M.P. Recorder of London, and niece of the Earl of Ellenborough. Her eldest sister is married to Lord Kilmaine.
- Miss Georgiana Fitz Roy, by her mother, Lady Charles Fitz Roy. Miss G. Fitz Roy is the younger daughter of Lord Charles Fitz Roy, niece of the Duke of Grafton, and granddaughter, maternally, of the late Earl of Burlington.
- Miss Hobhouse, by the Countess of Dalhousie. The elder daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart. President of the Board of Control, this young lady is niece, maternally, of the Countess of Dalhousie, by whom she was presented.
- Miss Rosa Platt, by her mother, Mrs. Samuel Platt.
- Miss Helen Fraser, by the Countess of Gainsborough.
- Miss Hatton, by Mrs. Hatton.
- Miss Fanny Hatton, by Mrs. Hatton.
- Miss Eleonora Campbell, by Mrs. Water Campbell.
- Miss Alice Berkeley, by her mother, Mrs. Grenville Berkeley. Miss Alice Berkeley is elder daughter of Charles Lennox Grenville Berkeley, Esq. by Augusta, his wife, sister of Chandos, Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, and granddaughter of the Hon. Sir George Berkeley, by his wife, the Lady Emily Lennox.
- Miss Agnes Kindersley, by her mother, Mrs. Kindersley.
- Miss Elizabeth Lennox, by her mother, Lady George Lennox. This young lady is niece of the Duke of Richmond.
- Miss Canning, by Lady Canning. This young lady is dau. of the R. H. Sir Stratford Canning, G.C.B. and cousin of the late George Canning, the celebrated statesman.
- Miss Stephenson, by Lady Mary Stephenson.
- Miss Penryhn, and Miss Emma Penryhn, by the Hon. Mrs. Stanley. The Miss Penryhns are daus. of Edward Penryhn, Esq. by Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Stanley, his wife, dau. of the Earl of Derby.
- Miss Georgiana Hely Hutchinson, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hely Hutchinson. Miss Hutchinson's father, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Henry Hely Hutchinson, is next brother to the Earl of Donoughmore, and her mother, Harriet, was the widow of the Hon. Frederick Silvester North Douglas, and dau. of William Wrightson, Esq. of Cusworth.
- Miss Adam, by Lady Adam. This young lady is dau. of Admiral Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B., of Barnes, Clackmannanshire, and niece maternally of the Countess of Minto.
- Miss Cowper, by Lady Graham.
- Miss Mary Talfourd, dau. of the eminent lawyer and poet, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, by Mrs. Talfourd.
- Miss Louisa Pole Stuart, by her mother, Mrs. William Stuart. Miss Stuart is youngest dau. of William Stuart, Esq. of Alderham Abbey, Herts, by Henrietta, his wife, dau. of Admiral Sir C. M. Pole, Bart. ; and granddau. of William Stuart, D.D. Archbishop of Armagh, fifth son of the celebrated favourite of George III., John, third Earl of Bute.
- Miss Perfect, by the Viscountess Duncan.
- Miss Breton, by Mrs. Holloway.
- Miss Montagu, by her mother the Hon. Mrs. Montagu.
- Miss Elliot, and Miss Cecilia Elliot, by the Hon. Mrs. Elliot. The Miss Elliots are daus. of Admiral, the Hon. George Elliot, C.B. next brother to the Earl of Minto.
- Miss Harriet Neville, by Mrs. Ralph Neville. Miss Harriet Neville is youngest dau. of the Hon. and Rev. George Neville Grenville, M.A. Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, niece of Lord Braybrooke, and sister of Ralph Neville, Esq. M.P. for Windsor, whose wife is the lady by whom the presentation is made.
- Miss Caroline Smith, by her mother, Mrs. Abel Smith. Miss Smith's father is Abel Smith, Esq. of Woodhall Park, Herts, the eminent Banker, nephew of the first Lord Carrington, and her mother Frances-Anne, the second dau. of the late Sir Harry Calvert, Bart.
- Miss Holland, by Mrs. Holland.

- Miss Fawcett, by Viscountess Dun-
garvon.
- Miss Master, by Mrs. Master.
- Miss Louisa Prendergast, by her
mother, Mrs. G. Lennox Prender-
gast.
- Miss Rosalind Frankland, by Mrs.
Ralph Neville. Miss Frankland is
youngest dau. of Sir Robert Frank-
land Russell, Bart. of Thirkelby,
and sister to Mrs. Ralph Neville.
- Miss Georgiana Bathurst, by her
Grace the Duchess of Bedford.
- Miss Cornewall, by the Countess of
Charlemont.
- Miss Warrender, by the Hon. Mrs.
Warrender.
- Miss Esther Goulburn, by the Hon.
Mrs. Edward Goulburn. Miss
Goulburn is dau. of Mr. Serjeant
Goulburn, grand-dau. maternally
of the late Lord Chetwynd, and niece
of the Right-Hon. Henry Goulburn,
late Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- Miss Vincent, by her mother, Lady
Vincent.
- Miss Tighe, by her aunt, Lady James
Stuart. This young lady is eldest
dau. of Daniel Tighe Esq., of Ros-
sana, co. Wicklow, and niece of the
Right-Hon. William Frederick
Fownes Tighe, of Woodstock, co.
Kilkenny, representative of one of
the most influential families in Ire-
land. A member of the family, Mrs.
Henry Tighe, gained considerable
literary distinction by her poem of
"Psyche."
- Miss Murray, of Cringletie, by her
mother, Mrs. Murray. of Cringletie.
- Miss Standish, by her aunt Lady Caro-
line Russell.
- Miss Palmer, by Lady Palmer. Miss
Palmer is only dau. of Sir Roger
Palmer, Bart. of Castle Lackin,
co. Mayo, by Elenora, his wife,
dau. and coheir of John Matthews
Esq. of Eyarth and Plas Bostock,
co. Denbigh. The family of Pal-
mer, of Castle Lackin, which now
possesses vast estates in the sister
kingdom, derives from Edward
Palmer, brother of Sir Thomas
Palmer of Wingham, Bart., ancestor
of the Earl of Castlemain.
- Miss Russell, by her mother, Mrs.
Russell.
- Miss Fanny Fergusson Davie, by her
mother, Lady Fergusson Davie.
- Miss Helen Clarke, by her mother,
Mrs. Clarke.
- Miss Selina Smith, by Lady Thesiger.
- Miss Hawes, dau. of the M.P. for
Lambeth, by the Countess Grey.
- Miss Clarke, by her mother Mrs.
Clarke.
- Miss Horentia Liddell, by Viscountess
Chaisen.
- Miss Anne Fanshawe, by Mrs. Fan-
shawe.
- Miss F. Pennington, by Lady Thesi-
ger.
- Miss Ricketts, by her mother, Mrs.
Mordaunt Ricketts.
- Miss Charlotte Woodford, by her
mother Lady Woodford.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.

THURSDAY APRIL 15, 1847.

The following Ladies were presented :—

- Lady Louisa Agnew, on her marriage,
by the Countess of Gainsborough.
Her Ladyship is the eldest dau. of
Lord Gainsborough, and was mar-
ried in Aug. 1846, to Andrew Agnew
Esq. eldest son of Sir Andrew
Agnew, Bart. of Locknaw.
- Lady Hamilton Chichester, by the
Countess of Mount Edgecombe.
This lady is wife of Lord Hamilton
Chichester, son of the late Marquess
of Donegal, and sister of Lord
Wallscourt.
- Lady Hogg, by the Countess of St.
German's. Lady Hogg's husband
Sir James Weir Hogg, M.P. late
- Chairman of the East India Com-
pany, was created Baronet in last
July. Her ladyship is second dau.
of Samuel Swinton Esq. of Swin-
ton, co. Berwick.
- Lady Agnes Duff, on her marriage, by
the Hon. Lady Duff. Lady Agnes,
who is second dau. of the late Earl
of Errold, and niece of the late
Earl of Munster, was married 16th
March, 1846, to James Duff, Esq.,
M.P. elder son of the Hon. Sir
Alexander Duff, and nephew of the
Earl of Fife.
- The Countess Nelson, on her marriage,
by the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert.

- Lady Nelson is only dau. of the Earl of Normanton, and niece of the Earl of Pembroke.
- Viscountess Stopford, on her marriage, by Lady Sondes. Her Ladyship, who is second dau. of Lord Sondes, was married 3rd Sept. 1846, to Viscount Stopford, eldest son of the Earl of Courtown.
- The Countess Waldegrave, by Lady Radstock. Lady Waldegrave, who was previously widow of Edward Milward, Esq. of Hastings, was married to the present Earl of Waldegrave, 8th Dec. 1846.
- Viscountess Seaham, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Sutherland. The only dau. and heiress of Sir John Edwards, Bart. of Garth, co. Montgomery, her Ladyship was married 3rd Aug. 1846, to Viscount Seaham, eldest son of the Marquess of Londonderry, his second wife.
- Viscountess Castlereagh, by the Countess of Gainsborough.
- Viscountess Ebrington, on her marriage, by Countess Fortescue. Lady Ebrington, eldest dau. of the Hon. Colonel Dawson Damer, was married on the 11th of March.
- The Countess Dowager of Glasgow, by Lady Frederick Fitzclarence.
- Lady Harington, on her marriage, by Viscountess Hardinge. This Lady, the dau. of J. S. Brownrigg Esq. M.P. was married 26th Oct. 1846, to Sir John Edward Harington, Bart. of Ridlington.
- Lady Emma Plunkett, by the Countess of Finghall, her mother.
- Lady Anson, by her mother, Lady Elizabeth Reynell. Lady Anson, is dau. of the late distinguished military officer, Sir Denis Pack, K.C.B. and granddau. maternally of George 1st Marquess of Waterford. Her husband, Sir John William Hamilton Anson, succeeded to the Baronetcy at the decease, in January last, of his father General Sir William Anson of Birchhall.
- Lady John Hay, by Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere. Her Ladyship, the eldest dau. of the late Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, the chief of that gallant and chivalrous race, was married in September last, to Captain Lord John Hay, R.N.C.B. brother of the Marquess of Tweed-
- dale. The lady by whom she was presented is one of the sisters of that nobleman.
- Lady Wharnccliffe, by the Countess Fortescue. By the death of the late Lord Warnecliffe, in Dec. 1845, the title devolved on his son, the Hon. John Stuart Watley, whose wife, Georgiana Elizabeth, third dau. of Dudley, Earl of Harrowby, and sister of the late Countess, Fortescue, is the lady presented.
- Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, by Countess Waldegrave. Lady Elizabeth is eldest dau. of the present Earl Waldegrave.
- Lady Carmichael, by Lady Butler.
- Lady Laura Waldegrave, by Countess Waldegrave. Lady Laura is second dau. of Earl Waldegrave.
- Lady Fanny Hay, by the Dowager Countess of Erroll. Lady F. Hay is elder dau. of William 15th Earl of Erroll, by Harriet, his second wife, sister of Lord Somerville.
- Lady Diana Boyle, by her mother, the Countess Dowager of Glasgow.
- Hon. Mrs. Stapleton Cotton, on her marriage, by Viscountess Combermere.
- The Hon. Emily Harbord, (dau. of the late Lord Suffield), by her sister, the Hon. Mrs. G. E. Anson.
- The Hon. Mrs. Gough, on her marriage, by Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere. Mrs. Gough, dau. of the late George Arbuthnot Esq. of Ederslie, Surrey, was married 3rd June 1846 to the Hon. George Stephens Gough, only son of the gallant Lord Gough, so eminently distinguished in the late war of the Punjaub.
- The Hon. Mrs. James Stuart Wortley, on her marriage, by Lady Wharnccliffe.
- Lady Tyler, by Mrs. Pepys. Her Ladyship is wife of Sir George Tyler K.H. of Cottrell, co. Glamorgan, dau. of the late Right Hon. John Sullivan, of Richings Park, Bucks, and sister of Mrs. Pepys, the lady by whom she was presented.
- Lady Pakington, by her mother, Lady Sarah Murray. In the course of last year, Sir John Somerset Pakington M.P. of Westwood, the representative of the eminent House of Pakington, of Worcestershire, was created a Baronet. His wife, the lady presented, is dau. of

- Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, grand-dau. of the 9th Earl of Kin-noul, and great grand-dau. of John, 3rd Duke of Atholl.
- Hon. Miss Russell, by her mother, the Baroness de Clifford.
- The Hon. Frances Manners Sutton, by the Hon. Mrs. Saunderson. Miss Manners Sutton is only dau. of the late Lord Canterbury, by his second wife, Ellen, sister of the Countess of Blessington. Mrs. Saunderson, by whom she was presented, is her half sister.
- Lady Susan Leslie Melville, by her mother, the Countess of Leven and Melville.
- Lady Cockburn, by the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson.
- Lady Elizabeth Lawley, on her marriage, by Lady Wenlock. Her ladyship, third dau. of the Marquess of Westminster, was married on the 28th of last Nov. to the Hon. Beilby Lawley, eld. son of Lord Wenlock.
- Lady Malet, by the Viscountess Palmerston. Lady Malet is wife of Sir Alexander Malet, Bart. of Wilbury House, Wilts, dau. of John Spalding, Esq. of the Holm, and step-dau. of Lord Brougham.
- Lady Adeliza Fitzalan Howard, by the Duchess of Norfolk. Lady Adeliza Howard is youngest dau. of the Duke of Norfolk, and niece of the Duke of Sutherland.
- Lady Virginia Tylour, (youngest dau. of the Marquess of Headfort) by the Duchess of Sutherland.
- Lady Harriet Pelham, by the Countess of Chichester. Lady Harriet is eldest dau. of the present Earl of Chichester, and niece maternally of the Earl of Cardigan.
- Lady Henrietta Plunkett, (younger dau. of the Earl of Fingall), by the Countess of Fingall.
- Hon. Lady Mostyn, on her marriage, by Lady Harriet Lloyd Mostyn. Lady Mostyn, the second dau. of Lord Lovat, was married in 1844 to Sir Piers Mostyn Bart. of Talacre.
- The Hon. Mrs. Barrington, on her marriage, by Lady Caroline Barrington: Mrs. Barrington is only child of the late John Morrit, Esq. Jun. of Rokeby Park, co. York, and wife of the Hon. George William Barrington, eldest son of Lord Barrington. Lady Caroline Barrington, by whom she was presented, is the widow of Mr. Barrington's uncle, the Hon. Capt. Geo. Barrington, and dau. of the late Earl Grey.
- The Hon. Ellinor Napier, by her mother, Dowager Lady Napier.
- Mrs. Mark Wood, on her marriage, by Lady Templemore.
- Mrs. Robert Alexander, on her marriage, by Lady Elizabeth Reynell.
- Mrs. Arthur E. Onslow, on her marriage, by Lady Easthope. Mrs. Onslow, the second dau. of Chesterfield Gayford, Esq. of Old Bond Street, was married a few months since to Arthur Robert Onslow, Esq. youngest son of the late General Onslow.
- Mrs. Lumley, on her marriage, by Lady Eliabeth Drummond.
- Mrs. William Cooper, on her marriage, by Mrs. Cooper, of Pains Hill.
- Mrs. John Dalrymple, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Norfolk.
- Mrs. Colonel Everest, on her marriage, by the Baroness de Clifford. Mrs. Everest is eldest dau. of Thomas Wing, Esq. of Gray's Inn and Hampstead. Her marriage to Lieut.-Col. George Everest, F.R.S. of Claybrook Hall, Leicestershire, late Surveyor-General of India, took place on the 17th of last November.
- The Hon. Mrs. Edward Grimston, by the Countess of Clarendon. Mrs. Grimston is eldest dau. of John Morier, Esq. and wife of the Hon. Edward Harbottle Grimston, second son of the Earl of Verulam. She is, consequently, sister-in-law of the Countess of Clarendon.
- Hon. Lucy Georgina Neville, by her mother, Lady Braybrooke.
- Mrs. Henry Heathcote, by Countess Spencer.
- Mrs. Fellowes, by Lady Harriet Lloyd Mostyn.
- Mrs. M'Taggart, by Mrs. Gordon.
- Mrs. W. H. Molyneux, by Lady Dalrymple.
- Mrs. Selwin, by the Countess of St. Germans.
- Mrs. Gilbert, by the Lady Elizabeth Reynell.
- Mrs. Hasler, by Mrs. Wyndham. This lady is wife of Richard Hasler, Esq. J. P. of Aldingbourne, Sussex, the representative of a family long settled in that county, and dau. of the late Hon. William Wyndham.

- Mrs. R. D. H. Macdonald, by the Countess of Eglinton.
- Miss Frances Maria Wigram, by her aunt, Lady Fitzwygram.
- Miss Blanche Whately, and Miss Henrietta Whately, by Mrs. Whately.
- Mrs. William Page Wood, by Mrs. Chandos Wren Hoskyns. Mrs. Wood is the wife of William Page Wood, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, second son of the late Sir Matthew Wood, Bart.
- Mrs. Fortescue Turvile, *née* Baronne de Lanckin, by Lady Camoys. Mrs. Turvile is dau. of the Baron Adolph Von Der Lanckin, of Galenbeck, in the Duchy of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, Chamberlain to the Grand Duke of that Principality. Her husband, George Fortescue Turvile, Esq. of Husband's Bosworth, co. Leicester, represents the ancient Norman family of Tourville, established in England at the period of the Conquest, and seated for many generations after at Normanton Turvile, co. Leicester.
- Mrs. Charles Drinkwater Bethune, by the Countess of Ducie.
- Miss Tyler, and Miss Maria Tyler, by their mother, Lady Tyler.
- Miss Gilbert, by her mother, Mrs. Gilbert.
- Miss Stopford Blair, by Mrs. Lambert Blair.
- Miss Selwin, by her mother, Lady Selwin.
- Miss Caroline Wyndham, by Mrs. Wyndham.
- Miss Lawson, by Lady Braybrooke.
- Miss Arbutnot, (dau. of the late George Arbutnot, Esq. of Elderslie, Surrey), by her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Gough.
- Miss Fortescue Turvile, (only dau. of George Fortescue Turvile, Esq. of Husband's Bosworth, co. Leicester) by Lady Camoys.
- Miss Blanche Eveline Thornton, by her mother, Mrs. William Thornton.
- Miss Brigstocke, and Miss Emily Brigstocke, by their mother, Mrs. Brigstocke.
- Miss Marcia Lane Fox, by the Countess of Chichester.
- Miss Lee, and Miss Eleanor Lee, by their mother, Mrs. Lee.
- Miss Crookshank, by her aunt, Lady Kelly.
- Miss Wynne, by her mother, Mrs. C. G. Wynne.
- Miss Vere Gosling, by her mother,
- Mrs. Robert Gosling.
- Miss Cecilia Herbert, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. William Herbert. This young lady is niece of the late Earl of Carnarvon, being younger dau. of his lordship's brother, the Hon. and very Rev. William Herbert, LL.D., Dean of Manchester, by Letitia-Dorothea, his wife, dau. of Joshua, 5th Viscount Allen.
- Miss Ruddell Todd, by her mother, Mrs. Ruddell Todd.
- Miss Frances Shadwell, by her mother, Lady Shadwell. Miss Shadwell is dau. of the Rt. Hon. Sir Lanc. Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England.
- Miss Blanche Damer, by her mother, Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer. Miss B. Damer is sister of Viscountess Ebrington, third dau. of the Hon. Col. Geo. Dawson Damer, and niece of the late Earl of Portarlington.
- Miss Gordon, by her mother, Mrs. Col. Gordon.
- Miss Cockburn, by her mother, Lady Cockburn.
- Miss Miles, and Miss Emma Miles, by their mother, Mrs. Miles.
- Miss Rosamond Hill, by Lady Macgregor.
- Miss Penelope Monk, by her mother, Mrs. Monk.
- Miss Marcia Halford, by her mother, Mrs. Douglas Halford.
- Miss Jones, (of Llanarth), by the Countess of Fingall. Miss Jones is the only dau. of John Jones, Esq. of Llanarth, co. Monmouth, and niece, maternally, of the present Earl of Fingall.
- Miss Fellowes, by her mother, Mrs. Fellowes.
- Miss Sutton, by her aunt, Mrs. Henry Heathcote.
- Miss Lechmere, by her sister, Mrs. Evelyn Shirley. Miss Lechmere is younger dau. of Edmund Hungerford Lechmere, Esq. eldest son of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart. of the Rhyd, co. Worcester.
- Miss Butler, by Lady Butler.
- Miss Christie, by Lady Camoys.
- Miss Mostyn, by her mother, Lady Harriet Mostyn. Miss Mostyn is eldest dau. of the Hon. Edward M. Lloyd Mostyn, Esq. elder son of the present Lord Mostyn; and granddaughter, maternally, of the second Earl of Clonmell.
- Miss Pattle, and Miss Sophia Pattle, by their sister, Mrs. Hen. T. Prinsep.

THE FURTHER PROGRESS OF THE OPERA.

HER Majesty's Theatre continues to produce a successful succession of novel-
ties, which are marked by a pleasing variety to each other, and by an evi-
dent perseverance on the part of the management to fully carry out the
intentions displayed at the commencement of the season. The two grand
events of late at this theatre have been the reappearance of its great and
glorious basso Lablache, and the introduction to this country of Verdi's
Opera, "I Due Foscari." We commence our notice with the latter. "I
Due Foscari" was presented for the first time on the evening of Saturday
the 11th April, and was triumphantly received. The cast of the characters
was as follows :—

The Doge Foscari.....	Coletti.
Jacopo Foscari.....	Fraschini.
Loredano.....	Bouché
Barbarigo.....	Dai Fiori.
Fanti.....	Guidi.
Lucrezia.....	Signora Montenegro.
Pisana.....	Signora Solari.

The story of the two Foscari, immortalised by Byron and Goethe, is
historically this.

On the 15th of April, 1423, Francesco Foscari was elected Doge of Ve-
nice. Pietro Loredano, his competitor for the crown, exhibited such con-
tinued enmity to Foscari, that one day the latter exclaimed in the senate,
he should never be truly doge so long as Loredano lived. A few months
afterwards Pietro and his brother died suddenly,—poisoned, according to
Jacopo, the son of Pietro ; who so inscribed it on their tomb, and, in true
Venetian style of book-keeping, *debited* the Foscari, in his ledger, with *two
lives*.

Three sons of the doge soon died ; the last, Jacopo, accused of corrup-
tion, was condemned to exile. Shortly after, Donato, one of his judges,
was assassinated, and suspicion of his death falling on the proscribed, he was
brought to Venice, tortured, and again exiled. Jacopo wrote to the Duke
of Milan, asking him to intercede in his favour with the Council of Ten.
His letter being intercepted, he was again brought to Venice, tortured, con-
demned to a year's imprisonment, and his exile made perpetual. The un-
happy doge had witnessed, with Roman stoicism, the condemnation and
tortures of his son ; he saw him once again before his final departure, and
counselled resignation and obedience to the orders of the republic.

After some time, Erizzo, a Venetian noble, at the point of death, avowed
himself the murderer of Donato. The innocence of Jacopo thus established,
some senators demanded his rehabilitation ; but too late!—he had died in
his prison at Candia. In the meanwhile, the doge lived in solitude, rarely
coming to the council even. His implacable enemy, Jacopo Loredano, now

saw that his hour was come; and conducted his intrigues with such skill and energy, that Foscari was at last compelled to resign his crown. He refused a munificent pension, and on the 31st of October, 1457, as the bells rung in honour of his successor, he expired, overcome by emotion. Funeral honours were decreed to him as though he had been doge when he died, his successor, Malipieri, attending in his robes as senator only. Jacopo Loredano was now able to balance the account in his ledger, and he wrote accordingly,—*The Foscari have paid their debt.*

Or as Rogers tells it:—

“Francisco Foscari—for my father’s death,”
 Leaving a blank—to be fill’d up hereafter.
 When Foscari’s noble heart at length gave way,
 He took the volume from the shelf again
 Calmly, and with his pen fill’d up the blank,
 Inscribing, “He has paid me.”

The action of the opera commences with the second trial of Jacopo Foscari, and his condemnation to imprisonment and exile. It ends with the death of the father and son. The libretto by M. Piave, corresponds closely with Byron’s tragedy. Jacopo, the Doge’s son, tortured and persecuted by an ungrateful country, yet loving that country, its soil and its canals, with an intensity which made him prefer the rack to exile, is the tenor of the opera. His wife, Lucrezia, who is all sympathy with her unfortunate husband, is the *prima donna*. The old Doge, in whom the feelings of the father are brought into opposition with the duties of the ruler, and whose grief at the death of his son is increased into maddening rage by a deposition after an honourable reign for the unusual period of thirty-four years, is the baritone; and Loredano, he of the terrible “Ten” who was chiefly instrumental in the deposition of the elder Foscari, is a part for a *basso profundo*.

I Due Foscari is a very pleasing opera. It has less massiveness in its structure than *Nino*, and less prominence is given to the choruses. Still its choruses are conspicuous, being for the most part employed to represent the feelings of the Council of Ten—the feelings of the men of state who ignore all private considerations. Hence their music is generally of a stern, serious character, the only exception being a chorus of gondoliers in the third act. Of a flow of melody—of soft airs, there is no want, and these are generally introduced with a great regard to dramatic effect. They are pleasing throughout, and the manner in which the chorus is frequently brought in, taking up the melody of the principals, is worthy of a composer whose chief object, it is said, is dramatic illustration.

Fraschini sang in the character of Jacopo, evenly, clearly, and without that appearance of effort which was observable on former occasions, while the feeling which he infused into his song was immense. Signora Montenegro, a Spanish vocalist, who has been heard once or twice in this country, made her *debût* at this theatre in the character of Lucrezia. Her voice, is very sweet, and the intonation certain and faultless throughout, while she perfectly succeeds in giving expression to her music. As an actress she is excellent; her gestures are bold and impressive, and she is alike at home in the fire of indignation and the depression of agonizing grief. The character of Loredano was steadily sung by Bouché, whose firm voice, as usual, efficiently supports the concerted music.

But the grand impression was made by Coletti, as the Doge, Francesco

Foscari. His success in this character is something extraordinary, and those who have only heard him in his other parts may consider they have not yet heard him at all. The aspect of the Doge is in itself a work of art, and the rage and grief which he exhibits at the termination of the opera belong to those wonderful exhibitions which defy oblivion. The voice of Coletti is rich and full beyond description, and so firm that he can give vent to the most violent emotions without sacrificing the vocalist to the actor. The success he achieved was indeed a triumph.

At the end of the opera the enthusiasm was great; the plaudits awarded to the singing and acting of Coletti survived the fall of the curtain, and the principal actors were loudly called. "I Due Foscari," has since been repeated with equal satisfaction.

Need we say more of Signor Lablache, than that he is here again as magnificent as ever. He reappeared in "I Puritani"—the soul of the opera and the delight of a concourse who hailed his return with acclamations. "What," say the Italians, "is the world without Naples?" "What," might be also asked, "would be the lyric drama without Lablache?" Gardoni maintains his now acknowledged eminence in "I Puritani."

The ballet department has been enriched by the advent for the season of Lucile Grahn. After giving a fine Terpsichorean sketch as a "Bacchante," Mlle. Grahn has again taken her dramatic position as the heroine of a new ballet called "Orithia; ou le Camp des Amazones." This ballet is a very splendid affair: the plot tells of the loves and troubles of a beautiful and victorious amazon who is enamoured of her prisoner Alceis, a prince of the Massagetes; the representation is classically magnificent. In one scene the effect of a bivouac of Amazons is particularly striking. The picturesque attitudes of the women warriors as they recline on various portions of an acclivity, the day dawning upon them, and the distant trumpet summoning them to arms are happily conceived and artistically wrought out.

Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in millibus ardet.

Lucile Grahn, the Orithia of the ballet, is an impersonation of Virgil's Penthesilea, more gentle and no less graceful. Her tall figure and elegant action; her style so intellectual, and her execution so finished; her attire admirable in taste—all combined to realise the Amazon of classic recollection. Her step on entering was perfectly novel; her management of her spear, and her half-military, half-feminine air were charming. Naught could exceed the dignity with which she marshalled her dazzling army into its mazy evolutions executed by the corps de ballet with the utmost precision. The costumes and scenery are splendid; the music by Pagni is also very good: the success of so remarkable a ballet is of course immense.

Such is the further progress of the opera, and we are told that we are not yet at its zenith, for Cerito and Staudigl, and Jenny Lind are to come.

* * * We are unavoidably prevented from giving our usual account of the Theatres this month, but we purpose elaborately doing so in our next. Drury Lane, the Haymarket, the Princess's, and the Sadlers Wells theatres, are now particularly attractive, in consequence of various novelties, and of the welcome return of Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) to the stage.

EXHIBITIONS.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE. THE CITY OF CAIRO.

WE have frequently stated, and we here repeat, that there are no exhibitions in London more affording a combination of amusement and instruction than those of the Panorama and Diorama class. They are the very vivification of geography; the knowledge they give is as indelibly, as it is pleasingly imprinted on the minds of old and young. And to what admirable perfection does Mr. Burford bring these panoramas! At his exhibitions, the visitor standing on the circular platform is in the very centre of the locality represented, as really to the eye as if he were on the spot itself. What a pity, by the way, that these panoramas are not all preserved, and that one is obliged to be removed to make place for another. Could they be retained, especially those that depict modern cities, what a magnificent collection they would make! The beautiful view of Constantinople has just ceded its room to an equally characteristic and elegant representation of Cairo. Further than giving to it the utmost praise, we need say no more, but extract the following elaborate description of it from the well written account which Mr. Burford has published of it.

“EL KAHKRAH, or Cairo, the metropolis of Modern Egypt, by the inhabitants called “*Musr*,” “the mother of the world,” stands in the midst of an immense plain, on the right or eastern bank of the Nile, near the entrance of the valley of Upper Egypt, and about a mile and a-half from the river. Like most other large Mahomedan cities, its appearance is particularly grand and striking, from the great number of fine Mosques, whose noble domes, cupolas, and beautiful minarets, are seen rising far above the ordinary dwellings; and the whole being surrounded by groves and gardens, some of the trees and flowers in which, are new to the eyes of Europeans, cannot fail to create the most pleasing impressions; which are considerably heightened by the knowledge, that Cairo does not owe its great celebrity alone to its appearance, but that it has been the scene of many remarkable events in history, and has been made the theatre of many romantic and surprising occurrences in Arabian fable.

“The present Panorama was taken from the summit of one of the extraordinary mounds, which formerly encircled the city, impeding the free circulation of air, and causing clouds of dust; which, rising to the height of nearly 150 feet, commands a complete view of the city and suburbs, and of the surrounding country, to an immense extent. Immediately in front of the spectator, towards the west, the innumerable details of the city unfold themselves, varied by all the fantastic forms of architecture, observable in oriental nations; the whole, to an European eye, singularly confused, without the least appearance of plan or systematic arrangement; the overhanging houses with large projecting windows in the ancient Arabian style, so obscuring the narrow irregular streets, that their lines can scarcely be traced; the peculiar characteristic

being innumerable flat roofs, above which rise hundreds of proudly-swelling domes and slender minarets, wonderfully rich in ornament. Beyond the city, towards the left, is seen Fostat, or old Cairo, and the richly-wooded island of Rhoda; and to the right, the minarets and smoke of the port of Boulak, and the palace and groves of Shoobra. The eye then rests on the expansive waters of the venerable Nile, flowing between verdant banks of the richest green the imagination can conceive; beyond which the view extends over the great Libyan desert, a long, uniform, scarcely undulating plain of sand, extending in some parts to the utmost verge of the visible horizon, in others bounded in the extreme distance by the mountains of Libya and Upper Egypt; the low line from south to west broken only by the majestic Pyramids of Dashoor, Sakkarah, and Gezech, glowing like the purest marble in the sunshine.

“Northward from the city, the fertile country of the Delta, and the rich lands of Goshen stretch farther than the eye can follow; whilst towards the east, are seen the magnificent tombs of the Memlook caliphs, mosques, minarets, and sepulchres, forming a complete city in themselves, with the Arabian desert in its literal meaning, spreading as far as Suez, the sterile plains of golden sand, approaching at this point to the very walls. To the right, stands the immense citadel, frowning in dark majesty from its rocky height; and the abrupt precipices of the black Mokkatam mountains form a fine back-ground, and close a view, for extent and variety, seldom equalled.

“Cairo is comparatively of modern date, extending no farther back than the tenth century of our era. It was founded by Goher el Kâéd, the general of Aboo Tummim el Moëz, the first of the Fatamite dynasty who reigned in Egypt; who, having conquered the country about 858 of the Hegira, A.D. 969, founded the city, which he named the victorious, and made it the capital instead of Fostat. From El Moëz descended nine caliphs, the last of whom was deposed by the celebrated Saladin, who enlarged the city, and rebuilt the walls with stone. In 1517, Cairo was taken by the Turks, by whom the whole of Egypt was subdued, and remained in their possession until 1798, when it was taken by Buonaparte, but was surrendered to the British and Turkish forces in 1801. In 1831 the Pacha Mehemit Ali declared his independence, and possessed himself of the greater part of Egypt and Syria; by the interference, however, of the great powers of Europe, the country was restored to the Sultan, the Pachalic of Egypt being made hereditary in the family of Mehemit.

“Before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, Cairo was a place of great trade, and even so late as the fifteenth century was esteemed one of the most flourishing capitals in the world, being the emporium of at least two quarters of the globe; but that discovery, and the reduction of Egypt by the Ottomans, transferred to other states the trade it had so long monopolised; but the advantages of its geographical position, and the extreme fertility of the soil, present resources, which the consummate skill and ability of Mehemit are well calculated to call into action, and cause Egypt to take again that rank amongst nations which for centuries it has ceased to hold, and to regain its commerce to its ancient channel, by becoming the point of contact between Europe and Asia. The immense importance of the overland passage through Cairo established mainly by the energy of Lieutenant Waghorn, is sufficiently obvious, in the rapid communication with our eastern possessions. The

effects of this intercourse are also very visible in the city, in the changes that have taken place during the last few years in the manners and customs of the inhabitants, especially in their treatment of foreigners. Order and security of property has been established, the laws have been more equitably administered, manufactories of all kinds have risen, and more useful institutions have been called into existence by the Pasha, than by any other sovereign of Egypt, or perhaps of the whole world. A system of education and schools has also been formed, of which not the slightest conception existed in the East. In Cairo and its immediate vicinity, there are no less than 95 public schools, where at least 11,000 children, and young persons are educated, and the greater proportion fed, clothed, lodged, and even paid by the Pasha; and from amongst whom are selected the pupils for the military, naval, and medical colleges. All admit that Egypt, both now and hereafter, will be eminently benefitted by the operations of his indefatigable mind, and by the mighty impetus he has given to one of the most neglected portions of the globe; indeed, if any proof of his magnanimity and enlightened views were wanting, the remarkable fact of his permitting the transit of our mails and passengers through his dominions, whilst engaged in open hostilities against him, would furnish one that can scarcely be paralleled amongst the more enlightened nations of Europe.

“Cairo stands in a sandy plain, with scarcely any inequality of ground, and occupies a space equal to about three square miles. It is surrounded by a stone wall above seven miles in circumference, and has twelve gates, some of which are large and handsome. The whole of this space is not, however, covered by streets or buildings, for besides several squares, there are many large gardens, and numerous vacant ruinous spots. A canal traverses the city from south to north, and, winding round the northern wall, enters it again on the west, and terminates in a lake in the Esbeykeh square. The city is divided into fifty-five quarters, which are named, and were formerly occupied by different nations, or tribes, the gates dividing them from each other still remain, and are regularly closed at night; but little attention is now paid to the classification of the inhabitants, always excepting the Jews, who are strictly confined to the narrow dirty lanes and ill-built houses of their quarter. The Frank quarter is, perhaps, the most open and the best built, owing to a fire having consumed a great portion of it in 1838. It now boasts a theatre, a literary association, and the Egyptian Society, who have a good library. In all other parts the streets, with very few exceptions, are narrow, crooked, unpaved, and dark, but remarkably clean; a recent edict compelling their being watered, swept, and the dirt removed, two or three times a day.

“Cairo contains nearly four hundred mosques, some being in ruins, whilst others present a most magnificent appearance from their size, and florid decorations, which resemble the elaborate lightness of some of the most finished specimens of gothic. The Minarets are also lofty, well-proportioned, and elegant, some being so richly decorated with balls, crowns, and galleries, that they resemble finely-chased candelabra, or rich carvings in ivory. The Copt Christians have several handsome places of worship, and the Jews as many as eight synagogues, one of which they pretend has existed in its present state 1600 years. There are sixty or seventy public baths in various parts of the city; some are handsome and form places of amusement and refreshment.

The Bazaars are numerous, lofty, and spacious, each trade has its allotted quarter, and the merchandize displayed is costly and elegant. There are also about two hundred *Wekalehs*, or Inns, large buildings surrounding open courts, the lower parts of which form warehouses, or shops, and the upper, lodgings for the merchants. There are also many coffee houses, where numbers pass the day, smoking, listening to professed story tellers, or looking at the tricks of itinerant jugglers.

“Cairo contains about 30,000 inhabited houses, some handsome modern erections of stone from the quarries of Mekkattam; others partly of stone and ill-burnt bricks, of a dull red colour; whilst the meanest are constructed of clay. The best are large and commodious, rather than elegant, being far more picturesque than classical; they usually enclose an open court, into which most of the windows look, and are two or three stories in height, with terraced roofs. The front in the street is usually painted in stripes of various colours, especially red, and presents on the ground floor a small door, surrounded by elegant carving, having a large iron knocker and wooden lock; there are also two or three small grated windows placed too high for any one to look in at: on the second and third floors, which project about two feet over each other, and are supported on carved corbels, are large bay windows, farther projecting about a foot and a-half, and enclosed by very ornamental lattice work, sometimes painted red or green, from which the inmates obtain a view up or down the street, without being themselves seen. In some narrow streets these projections nearly meet across, which, far from being an objection, is admirably calculated to shade the road beneath from the intense heat of the sun. Some houses have small shops below, the upper parts being let to other tenants, in suites of two or three rooms. On the roofs of many may be seen sloping sheds formed of boards, which being open to the north, or north-west, convey a stream of cool air to the apartments below. The interiors have a bare and uncomfortable appearance: there are no fire-places, nor are there any apartments appropriated as sleeping rooms; the furniture is of the simplest description, divans, small carpets or mats, and a mattress and pillow of wool for repose, which is spread at night in any room, or on the terrace roof, constituting nearly the whole.

“It is impossible to state correctly the number of inhabitants, but the best informed authorities estimate the resident population at about 220,000. Before the plague of 1835, the number was much larger. About half this number are Moslems, 60,000 may be the number of the Christian Copts, 8 or 9000 Franks and Greeks, and 4000 Jews, the remainder Armenians, &c. &c. During the day the leading streets are crowded with a motley throng, and the noise and confusion defies description. Horsemen on richly caparisoned steeds, in all the splendour of the Asiatic costume, interminable rows of camels laden with merchandize, or skins of water, females, who enjoy much more liberty here than in Turkey, closely enveloped in black garments, their eyes alone visible, riding astride on the high and uncomfortable saddles of their mules and asses, itinerant vendors of various articles of food, and abundant specimens of every complexion and dress on the face of the earth, from the closely enshrouded oriental, to the completely denuded child of nature. Turks, Copts, Armenians, Arabs, Franks, and Jews, all jostling each other with the greatest good humour, a singular and amusing scene, that completely embodies some of the vivid descriptions of the Arabian Nights.”

LITERATURE.

THE OUTCAST PROPHET, a Novel, by B. W. ARTHUR SLEIGH, Esq. 77th Regiment. In three volumes. T. C. Newby, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. 1847.

THIS is a clever and interesting work of fiction, replete with adventure, romance, and love. The writer evinces considerable power of imagination; he can clearly tell a story well—and, what is of even more promise than the skilfully wrought tale itself, he has remarkable fluency, force, and eloquence of diction. The opening pages, where he describes the locality of his narrative, may be fairly cited as a proof of this:—

“The field upon which our personages will figure, commences at, and diverges south-west from the waters of the St. Lawrence: a country comprising a vast wilderness of luxuriant fertility; once so unfrequented, so wild and immense, that a description cannot fail to entertain the admirer of noble and beautiful scenes.

“Reader! if thou hast traversed the vast and luxurious wilds of Western America, floated upon her silvery streams, or hunted through the trackless and impenetrable forests of her Far West, you must have been charmed with a country wherein nature hath so bounteously bestowed her favors, and created a land that can only be compared to our loftiest ideas of Paraisaical splendour. We find vast rivers piercing through mountain ravines—many of them describing courses of above four thousand miles, flowing through a country surrounded on all sides by noble trees, luxuriant flowers, and sweet smelling herbs; while the sparkling bosom of the waters is here and there dotted with fairy isles—from the banks of which droop the sunach and sarsaparilla, glittering with the surge of the turbulent stream, surrounded by the noble oak, the aspen, or the falling willow; upon the branches of which sport the heron and kingfisher, anxiously watching their finny prey. ’Tis here, surrounded by animated nature, luxuriant climes, and plenteous hunting grounds, that the Indians, lords of this vast inheritance, recline upon their verdant banks—

“ ‘Nor feels for aught, nor has a wish that goes
Beyond his present succour and repose;
To-day’s support employs to-day his thought,
To-morrow’s meal must be to-morrow sought.’

“He feels undying love for this beautiful country, wherein the ashes of his fathers repose in undisturbed tranquillity beneath the grassy mounds, dedicated by an honoured tribe for the reception of the remains of the brave and wise. It is thus the warrior, whether he roam o’er the grassy prairie or hunts in the mountain wilds, feels—

“ ‘The loud torrent, and the whirlwind’s roar
But binds him to his native mountain more.’

“Her forests of dark trees, towering pines, noble oaks with the countless others—the trunks overgrown with ivy—the branches inhabited with thousands of the feathered tribe, or upon their noble limbs the squirrel and racoon disport in innocent gambols; while in the thicket graze the deer, the antelope, or mountain sheep. No sound disturbs the calm of nature, save the crackling of the fallen

bramble beneath the feet of some animal, or the roaring of the forest in the devastating tornado.

"Then her prairies, extending for miles, further than the eye can see and the horizon bound; decked out with myriads of golden blossoms and variegated shrubs, spread in immense space, echoing back in wild and solitary grandeur the accents of the still wilder notes that it harkens to, sweeping in undulating loveliness, like the vast wave of the trackless ocean.

"The most fertile imagination cannot fancy nor form an adequate idea of this region, wherein nature has lavished such favors, and where she hath employed her greatest energies in producing so grand a scene."

Some of the characters, such as Wisp, and Ranoka, are drawn with attractive singularity, and the whole novel is a most promising commencement for a soldier in the gentler career of a romancist.

THE BATTLE OF NIBLEY GREEN, from the MSS. of a Templar; with a Preface, Notes, and other Poems, by J. B. Kington. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street. 1847.

WE are induced to return to this really poetic volume, which we noticed last month, for the purpose of citing from it some stanzas which strike us to be of more than ordinary merit. They are these:—

LOOK DEEPER.

"See," said Marian unto me,
 Standing by the cressy brook,
 "How my wealth of flowers increaseth:
 Have they not a pleasant look?"

"Deeper still," I said unto her,
 "There the ceaseless worm, always,
 Feeds upon the living flower,
 Drooping, drooping, to decay:"

"Deeper yet," said Marian,
 "Love and thank the Love that giveth;
 In the death of every one,
 Future wealth, uncounted, liveth!"

"See," said Marian unto me,
 "How the Sun-light broods around;
 With a hoping, loving promise,
 Smiling on the teeming ground:"

"Deeper still," I said unto her,
 "And a few short hours, at most,
 Leaves the green-shoots to the mercy
 Of the blasting midnight-frost:"

"Deeper yet," said Marian,
 "Sleep, as falls the dew of God;
 Wake, to find the strong Sun walking,
 With a firmer step abroad!"

"See," said Marian unto me,
 "Why should human state be proud?
 Look upon the solemn grandeur
 Of that fire fring'd, dusky cloud:"

- “Deeper still,” I said unto her,
 “Shield all human flesh from harm!
 There, in thy admired grandeur,
 Lives the fatal Thunder-storm :”
- “Deeper yet,” said Marian,
 “Trust, and hope! the storm is gone;
 And the voice of Nature singeth,
 With a vivid freshness, on!”
- “See,” said Marian unto me,
 “What a world of worship lyes,
 All about that sleeping Baby,
 In its waking Mother’s eyes :”
- “Deeper still,” I said unto her,
 “Think upon the sickening care,
 And the mighty agony
 Of the racking hope and fear :”
- “Deeper yet,” said Marian,
 “Watch her heart; and, watching, prove
 What a holy, chastening power
 Is nurtur’d in the tests of love!”
- “See,” said Marian unto me,
 “Love, surviving length of days,
 Sitting by the cottage portal,
 Watering life with thanks and praise :”
- “Deeper still,” I said unto her;
 “Death is coming, death is come!
 And they lye, all livid, rigid :—
 Cold, as sculpture on a tomb :”
- “Deeper yet,” said Marian,
 “Cold, and still, these fetters be!
 For the time-enfranchis’d spirits
 Love, and live, eternally !”

Such verse as this gives Mr. Kington fair claim to the name of poet.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER, WITH TRANSLATIONS by WILLIAM YOUNG. Chapman and Hall, 1847.

FRANCE was not formerly famous for lyric poets. Malherbe, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and Le Franc de Pompignan were the only writers that could be cited, and of these the first had become nearly antiquated, and the two others were too tame and correct to be offered as models of lyric inspiration. No wonder then that the genius of Béranger burst upon his country with unexpected and unrivalled splendour; he obtained at once the ascendant, and his fame and popularity have never since abated. He is indeed one of the greatest poets that France can boast of. Alike able to wield the weapons of power or pathos, of sentiment or satire, Béranger writes in verse that strikes home, and never misses its object. When this poet would express himself forcibly, he is full of fire and animation; when tenderly, he is exquisite; when bitterly, he is withering. Vain indeed was

it for the princes of the restored house of Bourbon to contend with such a foe, and to try to stop his voice. The songster of the Empire, who had cheered his countrymen in the disasters of 1815, defied the royalist government in language that could not be silenced, and he passed unscathed and invincible from prison to prison, until he triumphantly reposed under the tricolor of a second revolution. His poetry was, in those momentous periods, and is still to be heard in every part of France, and this makes it the more singular that it is so slightly known in England. With the exception of some translations by Father Prout, and those recently published by Mrs. Somers in her excellent "Selections from the Modern Poets of France," we had little or nothing in English from Béranger. Mr. Young therefore does literature a service in thus presenting some of the best specimens of Béranger with English verse translations. Mr. Young has achieved the task in a highly creditable manner. His poetry flows smoothly, and pleasingly, and is imbued with much of the spirit and tone of the original. In one point Mr. Young particularly excels: his translation, despite of all difficulties of versification is wonderfully literal; it gives in almost every instance, the exact sense, and often the very words of the French; it is indeed curiously faithful to the text. There is another advantage of this edition which will make the book everywhere acceptable: all songs of improper tendency are carefully excluded, and we have Béranger here purified from that irreligion and grossness which are damning spots upon his reputation. This little volume by Mr. Young may and indeed ought to be read by all. As a fair specimen of the contents, we give his poetic version of the famous "On parlera de sa gloire."

THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

" OH, many a day the straw-thatched cot
 Shall echo with his glory!
 The humblest shed these fifty years
 Shall know no other story.
 There shall the idle villagers
 To some old dame resort,
 And beg her with those good old tales
 To make their evenings short.
 ' What, though they say he did us harm,
 Our love this cannot dim;
 Come, Granny, talk of him to us;
 Come, Granny, talk of him.'

" ' Well, children, with a train of kings,
 Once did he pass this spot;
 'Twas long ago; I had, just then,
 Begun to boil the pot.
 On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
 I watched him on his way;
 He wore a small three-cornered hat;
 His over-coat was grey.
 I trembled, near him, till he said,
 ' Good day, my dear—'tis true.'
 ' O Granny, Granny, did he speak?
 What, Granny! speak to you?'

" ' Next year as I, poor soul by chance,
 Through Paris strolled one day,
 I saw him go to Notre Dame,
 With all his court so gay;
 The crowd were charmed with such a show ;
 Their hearts were filled with pride :
 ' What splendid weather for the fête !
 Heaven favours him ! ' they cried.
 Softly he smiled, for God had given
 To his fond arms a boy.'
 ' Oh, how much joy you must have felt !
 O Granny, how much joy !'

" ' But when at length our poor Champagne
 To strangers fell a prey,
 He seemed alone to hold his ground,
 And stand in danger's way.
 One night, as now, I heard a knock,
 And soon the door unbarred ;
 When, oh ! good God ! 'twas he, himself,
 With but a scanty guard.
 ' Alas, these wars ! these wars ! ' he cried,
 Whilst seated in this chair.'
 ' What ! Granny, Granny, there he sat ?
 What ! Granny, he sat there ?'

" ' I'm hungry,' said he : quick I served
 Thin wine and hard brown bread ;
 He dried his clothes, and by the fire
 In sleep reclined his head.
 Waking, he saw my tears, and cried,
 ' Cheer up, good dame ; I go
 ' Neath Paris' walls to strike for France
 One last avenging blow.'
 He went ; and on the glass he used
 Such value I have set,
 That I have kept it.' ' What ! till now ?
 You have it, Granny, yet ?'

" ' Here 'tis : but 'twas the hero's fate
 To ruin to be led ;
 He, whom a Pope had crowned, alas !
 In a lone isle lies dead.
 Long time they deemed it false, and said,
 ' Soon shall he re-appear ;
 O'er ocean comes he, and the foe
 Shall find his master here.'
 Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
 When we our error knew !'
 ' Poor Granny ! God will kindly look,
 Will kindly look on you.' "

To each of the songs Mr. Young attaches the original French, so that the whole is perhaps as complete an edition of Béranger as one can have, free from the nuisance of blameable matter.

FAMILY PRAYERS : adapted to portions of the Historical Books of the Bible, and chiefly framed in language from the Commentaries of the Rev. Thomas Scott. By William Burt Whitmarsh, one of the Coroners for the county of Wilts. London, James Nisbet and Co.

This collection of Family Prayers, is most judiciously formed, and admirably arranged, by one, evidently imbued with true religious feeling, and deeply versed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. We cannot better explain the pious author's views than by extracting the following passage from his preface :—

“ In submitting this volume to the public, it will be found that the *immediate* design of the author is, to connect family prayers with family readings ; the *ultimate* object, that the precepts and promises of the latter, may furnish a motive and plea to the former. The best collections of family prayers (and the writer has no thought of superseding any of the numerous excellent productions of this class) have been found after awhile, through human infirmity, to occasion a sameness or tediousness ; thereby preventing the due and awakening interest which should attend the exercise of family devotion. This inconvenience it is the object of the present endeavour, in some measure, to remedy: Should his publication meet with acceptance, the author intends (D. V.) to continue the Prayers ; so as to enable a parent, or head of a family, to bring before his household once in the course of a year, such portions of the Holy Bible as appear best suited for family worship.”

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- Andrews, Mrs. Henry W., of a son, at Blackheath park, 14th April.
- Arkwright, Mrs. Frederick, of a dau., at Spondon-hall, co. Derby, 3rd April.
- Ashley, The Lady, of a dau., 1st April.
- Athawes, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. John Athawes, of a dau., at Loughton-rectory, 23rd March.
- Bagot, Mrs. E., of a son, in Eaton-square, 7th April.
- Beachcroft, Mrs. Samuel, of a dau., in Cadogan-place, 16th April.
- Beadnell, Mrs. John, jun. of a dau., at Tottenham, 4th April.
- Benett, Mrs. William, of a dau., at 2, Chester-terrace, 6th April.
- Borradaile, Mrs., wife of the Rev. A. Borradaile, of a son and heir, at Vincent-square, Westminster, 31st March.
- Brabant, Mrs. W. H., of a son, at Rutland Gate, 24th March.
- Brackley, Viscountess, of a son and heir, 5th April.
- Brandon, Mrs. Gilbert, of a son, 20th April.
- Bridger, Mrs. W. M., of a son, 15th April.
- Bristow, Mrs., wife of J. C. Bristow, Esq., of a son, at Ensemere-hill, Ullswater, 7th April.
- Browne, Mrs. Philip Augustus, of a son, at 41, Devonshire place, 4th April.
- Brunel, Mrs., of a dau. at Duke-street, 18th April.
- Caspermann, Mrs., wife of S. E. Caspermann, M.D., of a son, at Birkenhead, 30th March.
- Caunter, Mrs., wife of the Rev. R. Macdonald Caunter, of a dau. at Highclere Parsonage, 30th March.
- Ciaption, Mrs. Richard, of a dau. at Dorking, 28th March.
- Clarke, Mrs. Seymour, of a dau. 12th April.
- Colthirst, Lady, of a son, still-born, 5th April.
- Cooper, Mrs. Montague Ormsby, of a dau. 18th April.
- Cope, Mrs. W., of a son, at Park House, Shiffnall, 4th April.
- Corbett, Mrs., wife of the Rev. A. Corbett, of a son, at Willingham Rectory, co. Lincoln, 11th April.
- Craufurd, The Hon. Hester, lady of Sir George Craufurd, of a son, at Rome, 28th March.
- Craufurd, Mrs. Clifford, of a son, at Camberwell Grove, 14th April.
- Crawshaw, Mrs., wife of Robert Thompson Crawshaw, Esq., of a son and heir, at Cyfarthfa Castle, 15th April.
- De Crespigny, lady of Sir Claude de C. de Crespigny, Bart., of a son and heir, 20th April.
- Dickens, Mrs. Charles, of a son, 18th April.
- Dixie, Mrs. Richard Walstan, of a son, at Brighton, 24th March.
- Dixon, Mrs., wife of P. I. Dixon, Esq., of a son, Houghton Hall, Cumberland, 7th April.
- Donaldson, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. W. Donaldson, B.D., of a son, at Bury St. Edmonds, 23rd March.
- Fanshawe, Mrs., wife of Capt. E. G. Fanshawe, R.N., of a son, 2nd April.
- Fawcett, Mrs. Walter T., of a dau. in Westbourne-street, Hyde-park, 6th April.
- Fellowes, The Hon. Mrs., of a dau. in Belgrave-square, 20th March.
- Fletcher, Mrs., wife of the Rev. A. Fletcher, D.D., of a dau. 5th April.
- Flood, Mrs., of a dau. at Lidham Lodge, Kensington, 22nd March.
- Forsyth, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. Hamilton Forsyth, of a son, 19th April.
- Giddy, Mrs. Osman, of a son, at Hereford Lodge, Brompton, 12th March.
- Gordon, Mrs., wife of G. I. R. Gordon, Esq., younger, of Elton, Secretary of H.M. Legation, of a son, at Stockholm, 19th March.
- Grant, Mrs., wife of Capt. Grant, Indian Navy, of a son, at the Hill, Creetown, 17th March.
- Greig, Mrs., wife of Capt. Greig, of a son, at Liverpool, 30th March.
- Hall, Mrs., wife of Capt. W. T. Hall, of a son, at Jacob's Court, Banfield, 12th April.
- Eall, Mrs. M., of a son, at Hanover Villas, 9th April.
- Hamilton, Hon. Mrs., of a son, in Chesham Place, 4th April.
- Hanson, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. H. Hanson, of a dau. at Wilton, Norfolk, 17th April.
- Harvey, Mrs., wife of Capt. Harvey, 57th Regt., of a son, at Dover, 20th March.
- Hawley, Mrs., wife of H. Charles Hawley, Esq., of a dau. at De Coigny House, Leamington, 5th April.
- Heath, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. M. Heath, of a son, at Enfield, 27th March.
- Hogg, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. R. Hogg, of a dau. at Berry-head, 25th March.
- Hoggins, Mrs. A. W., of a son, at St. John's Wood, 18th April.
- Holman, Mrs. J. B., of a son, at Harwood-square, 10th April.
- Holmes, Mrs., lady of the Hon. W. A. Court Holmes, M.P., of a dau. 8th April.
- Hunter, Mrs. Richard, of a son, at Brunswick-sq., 6th April.
- Hussey, Mrs., wife of John Hussey, Esq., of a dau. at Crewkerne, co. Somerset, 10th April.
- Hutchins, Mrs., wife of the Rev. R. S. Hutchins, curate of Kingsteignton, of a son, 3rd April.
- Ibbetson, The Lady Adela, of a son, at Coventry, 21st March.
- Jesse, Mrs. Capt., of a son, at Maisonette, Ingatstone, 18th April.
- Johnston, Mrs. Capt. T. H., of a dau. at Hampstead, 10th April.
- Leach, Mrs., wife of Capt. Leach, R. Eng., of a son, at Derry, 2nd April.
- Le Breton, Mrs. W. C., of a son, at St. Olaves Rectory, Southwark, 7th April.
- Lefroy, Mrs., wife of Capt. Lefroy, R. A., of a son, at Canada, 21st March.
- Ley, Mrs., wife of John Henry Ley, Esq., jun. of a son, at Trehill.

- Liggings, Mrs. Henry, of a dau. at Kensington, 17th April.
- Little, Mrs. William, of a dau. at Shalden Park, Surrey, 23rd March.
- Lloyd, Mrs., wife of R. H. Lloyd, Esq., of a dau. at Upper Tooting, 26th March.
- Lloyd, Mrs. Edward, of a dau. at Walthamstowe, Essex, 31st March.
- Loneragan, Mrs., wife of E. Loneragan, Esq., of a son, at Oxford Terrace, 6th April.
- Long, Mrs. John Wakeman, of a dau. at Long Ditton, 11th April.
- Luxford, Mrs., wife of the Rev. George Curteis Luxford, of a son, 29th March.
- McAlpine, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Beauchamp House, Leamington, 16th April.
- May, Mrs., wife of the Rev. John May, of a son, at Hanwell, 30th March.
- Oddie, Mrs., wife of Henry Hoyle Oddie, Esq., jun., of a dau. 9th April.
- Osborn, Mrs., wife of Lieut.-Col. H. R. Osborn, Bengal Service, of a dau. 17th April.
- Ottley, Mrs., wife of Major T. H. Ottley, Bombay Army, of a son, 12th April.
- Parke, Mrs. Charles Henry, of a dau. at Upper Berkeley-street, 18th April.
- Paul, Mrs. John H., of a dau. at Camberwell House, Surrey, 16th April.
- Phillips, Mrs. H., of a dau. at Stoke Hall, Ipswich, 29th March.
- Plummer, Mrs., wife of the Rev. John T. Plummer, of a dau. at Eltham, Kent, 19th April.
- Potter, Mrs. Richard, of a dau. at Gayton Hall, Ross, co. Hereford, 4th April.
- Prendergast, Mrs., wife of C. G. Prendergast, Bombay, C. S., of a dau. 4th March.
- Ramsay, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. I. Ramsay, of a son, at Southwark, 4th April.
- Reynolds, Mrs. Henry R., of a son, in Upper Harley-street, 3rd April.
- Robertson, Mrs., wife of Dr. Robertson, D. C. L., of a dau. at Lee, 29th March.
- Rose, Mrs., of Glastullick, of a dau. in Hans-place, 2nd April.
- Rowden, Mrs., wife of the Rev. George Cooke Rowden, of a dau. at Temple Grove, East Sheen, 23rd March.
- Ryle, Mrs. I. C., of a dau. at Hellmington Rectory, Suffolk, 13th April.
- Saunders, Mrs. Robert, of Calcutta, of a dau. at Warminster, Wilts, 25th March.
- Seymour, Mrs., the lady of Sir I. H. C. Seymour, Bart., of a son, at North Church Rectory, 5th April.
- Sheffield, Mrs., wife of William Sheffield, Esq., late of the Madras Civil Service, of a son, at Feltham Hill, 14th April.
- Staples, Mrs., wife of W. F. B. Staples, Esq., Barrister, of a son, at Bayswater, 21st March.
- Stopford, The Hon. Mrs. Montague, of a dau. at Woolwich, 30th March.
- Terrell, Mrs., wife of R. T. Terrell, Esq., of a son, 1st April.
- Thompson, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. Hamilton Thompson, of a dau. at Cheltenham, 17th April.
- Thompson, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Moat Hall, co. York, 17th April.
- Tracey, Mrs., wife of the Hon. H. H. Tracey, of a dau. 28th March.
- Trapand, Mrs., wife of Capt. Cyrus Trapand, late of the 8th Regiment, of a son, 24th March.
- Twyne, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. Twyne, of a son, at Hanleigh Rectory, Essex, 1st April.
- Underwood, Mrs., wife of Major G. A. Underwood, Superintending Engineer, at Madras, of a son, 20th Feb.
- Warren, Mrs., wife of Lieut.-Col. George Warren, of a dau. at Thurloe-square, 15th April.
- Wathen, Mrs., wife of Hulbert Wathen, Esq., of a dau. at Beckenham-place, Kent, 23rd March.
- Webster, Mrs., of a dau. at Sudbury Priory, Harrow on the Hill, 2nd April.
- Welby, Mrs., wife of the Rev. George E. Welby, of a dau. at Bennington Vicarage, 15th April.
- West, Mrs. I. R., of a dau. at Alscot Park, 17th April.
- White, Mrs., wife of the Rev. James White, of a dau. at Bruton Vicarage, 22nd March.
- White, Mrs. J. Bazley, jun., of a son, at Baltham, 18th April.
- Whyte, Mrs. W. I., of a dau. at Russell-square, 10th April.
- Wilkinson, Mrs., of a dau. at Lodge Villa, Regent's-park, 4th April.
- Woodhead, Mrs., wife of Henry J. P. Woodhead, Esq. of a dau. at Florence, 18th March.
- Woosnam, Mrs., wife of Capt. I. B. Woosnam, Bombay Artillery, of a dau. at Woodford, 11th April.
- Worsley, Mrs. E., of a dau. at Imberhorne, East Grinstead, 10th April.
- Wright, Mrs. Henry Troubridge, of a son, 2nd April.

Marrriages.

- Andrew, Henry, Esq., of Truro, surgeon, to Henrietta Ellen, fifth daughter of the late Charles Whitworth, Esq., of Northampton, banker, 6th April.
- Appleton, George S., Esq., of Philadelphia, to Caroline, eldest daughter of G. Osgood, Esq., of Liverpool, 27th March.
- Belgrave, William, only son of the Rev. William Belgrave, of Preston-hall, in the county of Rutland, to Ellen Mary, second daughter of Percival Hare Earle, Esq. of Torquay, 9th April.
- Bidwell, Alfred Clark, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, to Caroline Emma, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. Warren, 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, and Town Major of Fort William, 28th Jan.
- Bird, Charles James, Esq. of the Madras C.S., to Emily Honor, eldest daughter of James Webster, Esq. of Hatherley-court, near Cheltenham, 16th Feb.
- Bird, Andrew Davies, youngest son of Adam Yates Bird, Esq. of Kidderminster, to Catherine, daughter of Thomas Shuttleworth, Esq. of Ipswich, 14th April.
- Birrell, the Rev. Alexander P., M.A. of Sidney-college, Cambridge, to Mary Anne Catherine, second daughter of the Rev. the Precentor of Chichester and the Hon. Mrs. Holland, 6th April.
- Bishopp, Edward Cecil, Esq. youngest son of the late Very Rev. Sir George Bishopp, Bart. Dean of Lismore, and brother of the present Sir Cecil

- Bisshopp, Bart. to Mary, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Taylor, of the Brazilian Navy, and niece of Lady Hillyar, Tor House, Torpoint, Cornwall, 13th April.
- Bolding, John Parker, Esq. of Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, to Mary, daughter of the late P. Richardson, Esq. of Flatfield, Perthshire, 17th April.
- Bordier, J., Esq., to Clara, dau. of Dr. Gairdner, of Bolton-street, 8th April.
- Borlase, Samuel, Esq. of Castle Horneck, in the co. of Cornwall, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late William Copeland, Esq. of Chigwell, in Essex, 15th April.
- Bourne, Henry Titus, Esq. Alford, Lincolnshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. John King, M.A. Hull, 6th April.
- Bromhead, the Rev. Alexander Leslie, to Susan, second dau. of the Bishop of Lincoln, 8th April.
- Bruxner, Henry, Esq. to Emily Georgiana, second daughter of Robert Cattley, Esq. 7th April.
- Budd, William, Esq. M.D. of Bristol, to Caroline Mary, only daughter of Giles Hilton, Esq. of Batheaston, and of Lords, Kent, 7th April.
- Bunsen, the Rev. Henry George, eldest son of his Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, Prussian Minister at this Court, to Mary Louisa, youngest dau. of A. G. Harford Battersby, Esq. of Stoke-park, Gloucestershire, 15th April.
- Busheck, Charles Leopold, Esq. of Wilton crescent, to Harriotte, daughter of the late John Sowerby, Esq. of Hackney, and Terrington, Yorkshire, 26th March.
- Byrne, Henry, Esq. Colonial Civil Service, to Charlotte, relict of the late Thomas G. Allen, Esq. and daughter of the late M. Raven, Esq. formerly of the 17th Lancrs, 2nd Feb.
- Cameron, Captain A., 42nd Highlanders, to Caroline Laura, daughter of the late Major General, Sir C. Ashworth, K.C.B., K.I.S., 6th April.
- Carr, George Kirwan, Esq. only surviving son of the late Right Rev. Bishop of Worcester, and formerly of the Rifle Brigade, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late John Watson, Esq. of Wick-lodge, Brighton, 13th April.
- Cholmley, Henry Philip, second son of Francis Cholmley, Esq. of Brandsby, near York, to Annie, youngest daughter of the late Y. E. Strickland, Esq. 13th April.
- Clarke, James, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-place, Pimlico, to Adeline, eldest daughter of Joseph Delavante, Esq. of Brompton, 13th April.
- Clarke, Charles Hall, Esq. M.D., to Elizabeth Penelope, second dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. Clarke, 46th Regiment, 15th April.
- Clerke, the Venerable Charles Carr Clerke, Archdeacon of Oxford, to Caroline, daughter of the late William Henry Ashhurst, Esq. of Waterstock, Oxfordshire, 15th April.
- Cotton, Rev. Henry James, to Elizabeth Emma, only daughter of John Sparrow Stovin, Esq. 15th April.
- Cowper, Edward Alfred, eldest son of Edward Cowper, Esq. of King's College, London, to Juliana, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Hanson, Esq. of Hammersmith.
- Daves, Rev. Henry Pelham, of Isleham, Cambridgeshire, eldest son of the Rev. Henry John Daves of Gillingham, Kent, to Eleanor Anne, third surviving daughter of the late Charles Fox, Esq. of the Grange, Bermondsey, and formerly of Bishop's Waltham, Hants. 13th April.
- Denton, Hughes Ridgway, Esq. barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, to Constance Macdonald, eldest daughter of the late John Meacock, Esq. of Liverpool, 5th April.
- Dillon, Francis, son of John Dillon, Esq. to Emma Josephine, daughter of the late Rev. George Case, of Shrewsbury. 37th March.
- Donovan, Alexander, Esq. of Framfield place, Sussex, to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late John Poulett Thomson, Esq. of Roehampton, Surrey, and sister of the late Lord Sydenham, Governor General of Canada, 13th April.
- Douglas, Robert, Esq. of Her Majesty's Buffs, to Isabella Maria Douglas Willan, youngest dau. of the late John Douglas Willan, Esq. of Twyford Abbey, Middlesex, 14th April.
- Dunsmure, Major Charles, 42nd Royal Highlanders, to Laura, daughter of Thomas Thistlethwayte, Esq. of Southwick-park, 15th April.
- Elmslie, James Augustus, Esq. of Somers-place, Hyde-park, to Mary Johanna, eldest daughter of Colonel Baumgardt, C.B., Inspecting Field Officer, Bristol district, 8th April.
- Fisher, Commander Thomas, R.N., H.M.S. Stromboli, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Major General Hamilton, C.B. 8th April.
- Freeman, Edward Augustus, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, to Eleanor, fourth daughter of the Rev. Robert Gutch, rector of Segiave, 13th April.
- Freeman, Samuel, Esq. of New Ross, to Ellen, fourth daughter of the late William Francis Green, Esq. of Henrietta street, Brunswick-sq., 15th April.
- Gardner, Edward, Esq. to Hester, third daughter of the late Mr. George Harrison, Barton-court, Dover, 21st April.
- Gillanders, William Palmer, of the Hon. E.I.C.S., to Agnes, daughter of William Browne, Esq. of 22, Russell-place, Fitzroy square, 14th April.
- Grane, the Rev. John W., M.A. incumbent of Woodhouse, near Huddersfield, to Anne, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Wyndham Carlyon Madden, M.A., vicar of Fareham, 15th April.
- Green, Frederick, Esq. of Liverpool, to Lydia, second daughter of Francis Barough, Esq. of Hatton-garden, and Cranford, 13th April.
- Gregory, George Burrow, Esq. of 41, Bedford-sq., to Maria Teresa Price, second daughter of Rich. Price, Esq. of Santiago, Chili, 17th April.
- Gyll, Sir Robert, late of the 15th Hussars and Lieutenant of the Yeoman Guards, son of the late Captain William Gyll, of the 2nd Life Guards, and of Wyrardisbury-house, Bucks, to Jane Pryce, daughter of Sir John and Lady Pinhorn, of Ringwood-park, Isle of Wight, and widow of Henry Botfield, only son of Sir Edward and Lady Thomason, of Bath, 21st April.
- Halkett, the Rev. Donbar S., to Julia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Edward Dalhousie Ross, Esq. of George-street, Westminster, 13th April.
- Hare, Sholto Vere, Esq. of Codrington-place, to Elizabeth Perkins, youngest daughter of Thomas Clark, Esq. of Bellefield-house, 20th April.
- Haswell, W., Esq. to Christiana, eldest daughter of the late Captain Hugh Pearson, R.N., of Myrecarnie, N.B., 8th April.
- Heath, Robert Amédée, son of J. B. Heath, Esq. of Russell-square, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Thomas Keene, Esq. of Croydon and Coulsdon, Surrey, 21st April.
- Hicks, Henry, Esq. of Wardrobe-place, Doctors' Commons, to Janet, youngest daughter of Alexander Keith, Esq. of Campbelltown, N.B., 7th April.
- Higgins, Warner Charles, son of the late Colonel Sir S. G. Higgins, K.C.B., to Mary Ann, dau. of the late John Cort, Esq. 10th April.
- Hill, Captain, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, only son of the late Lieutenant Colonel Hill, of the Royal Regiment, to Rose Leigh, only dau. of Basil Heron Goldie, Esq. of Goldie, Leigh-lodge, 3rd April.
- Hoare, Joseph, Esq. of Hampstead, to Rachel Juliana, youngest daughter of Charles Barclay, Esq. of Bury-hill, 20th April.
- Honywood, W. P., Esq. of Mark-hall, Essex, to Frances Emma, daughter of C. Phelps, Esq. of Briggis-Park, Herts, 8th April.
- Hopper, the Rev. Augustus M., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and rector of Starston, in the county of Norfolk, to Charlotte, youngest

- daughter of the late Rev. John Holmes, of Gawdy-hall, in the same county, 15th April.
- Horstman, John, Esq. of Finsbury-square, to Jemima, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Miles, Esq. of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, 20th April.
- Howden, Oliver, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Cordelia, the second daughter of the late Capt. Joseph Dowling, barrack-master of St. James's, 8th Ap.
- Howe, John, Esq. B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, to Elizabeth, third daughter of John Ratliff, Esq. Camberwell, 20th April.
- Hugesdon, Joseph, of Calcutta, to Clara, eldest daughter of Benjamin Warwick, Esq. of the Upper Mall, Hammrsmith, 18th March.
- Jenkins, William Edward, Esq. of the Admiralty, Somerset-house, to Emily, second daughter of the late W. H. Living, Esq. of Clapham-road, 17th April.
- Johnstone, John Douglas, eldest son of the late Charles D. Johnstone, Esq. M.D., of the Lodge. Dromahair, county of Leitrim, to Samina, eldest daughter of William L. Worthington, Esq. of the city of Dublin.
- Keane, Rt. Hon. Lord, to Louisa, second [dau. of S. Y. Benyon, Esq. of Denston-hall, near Newmarket, 13th April.
- Loder, Robert, son of Giles Loder, Esq. of Clarendon-place, Hyde-park-gardens, to Maria, dau. of Hans Busk, Esq. of Great Cumberland-place, and granddaughter of the late Sir Wadsworth Busk, 25th March.
- Lodwick, William, Esq. 12th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, to Georgina Maria, daughter of John Warden, Esq. Bombay Civil Service, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Lionel Smith, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.H., &c. 20th March.
- Lowe, the Rev. Julius Conran, of Queen's-college, Oxford, only child of the Rev. Richard Lowe, vicar of Misterton and perpetual curate of Crewkerne, Somerset, to Fanny Anne, youngest dau. of Robert Poole, Esq. of Southam, 8th April.
- Maguire, Rev. John, vicar of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, and prebendary of Kilcolly, diocese of Elphin, to Anne Jane, third daughter of John Humphreys, Esq. of Miltown-house, Tyrone, 13th Apr.
- Magon de la Vieuville, M. Albert, of La Pouparderie, St. Malo, to Margaret Maclovie, eldest daughter of Joseph Buckley, Esq. of Alplington, 8th Apr.
- Maltby, the Rev. Henry Joseph, M.A. youngest son of, and chaplain to, the Lord Bishop of Durham, and rector of Eaglescliffe, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of General Sir Thomas Bradford, G.C.B. 13th Ap.
- May, William, eldest son of William May, Esq. of Lower Clapton, to Mary Ann, third daughter of Robert Pierce Cruden, Esq. of Gravesend, Kent, 8th April.
- Moilliet, Theodore, Esq. of King's Heath, Worcestershire, to Louisa Joyce, youngest daughter of the Rev. Charles Townsend, rector of Thorpe, 8th April.
- Moore, the Rev. Joseph, M.A. vicar of Buckland, Berks, to Sarah, daughter of the late Rev. John Davison, B.D., Preb. Worcester, and Fell. of Oriel Coll. Oxford, 8th April.
- Nanson, John, Esq. of Carlisle, to Caroline Fletcher, third daughter of Edward James, Esq., of Rose Cottage, Taunton, 8th Apr.
- Newbatt, Edward, Esq., of the Old-place, Sleaford, to Rosette Livie, third daughter of Jean Louis and Francois Meyer, of Yverdon, Canton de-Vaud, Switzerland, 15th Apr.
- Newcombe, James William, Esq. to Francis Anne, second daughter of Captain Thomas B. P. Festing, late of the Bengal Army, 7th Apr.
- Nicoll, Major Samuel J. F., 30th Regiment, son of Samuel Nicoll, Esq. of Court Lodge, county of Sussex, to Mary Ann, only child of William Wilkinson, Esq., of the above place, 13th Apr.
- Owen, William, eldest son of Ancrum Owen, Esq., of Egryn, Denbigshire, to Anna, third daughter of William Edwardes, Esq., Scalyham, Pembrokeshire, 27th March.
- Parry, George William, Esq., of Lidiarde, Cardigan, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Hughes, Esq., of Glan Rheidol, in the same county, 15th April.
- Pattinson, William Henry Esq., of Barfield-house, Ryde, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Bushnell, M.A., vicar of Beenharn, 8th April.
- Pegler, Daniel, Esq., of Colchester, to Mademoiselle Anelina, the second daughter of Monsieur Henri Joseph Cluquennois, of Rouen, 7th April.
- Pulling, Frederic Leopold, M.D., youngest son of the late Captain G. C. Pulling, R.N., to Julia Mary, youngest daughter of the late Henry Pilleau, Esq., of Kennington, 20th April.
- Pyke, Rev. Thomas Massingberd, rector of One-house, Suffolk, to Jane Catherine, youngest dau. of Robert Bussell, of Finborough-hall, Esq., 13th April.
- Rew, Henry Newton, Esq., son of William Pelrew, Esq., of Finchley, to Mary Ann, daughter of Major John Field Oldham, of the late 8th Royal Veteran Battalion, 14th April.
- Roberts, Henry, Esq., to Mademoiselle Catherine de Swetschine, 15th April.
- Sandham, B. L., Esq., to Anna, sister of the late George Stockwell, Esq., of the Bengal C. S., 25th March.
- Scott, John Lindsay, St. Catherine's, Dumfries, to Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Gilham, Birkenhead, 14th April.
- Sealy, William Byers, Esq., M.D., of North Fulham, Middlesex, eldest son of Lieut. Gen. Sealy, to Matilda Ann, youngest daughter of George Christopher, Esq., of Chiswick, Middlesex, 14th April.
- Selby, John, Esq., son of the late and brother of the present Prideaux Selby, Esq., of Swansfield and Porston, in the county of Northumberland, to Anne Nikolson, widow of the late William Henry Angell, Esq., 25th March.
- Sellon, Rev. W. E., B.A., rector of Liangua, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late A. G. Storer, Esq., of Purley-park, Berks, 14th April.
- Shank, Alexander, Esq., of the Bengal C. S., eldest son of Henry Shank, Esq., of Gloster-place, and Castlerig, co. Fife, to Harriett Georgina, dau. of Lieut.-Col. Henry Dundas Campbell, of North-end-house, Hants, 6th April.
- Smith, Thomas Esq., of Leeds, to Emma Broster, youngest daughter of James Smith, Esq., of Boulogne-sur-mer, 12th April.
- Solly, Isaac, Esq., jun., of Southgate, Middlesex, to Cornelia, widow of the late Captain Julius Brockman, of Her Majesty's 55th Regiment, 7th April.
- Stafford, Edward William, Esq., eldest son of Berkeley Buckingham Stafford, Esq., of Mayne, co. of Louth, to Emily Charlotte, only daughter of Colonel William Wakefield, and granddaughter of Sir John Shelley Sidney, Bart., of Penshurst, Kent—at Wellington, New Zealand, 24th Sept. 1846.
- Stanford, John, Esq., of Dublin, to Harriett, only daughter of Capt. Sir Andrew P. Green, R.N., of James-street, St. James's-park, 12th April.
- Tothill, Francis, second son of William Tothill, Esq., of the Grove, Stoke Bishop, to Jane, second dau. of the late Rev. John Digby, of Osperstown, county of Kildare, and New-park, county of Meath, 23rd March.
- Trewman, Arthur, B.A., of Queen's Coll., Camb., and only son of the late Major-General Trewman, of the Madras Army, to Susan, daughter of Geo. Jeffreys, Esq., of Glandyfi Castle, Cardigan, 14th April.
- Twining, Andrew, Esq., of Bedford-place and Gray's-inn, to Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Arnold, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School, 8th Apr.

- Vivian, Henry Hussey, Esq., eldest son of J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P., of Singleton, to Jessie Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Ambrose Goddard, Esq., of the Lawn, Wilts, 15th April.
- Wakefield, C. Astley, Esq., of Ludlow, Salop, to Catherine, daughter of Thomas Wakefield, Esq., of Suffolk-place, Islington, 20th March.
- Warburton, Lieutenant John, of the 60th Rifles, to Martha, eldest daughter of Lieutenant Mitchell, of the same corps, 15th April.
- Westmacott, John Guise, Esq., M.D., eldest son of Henry Westmacott, Esq., to Martha Hedges Graham, only daughter of the late Charles Moss, Esq., of Doughty-street, 26th March.
- Whieldon, George, eldest son of George Whieldon, Esq., High Sheriff of Warwickshire, to Anne, widow of the late James Mortimer, Esq., of Wyke-house, Dorset, and Ferry-hill, Aberdeenshire, 8th April.
- Whigham, James, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn and the Middle-Temple, barrister-at-law, to Emma, eldest daughter of the late Lawrence Brock Hollinshead, Esq., of Highfield, Lancashire, 22nd April.
- Whistler, Captain K., Madras Art., Dep. Judge & Adv.-Gen., to Helen Hamilton, eldest dau. of Major John Fulton, of the Madras Army, and of Waverly-terrace, Island of Jersey, 11th Feb.
- Wildig, Lieutenant Henry Park, of the 34th Reg. Bengal, N. I. to Laura Matilda, youngest daughter of Thomas Gibson Brewer, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Elm-lodge, Pinner, Middlesex, and Portland-place, Jersey, 6th April.
- Williams, John, Esq., of Fallow-field lodge, near Manchester, to Sarah, only daughter of Henry Chamberlin, Esq., Norwich, 8th April.
- Williams, Mr. J. W., of Manchester-street, Manchester-square, to Emma Selina, youngest dau. of the late T. Callcutt, Esq., of George-street, 8th April.
- Woodhouse, I. F., Esq., 61st Regt., to Fanny, dau. of E. T. Janverin, Esq., Great Salterna, Portsea, 7th April.
- Yeatherd, George, eldest son of G. Yeatherd, Esq., of Waterford, near Hertford, to Mary-Ann, dau. of John Jones, Esq., of the Grand-parade, Brighton, 20th April.
- Young, Rev. I. R., rector of Whitmarsh, near Leamington, to Mary Anne, dau. of the late I. Urquhart, Esq., of Charles-street, Berkeley-sq., 7th April.

Annotated Obituary.

- Abraham, Captain, formerly of the Royal Military College, aged 75, 5th April.
- Adams, Mrs. Sarah, of Torrington Square, 6th April.
- Aikin, Charles Rochemont, Esq. of Bloomsbury square, aged 71, 20th March.
- Aitchison, Lieut. - Colonel John William, late Adjutant General, Bombay Army, at Bath, 23rd March.
- Allen, Samuel, Esq. of Westbourn Grove, 10th April.
- Amsick, Henry Layard, eldest son of Henry Amsick, Esq. aged 19, 30th March.
- Anders, Emily Eyre, 4th dau. of John Anders, Esq. of Newark, 31st March.
- Armitage, Mrs., relict of E. Armitage, Esq. of Farnley Hall, co. York, 4th April.
- Ashburnham, Lady Harriet, aged 88, 30th March.
- Atkinson, the Rev. William, M.A., vicar of Canewdon, in his 81st year, 24th March.
- Avery, Henry, youngest son of Thomas Avery, Esq. of Monmouth, aged 32, 8th April.
- Barret, Major, late of the 11th Hussars, aged 73, 18th March.
- Bartlett, Barnaby John Stuckey, Esq. formerly of Weston-house, Branscombe, Devon, at Milton, near Gravesend, aged 79, 17th March.
- Basset, Mary, widow of the late John Basset, Esq. at Paris, 22nd March.
- Bathurst, Lady Susan, aged 80, 31st March.
- Beach, Mrs. Frances, at Cheltenham, 30th March.
- Beed, the Rev. John Bishop, vicar of Felpham, for the long period of 42 years, and 15 years rector of the adjoining parish of Middleton, at Felpham, near Bognor, Sussex, aged 76, 10th April.
- Bell, Henry, youngest son of William Boscowen Bell, Esq. 16th April.
- Bennett, the Rev. Samuel, D.D. at Peru, Chaplain to H.B.M. Embassy, at Constantinople, 26th March.
- Bevan, Thomas, Esq. M.D. of Finsbury Circus, 19th April.
- Bicker-Caarten, Sarah Mary, widow of the late Adrian Herman Bicker-Caarten, Esq. of Rotterdam, and only daughter of the late Andrew Van Ysendoorn, Esq. of Amsterdam, at her residence, Shaftsbury Crescent, Pimlico, deeply and deservedly lamented, in her 63rd year, 22nd April.
- Bill, J., Esq. at Farnley Hill, co. Stafford, aged 90, 6th April.
- Black, Edward, youngest son of the late Mr. Alexander Black, of London, 5th April.
- Blomberg, the Rev. Frederick William, D.D., Canon of St. Pauls, &c. aged 86, 23rd March.
- Borrett, the Rev. William Penrice, Rector of Siston, co. Gloucester, 30th March.
- Bosanquet, James Tindal, son of James W.

- Bosanquet, Esq. of Hyde Park Square, aged 6, 1st April.
- Bott, Frederick Augustus, youngest son of the late John Bott, Esq. formerly Secretary of the Privy Purse of H.M. William IV., 20th March.
- Brodie, the Rev. Edw., at Versailles, 10th April.
- Bremer, Edward Gordon, Esq. Commander R.N., eldest son of Commodore Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, K.C.B., K.C.H., of Woolwich Dockyard, at Edinburgh, aged 26. 7th April.
- Brotherton, Louisa Anne, wife of Major General Brotherton, 3rd April.
- Brownlow, Dowager Lady, only dau. of the late Sir Henry Banks, and married in 1775, the late Lord Brownlow, aged 91, 13th April.
- Bruce, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Alexander Bruce, Esq. 26, Montagu-street, Portman-square, daughter of the late Robert Cosgrave, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs, Newry, and relict of the late Rev. John Wright, M.A., of Munsfield, Nottinghamshire, rector of St. Matthew's, Nassau, Bahamas, aged 56. 22nd March.
- Burley, William, Esq. York Place, Portman Square, 26th March.
- Burton, Mary, wife of David Burton, Junr. Esq. in Stanhope place, Hyde Park, 14th April.
- Burton, Maria, relict of the late William Burton, Esq. of Sheffield, and dau. of the late Rev. John Bill, rector of Draycot le Moores, 14th April.
- Capel, Major Henry Robert, Rifle Brigade, second son of the Hon. and Rev. William Capel, 13th April.
- Carden, Sir Henry, Bart., March. Accounts from Ireland mention the death of this respected gentleman, at his residence in the county of Tipperary. Early in life he held a military commission, and served under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. The only son of Sir John Craven Carden, Bart. by Mary Frances, his third wife, sister of Warner William, second Lord Rossmore, he succeeded to the family Baronetcy at the decease of his half brother, Sir Arthur Carden, in 1822. He was born 8th Feb. 1789, and married, 10th March, 1818, Louisa, only child of Frederick Thompson, Esq. of Dublin, by whom he has left Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., and several other children. The family of Carden, one of considerable antiquity, removed from Lincolnshire into Ireland about the middle of the seventeenth century, and obtained, in the land of their adoption, large territorial grants.
- Chadwick, Mary, eldest dau. of Robt. Chadwick, Esq. of Prestwick, near Manchester, 9th April.
- Codrington, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Robert, 49th Bengal Native Infantry, Assistant Quartermaster-General, on board the ship Wellesley, from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Moodkee, Dec. 13, 1845, aged 41, 22nd Jan.
- Chambers, Hannah, wife of Charles Chambers, Esq. R.N., 22nd March.
- Chapman, Frederick William, Esq. Lieut. in H.M. 84th Regiment, eldest son of Frederick John Chapman, Esq. of Hillmore, Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, accidentally drowned, (by the ship lurching in a gale of wind), off the Cape of Good Hope, whilst on his passage home from Madras, in the Robert Small Indiaman, aged 27, 16th Jan.
- Chiosso, Amelia Mary, dau. of Captain J. Chiosso, 16th April.
- Coales, John, Esq. of St. Alban's, J.P., aged 53, 30th March.
- Colleton, Frederick Nassau, eldest son of Sir Jas. Roupell Colleton, Bart.
- Collins, William, Esq. at Lavender Hill, late of Highbury Park, 4th April.
- Colston, Edward Francis, Esq. of Roundway Park, Wilts, and Filkin's Hall, Oxon. 9th April. The melancholy death of this gentleman has occasioned deep regret throughout the neighbourhood of Devizes. On Friday, the 16th instant, as a labourer was passing near the newly-formed fishponds in Roundway Park, he discovered the body of Mr. Colston floating in the water. From the evidence adduced at the Coroner's Inquest it appeared that the deceased was taking the shortest way across a steep bank, upwards of twenty feet high, when, either from apoplexy, to which he was predisposed, or from some accidental stumbling, he fell into the water. The lamentable event is much deplored. Of a cheerful and amiable disposition—courteous, affable and kind-hearted—Mr. Colston enjoyed universal esteem. His chief delight seemed to be in "living at home," in improving his estate, in employing the poor, and in dispensing hospitalities to his friends and neighbours. He held the Commission of the Peace for the counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Oxford, and possessed large property in each. His father, the late Colonel Colston, of Filkin's Hall, was grandson and heir of Alexander Ready, Esq. who took the name of Colston, from his third wife's great uncle EDWARD COLSTON, the philanthropist of Bristol. The gentleman whose decease has given rise to this brief notice had completed his fifty-second year the day before he died. He married, in 1819, Marianne, only child of William Jenkins, Esq. of Shepton Mallet, and has left two sons and two daughters. He was one of the Nominees

- of Colston's School, at Bristol, and attended regularly at the annual commemoration, by the Dolphin Society, of his great and good ancestor.
- Conant, Mrs. the wife of J. E. Conant, Esq. 4th April.
- Cooke, Thomas, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Hertfordshire Militia, and D.L., aged 85, 19th March.
- Coombes, George, Esq. of Torrington-square, aged 42, 19th April.
- Cortazzi, Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late L. F. Cortazzi, Esq. Consul of the Venetian Republic, and dau. of A. Hayes, Esq. British Consul, at Smyrna; at Odessa Southern Russia, in her 80th year, 17th March.
- Cotesworth, William, Esq. Commander R.N. of Webbery House, Devon, 7th April.
- Crawford, Major General George, late of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, at Nice, in his 71st year, 1st April.
- Crowther, Pelymar, widow of the late Lieut. Col. Francis Crowther, 80th Regiment, at Brussels.
- Currie, Alfrad Peter, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, youngest son of the late Mark Currie, Esq., at Mirzapore, aged 41, 3rd Feb.
- Curwood, John, Esq. 31st March. This gentleman was one of the oldest members of the English bar. He was called to the station of a barrister by the Honourable Society of Middle Temple so far back as the 10th June, 1796. Mr. Curwood very soon attained considerable practice on the Home Circuit, and at the Old Bailey: and his name appears in connection with many Crown cases of political importance. He it was who defended ably and eloquently Thistlewood and others of the poor wretches engaged in the Cat-street conspiracy: and one of his last forensic displays was when, very old and almost blind, he spoke before the Judges of the Queen's Bench, in favour of the privileges of the House of Commons, in the memorable action of Stockdale against Hansard. Mr. Curwood made, some years ago, a rather unwise change, from the Home to the Oxford Circuit: this materially injured his practice; he was however, appointed a revising barrister on the latter circuit; and he, until very recently, continued to labour at his profession. The extremely gentle disposition, the agreeable manners, and the strictly honourable feeling and conduct of Mr. Curwood, had endeared him to a wide circle of friends in the profession, whose sympathy and attention tended to soothe the trying circumstances of declining prosperity and health.
- Darrah, Anne, widow of the late John Johnson Darrah, Esq. of Charlemont, co. Dorset, 13th April.
- Daukes, the Rev. Henry, second son of the late Samuel Whitfield Daukes, of St. John's Wood, at Toft Rectory, co. Cumberland, 18th April.
- Dempster, James, Esq., at Ryde, Isle of Wight, aged 77, 5th April.
- Dewdney, Sophia, wife of George Dewdney, Esq. and dau. of the late Rev. William Jameson, 2nd April.
- Dickinson, Rebecca, sister of Captain Thos. Dickinson, R.N. 3rd April.
- Dickson, Arthur Henry, Esq. Rifle Brigade, youngest son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Jeremiah Dickson, K.C.B., at Milan, 13th March.
- Doherty, Sarah, sister of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Ireland, 4th March.
- Duerdin, William, Esq. of Tollington Park, Hornsey, aged 56, 3rd April.
- Duppa, Baldwin, Esq. of Hollingbourne House and Walmaynes Hall, co. Kent, J.P. and D.L., aged 85, 5th April. Mr. Duppa was only son of the late Baldwin Duppa, Esq., who was shipwrecked in the *Ramelies* in 1760. on the Bolt Head, and was the only officer, who, with twenty five of the crew, escaped by leaping from the vessel upon the rocks. The family of Duppa is one of considerable antiquity and was long settled in Herefordshire. The gentleman whose decease we record, married in 1800. Mary, dau. of Major General Gladwin, of Stubbing Court, co. Derby, and had by her five sons and five daughters.
- Earl, Percy, son of the late Percy Earl, of Hampstead-down, at Torres Straits, aged 35, May, 1846.
- Edkins, Lawrence Eborah, Esq., at Selesbourne, co. Warwick, aged 65, 22nd March.
- Edmondes, Henry, Esq. of the Middle Temple, formerly Deputy Clerk of the Peace for Middlesex, aged 39, 25th March.
- Farrer, William Downes, only son of Capt. Farrer, E.I.C.S., and of the Trinity House, aged 18, 14th April.
- Fell, Henry Haig, Esq. 69th Regiment, at Bury, co. Lancaster, 20th March.
- Fenwick, Captain Henry, 19th Bombay Native Infantry, second son of the late Ralph Fenwick, Esq., at No. 6, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, in his 30th year, 12th April.
- Ferguson, George, Esq. late Captain 23rd Regiment, eldest son of the late George Ferguson, Esq. of Houghton Hall, co. Cumberland.
- Foulkes, Anne Goulding Gale, wife of G. Foulkes, Esq. of Berkeley, Gloucester, 27th March.
- Fulford, Baldwin, Esq. of Fulford, co. Devon, aged 72, 10th April. The representative of one of the oldest families in England, and the possessor of extensive estates, this lamented gentleman gained by his personal character, his integrity,

and his benevolence, a claim to public esteem far more enviable than any his long line of ancestry or his hereditary possessions could have given. Even in Saxon times, the Fulfords were seated at Fulford; and, at the Norman Conquest, are recorded in the Domesday Survey as holding that estate, then written Folefort. The mansion, at which they have resided for centuries, is still in good repair, though one of the most ancient in the kingdom, standing in a park well diversified with fine timber, and surrounded by woods and plantations. In the great Civil War, this chivalrous family were of course Royalists, and Fulford House stood a siege against a part of Fairfax's army. At a far earlier period—the period of the Crusades—another monarch Richard I., required and obtained the gallant services of many knights of the family—of Sir Baldwin de Fulford, more particularly; and at a subsequent epoch—a critical one for the reigning Sovereign—Sir Thomas Fulford accompanied the Earl of Devon, to the relief of Exeter when beleagured by Perkin Warbeck. The immediate ancestor of the existing family was Sir Baldwin Fulford, of Fulford, Sheriff of Devon, 38 Henry VI., and Knight of the Sepulchre, whom Prince, the historian styles “a great soldier, and a traveller of so undaunted resolution, that, for the honour and liberty of a Royal lady, in a Castle besieged by the Infidels, he fought a combat with a Saracen, for bulk and bigness an unequal match (as the representation of him cut in the wainscot in Fulford Hall doth plainly show), whom yet he vanquished, and rescued the lady.” Colonel Fulford, whose death we record, held the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Devon Militia, was Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and long acted as a Justice of the Peace. By Anna-Maria, his wife, eldest dau. of the late William Adams, Esq. of Bowden, and sister of William Dacres Adams, Esq. formerly Confidential Secretary to Mr. Pitt, he leaves five sons and six daughters.

Gibson, Captain, of Her Majesty's Rifle Brigade, late of Quernmore-park, Lancashire, killed in an encounter with the Caffres while on detachment from the camp, on the Kee River, Caffreland, aged 28, 11th Jan.

Gilmour, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Dugald L., K.C.B. at Rome, 25th March. This gallant officer entered the Army in 1794, and rose through every grade to that of Lieut.-General, the 23rd Nov. 1841. From the time of his becoming a British soldier to the peace of 1814, Sir Dugald Gilmour was continually in active service, and won

laurel after laurel. The Bay of Quiberon, the West Indies, Holland, Zealand, the Peninsula, saw Gilmour sharing in the dangers and the triumph of almost every battle. Sir Dugald was decorated with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Bath, and wore the Cross of Honour for the engagements of Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Nives, and Toulouse. At the time of his death Sir Dugald was Col. of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.

Glenie, Mary Anne, relict of the late James Glenie, Esq. formerly of the Royal Artillery, and Corps of Royal Engineers, at Lincoln River, St. John's, New Brunswick, aged 84, 26th Feb.

Glyn, Jemima Julia, relict of the Rev. Thos. Clayton Glyn, at Dorrington House, Essex, 21st March.

Godolphin, Lady, at Gogmagog hills, co. Cambridge, aged 68, 17th April.

Gordon, Commander James Alexander, R.N. only son of Rear Admiral Sir James A. Gordon, K.C.B., Lieut. Gov. of Greenwich Hospital, in command of H.M.S. Wolf, off Labuan, Borneo, aged 30, 6th Jan.

Gordon, Frances Emma Valentina Evans, formerly of the Holm and Shirmers, stewardry of Kirkudbright, N.B. and widow of the late Colonel George Evans, of Brockley, Suffolk, at Ashford-house, Somersetshire, 22nd March.

Green, Charlotte Elizabeth, relict of the late T. A. Green, Esq. of Marchmont House, Herts., 28th March.

Grove, Major Henry Jones, K.H. late of the 80th Regiment, at Bonn, on the Rhine, aged 63, 27th March.

Haffendon, Mary Anne, the wife of Charles Dalley Haffendon, of Addiscombe, Surrey, at Valverde, Andalusia, 9th March.

Hanson, Joshua Fletcher, Esq. of Kensington Gore, at Jersey, 7th April.

Hay, Jane Josephine, wife of Major-Gen. Philip Hay, 8th April.

Hickson, Matilda, wife of William Hickson, Esq. of Fairseat, Kent, aged 64, 3rd April.

Hood, Charlotte, infant dau. of the Hon. Major and Lady Mary Hood, 27th March.

Hopper, Jacob, Esq. late Lieut. and Adjutant Recruiting Staff, of Woolwich, 19th March.

Howell, Frederick, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon of Her Majesty's Rifle Brigade, son of T. Jones Howell, Esq. of Prinknash-park, Gloucestershire, killed in an encounter with the Caffres, while on detachment from the camp, on the Kee River, Caffreland, 11th Jan.

Hughes, Grace, the wife of the Rev. R. H. Matthews Hughes, M.A., at the Vicarage, Llansantffraid-yn-Mechan, 26th March.

Inglis, John, Esq. of Auchendinry, at Redhall House, Edinburgh, 23rd March.

- Innes, William John, Esq. Commander R.N., aged 58, 24th March.
- Jackson, Jane Arabella, dau. of the late Rev. Gilbert Jackson, D.D. of Wheatley, Oxfordshire, at Bath, at an advanced age, 29th March.
- Jessopp, Thomas Augustus, Esq. of Sudbury House, Wrotham, Kent, 23rd March.
- Johnson, Anne Susanna Augusta, youngest dau. of Dr. Johnson, of Monks Fields, Montgomeryshire, and Belmont House, Salop, at Brussels, 22nd March. She was interred in the family vault, at St. Chads, Shrewsbury.
- Knight, W., of Oaklands, in Hertfordshire, Esq., F.S.A. a magistrate for the county and for the liberty of St. Alban's, and one of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital — a gentleman devoted from early life to the study and encouragement of literature and antiquities, 14th March.
- Langslow, Sarah Jane Henrietta, commonly called Selina, wife of Robert Langslow, Esq., barrister-at-law, and youngest dau. of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, Esq. of Hadley, Middlesex, in Powis-place, Bloomsbury, aged 49, 8th April.
- Leech, John, Esq. of Lea, Surrey, M.P., aged 86, 16th April.
- Leeke, Sophia, relict of the late Samuel Leeke, Esq., magistrate and Deputy Lient. for the county of Southampton, and daughter of the late Richard Bargus, Esq. of Fareham, in Cheltenham, aged 85, 4th April.
- Lindsay, Col., late of the 78th Highlanders, at Ceylon.
- Lloyd, Anna, wife of William Lloyd, Esq. of Rockville, co. Roscommon, at London, 20th March.
- Lyde, Mary-Jane, only dau. of Capt. Lyde, of Sid Villa, Old Brompton, 15th April.
- Macarthur, Major Alexander, late of the E.I.C.S., 17th April.
- Macdonald, Lieut.-Col. Donald, late of the 19th Regt., 22nd March.
- MacLean, Anne, daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Joseph Maclean, K.C.H. 13th April.
- Mainwaring, Catherine, wife of Major Mainwaring, 51st Regt., and second dau. of the late Colonel Popham, at Madras, 14th Jan.
- Manning, Emily Ann, the wife of William Montagu Manning, Esq. Solicitor-Gen., and eldest dau. of Edward Wise, Esq. of the Isle of Wight, at Sydney, N. S. W. in Nov. last.
- Mariott, Lieut.-Gen., aged 74, 16th March.
- Martin, Catherine Howard Pear, the wife of William Martin, Esq. K.S.F., late Lieut.-Col. 2nd Lancers, B.A.L., and formerly of the 16th Lancers and 38th Regt., at Preston, 23rd March.
- Martin, William Bennicutt, Esq., at Wors-
- borough, co. York, 6th April. Mr. Martin was eldest son of the late Henry Martin, Esq. M.P., of Colston Bassett, Notts, one of the Masters in Chancery, by Maria Elizabeth, his wife, dau. and coheir of Francis Edmunds, Esq., of Worsborough. He was born 7th Oct. 1796, and married 25th Nov. 1831, Augusta Marcia, only dau. of the Rev. I. Chaloner.
- Menzies, George Champneys, second and youngest son of Robert Menzies, Esq. of Wood-hall, co. York, aged 23, 7th April.
- Montrose, The Dowager Duchess of, 24th March. Caroline-Maria, Duchess Dowager of Montrose, died at Petersham, in Surrey. Her Grace was eldest dau. of George, fourth Duke of Manchester, and derived in direct descent from the celebrated Parliamentary commander, Edward, Earl of Manchester, so distinguished for his victory at Marston Moor. At the period of her decease, the Duchess had completed her 76th year. She was married to James, third Duke of Montrose, 24th July, 1790, and had by him two sons — James, the present Duke, and Lord Montagu William Graham; and four daughters — Georgiana Charlotte, late Countess of Winchelsea; Caroline: Lucy, Countess of Powis; and Emily, married to Edward T. Foley, Esq. of Stoke Edith Park, county Hereford.
- Muirhead, Rev. Dr., senior minister of the Free Church of Crumond, aged 84, 12th April.
- Mundy, Catherine, relict of the late Edward Miller Mundy, Esq. of Shipley, formerly M.P. for Derbyshire, at the residence of her son, T. Smith Barwell, Esq. at Putney, aged 78, 12th April.
- Nash, Mary Anne Elizabeth, wife of Frederick Woodham Nash, Esq. at Sion-house, Birchanger, Essex, 27th March.
- Needham, Miss Pricilla, of Castle-gate, Nottingham, aged 70, 31st March.
- Ness, Capt. James Burdett, *h. p.*, 71st Reg., 31st March.
- Oliphant, James Stewart, Esq. at Rossie House, co. Perth, 9th April.
- Oliver, Julia, the eldest dau. of Lieut.-Col. Oliver, at Potterne Manor-house, Wilts, aged 22, 25th March.
- Parkinson, John, Esq., F.R.S., late Her Britannic Majesty's Consul to the Republic of Mexico, and formerly British Consul at various other posts in Europe and the Brasils, at Paris, 3rd April.
- Parnell, William, Esq. at Seymour Lodge, Sydenham, aged 49, 14th April.
- Parsons, Rev. James, B.D., Honorary Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, the editor of the "Oxford Septuagint" for more than 40 years incumbent of Newnham and Little Deau,

in the county of Gloucester, in his 86th year, 6th April.

Paterson, Capt. George Dacres, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Paterson, aged 35, 3rd April.

Percy, The Right Hon. Lady Susan, at Rome, 7th April. Her ladyship, whose death occurred suddenly, was second dau. of Algernon, first Earl of Beverley, and granddaughter of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland. Her elder sister, Lady Charlotte Percy, was married to George, third Earl of Ashburnham.

Phillips, Capt., at Woodthorpe, Notts, aged 64, 5th April.

Phillips, Harriet, relict of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Phillips, of Lyndhurst, and dau. of the late Sir Frederick Leman Rogers, Bart., at Teignmouth, Devon, 6th April.

Planta, The Right Hon. Joseph, formerly Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, aged 60, 5th April. This gentleman, was son of the late Joseph Planta, F.R.S., for twenty-eight years Principal Librarian of the British Museum; and grandson of the Rev. Andrew Planta, Minister of the German Reformed Church in London, who came to England in 1752, from the Grisons, in Switzerland. His period of official service was an extended one. For nearly ten years he filled the important appointment of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; at the Congresses of Paris, Vienna, and Aix-la-Chapelle, attended Lord Castlereagh, the British Representative on those occasions; and, from 1827 to 1830, was Joint-Secretary to the Treasury. The right honourable gentleman sat in several Parliaments previously to 1844, as Member for Hastings, in the neighbourhood of which town he possessed a handsome residence, called Fairlight Place. Mr. Planta was born in 1787, and married, in 1831, Mrs. Oom, relict of Thomas Oom, Esq., of Bedford-square. At the period of his death, he was in the enjoyment of a pension of £1,500 per annum.

Pole, Sir Wm. Templer, Bart., died recently. This respected Baronet, represented a family, which Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," describes as "both ancient and honourable," stating, besides, that "Pole, in the parish of Tiverton, was the seat and possession thereof from the time of the Norman Conquest, for several generations down." The Baronetcy was conferred, in 1628, on John William Pole, Esq., of Shute, the M.P. for Devon, the eldest son of Sir William Pole Knight, of Colcomb, by Mary, his wife, dau. and coheir of Sir William Peryan, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and descended in a di-

rect line, to the gentleman just deceased, who was the seventh inheritor of the title. He was born in 1782, and married twice. By his first wife, Sophia Anne, only dau. of George Templer, Esq., of Shapwick-House, county Somerset, he had one son; and by his second, Charlotte Fraser, niece of John Farquhar, Esq., of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts. he had two sons and two daughters. Sir William Pole was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the counties of Devon and Somerset, and served as High Sheriff of the former in 1818. He enjoyed the patronage of two livings.

Polignac, Prince, aged 67, 29th March. The house of Polignac is one of the oldest and most noble in the genealogical records of France. It boasts of many eminent men in ancient times; at more recent periods, the Cardinal Melchior de Polignac, Minister of Louis XIV., and Madame de Polignac, the devoted friend and confidant of Queen Marie Antoinette, and mother of the Prince just dead, may be mentioned as distinguished members of the family. The subject of this notice, Augustus Julius Armand Maria, Prince de Polignac, was the second son of Julius, Duke de Polignac, by his wife, the lady above-mentioned. The Prince was born on the 14th May, 1780, and, shortly after, he and his whole family were driven into exile by the French Revolution; his mother died of grief for the murder of Marie Antoinette, and he and his brothers passed their youth partly in Austria, partly in Russia, and then in England. Stanch supporters of Royalism, and ardent adherents of the Bourbons, the Prince de Polignac, and his elder brother Armand, embarked, in 1804, in the abortive conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal against Napoleon. The emperor, at the instance of Josephine, spared the lives of the Polignacs; but they remained close prisoners in France until the Bourbon Restoration. After the return of Louis XVIII., the Prince de Polignac became the avowed leader of the Ultra-Royalist party, which was but little encouraged by the King, but strongly supported by his brother the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. In 1823, the Prince de Polignac went as Ambassador to London, and remained six years there. In 1829, he became Prime Minister of France; and then it was that his zeal completely outran his discretion. At his instigation, mainly, Charles X. issued the fatal ordinances of July, which dethroned him, and founded the monarchy of Louis Philippe. For his share in this memorable business, the prince was condemned to death by the Chamber of Peers, but the penalty was commuted into perpetual

imprisonment. After a long incarceration at Ham, the Prince was permitted to go into exile, and finally he was allowed a free residence in France, provided he did not sojourn in Paris. He there established himself at St. Germain, a place more than once the last refuge of ruined kings and statesmen; and he here passed his final years of broken health and deep affliction. The deaths of Charles X. and the Duke of Angoulême completed the misery of his existence. After these events, he sunk into a gloom from which he never entirely recovered. Julius Prince de Polignac was a man of bygone times—the chivalrous servant of an absolute King—a Minister full of love, loyalty, and devotion for his master. He unfortunately lived at a period unsuited to his opinions, and his utter undoing was the result. Yet, though he may have been violent and wrong-headed in politics, he was immaculate in private. True to his race, he exhibited every virtue that became a gentleman, and was likely to win honour and affection. Now, that the storm in which he was wrecked has passed over, he sinks into the grave more pitied than condemned by mankind. The Prince de Polignac was twice married—first, on the 6th July, 1816, to Miss Barbara Campbell, by whom he leaves a son and successor, Armand. The Prince married secondly, the 3rd June, 1824, Maria Charlotte, youngest dau. of Thomas, first Lord Raneliffe, and widow of the Marquis de Choiseul: by this lady he leaves four other sons and a daughter. The Prince de Polignac was the possessor of Millemont, in France, of a part of Calderon and Argyle, in Isle St. Vincent, and of the lands of Wild Sturm and Reichersdorf, in Bavaria.

Rodney, The Hon. John. Many years Secretary to the Governor of Ceylon, 9th April, aged 82, at Boulogne. This venerable gentleman, who for so many years filled the office of chief Secretary to the government of Ceylon, was the third son of the famous Admiral Lord Rodney, and the eldest by his Lordship's second marriage, with Henrietta, dau. of John Clies, Esq. Mr. Rodney at an early age became a member of his father's gallant profession; but after a comparatively brief service, retired, while holding the rank of Post Captain. He was married three times; first, in 1784, to Catharine dau. of Thomas, sixth Earl of Westmeath, by whom (who died in 1794) he had three daughters; secondly, in 1799, to Louisa, eldest dau. of John, third Earl of Aldborough, by whom he had two sons and six daughters; and thirdly, in 1815, to Antoinette, only dau. of Anthony

Pierre Reyne, Esq., by whom he had one son and four daughters.

Rokeby, Edward, Lord, 7th April, at Naples. His Lordship, the representative of the Robinsons of Rokeby, was eldest son of the late Matthew Robinson, Esq., who assumed the surname and arms of Montague in 1776, and succeeded as 4th Lord Rokeby in 1829. He was born 6th July 1787. Never having married, he succeeded in the family honours by his next surviving brother, the Hon. Col. Henry Montague.

Roi, Count Antoine, whose death occurred recently, was born at Chavigny, in Champagne, on the 15th March, 1765. The career of M. Roy was a remarkable one. He begun by the profession of the law, and, during the period of the Republic, he advocated the cause of many illustrious unfortunate families. In 1794, he relinquished the bar, and, turning his attention to commerce, he created a large manufactory in the celebrated Château of Navarre, near Evreux. He commenced his political course as deputy for the Department of the Seine, 1815. As a member of the Chamber, M. Roy distinguished himself by his attention to the affairs of the Bourse, the saltpetre and powder manufactures, the sinking fund, and the dépôts and consignations which were placed under his surveillance. In 1818 he was made, for a very short time, Minister of Finance, and was so again in 1819. He retired from office the 13th December, 1822; and, on the following day, was created, by Louis XVIII., a Count and Peer of France. As a financier the Count Roy was unrivalled. During his administration the receipts of the State annually exceeded the expenses to the amount of 50,400,000 francs. His wise hostility to lotteries and gambling houses led to their abolition. M. Roy was created Minister of Finance for the third time in 1828. He withdrew from office in 1829. Since the revolution of 1830 Count Roy patriotically took part in every finance debate which might lead to the service of his country. He may be truly mourned as one of the great men of France.

Saye and Sele, Lord, aged 49, 31st March. This nobleman enjoyed the ancient title of this family for little more than two years, having succeeded his father in Nov. 1844. He has died unmarried, leaving his cousin, the Rev. Frederick Twistleton, D.C.L. heir to the barony, which was conferred originally in 1447 on Sir James Fiennes, grandson of Sir William Fiennes, by Joan, his wife, dau. of Sir Geoffrey de Saye, of Sele, in Kent, Admiral of the Fleet, and Knight Banneret. The

ultimate fate of Sir James Fiennes, to whom the title was thus granted, and who held the dignified offices of Warden of the Cinque Ports and Lord Treasurer of England, marks the instability of greatness at the period in which he lived. Being a prisoner in the Tower when Jack Cade's mob entered London, he was dragged thence by the rioters to the Standard at Cheapside, and there beheaded, 4th July, 1451. His death is graphically told by Shakespeare in the Second Part of Henry VI. The son and successor of this powerful but ill-fated noble, William, second Lord Saye and Sele, was appointed Vice-Admiral of England under the stout Earl of Warwick, and eventually fell, under the Yorkist banner, at the battle of Barnet. He married Margaret, dau. and heir of William Wickham, of Broughton, in Oxfordshire, nearly related to William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester; and thus his Lordship's descendants became of founder's kin to New College, Oxford. The male line of the Fiennes family expired, in 1781, with Richard, sixth Viscount Saye and Sele; but the ancient barony was allowed to Thomas Twisleton, Esq. of Broughton Castle, as heir general of James, second Viscount. The Peer, whose decease we record, was this nobleman's grandson, being only son of Gregory William, eleventh Baron, by Maria-Marow, his wife, dau. and co-heir of Sampson, Lord Eardley, the possessor of the beautiful estate of Belvedere, near Erith.

Safe, Captain William, late of the 23th Regiment Madras Infantry, 13th April.

Scott, Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter, Bart. at the Cape of Good Hope, 8th Feb. (refer to FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY in this Number of the Patrician.)

Scudamore, Charlotte Catherine, second daughter of the late John Scudamore, Esq. at Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 35, 24th March.

Searle, Captain Samuel, late E.I.C.S., aged 63, 21st March.

Shirley, The Rt. Rev. Walter Augustus, Bishop of Sodor and Man, at Bishop's-court, Isle of Man, after a short illness, 21st April, aged 49. His lordship was son of the Rev. Walter Shirley, by Alicia, his wife, dau. of Sir Edward Normanton, and grandson of the Rev. Walter Shirley, brother of the 6th Earl Ferrers. He married in 1827, Maria dau. of William Waddington Esq., and has left issue.

Shuter, John, Esq. of Hoccombe-house, Mill Hill, J.P. and D.L., aged 71, 22nd March

Sidebottom, Alexander Radcliffe, Esq. of

Sloan Street, and Lincoln's Inn, aged 74, 5th April.

Simeon, Louisa Edith, wife of Sir Richard Simeon, Bart. 12th April.

Sladen, Joseph St. Barbe, Esq. eldest son of John B. Sladen, Esq. of Ripple court, Kent, aged 35, 2nd April.

Story, Amelia, wife of Com. Henry Story, R.N., 7th April.

Tanner, William, Esq. of Blacklands House, Wilts, aged 70, 18th March.

Thesiger, Miss Marianne, in Cambridge street, Hyde Park, 8th April.

Tilke, Anne, only surviving daughter of S. Westcott Tilke, Esq. of Thayer Street, 7th April.

Varndell, Richard, midshipman, off the Alacranes, in the wreck of the Tweed, aged 18, 13th Feb.

Vavasour, the Hon. Sir Edward, Bart. of Hazelwood, co. York, aged 60, 16th March. Sir Edward Vavasour died suddenly, near Dijon, on his road to Rome. He was the second son of Charles Philip, sixteenth Lord Stourton, by Mary his wife, daughter and co-heir of Marmaduke Lord Langdale, and assumed the surname of Vavasour in 1826, on succeeding by bequest to the estates of his cousin, Sir Thomas Vavasour, Bart. of Hazlewood. In 1828 he obtained a patent of Baronetcy. The very ancient family from which the deceased Baronet thus derived his estates, took its surname from the high office held in former times by its senior members—that of King's VALVASOUR, a dignity little inferior to the Baronial. The pedigree can be authentically traced to the period of the Norman Conquest; and from that remote era to the present, the family has ever maintained a leading position among the great landed proprietors of Yorkshire. In the reign of Elizabeth, Thomas Vavasour, Esq. of Hazelwood, distinguished himself by his gallant exertions in raising forces and equipping vessels to defend England and its Queen against the Spanish Armada. To requite this zeal, and to show her regard for one of her Maids of Honour, who was a Vavasour, and her acknowledged kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, who, through her grandfather, Sir Thomas Boleyn, descended from Maude Vavasour, would never suffer the Chapel at Hazelwood to be molested; which to this day has continued a Catholic place of worship. During the great civil war, the Vavasours, connected by marriage with the Giffards of Chellington, and the Langdales of Langthorpe, both eminent for their loyalty in the worst of times, arrayed themselves under the King's banner; their chief, Sir Walter Vavasour, raised a regiment of Horse; and a younger

- son of the house, Thomas Vavasour, fell gallantly fighting at Marston Moor. Sir Edward Marmaduke Vavasour was born 6th May, 1786, and married, 5th August 1813, Marcia-Bridget, only daughter of James Lane Fox, Esq. of Bramham Park, co. York, by whom (who died 10th June, 1826) he has left a large family, the eldest daughter of which is married to William Constable Maxwell, Esq. of Evringham Park, co. York.
- Venables, the Rev. Joseph George, youngest son of the late Rev. Joseph Venables, of Oswestry, 11th April.
- Waller, Lieut. James T. 15th Hussars (late 16th Lancers) the youngest son of Arthur Waller, Esq. of Myddleton square, Pentonville, on his way to England on a medical certificate, at Calcutta, aged 27, 6th Jan.
- Warneford, the Hon. Elizabeth, relict of the late Col. Warneford.
- Webster, Sir Henry Vassal, Knt. 20th April. This gentleman, whose death took place from the effects of a wound inflicted by himself the previous day, at the family residence in Brook street, was second son of the late Sir Godfrey Webster, fourth Baronet of Battel Abbey, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heiress of Richard Vassall, Esq. of Jamaica, (which lady—her marriage with Sir Godfrey having been dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1797—married, in the same year, Lord Holland). Sir Henry was born in 1794, entering the army in 1810, he served in the Peninsula, Holland, and Belgium, and was Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Orange at Waterloo, for which he received a medal and the insignia of a Knight of Wilhelm, of the Netherlands. Having attained his majority in 1826, he became unattached, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1831: in the following year he was nominated a Knight-Commander of the Tower and Sword of Portugal; in 1835 received the Order of St. Bento d'Avis; and in 1843 was created a Knight-Bachelor by patent. Sir Henry married Grace, only daughter of the late Samuel Boddington, Esq. of Upper Brook-street.
- Welsh, Charles Henry, only surviving son of Thomas Welsh, Esq. late Attorney-General of Van Diemen's Land, at Calcutta, aged 18, 15th Feb.
- West, Anne Balcombe, relict of the late Lieut. Col. James West, Roy. Art. 18th March.
- Whitshed, Harriet Jane Christian, youngest dau. of Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, Bart. 19th April.
- Wilberforce, Barbara-Anne, relict of the late William Wilberforce, M.P., at East Farleigh Vicarage, 21st April. This estimable lady was daughter of Isaac Spooner, Esq. of Elmdon Hall, co. Warwick, by Barbara his wife, sister of the 1st Lord Calthorpe. Her marriage took place in 1797, and the issue of it were four sons and two daughters, viz. 1, William Wilberforce, Esq. of Kingston upon Hull; 2, Robert Isaac, Vicar of East Farleigh; 3, Samuel, Bishop of Oxford; 4, Henry William; 5, Barbara, who *d. unm.* in 1821; and 6, Elizabeth, who *m.* the Rev. John James, A.M. and *d.* in 1832.
- Wilde, Marianne Grace, dau. of Edward Wilde, Esq. of Duke street, St. James's Park, 14th April.
- Willes, Edward, Esq. formerly of Newbold Comyer, and late of Goodrest-lodge, at Clifton, aged 59, 20th March.
- Wilson, the Rev. Josias, of Islington, aged 47, 13th April.

THE PATRICIAN.

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Moor Park, Herts.

“Moor Park, when I was acquainted with it, was the sweetest place, I think, that I have ever seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad.”

Sir William Temple.

IN ancient times, the Manor of the Moor formed part of the possessions of the richly endowed Abbey of St. Albans, and in 1431 appears to have been held under that holy community by William Fleete, at the yearly rent of ten shillings and tenpence, by the service of one penny, payable after the decease of every tenant, and by the service of finding for the Abbot and his successors, one horse to carry him to the cell of Tynemouth, whenever he should journey thither. Upon the subsequent refusal of Fleete to perform these duties, the Moore was confirmed to the Abbey, by the judgment of Sir William Babington, Knt., Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was not long after, A.D. 1457, leased to Ralph Botiller, Lord of Sudeley. The next proprietor on record was George Nevil (younger brother of Richard, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury) and to him Henry VI. granted license to inclose 600 acres of pasture and land for a park, and permission to embattle the site of the Manor. George Nevil was a celebrated churchman of his time, and became in the reign of Edward IV., Archbishop of York; he resided in a style of great magnificence on his demesne of the Moor, where he frequently entertained his Royal Master. At the death, however, of his brother, the renowned Earl of Warwick, the tide of courtly favour turned against the prelate, and the king found means by the following stratagem, related by Goodwin in his catalogue of English Bishops, to compass his ruin:—“He chanced to be with the king a hunting at Windsor, and upon occasion of the sport they had seen there, made relation unto the king of some extraordinary kind of game, wherewith he was wont to solace himself at a house called the Moore, in Hertfordshire. The king, seeming desirous to be a partaker of this sport, appointed a day when he would come thither to hunt and make merry with him; hereupon the archbishop, taking his leave, got him home, and thinking to entertain the king in the best manner it was possible for him, he sent for much plate that he had hid during the warres between his brethren and the king, and borrowed also much of his friends. The deere which the king hunted being thus brought into the toyle, the day before his appointed time hee sent for the archbishop, commanding him, all excuses set apart, to repayre presently unto him, being at Windsor. As soon as he came he was arrested of treason;—all his plate, money, and other moveable goods, to the value of £20,000, were

seized upon for the king, and himself for a long space after was kept prisoner at Calais and Guisnes, during which time the king tooke unto himself all the profites and temporalities of his bishopricke. Amongst other things then taken from him, he had a myter of inestimable value, by reason of many rich stones wherewith it was adorned, that the king thereof broke, and made a crown for himself. This calamity happened unto him in the year 1472. By intercession and entreaty of his friends and much adoo, he obtained his liberty in the yere 1476, and a little while enjoying the same, with grief and anguish of mind as was thought, died at Blithlaw, coming from York, and was buried in the Minster there, aged 41."

Nevil's disgrace caused his lands to revert to the crown, and Moore remained so vested until the reign of Henry VII., when it was granted to John, Earl of Oxford, in requital of his gallant services at Bosworth, but it did not long continue in the chivalrous race of Vere, for among the vast possessions forfeited by Cardinal Wolsey the Moore occurs, and within the lapse of a few years it was annexed, by Royal Letters Patent, to the Duchy of Lancaster. The Manor with the park was afterwards assigned by Queen Elizabeth to Francis Russell, 2nd Earl of Bedford, and here the Russell family resided for some time. The first house upon this beautiful demesne, of which we have any historical account, was inhabited by Lucy, Countess Dowager of Bedford, widow of Edward, third Earl, and sister and coheir of John, 2nd Lord Harrington, a lady equally celebrated for her learning and extravagance, and a distinguished patroness of the most celebrated men of her time. Her Ladyship laid out the gardens that attracted the admiration of Sir William Temple, and was the first to render this favoured spot a point of general attraction. She did not however very long retain possession of an estate she had so greatly adorned, for in 1626, it passed by sale, to William Earl of Pembroke, by whom the House and Park were severed from the Manor, and sold to Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth. His Lordship, fourth son of Henry, Lord Hunsdon, and a near kinsman of Queen Elizabeth, acted a prominent part in the public affairs of the era in which he lived. His Memoirs, written by himself and published by John Earl of Cork and Orrery, in 1759, give much insight into the history of the times. He was on board the Fleet in 1588, at the destruction of the Armada, and he states that he won a wager of two thousand pounds the next year by going on foot in twelve days to Berwick. After this," goes on the memoir, "I married a gentlewoman, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hugh Trevanion, more for her *worth*, than her *wealth*, for her estate was but £500 a year jointure. She had between £500 and £600 in her purse. Neither did she marry me for any great wealth; for I had in all the world but £100 a year out of the Exchequer, as a pension, and that was but during pleasure; and I was near £1,000 in debt. Besides the Queen was mightily displeased with me for marrying, and most of my best friends; only my father was noways offended at it, which gave me great content." The tide of fortune, which he took in the spring, was the opportunity afforded him by the familiar intercourse, with which his kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, condescended to treat him, of being the first to announce her Majesty's decease to her successor. As he visited her (he says) in her last illness, and prayed that her health might amend, she took him by the hand and wringing it hard, replied, "No, Robin, I am not well," and, fetching at the same time no fewer than forty or fifty sighs, which he declares, except for the death of Mary of Scotland, he never in his whole life, knew her to do before. By those sighs, the wily politician judged her Majesty was near her dissolution, and, with great candour, he proceeds, "I could not but think in what a wretched state I should be

left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I be-
 thought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received of the King
 of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him." Accordingly, at the decease of
 the Queen, Cary immediately proceeded to Scotland, and was the first
 person to announce to King James his accession to the throne of England,
 producing and presenting to his Majesty, in proof of his veracity a certain
 blue ring.* The King received him, of course, most graciously, and observed,
 "I know you have lost a near kinswoman, and a mistress, but take here my
 my hand, I will be a good master to you, and will requite this service with
 honour and reward." Notwithstanding this royal pledge, however, full
 nineteen years elapsed before Cary attained the peerage; and in his memoirs,
 he observes "I only relied on God and the King. The one never left me;
 the other shortly after his coming to London, deceived my expectations, and
 adhered to those who sought my ruin." The Earl died at Moore Park
 12th April 1639, leaving a daughter, Philadelphia, wife of Sir Thomas
 Wharton, and two sons, Henry 2d Earl of Monmouth, and Thomas, who
 obtained celebrity as a poet, and was so devoted a royalist that, upon the
 execution of King Charles, he fell sick of grief and died about 1648, in the
 33rd year of his age. His only daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, wedded John,
 Viscount Mordaunt, of Avalon, and was mother of Charles Mordaunt, the
 renowned Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth. At the decease of the
 first Earl, Moore Park devolved on his elder son, Henry, a nobleman whom
 Anthony Wood describes as "a person well skilled in the modern languages,
 and a generous scholar, the fruit whereof he found in the troublesome times
 of the rebellion, when, by a forced retiredness, he was capacitated to exercise
 himself in studies, while others of the nobility were fain to truckle to their
 inferiors for company's sake." He wrote much; but, as Walpole observes;
 "we have scarce anything of his own composition, and are as little
 acquainted with his character as with his genius."

Both his sons having died in early manhood,—the elder, Lionel, in the
 ranks of the Royalists at Marston Moor—the Earl felt no longer a pride
 in keeping up the demesne of the Moor, and at length alienated the estate
 to Sir Richard Francklyn, of Willesden, Middlesex, by whom it was, in
 ten years after, sold to James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, the Royalist
 General, and his Grace disposed of the property in 1670 to JAMES, DUKE
 of MONMOUTH. To this ill-fated nobleman is generally attributed the
 erection of the present mansion, which, at the period of its being built, was
 esteemed one of the best pieces of brick work in England. On his at-
 tainder, subsequent to the battle of Sedgemoor, Moore Park became for-
 feited to the crown, and was shortly afterwards granted by James II. to the
 Duchess of Monmouth, the Duke's widow, who, in 1720, sold it to Benjamin
 Haskins Styles, Esq., one of the fortunate speculators in the South Sea scheme.
 He almost rebuilt the whole, in a style of great magnificence, from the de-

* The account of the *blue ring* which Lady Elizabeth Spelman, (daughter of Martha,
 Countess of Middleton, who was daughter of the second Earl of Monmouth, and grand-
 daughter of the nobleman to whom the anecdote refers,) gave to Lord Cork, was this;
 King James kept a constant correspondence with several persons of the English Court
 for many years prior to Queen Elizabeth's decease, among others, with Lady Scrope,
 (sister of this Robert Cary) to whom his Majesty sent, by Sir James Fullerton, a
 sapphire ring, with positive orders to return it to him, by a special messenger, as soon as
 the Queen actually expired. Lady Scrope had no opportunity of delivering it to her
 brother Robert, whilst he was in the Palace of Richmond; but waiting at the window
 till she saw him at the outside of the gate, she threw it out to him, and he well knew to
 what purpose he received it.

sgns of a celebrated Italian architect, Giacomo Leoni, aided by Sir James Thornhill, the painter. The expense of the improvements are stated to have been £150,000, of which the carriage of the stone from London consumed full £13,000. The principal or southern front has a grand portico, the pediment of which is supported by four noble columns of the Corinthian order, each shaft, thirty-seven feet high, the capitals are six feet in height, the base, four, the entablature is continued round the house, and is surmounted by a balustrade. The interior is uncommonly rich and possesses an air of princely grandeur. The hall, of equal and spacious proportions, is surrounded by a noble gallery, on whose sides are painted in fresco, the most celebrated statues of antiquity. Above is represented a Dome, producing an excellent effect. In the lower part, four large compartments are painted from the principal circumstances in the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, containing the story of Io and Argus. The artist of these subjects is unknown, but they are represented with much propriety and judgment in chaste but not brilliant colours. The door-cases are of marble, and military trophies, in a species of composition, complete the decorations of the hall. The principal staircase is painted with various subjects from Ovid, executed with much brilliancy of colours. The saloon is a handsome room, wainscoated with oak, in the panels of which are subjects representing the four seasons. The ceiling of this apartment is copied from one by Guido in the *Respigliari* palace. The sum of £3,500 was obtained by a legal process for the painting, which is one of the finest works of Sir James Thornhill. The ball, or long drawing-room, was fitted up by Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart. in a most superb style, at an expense of £10,000, the ceiling is in compartments of various forms, filled with fanciful ornaments, executed with much taste. The chimney pieces throughout the mansion are of marble; this has two female figures as large as life, beautifully sculptured and finely polished, supporting the frieze. The apartments are adorned with collections of pictures, some of which are scarce and very valuable.

The views from the south front are contracted, but on the north is a most extensive prospect opening upon a fertile vale, animated by the meanderings of the Gade and Coln rivers, and rendered beautiful by a luxuriance of verdure, intermingled with noble seats, villages, and farm houses, together with the towns of Rickmansworth and Watford. This delightful view was obtained in 1725 by lowering a hill at the expense of £5,000. Pope has satirized the possessor of the mansion for this circumstance in his moral essays, but the satire was more severe than just, and this prospect completely belies the poet. After the decease of B. H. Styles, Esq. the house was purchased by George, afterwards Lord Anson, who expended about £80,000 in the improvement of the grounds. As true taste regained her rights, the formal style in which the grounds were laid out appeared tame and insipid, and in effecting the alterations here Lord Anson employed the far famed Browne. In 1765 the whole was disposed of to Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., whose son, Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart. in 1787 sold it to Thomas Bates Rous, Esq. M.P. for Worcester, of whose executors in 1799 it was purchased by Robert Williams, Esq., an eminent banker of the city of London, and some time M.P. for Dorchester. He resided occasionally at Moor Park, but at length that estate was sold to the noble family of Grosvenor. Since which it has undergone a thorough repair at a great expense. The domain also has been increased and is now very extensive. The park is about five miles in circumference, having its surface finely diversified; it is well wooded and includes almost every species of timber, particularly oak, elm and lime. In the vicinity of a circular bason is planted a grove

or wilderness of firs, cypress, laurels, both Portugal and common; and the kitchen garden is celebrated for a peculiar apricot, called the Moor Park, originally planted by Lord Anson.

Dudmastou, co. Salop.

“Ex fumo dare lucem.”

DUDMASTON HALL is situated on a commanding eminence, in a beautifully wooded park, upon the banks of the Severn, by which its western extremity is bounded. It is now the property as well as the residence of William Wolryche Whitmore, Esq., who married the Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana Bridgman, daughter of Orlando, first Earl of Bradford, and who formerly represented Bridgnorth in Parliament.

The estate was acquired by the Wolryche family, in marriage with the daughter and heiress of Hugh de Dodmaston, ninth in descent from Harlewen de Butailles, to whom Herbert, son of Hologod, Lord of Castle-Holgate, granted “one half hide of land, which is called Dodemanestone, (or Dead-man’s-town) before the year 1167.” There is no mention of the place in the Domesday Record. It is not improbable that the grantee of the 12th century just mentioned may have adopted it in *compliment* to his Norman ancestors, with whom a very singular legend is connected. Harlewyn is a name of Scandinavian origin, and the same as Herlechin. Herlechin, Harlewyn, or Harlekin (the derivative of the Arlechino of the Italian comedy, and of the Harlequin of the English pantomime) was a knight of France, who distinguished himself under the banner of Charles Martel, the French king, in the middle of the eighth century, against the Saracens, and afterwards subsisted by pillage. Mr. Tyrwhitt in his glossary on Chaucer makes the following allusion to the legend, under the head “Meyne.” “Hurleywaynes Meyne Contin. Canterb. Tales, l. 8. This obscure phrase I think may be understood to relate to a particular set of ghostly apparitions which were used to run about the country at night, and were called in French, ‘La Mesgnie de Hellequin or Herlequin.’ The fullest account that I have seen of them is in ‘L’histoire de Richard sans paour Duc de Normandie fils de Robert le diable.’ (This is a mistake—Richard sans peur was Richard I. son of William I, and grandson of Rollo, 1st Duke of Normandy, see “l’art de verifier les dates,” 222.) “In one of his rides he meets with three black knights, whom he engages, ‘Et quand les chevaliers veirent le jeu mal party pour eux, ils monterent à cheval et s’enfuyrent —et Richard chevaucha après eux et ainsi qu’il chevauchait il aperceut une dance de gens noirs qui s’entretenoyent. A donc lui souvent de la mesgnie de Hellequin dont il avoit autres foyz ouy parler.’ The title of the next chapter (4) is ‘*Cy divere de la mesgnie de Hellequen et qui il estoit.*’ He is there said to have been a knight, who having spent all his substance in the wars of Charles Martel against the Saracens, lived afterwards by pillage. ‘A donc il avint qu’il mourout et fut en danger d’estre damné mais Dieu lui fit pardon pourceque il avoit bataillé contre les Sarasens et exaulcé la foy. Si fut condamné de Dieu que pour un tems déterminé luy et ceux de son lignage feroient penitence et yvoient toute la unit pamy la terre pour leur penitences faire et endurer plusiers maux et calamités.’ The belief of such apparitions was certainly of great antiquity in Normandy, as they are mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis under the title of *familia Herlechini*, in a most extraordinary story related by him, l. viii. p. 695, anno 1091, and I suspect that in a passage quoted by Du Cange in V. Herlinini from Peter Blesenses, Ep. 14, we should read ‘Herlekini’ instead of ‘Herlinini.’”

Earl Herluin, who is supposed to have been one of the same family, is stated by Will Gemunticences (*Duchesne Normanni Scriptoris*, p. 237) to have had his castle of Montreuil taken from him by Arnulph, Earl of Flanders, but by the help of William I., Duke of Normandy, it was reconquered and restored to him.

"Hellequen," for the truth must be told, has its probable origin in two Anglo-Saxon words, namely "Helle, Gehenne, or Hell," and "cyn," pronounced kin, kindred, signifying "kindred of Hell," which may be applied by some to "man in his original state, the child of sin." At any rate this definition will be the less shocking to the reader, and not so horrifying to the present descendants of the French freebooter to whom the name is given, when it is considered that the descent, which of all others the pride of ancestry at the present day loves to associate with, is that from our great Norman Conqueror, the illegitimate son of Robert le Diable, who, however, must not be confounded with the individual of the same name at this moment so popular in the metropolis. We have, moreover, high authority, namely, that of Shakespeare and ancient Pistol, for one of our most illustrious monarchs, Harry the Fifth, having been at an early period of his life "a Royal imp of fame." Butailes, the place in Normandy from which the grantee of Dudmaston took his name, is now called Bouteille, and is about a league from Dieppe. Whether or not the "bottle-imp" may have been derived from or given cause to this combination of names, or have been one of the forms assumed by the party-coloured member of the family already mentioned, would perhaps be an interesting subject of research for our modern antiquaries.

In a curious article in the *Athenæum Journal*, p. 1013, of 27th March last, under the head of "Volk Lore," the writer connects the wish, wisked, or spectre hounds of Dartmoor with the legend of which we have been treating, and which he derives from the famous hunt of Oden—the wilde Jaeger of the German forests. He says "this superstition was brought from Northern Europe into the south and west by the races who gradually encroached on the countries anciently possessed by the Celts. In Normandy and Bretagne the 'Maesne Hellequin,' or 'Children of Hellequen' pass through the woods like the wish hounds over the heaths of Dartmoor. No one must call to them as they pass by, for if any one says 'I join in the hunt,' blood will rain, and pieces of dead bodies fall to the earth, which have been torn from the graves by a powerful witch who accompanies the procession. In the same manner the superstition of the Wild Hunter was brought into England, and the unearthly master who leads the chase over Dartmoor is the yet lingering representative of Saxon Oden. The forest laws of the Norman kings seem to have recalled many of their ancient superstitions to the minds of the Saxons. The Saxon chronicle tells us how divers black hunters were seen in the woods about Stamford; and how the monks of Peterborough heard the horns that they blew at night. Before the death of William Rufus, "Multis Normannis," says Simeon of Durham, "diabolus, in horribili specie, se frequenter in silvis ostendens, palam cum eis de rege et Ranulfo et quibusdam aliis locutus est. (*De Gest. Reg. Anglorum*, ap. Twysden, p. 225.) The 'Continuation du Bout' places the scene of these appearances in the New Forest; and says that

'En cele forest, ke novele fu,
Plusors meschanz sunt avenu
As Normanz par le Maufé
En vengeance de lor péchié.'

Chroniques Anglo-Normandes, I. p. 79.

If the woods of Dudmaston were ever the scenes of the nocturnal wanderings of these doomed children of misfortune, there is no record of it—but it may be presumed that the blood of the race of Hellequen became purified by its admixture with that of the great, the virtuous, the *pious* Alfred, from whose heroic daughter, Ethelbleda, the Wolryches were lineally descended, and it may be hoped from the high character of one of the descendants of the intermarriage, the first baronet of the family, that even then, if not long before, the crimes of his lawless progenitor had been fully expiated, and the penance inflicted on the lineage come to an end.

Andrew Wolryche, the son of William Wolryche, and the heir of Dudmaston, was M.P. for Bridgnorth in 1435, and his grandson, Humphry, appears in the list of the lords, knights, esquires, and gentlemen resident in Shropshire, anno 17 Henry VII. He was father of John Wolryche, the husband of the fair maid of Gatacre, Mary, only daughter of Robert Gatacre, of Gatacre—and of Roger Wolryche, who married Katherine, sister of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who, by Mary, sister of Henry VIII. and widow of Louis XII., King of France, was grandfather of Lady Jane Grey—the Duke was also second cousin of Thomas Wolrich, of the Huntingdonshire branch of the family.

Thomas Wolryche, of Dudmaston, the first baronet of whom we have spoken, third in descent from John, was born in 1598, educated at Cambridge, and admitted of the Inner Temple, 11th October, 1615. From 1620 to 1629 he represented Wenlock in Parliament, and at the breaking out of the Civil Wars, joining the Royal Standard, was appointed, by the king, governor of Bridgnorth. For his unbending loyalty he suffered, as did also his relative, Sir Toby Wolrich, son of Thomas Wolrich, of Huntingdonshire, just mentioned, from the same zeal for the same cause, severely—according to his epitaph he was twice sequestered from his estates, and more than once thrown into prison. The monumental inscription speaks likewise of the lofty majesty of his person, and states that to his preeminent skill in heraldry he added the more solid studies of history and mathematics. At length our Ulric (such was the original name) was summoned to the *assembly of the Saints* on the feast of St. Ulric, 4th July, 1668, having been honoured with the successive titles of knight and baronet. His great grandson and last male descendant, Sir John Wolryche, Bart., Sheriff of Salop in 1716, was accidentally drowned in the Severn near his own home in 1723. After that event, the Dudmaston estate was enjoyed by Sir John's mother, Elizabeth, daughter of George Weld, Esq. of Willey, who survived her husband sixty-four years, dying in April, 1765. Lady Wolryche was succeeded at Dudmaston by her brother, Lieut.-Col. Thomas Weld, and the estate thus passed entirely away from the Wolryche family and the descendants of Hellequen. At Col. Weld's demise it became the property of William Whitmore, Esq. father of the present possessor, and great grandson of Richard Whitmore, Esq. of Lower Slaugher, by Anne, daughter of Sir John Weld, of Willey, and aunt to the Colonel.

Lord Ward is a coheir general of the Baronet's line of Wolryche. For the descent of two junior branches, see Burke's Landed Gentry, in one of which—the Huntingdonshire line—stands preeminent that excellent person, Sarah Wolrich, Lady Hewley, whose munificent gifts and bequests for religious and charitable purposes have been so long, in the present century, the subject of litigation in the House of Lords and Court of Chancery.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. X.—THE TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF KINGSTON FOR BIGAMY.

THIS extraordinary investigation created a great sensation at the time it occurred, even more so than the trial of the rebel lords had done thirty years before. The singular character and life of the defendant, her high station, as well as the eminent rank of the other parties concerned, gave such attraction to the Duchess's trial that scarcely any other subject was thought or talked of in London while it lasted. Before proceeding to its details, it becomes necessary to give a short account of the principal actors in the affair.

The Hon. Augustus John Hervey, to whom the Duchess of Kingston was married 1744, was son of John Lord Hervey, and grandson of John, 1st Earl of Bristol. He succeeded in 1775 to the family honours at the decease of his brother, George William, 2nd Earl, and, having adopted the naval profession, attained the rank of Vice Admiral of the Blue. His death occurred in 1779, when, as he left no child, the peerage of Bristol devolved on his brother, Frederick, Bishop of Derry, father of the present Marquess.

Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, was the representative of one of the oldest and most opulent families in the kingdom. His immediate ancestor, Robert, 1st Earl of Kingston, espoused with the most devoted zeal the cause of royalty during the great Civil War, and is said to have brought no fewer than four thousand men to the standard of the king. He bore the popular designation of "the good Earl of Kingston," and was universally esteemed among the cavalier commanders. The Duke, referred to in the trial, died without issue in 1773; his extensive estates subsequently devolved on his nephew, Charles Medows, Esq. who assumed by sign manual in 1788 the surname of Pierrepont, and was created Earl Manvers.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, was born in 1720, the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, the second son of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart., of Ashton. Of the very ancient family of Chudleigh, fruitful as the county of Devon is known to have been in distinguished houses, it may with truth be stated that it was one of the most eminent, the most conspicuous and the most highly allied which even that quarter of England could boast of. The Baronetcy became extinct at the decease in 1745 of Sir John Chudleigh, of Chalmington.

Very few women have ever made themselves more notorious than this Duchess of Kingston had done in her youthful days. The history of her life has all the interest of a romance, and indeed may be said to bear out the correctness of Byron's apothegm, that truth is stranger than fiction. Prints of her are still to be found in the costume (or to speak nearer the truth no costume, unless the slender covering of our first mother in the garden of Eden can be so termed) in which she appeared

at a fancy dress ball given by the Venetian ambassador in London. She was then the beautiful Miss Chudleigh, one of the maids of honour to the queen of George the Second. While she retained this situation, she was privately married to the Hon. Augustus Hervey; but having, as the story goes, detected a delinquency of a very peculiar nature committed by her husband, she renounced all connection with him very shortly after their nuptials. Some time afterwards, she bethought herself that it would be advisable to destroy all evidence of the ceremony ever having been performed; and posting down to the village in Hampshire where it had taken place, she tore out the leaf with her own hand. Upon his coming to the title and estates of Earl of Bristol, she changed her mind upon this score, and conceived it might be desirable to have the means of proving her marriage in case of need, for which purpose she got the register once more into her possession, and substituted an entry in her own writing for the one she had cancelled. When she had married and buried the Duke of Kingston, Lord Bristol being all the while alive, the heirs of his grace got information of this first match; and as the dowager had been treated by the will much more liberally than comported with their interests, they resolved to establish the fact of bigamy. The lady was in Italy when the proceedings were begun, but she resolved on appearing to take the chances of her trial; and having compelled her banker, pistol in hand, to deliver certain funds she was in want of for her journey, and which he was rather reluctant to yield, she arrived in London prepared to abide the event. As if she had not by this furnished sufficient matter of conversation for the town, she next contrived to engage herself in a paper war with no other an antagonist than Samuel Foote. This unprincipled wit had come to the knowledge of some private incidents of her life, through the medium of a woman who had formerly been her confidante, and these he introduced into a play or farce, called the "Trip to Calais," in which she was to be brought forward under the name of Lady Kitty Crocodile. When he had finished this notable performance, so that it was ready for the stage, he gave her an intimation of what he had done, and had the effrontery to ask two thousand pounds for the suppression of his libel. It is said he actually refused sixteen hundred. Fortunately he was altogether foiled in his infamous plot, for the lord chamberlain refused to license the play, and though he threatened to publish it, a counter-threat of an action of law made him abandon his project. Thereupon he wrote to inform the duchess that the affair was at an end, and she very foolishly published his letter with her own answer to it. This drew forth a reply from Foote, and in the encounter of their wits her grace certainly had not the best of it, although she laid aside ceremony so far as to inform him that she was writing to the descendant of a merry-andrew, and prostituting the name of manhood by applying it to him; whereas he chose rather to trust to his pen with keen satire than with mere abuse.

The trial commenced on the 15th April, 1776, and Westminster Hall was thronged with a regal and aristocratic audience. Queen Charlotte was present, with the young Prince of Wales, and four other of her children: the crowd of peeresses, foreign ambassadors, and people of consequence was immense.

About ten o'clock, the Lords came from the House of Peers into the court erected for the trial in Westminster Hall, in the usual order, and the proceedings began with the ordinary formalities.

The Lord High Steward for the occasion was the Lord Chancellor, Henry, Earl Bathurst.

The duchess-dowager of Kingston was brought to the bar by the deputy-gentleman usher of the Black Rod: her grace was attended by Mrs. Egerton, Mrs. Barrington, and Miss Chudleigh, three of the ladies of her bedchamber, and her chaplain, physician, and apothecary. The prisoner, when she approached the bar, made three reverences, and then fell upon her knees at the bar.

L. H. S. Madam, you may rise.

The prisoner then rose up, and curtsied to his grace the Lord High Steward, and to the House of Peers: in return to which compliment his grace and the lords bowed.

Then, proclamation having been made again for silence, the Lord High Steward spake to the prisoner as follows:

L. H. S. Madam; you stand indicted for having married a second husband, your first husband being living.

This crime is so destructive of the peace and happiness of private families, and so injurious in its consequences to the welfare and good order of society, that by the statute-law of this kingdom it was for many years (in your sex) punishable with death: the lenity, however, of later times has substituted a milder punishment in its stead.

This consideration must necessarily tend to lessen the perturbation of your spirits upon this awful occasion.

But that, Madam, which, next to the inward feelings of your own conscience, will afford you most comfort is, reflecting upon the honour, the wisdom, and the candour of this high court of criminal jurisdiction.

It is, Madam, by your particular desire that you now stand at that bar: you were not brought there by any prosecutor.

In your petition to the Lords, praying for a speedy trial, you assumed the title of Duchess-dowager of Kingston, and it was by that title that the court of King's-bench admitted you to bail; in your petition you likewise averred, that Augustus John Hervey, whose wife the indictment charges you with being, is at this time Earl of Bristol: upon examining the records, the Lords were satisfied of the truth of that averment, and have accordingly allowed you the privilege you petitioned for, of being tried by your peers in full parliament; and from them you will be sure to meet with nothing but justice tempered with humanity.

Before I conclude, I am commanded by the House to acquaint you, Madam, and all other persons having occasion to speak to the Court during the trial, that they are to address themselves to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular.

Duchess of Kingston. My lords, I, the unfortunate widow of your late brother, the most noble Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, am brought to the bar of this right honourable house without a shadow of fear, but infinitely awed by the respect that is due to you, my most honourable judges.

My lords, after having, at the hazard of my life, returned from Rome in a dangerous sickness to submit myself to the laws of my country, I plead some little merit in my willing obedience; and I intreat your lordships' indulgence, if I should be deficient in any ceremonial part of my conduct towards you, my most honoured and respectable judges; for, the infirmities of my body and the oppression of spirits under which I labour, leave your unhappy prisoner sometimes without recollection

but it must be only with the loss of life, that I can be deprived of the knowledge of the respect that is due to this high and awful tribunal.

The lord high steward desired the lady to give attention, while she was arraigned on an indictment for bigamy. Proclamation for silence being made, the duchess (who had been permitted to sit) arose, and read a paper, representing to the court that she was advised by her counsel to plead the sentence of the ecclesiastical court in the year 1769, as a bar to her being tried on the present indictment. The lord high steward informed her that she must plead to the indictment; in consequence of which she was arraigned; and, being asked by the clerk of the crown whether she was guilty of the felony with which she stood charged, she answered with great firmness, *Not guilty, my Lords*. The clerk of the crown then asking her how she would be tried, she said, *by God and her peers*; on which the clerk said, *God send your ladyship a good deliverance*.

The solicitor-general then arose, and delivered a learned and elaborate speech, wherein he was extremely severe on the consistory court, saying he could not allow authority to that doctrine which puts the decisions of that court above the cognizance of the temporal ones.

Lord Talbot then addressed the court, observing, that as the matter in agitation was of the utmost importance, both to the noble prisoner, and the right honourable court in general, the pleadings on both sides could not be weighed with too minute an attention; and lest the memory should be encumbered (candidly acknowledging that he had already heard more than he believed his mind would retain) he moved for the court to adjourn to the chamber of parliament.

The peers having taken their seats in the parliament chamber, Lord Camden proposed the following questions to the judges:—"Whether it was their opinion that the court had power to call evidence in support of the prosecution; or whether they deemed the sentence of the ecclesiastical court conclusive and irrevocable? and whether the prosecutor could or could not proceed in this court against the prisoner for obtaining the decision of the consistory court by collusion and fraud?" The opinion of the judges was, That in either case the prosecutor was authorised to enter into evidence in support of the indictment on which the prisoner stood arraigned.

In consequence of the above determination, the house, after having withdrawn for about half an hour, returned into court; and the lord high steward informed the attorney-general, that he was directed by their lordships to order him to proceed with the trial.

The Attorney General, Edward Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor, then addressed the court as follows.

Att. Gen. "My lords, it seems to be matter of just surprize, that, before the commencement of the last century, no secular punishment had been provided for a crime of this malignant complexion and pernicious example.

Perhaps the innocence of simpler ages, or the more prevailing influence of religion, or the severity of ecclesiastical censures, together with those calamities which naturally and necessarily follow the enormity, might formerly have been found sufficient to restrain it.

From the moment these causes ceased to produce that effect, imagination can scarcely state a crime which calls more loudly, and in a greater variety of respects, for the interposition of civil authority; which, besides the gross and open scandal given to religion, implies more cruel disap-

pointment to the just and honourable expectations of the persons betrayed by it ; which tends more to corrupt the purity of domestic life, and to loosen those sacred connections and close relations, designed by Providence to bind the moral world together ; or which may create more civil disorder, especially in a country where the title to great honour and high office is hereditary.

[Here followed a great uproar behind the bar, and the Serjeant at Arms made the usual proclamation.]

My lords, the misfortunes of individuals, the corruption of private life, the confusion of domestic relations, the disorder of civil succession, and the offence done to religion, are suggested, not as ingredients in the particular offence now under trial, but as miseries likely to arise from the example of the crime in general ; and are laid before your lordships only to call your attention to the course and order of the trial, that nothing may fall out, which may give countenance to such a crime, and heighten such dangers to the public.

The present case, to state it justly and fairly, is stript of much of this aggravation. The advanced age of the parties, and their previous habits of life, would reduce many of these general articles of mischief and criminality to idle topics of empty declamation. No part of the present complaint turns upon any ruin brought on the blameless character of injured innocence ; or upon any disappointment incurred to just and honourable pretensions ; or upon any corruption supposed to be introduced into domestic life. Nor should I expect much serious attention of your lordships, if I should urge the danger of entailing an uncertain condition upon a helpless offspring, or the apprehension of a disputed succession to the house of Pierrepont, as probable aggravations of this crime.

But your lordships will be pleased withal to remember, that every plea, which, in a case differently circumstanced, might have laid claim to your pity for an unfortunate passion in younger minds, is entirely cut off here. If it be true, that the sacred rights of matrimony have been violated, I am afraid it must also appear, that dry lucre was the whole inducement, cold fraud the only means to perpetrate that crime. In truth, the evidence, if it turns out correspondent to the expectations I have formed, will clearly and expressly represent it as a matter of perfect indifference to the prisoner which husband she adhered to, so that the profit to be drawn from this marriage, or from that, was tolerably equal. The crime, stated under these circumstances, and carrying this impression, is an offence to the law ; which, if it be less aggravated in some particulars, becomes only more odious in others.

But I decline making general observations upon the evidence. I will state it to your lordships (for it lies in a very narrow compass) in the simplest and shortest manner I can invent. The facts (as the state of the evidence promises me they will be laid before your lordships) form a case, which it will be quite impossible to aggravate, and extremely difficult to extenuate.

My lords, considering the length of time which has intervened, a very few periods will comprise the facts which I am able to lay before your lordships. First, the marriage of the prisoner with Mr. Hervey ; her cohabitation with him at broken and distant intervals ; the birth of a child in consequence of it ; the rupture, and separation which soon followed. Secondly, the attempt which the prisoner, in view to the late Lord Bristol's then state of health, made to establish the proofs of her

marriage with the present earl. Lastly, the plan, which makes the immediate subject of the present indictment, for bringing about the celebration of a second marriage with the late Duke of Kingston.

The prisoner came to London early in life, some time, as I take it, about the year 1740. About 1743, she was introduced into the family of the late Princess of Wales, as her maid of honour. In the summer of 1744, she contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Hervey; which begins the matter of the present indictment. This acquaintance was contracted by the mere accident of an interview at Winchester races. The familiarity immediately began; and very soon drew to its conclusion.

Miss Chudleigh was about eighteen years of age; and resided at the house of a Mr. Merrill, her cousin, on a visit with a Mrs. Hanmer, her aunt, who was also a sister of Merrill's mother. One Mr. Mountenay, an intimate friend of Mr. Merrill's, was there at the same time.

Mr. Hervey was a boy about seventeen years old, of small fortune, but the youngest son of a noble family. He was lieutenant of the Cornwall, which made part of Sir John Davers's squadron, then lying at Portsmouth, and destined for the West Indies. In short, he appeared to Mrs. Hanmer an advantageous match for her niece.

From Winchester races he was invited to Lainston; and carried the ladies to see his ship at Portsmouth. The August following, he made a second visit to Lainston for two or three days; during which the marriage was contracted, celebrated, and consummated.

Some circumstances, which I have already alluded to, and others, which it is immaterial to state particularly, rendered it impossible, or improvident, in a degree next to impossible, that such a marriage should be celebrated solemnly, or publicly given out to the world. The fortune of both was insufficient to maintain them in that station to which his birth and her ambition had pretensions. The income of her place would have failed. And the displeasure of the noble family to which he belonged, rendered it impossible on his part to avow the connection. The consequence was, that they agreed without hesitation, to keep the marriage secret. It was necessary for that purpose to celebrate it with the utmost privacy; and accordingly no other witnesses were present, but such as had been apprised of the connection, and were thought necessary to establish the fact, in case it should ever be disputed.

Lainston is a small parish, the value of the living being about fifteen pounds a-year; Mr. Merrill's the only house in it; and the parish church at the end of his garden. On the 4th of August, 1744, Mr. Amis, the then rector, was appointed to be at the church, alone, late at night. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh went out, as if to walk in the garden; followed by Mrs. Hanmer, her servant (whose maiden name I forget; she is now called Ann Cradock, having married Mr. Hervey's servant of that name) Mr. Merrill, and Mr. Mountenay; which last carried a taper to read the service by. They found Mr. Amis in the church, according to his appointment; and there the service was celebrated, Mr. Mountenay holding the taper in his hat. The ceremony being performed, Mrs. Hanmer's maid was despatched to see that the coast was clear; and they returned into the house without being observed by any of the servants. I mention these small circumstances, because they happen to be recollected by the witness.

The marriage was thus concluded and he remained with her that and

the two or three nights following; after which he was obliged to return to his ship, which had received sailing orders.

Miss Chudleigh went back, as had been agreed, to her station as maid of honour in the family of the princess dowager. Mr. Hervey sailed in November following for the West Indies; and remained there till August, 1746, when he set sail for England. In the month of October following he landed at Dover, and resorted to his wife, who then lived, by the name of Miss Chudleigh, in Conduit-street. She received him as her husband, and entertained him accordingly, as far as consisted with their plan of keeping the marriage secret. In the latter end of November in the same year, Mr. Hervey sailed for the Mediterranean, and returned in the month of January 1747, and stayed here till May in the same year. Meanwhile she continued to reside in Conduit-street, and he to visit her as usual, till some differences arose between them, which terminated in a downright quarrel; after which they never saw each other more. He continued abroad till December 1747, when he returned; but no intercourse, which can be traced, passed between them afterwards.

This general account is all I am able to give your lordships of the intercourse between Mr. Hervey and his wife. The cause of the displeasure which separated them, is immaterial to be enlarged upon. The fruit of their intercourse was a son, born at Chelsea, some time in the year 1747. The circumstances of that birth, the notice of which people took of it, and the conversations which she held about that, and the death of the child, furnish part of the evidence, that a matrimonial connection actually subsisted between them.

After having mentioned so often the secrecy with which the marriage and cohabitation were conducted, it seems needless to observe to your lordships, that the birth of the child was suppressed with equal care. That also made but an awkward part of the family and establishment of a maid of honour.

My lords, that which I call the second period, was in the year 1759. She had then lived at a distance from her husband near twelve years. But the infirm state of the late Lord Bristol's health seemed to open the prospect of a rich succession, and an earldom. It was thought worth while, as nothing better had then offered, to be Countess of Bristol; and for that purpose to adjust the proofs of her marriage.

Mr. Amis, the minister who had married them, was at Winchester, in a declining state of health. She appointed her cousin, Mr. Merrill, to meet her there on the 12th of February, 1759; and by six in the morning she arrived at the Blue Bear inn, opposite Mr. Amis's house. She sent for his wife, and communicated her business, which was to get a certificate from Mr. Amis of her marriage with Mr. Hervey. Mrs. Amis invited her to their house, and acquainted her husband with the occasion of her coming. He was ill a-bed; and desired her to come up. But nothing was done in the business of the certificate, till the arrival of Mr. Merrill, who brought a sheet of stamped paper to write it upon. They were still at a loss about the form, and sent for one Spearing, an attorney. Spearing thought that the merely making a certificate, and delivering it out in the manner which had been proposed, was not the best way of establishing the evidence which might be wanted. He therefore proposed, that a check-book (as he called it) should be bought; and the marriage be registered in the usual form, and in the presence of the prisoner. Somebody suggested that it had been thought proper she should be present at the making of the

register, he desired she might be called; the purpose being perfectly fair, merely to state that in the form of a register, which many people knew to be true; and which those persons of honour, then present, give no room to doubt. Accordingly his advice was taken, the book was bought, and the marriage was registered. The book was entitled, Marriages, Births, and Burials in the parish of Lainston. The first entry ran, The 22nd of August, 1742, buried Mrs. Susannah Merrill, relict of John Merrill, Esq. The next was, The 4th of August, 1744, married the Honourable Augustus Hervey, Esq., to Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, late of Chelsea College, deceased, in the parish church of Lainston, by me Thomas Amis. The prisoner was in great spirits. She thanked Mr. Amis, and told him, it might be a hundred thousand pounds in her way. She told Mrs. Amis all her secrets; of the child she had by Mr. Hervey; a fine boy, but it was dead; and how she borrowed £100 of her aunt Hanmer to make baby clothes. It served the purpose of the hour to disclose these things. She sealed up the register, and left it with Mrs. Amis, in charge upon her husband's death, to deliver it to Mr. Merrill. This happened in a few weeks after.

Mr. Kinchin, the present rector, succeeded to the living of Lainston; but the book remained in the possession of Mr. Merrill.

In the year 1764 Mrs. Hanmer died, and was buried in Lainston. A few days after, Mr. Merrill desired her burial might be registered. Mr. Kinchin did not know of any register which belonged to the parish; but Mr. Merrill produced the book which Mr. Amis had made; and taking it out of the sealed cover, in which it had remained till that time, shewed Kinchin the entry of the marriage, and bade him not mention it. Kinchin subjoined the third entry, Buried, December the 10th, 1764, Mrs. Ann Hanmer, relict of the late Colonel William Hanmer: and delivered the book again to Mr. Merrill.

In the year 1767 Mr. Merrill died. Mr. Bathurst, who married his daughter, found this book among his papers; and taking it to be, what it purported, a parish register, delivered it to Mr. Kinchin accordingly. He has kept it as such ever since; and upon that occasion made the fourth entry, Buried, the 7th of February, 1767, John Merrill, Esq.

The Earl of Bristol recovered his health; and the register was forgotten, till a very different occasion arose for enquiry after it.

The third period to which I begged the attention of your lordships in the outset, was in the year 1768. Nine years had passed, since her former hopes of a great title and fortune had fallen to the ground. She had at length formed a plan to attain the same object another way. Mr. Hervey also had turned his thoughts to a more agreeable connection; and actually entered into a correspondence with the prisoner, for the purpose of setting aside a marriage so burdensome and hateful to both. The scheme he proposed was rather indelicate; not that afterward executed, which could not sustain the eye of justice a moment; but a simpler method, founded in the truth of the case; that of obtaining a separation by sentence "a mensâ et thoro;" which might serve as the foundation of an act of parliament for an absolute divorce. He sent for a message to this effect, in terms sufficiently peremptory and rough, as your lordships will hear from the witness. Mrs. Cradock, the woman I have mentioned before as being Mrs. Hanmer's servant, and present at the marriage, was then married to a servant of Mr. Hervey, and lived in the prisoner's family with her

husband. He bade her tell her mistress, "that he wanted a divorce; that he should call upon her (Cradock) to prove the marriage; and that the prisoner must supply such other evidence as might be necessary."

This might have answered his purpose well enough; but her's required more reserve and management; and such a proceeding might have disappointed it. She therefore spurned at that part of the proposal; and refused it in terms of high resentment. On the 18th of August following she entered a caveat at Doctors' Commons, to hinder any process passing under the seal of the court, at the suit of Mr. Hervey, against her, in any matrimonial cause, without notice to her proctor.

What difficulties impeded the direct and obvious plan, or what inducement prevailed in favour of so different a measure, I cannot state to your lordships. But it has been already seen in the debate of many days, what kind of plan they substituted in place of the former.

In the Michaelmas session of the year 1768, she instituted a suit of jactitation of marriage in the common form. The answer was a cross libel, claiming the rights of marriage. But the claim was so shaped, and the evidence so applied, that success became utterly impracticable.

A grosser artifice, I believe, was never fabricated. His libel stated the marriage, with many of its particulars; but not too many. It was large in alleging all the indifferent circumstances which attended the courtship, contract, marriage ceremony, consummation, and cohabitation; but when it came to the facts themselves, it stated a secret courtship; and a contract, with the privity of Mrs. Hanmer alone, who was then dead. The marriage ceremony, which, in truth, was celebrated in the church at Lainston, was said to have been performed at Mr. Merrill's house, in the parish of Sparshot, by Mr. Amis, in the presence of Mrs. Hanmer and Mr. Mountenay, who were all three dead. Mrs. Cradock, whom but three months before he held out as a witness of the marriage, was dropped; and, to shut her out more perfectly, the consummation is said to have passed without the privity or knowledge of any part of the family and servants of Mr. Merrill; meaning perhaps that Cradock was servant to Mrs. Hanmer. It was further insinuated, that the marriage was kept a secret, except from the persons before-mentioned.

To these articles the form of proceeding obliged her to put in a personal answer upon oath. She denies the previous contract; she evades the proposal of marriage, by stating that it was made to Mrs. Hanmer without her privity; not denying that it was afterwards communicated to her. The rest of the article, which contains a circumstantial allegation of the marriage, together with the time, place, witnesses, and so forth, she buries in the formulary conclusion of every answer, by denying the rest of the said pretended position or article to be true in any part thereof. Finally, she demurs to the article which alleges consummation.

Denying the rest of the article to be true in "any part" of it reserves this salvo. The whole averment of marriage was but "one part" of the article; that averment (the language is so constructed) makes but one member of a sentence; and yet it combines false circumstances with true. "They were, in Mr. Merrill's house at Sparshot, joined together in holy matrimony." This part of the article, as her answer calls it, is not true. It is true they were married; but not true, that they were married at Sparshot, or at Mr. Merrill's house.

How was this gross and palpable evasion treated? It is the course

of the Ecclesiastical Court to file exceptions to indistinct or insufficient answers. Otherwise, to be sure, they could not compel a defendant to put in any material answer. But it was not the purpose of this suit to exact a sufficient answer; consequently no exceptions were filed; but the parties went to issue.

The plan of the evidence also was framed upon the same measured line. The articles had excluded every part of the family: even the woman whom Mr. Hervey had sent to demand the divorce, was omitted. But her husband is produced, to swear, that in the year 1744 Mr. Hervey danced with Miss Chudleigh at Winchester races, and visited her at Lainston; and in 1746 he heard a rumour of their marriage. Mary Edwards and Ann Hillam, servants in Mr. Merrill's family, did not contradict the article they were examined to, which alleges, that none of his servants knew any thing of the matter. But they had heard the report. So had Messrs. Robinson, Hossach, and Edwards. Such was the amount of Mr. Hervey's evidence; in which the witnesses made a great shew of zeal to disclose all they know, with a proper degree of caution to explain that they know nothing.

The form of examining witnesses was also observed on her part; and she proved, most irrefragably, that she passed as a single woman; went by her maiden name; was maid of honour to the princess dowager; bought and sold; borrowed money of Mr. Drummond; and kept cash with him, and other bankers, by the name of Elizabeth Chudleigh; nay, that Mr. Merrill and Mrs. Hanmer, who had agreed to keep the marriage secret, conversed and corresponded with her by that name.

For this purpose a great variety of witnesses was called; whom it would have been very rash to produce, without some foregone agreement, or perfect understanding, that they should not be cross-examined. Many of them could not have kept their secret under that discussion; even in the imperfect and wretched manner, in which the cross-examination is managed upon paper, and in those courts. Therefore not a single interrogatory was filed, nor a single witness cross-examined, though produced to articles exceedingly confidential, such as might naturally have excited the curiosity of an adverse party to have made further enquiries.

In the event of this cause, thus treated, thus pleaded, and thus proved the parties had the singular fortune to catch a judgment against the marriage by mere surprise upon the justice of the court.

While I am obliged to complain of this gross surprise, and to state the very proceedings in the cause as pregnant evidence of their own collusion, I would not be understood to intend any reflection on the integrity or ability of the learned and respectable judges.

For oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge; while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems.—

Nor should any imputation of blame be extended to those names which your lordships find subscribed to the pleadings. The forms of pleading are matters of course. And if they were laid before counsel, only to be signed, without calling their attention to the matter of them, the collusion would not appear. A counsel may easily be led to overlook what nobody has any interest or wish that he should consider.

Thus was the way paved to an adulterous marriage; thus was the

Duke of Kingston drawn in to believe, that Mr. Hervey's claim to the prisoner was a false and injurious pretension ; and he gave his unsuspecting hand to a woman, who was then, and had for twenty-five years, been the wife of another.

In the vain and idle conversations which she held, at least with those who knew their situation, she could not refrain from boasting how she had surprised the Duke into that marriage. "Do not you think," says she with a smile to Mrs. Amis, "do not you think, that it was very kind in his grace to marry an old maid?" Mrs. Amis was widow of the clergyman who had married her to Mr. Hervey, who had assisted her in procuring a register of that marriage, and to whom she had told of the birth of the child. The Duke's kindness, as she insultingly called it, was scarcely more strange, than her manner of representing it to one who knew her real situation so well.

My lords this is the state of the evidence ; which must be given, were it only to satisfy the form of the trial ; but is in fact produced, to prove that, which all the world knows perfectly well, as a matter of public notoriety. The subject has been much talked of ; but never, I believe, with any manner of doubt, in any company at all conversant with the passages of that time in this town. The witnesses, however, will lay these facts before your lordships ; after which, I suppose, there can be no question what judgment must be pronounced upon them : for your lordships will hardly view this act of parliament just in the light in which the prisoner's counsel have thought fit to represent it, as a law made for beggars, not for people of fashion. To be sure, the preamble does not expressly prove the legislature to have foreseen or expected, that these would be the crimes of higher life, or nobler condition. But the act is framed to punish the crime, wherever it might occur ; and the impartial temper of your justice, my lords, will not turn aside its course in respect to a noble criminal.

Nor does the guilt of so heinous a fraud seem to be extenuated, by referring to the advice of those by whose aid it was conducted, or to the confident opinion they entertained of the success of their project. I know this project was not (nor did I ever mean to contend it was) all her own. Particularly, in that fraudulent attempt upon public justice, it could not be so. But, my lords, that imparting a criminal purpose to the necessary instruments for carrying it into execution, extenuates the guilt of the author, is a conceit perfectly new in morality, and more than I can yield to. It rather implies aggravation, and the additional offence of corrupting these instruments. Not that I mean by this observation to palliate the guilt of such corrupt instruments. I think it may be fit, and exceedingly wholesome, to convey to Doctors' Commons, that those among them, if any such there are, who, being acquainted with the whole extent of the prisoner's purpose, to furnish herself with the false appearance of a single woman in order to draw the duke into such a marriage, assisted her in executing any part of it, are far enough from being clear of the charge contained in this indictment. They are accessaries to her felony ; and ought to answer for it accordingly. This is stating her case fairly. The crime was committed by her and her accomplices. All had their share in the perpetration of the crime : each is stained with the whole of the guilt.

My lords, I proceed to examine the witnesses. The nature of the case shuts out all contradiction or impeachment of testimony. It will

be necessary for your lordships to pronounce that opinion and judgment, which so plain a case will demand."

The evidence offered on the part of the crown fully bore out the allegations in Mr. Attorney's speech. The following is the more curious, and interesting portion of the testimony. One witness was the great surgeon, Cæsar Hawkins, who among other matters made the following relation :—

Mr. *Hawkins*. "To the best of my remembrance, the Earl of Bristol met me in the street, and stopped me, telling me that he should be glad I would call on him at his house the first morning I had half an hour to spare ; and if I could then fix the time, he would take care to be in the way, and that no other company should interrupt the conversation. He intimated that it was not on account of his own health, but on account of an old friend of mine. I named the time, and went to him. I found his lordship expecting me. Upon a table, at a little distance from his right hand, there lay two or three bundles of papers, folded up as these papers are [taking up some papers at the bar] ; to these papers he often pointed in course of what he said afterwards. After making some polite apologies to me for the particular trouble he was then giving me, he told me it was on the present Duchess of Kingston's account: that he wished me to carry her a message upon a subject that was very disagreeable, but that he thought it would be less shocking to be carried by, and received from, a person she knew, than from any stranger: that he had been for some time past very unhappy on account of his matrimonial connections with the duchess, Miss Chudleigh that was then: that he wished to have his freedom ; that as to the criminality of her conduct, the evidence which he had of it (which, in pointing to the papers I before mentioned, he said he had for some time past, with intent and purpose to procure a divorce, been collecting and getting together:) he believed they contained the most ample and abundant proofs, circumstances, and every thing relative to such proof: that he intended to pursue his prosecution with the strictest firmness and resolution, but that he retained such a regard and respect for her, and, as a gentleman, to his own character, that he wished not to mix malice or ill temper in the course of it; but that in every respect he would wish to appear and act on the line of a man of honour and of a gentleman: that he wished (he said) she would understand that his soliciting me to carry the message should be received by her as a mark of that disposition; that as most probably in the number of so many testimonial depositions as were there collected, there might be many offensive circumstances named, superfluous to the necessary legal proofs, that if she pleased I might inform her that her lawyers, either with or without herself, might, in conjunction with his lawyers, look over all the depositions, and that if any parts were found tending to indecent or scandalous reflections, which his gentlemen of the law should think might be omitted without weakening his cause, he himself should have no objection to it: that as he intended only to act upon the principles of a gentleman and a man of honour, he should hope she would not produce any unnecessary or vexatious delays to the suit, or enhance the expences of it, as he did not intend to prosecute to gain by any demands of damages, I think, or to that purpose. I delivered this message to the duchess as well as I could. I do not presume now, that either the precise words, or the identity of the words and expressions

can be recollected by me, but it was to the purport, as near as possibly I can remember, of what I have said.

“Will you recollect, whether upon this conversation any distinct proposition was stated to the duchess which required an answer? or, what answer you carried back from the duchess for that purpose? You will of course be referring yourself to what passed between you and the duchess.”—I delivered my message to the duchess. After a little time taken for consideration, I do not recollect exactly what her grace desired me to report to the Earl of Bristol; but it was to this effect: that she was obliged to him for the polite parts of his message, but, as to the subject of the divorce, she should cut that short by wishing him to understand, that she did not acknowledge him for her legal husband, and should put him to the defiance of such proof: that she had then already, or should immediately, institute a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court, which she called, I think, a jactitation of marriage; but, as he had promised before, that he would act upon the line of a man of honour and a gentleman in his own intended suit, she hoped that he would pursue the same line now, and that he would confine himself to the proofs of legal marriage only, and not to other proofs of connections or cohabitations; if he did, that he would make it a process of no long delay, and that either he would gain an equal freedom to himself by a sentence of that court, declaring them to be free, or he would the sooner be able to institute his own intended suit. The Earl of Bristol received my message as one affected and struck by it, making no reply or answer for two or three minutes; then, not speaking to me, but rather seeming to express his own thoughts aloud in short sentences, that he did not conceive he should have his equal freedom by that method. I believe I should have mentioned that her grace desired, in part of her message, that nothing might be brought forward, which might be the subject of useless conversation and scandal. He said, in reply, that he was no more inclined to bring forward any thing for the lovers of scandalous conversation only, than she could be; and that, if he could not establish the proof of legal matrimony (I do not remember the words, but to the sense of this) that he was too much a gentleman to bring any thing before the public relative to other connections with the lady. I do not remember that any thing material passed, or more than this.

When, in the course of the evidence, Lord Barrington was called as a witness, a scene ensued which should not be passed over, as it afforded an opportunity for a fine and characteristic burst of eloquence from the great Charles Pratt, Lord Camden, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Lord Barrington. My lords, I am come here in obedience to your lordships' summons, ready to give testimony as to any matter that I know of my own knowledge, or that has come to me in the usual way; but if any thing has been confided to my honour, or confidentially told me, I do hold, with humble submission to your lordships, that as a man of honour, as a man regardful of the laws of society, I cannot reveal it.

Lord High Steward. When the last witness but one (Mr. Hawkins) was at the bar, he made something like the same excuse for his not answering the questions put to him. He was then informed by a noble and learned lord, and the whole court agreed with that lord, that such questions were to be answered in a court of justice.

Lord Barrington. I have no doubt but that the question is a proper question to be asked by a court of justice, otherwise your lordships would not have permitted it to be asked. But, my lords, I think every man

must act from his own feelings ; and I feel, that any private conversation entrusted to me, is not to be reported again.

A Lord. His lordship will recollect the oath that he has taken, is, that he shall declare the whole truth.

Lord Barrington. My lords, as I understand the oath, I can decline answering the question that has been asked me without acting contrary to that oath, without being guilty of perjury. But, if it is the opinion of your lordships that I am bound by that oath to answer, and that I shall be guilty of a perjury if I do not answer, in that case, my lords, I shall think differently, for I will not be perjured.

Duchess of Kingston. I do release my Lord Barrington from every obligation of honour. I wish and earnestly desire, that every witness who shall be examined, may deliver their opinions in every point justly, whether for me or against me. I came from Rome at the hazard of my life to surrender myself to this court. I bow with submissive obedience to every decree, and do not even complain, that an ecclesiastical sentence has been deemed of no force, although such a sentence has never been controverted during the space of one thousand four hundred and seventy-five years.

Lord Barrington. My lords, I do solemnly declare to your lordships, on that oath that I have taken, and on my honour, that I have not had the least communication made to me of the Duchess of Kingston's generosity. I have not had the least communication with her grace by letter, message, or in any other way, for more than two months ; and I had no other idea of being summoned as a witness here, until the Easter holydays, so that her grace's generosity is entirely spontaneous, and of her own accord. But, my lords, I have a doubt, which no man can resolve better than your lordships, because your honour is as high as any men ; I have a doubt, whether, thinking it improper that I should betray confidential communications before the duchess consented that I should, and gave me my liberty ; whether her grace's generosity ought not to tie me more firmly to my former resolutions ?

Duke of Richmond. For one, I think that it would be improper in the noble lord to betray any private conversations. I submit to your lordships, that every matter of fact, not of conversation, which can be requested, the noble lord is bound to disclose.

Lord Mansfield. I mean only to propose to your lordship, to avoid adjourning to consider this question or any thing further upon it at present, that the counsel might be allowed to call other witnesses in the mean time, and that Lord Barrington may have an opportunity of considering the matter, if the counsel should think proper to call his lordship again.—[This proposal was over-ruled.]

The Counsel against the Duchess desired to withdraw the witness.

Lord Camden. "My lords, I understand from the bar, that rather than your lordships should be perplexed with any question that may arise upon the noble lord's difficulty in giving his evidence at the bar, the counsel would rather wave the benefit of his evidence in the cause. My lords, if that be their resolution, and they think, that safely and without prejudice to this prosecution they may venture to give up that evidence, your lordships, to be sure, will acknowledge the politeness of the surrender. But, my lords, now I am upon my legs, you will give me leave to make one short remark upon this proceeding, and to hope that your lordships, sitting in judgment on criminal cases, the highest and most important, that may affect the lives, liberties, and properties of

your lordships, that you shall not think it befitting the dignity of this high court of justice to be debating the etiquette of honour, at the same time when we are trying lives and liberties. My lords, the laws of the land, I speak it boldly in this grave assembly, are to receive another answer from those who are called to depose at your bar, than to be told that in point of honour and of conscience they do not think, that they acquit themselves like persons of that description, when they declare what they know. There is no power of torture in this kingdom to wrest evidence from a man's breast, who withholds it; every witness may undoubtedly venture on the punishment, that will ensue on his refusing to give testimony. As to casual points, how far he should conceal or suppress that which the justice of his country calls upon him to reveal, that I must leave to the witness's own conscience."

Lord Barrington in the end consented to give his evidence.

The Duchess of *Kingston* in her defence addressed the Lords in the following terms:—

My lords; This my respectful address will, I flatter myself, be favourably accepted by your lordships: my words will flow freely from my heart, adorned simply with innocence and truth. My lords, I have suffered unheard-of persecutions; my honour and fame have been severely attacked; I have been loaded with reproaches; and such indignities and hardships have rendered me the less able to make my defence before this august assembly against a prosecution of so extraordinary a nature, and so undeserved.

My lords, with tenderness consider how difficult is the task of myself to speak, nor say too little nor too much. Degraded as I am by adversaries; my family depised; the honourable titles on which I set an inestimable value, as received from my most noble and late dear husband, attempted to be torn from me; your lordships will judge how greatly I stand in need of your protection and indulgence.

My lords, were I here to plead for life, for fortune, no words from me should beat the air: the loss I sustain in my most kind companion and affectionate husband, makes the former more than indifferent to me; and, when it shall please Almighty God to call me, I shall willingly lay that burthen down. I plead before your lordships for my fame and honour.

My lords, logic is properly defined, and well represented in this high court. It is a talent of the human mind, and not of the body, and holds a key which signifies, that logic is not a science itself, but the key to science. That key is your lordships' judicial capacity and wisdom. On the left hand is represented a hammer, and before it a piece of false, and another of pure gold. The hammer is your penetrating judgment, which, by the mercy of God, will strike hard at false witnesses who have given evidence against me, and prove my intention in this pending cause as pure as the finest gold, and as justly distinguished from the sophistry of falsehood.

My lords, your unhappy prisoner is born of an ancient, not ignoble family; the women distinguished for their virtue, the men for their valour; descended in an honourable and uninterrupted line for three centuries and a half. Sir John Chudleigh, the last of my family, lost his life at the siege of Ostend, at eighteen years of age, gloriously preferring to die with his colours in his bosom, rather than accept of quarter from a gallant French officer, who, in compassion to his youth, three times offered him his life for that ensign, which was shot through his heart.

A happy death! that saves the blush he would now feel for the unheard-of injuries and dishonour thrown on his unfortunate kinswoman, who is now at the bar of this right honourable house.

His grace, the late Duke of Kingston's fortune, of which I now stand possessed, is valuable to me, as it is a testimony to all the world how high I was in his esteem. As it is my pride to have been the object of affection of that virtuous man, so shall it be my honour to bestow that fortune to the honour of him who gave it to me; well knowing, that the Wise Disposer of all things would not have put it in his heart to prefer me to all others, but that I should be as faithful a steward, as I was a faithful wife; and that I should suffer others, more worthy than myself, to share these his great benefits of fortune.

My lords, I now appeal to the feelings of your own hearts, whether it is not cruel, that I should be brought as a criminal to public trial for an act committed under the sanction of the laws;—an act that was honoured with his Majesty's most gracious approbation; and previously known and approved of by my royal mistress, the late Princess Dowager of Wales; and likewise authorized by the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Your lordships will not discredit so respectable a court, and disgrace those judges who there so legally and honourably preside. The judges of the Ecclesiastical Court do not receive their patents from the crown, but from the archbishops or bishops. Their jurisdiction is competent in ecclesiastical cases, and their proceedings are conformable to the laws and customs of the land, according to the testimony of the learned judge Blackstone (whose works are as entertaining as they are instructive,) who says, "It must be acknowledged, to the honour of the spiritual courts, that though they continue to this day to decide many questions which are properly of temporal cognizance, yet justice is in general so ably and impartially administered in those tribunals (especially of the superior kind,) and the boundaries of their power are now so well known and established, that no material inconvenience at present arises from their jurisdiction. And should an alteration be attempted, great confusion would probably arise, in overturning long established forms, new modelling a course of proceedings that has now prevailed for seven centuries."—And I must here presume to add, as founded on truth, that that court (of which his majesty is the head) cannot be stopped by any authority whatsoever, while they act in their own jurisdiction.—Lord Chief Justice Hale says, "Where there has been a sentence of divorce (which is a criminal case,) if that sentence is suspended by an appeal to the court of Arches (as a superior court,) and while that appeal is depending one of the parties marries again, the sentence will be a justification within the exception of the act of parliament, notwithstanding that the sentence has been appealed from, and consequently may be reversed by a superior court." And, my lords, how much more reason is there for its coming within the exception of the act in my case, since no appeal had been made?

My lords, I earnestly look up to your lordships for protection, as being now a sufferer for having given credit to the Ecclesiastical Court. I respectfully call upon you, my lords, to protect the spiritual jurisdiction, and all the benefit of religious laws, and me, an unhappy prisoner, who instituted a suit of jactitation upon the advice of a learned civilian, who carried on the prosecution, from which I obtained the sentence that authorized your prisoner's marriage with the most noble Evelyn Duke of Kingston; that sentence solemnly pronounced by John Bettesworth,

doctor of laws, vicar-general of the Right Reverend Father in God Richard by Divine permission Lord Bishop of London, and official principal of the consistorial court of London: the judge thereof, calling on God, and setting him alone before his eyes, and hearing counsel in that cause, did pronounce, that your prisoner, then the Honourable Elizabeth Chudleigh, was free from all matrimonial contracts or espousals, as far as to him: at that time appeared, more especially with the said Right Honourable Augustus John Hervey.

My lords, had this prosecution been set on foot merely for the love of justice, or good example to the community, why did they not institute their prosecution during the five years your prisoner was received and acknowledged the undoubted and unmolested wife of the late Duke of Kingston?

My lords, the preamble of the very act on which I am indicted, plainly and entirely precludes your prisoner: it runs thus: "Forasmuch as divers evil-disposed persons, being married, run out of one county into another, or into places where they are not known, and there become to be married, having another wife or husband living, to the great dishonour of God, and utter undoing of divers honest men's children, and others, &c." And as the preamble has not been considered to be sufficient in my favour to impede the trial, I beg leave to observe how much your prisoner suffers by being produced before this noble house, on the penalty of an act of parliament, without benefitting by the preamble, which is supposed to contain the whole substance, extent, and meaning of the act.

My lords, upon your wise result on my unhappy case, you will bear in your willing remembrance, that the orphan and widow is your peculiar care; and that you will be tender of the honour of your late brother peer, and see in me his widow and representative, recollecting how easy it may be for a next of kin to prosecute the widows or the daughters, not only of every peer, but of every subject of Great Britain, if it can be effected by the oath of one superannuated and interested old woman, who declared seven years ago that she was incapable of giving evidence thereon, as will appear in proof before your lordships. And I may further observe to your lordships, that my case is clearly within the proviso of the statute on which I am indicted. In the third clause, it is "provided that this act shall not extend to any person, where the former marriage hath been, or hereafter shall be, declared by sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court to be void, and of no effect."

If there is supposed to have been a former marriage, the same must have been a true marriage, or a false one. If a true one, it cannot be declared void; and if a false one, or the semblance of one only, then only, and no otherwise, is it that it can be declared void.—Therefore must this proviso have respect to pretended marriages only, and to none other: and such only it is, that can be the objects of causes of jactitation, the sentence in which is a more effectual divorce and separation of the parties, than many divorces which have been determined to fall within this proviso.—The crime charged in the indictment was not a felony, or even a temporal offence, until the act of James the First: till then, it was only cognizable in the Ecclesiastical Court: and though an indictment could lie for a slight blow, yet the common law did not allow of a criminal prosecution for polygamy until that period; so that if the case comes within the exception of the only statute upon that subject, it is no offence at all; and Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, has said, in such cases the law of the land is the law of God.

My lords, I have observed, that I had greatly suffered in fame and fortune by the reports of Mr. Hervey; and I beg leave to mention in what manner. Your prisoner was at that time possessed of a small estate in the county of Devon, where Sir George Chudleigh, her father's eldest brother, had large possessions. The purchase of that estate was much solicited in that county; and having frequent opportunities to dispose of it, it was ever made an insuperable objection by the intended purchaser, that I could not make a clear title to the estate on account of Mr. Hervey's claim to your prisoner as his wife.

And your prisoner being also possessed of building lands for a great number of years, for the same reasons she never had the ground covered (valued at £1,200 per annum.) And as your prisoner's health declined, and made it necessary for her to seek relief in foreign climes (which increased her expenses beyond what her circumstances could support,) and her little fortune daily decreased by money taken upon mortgage and bond, as will appear by the evidence of Mr. Drummond; her royal mistress likewise in the decline of life, whose death would probably have deprived her of £400 a year; the prosecutions threatened on Mr. Hervey's side presented but a gloomy prospect for her declining life; your prisoner was induced, as she before observed to your lordships, to follow the advice of Dr. Collier, and instituted the suit of jactitation, your prisoner subscribing entirely to his opinion, and following his advice and instructions, which she presumes alone is a full defence against the charge of felony; for your lordships in your great candour cannot think, that a lady can know more of the civil law, than her learned civilians could point out to her.

And as a criminal and felonious intent is necessary to constitute the offence with which I stand charged, certainly I cannot be guilty in following the advice I received, and in doing what in my conscience I thought an authorized and innocent act.

My lords, though I am aware, that any person can prosecute for the crown for an offence against an act of parliament, yet I will venture to say, that few instances, if any, have been carried into execution without the consent of the party injured: and with great deference to your lordships' judgment I ventured to declare, that in the present case no person whatever has been injured, unless your lordships' candour will permit me to say that I am injured, being now the object of the undeserved resentment of my enemies. It is plain to all the world, that his Grace the Duke of Kingston did not think himself injured, when in the short space of five years his grace made three wills, each succeeding one more favourable to your prisoner than the other, giving the most generous and incontestable proof of his affection and solicitude for my comfort and dignity. And it is more than probable, my lords, from the well-known mutual friendship subsisting between us, that had I been interested, I might have obtained the bulk of his fortune for my own family. But I respected his honour, I loved his virtue, and had rather have forfeited my life than have used any undue influence to injure the family. And though it has been industriously and cruelly circulated, with a view to prejudice me, that the first-born of the late duke's sister was deprived of the succession to his grace's fortune. by my influence, the wills, my lords, made in three distant periods, each excluding him, demonstrate the calumny of these reports.

I must further observe to your lordships, in opposition to the charge against me of interestedness, that had I possessed or exercised that

undue influence with which I am charged by the prosecutor, I might have obtained more than a life-interest in the duke's fortune. And though from the affection I bear to the memory of my late much-honoured husband, I have forborne to mention the reason of his disinheriting his eldest nephew, yet Charles, the second son, with his heirs, appear immediately after me in succession; William and his heirs follow next; after him Edward and his heirs; and the unfortunate Thomas, Lady Frances's youngest son, is not excluded, though labouring under the infirmities of childhood at the age of manhood, and not able to support himself. For the late noble Duke of Kingston repeatedly mentioned to your prisoner, "I have not excluded him, for he has never offended; and who can say God cannot restore him? Who can say that God will not restore him to health?" My lords, that good man did honour to the peerage, honour to his country, honour to human nature.

His Grace the most noble Duke of Newcastle appeared with the will, which had been intrusted to his grace for four years by his late dear friend. In honour to the Lady Frances Meadows, the prosecutor was requested to attend at the opening of the will. He retired with displeasure, disappointed that his eldest son was disinherited, and unthankful, though the duke's fortune still centered in his four youngest sons and their posterity.

My lords, worn down by sorrow, and in a wretched state of health, I quitted England without a wish for that life which I was obliged by the law of God and nature to endeavour to preserve; for your prisoner can with great truth say, that sorrow had bent her mind to a perfect resignation to the will of Providence. And, my lords, while your unhappy prisoner was endeavouring to re-establish her greatly impaired health abroad, my prosecutor filed a bill in Chancery upon the most unjust and dishonourable motives. Your prisoner does not complain of his endeavouring to establish a right to himself; but she does complain of his forming a plea on dishonourable and unjust opinions of his late noble relation and generous benefactor, to the prejudice and disgust of his much afflicted widow: and not satisfied with this prosecution, as a bulwark for his suit in Chancery, he cruelly instituted a criminal prosecution, in hopes, by a conviction in a criminal cause, to establish a civil claim; a proceeding discountenanced by the opinion of the late Lord Northington.

My lords, I have heretofore forborne, from the great love and affection to my late noble lord, to mention what were the real motives that induced his grace to disinherit his eldest nephew; and when my plea and answer in Chancery were to be argued, I particularly requested of the counsel to abstain from any reflections upon my adversaries, which the nature of their prosecution too much deserved; and grieved I am now, that I must no longer conceal them. For as self-preservation is the first law of nature, and as I am more and more persecuted in my fortune and my fame, and my enemies hand about pocket-evidence to injure me in every company, and with double tongues they sting me to the heart, I am reduced to the sad necessity of saying, that the late Duke of Kingston was made acquainted with the fatal cruelty with which Mr. Evelyn Meadows treated an unfortunate lady, who was as amiable as she was virtuous and beautiful; to cover which offence, he most ungratefully and falsely declared, that he broke his engagements with her for fear of disobliging the duke, which he has often been heard to say. This, with his cruelty to his sister and mother, and an attempt to quit actual service

in the late war, highly offended the duke; and it would be difficult for him, or his father, to boast of the least friendly intercourse with his grace for upwards of eighteen years.

My lords, in a dangerous state of health, when my life was despaired of, I received a letter from my solicitor, acquainting me, that if I did not return to England to put in an answer to the bill in Chancery within twenty-one days, I should have receivers put into my estates; and also, that if in contempt of the indictment I did not return, I should be outlawed. It certainly appeared to me, my lords, as I make no doubt it does to your lordships, that if in the inclemency of the weather I risked to pass the Alps, my life would probably be endangered, and the family would immediately enter into possession of the real estates, and if female fears should prevail, that I should be outlawed. Thus was I to be deprived of life and fortune under colour of law. And that I might not return to these persecuting summonses, by some undue and cruel proceedings my credit was stopped by my banker for £4,000 when there remained an open account of £75,000, and at that instant upwards of £6,000 was in his hands, my revenues being constantly paid into his shop to my credit. Thus was I commanded to return home at the manifest risk of my life, and at the same time every art used to deprive me of the means of returning for my justification. Conscious of the perfect innocence of my intention, and convinced that the laws of this country could not be so inconsistent as to authorize an act, and then defame and degrade me for having obeyed it, I left Italy at the hazard of my life. It was not for property I returned, but to prove myself an honourable woman. Grant me, my lords, but your good opinion, and then I stand justified in the innocence of my intention, and you can deprive me of nothing that I value, even if you should take from me all my worldly possessions; for I have rested upon that seat where the poor blind Belisarius is said to have asked charity of every passenger, after having conquered the Goths and Vandals, Africans and Persians; and would do the same without murmuring, if you would pronounce me, what I hope your lordships will cheerfully subscribe to—that I am an honourable woman.

My lords, your late brother, the truly honourable Duke of Kingston, whose life was adorned by every virtue and every grace, does not his most respectable character plead my cause and prove my innocence?

My lords, the evidence of the fact of a supposed clandestine marriage with Mr. Hervey depends entirely upon the testimony of Ann Cradock.

I am persuaded your lordships, from the manner in which she gave her evidence, already entertain great suspicions of the veracity of her testimony. She pretends to speak to a marriage ceremony being performed, at which she was not asked to be present, nor can she assign any reason for her being there.—She relates a conduct in Mrs. Hanmer, who she pretends was present at the ceremony, inconsistent with a real marriage. She acknowledges that she was in or about London during the jactitation suit, and that Mr. Hervey applied to her on that occasion; and swears that she then and ever had a perfect remembrance of the marriage, and was ready to have proved it, had she been called upon, and never declared to any person that she had not a perfect memory of the marriage, and that she never was desired either to give or withhold her evidence; and from Mr. Hervey's not calling on this woman, it is insinuated he abstained from the proof by collusion with me. She

also swears, that I offered to make her an allowance of twenty guineas a year, provided she would reside in either of the three counties she has mentioned, but acknowledges she has received no allowance from me. Can your lordships believe, that if I could have been weak enough to have instituted the suit, with a conviction in my own mind of a real lawful marriage between Mr. Hervey and myself, that I would not, at any expence, have taken care to have put that woman out of the way? But my lords, I trust that your lordships will be perfectly satisfied, that great part of the evidence of this woman is made for the purpose of the prosecution. Though she has denied she has any expectation from the event, or ever declared so, yet it will be proved to your lordships that her future provision (as she has declared) depends upon it: and notwithstanding she has now brought herself up to swear that she heard the ceremony of marriage performed, yet it will be proved that she has declared she did not hear it. And it will be further proved to your lordships, that Mr. Hervey was extremely solicitous to have established a legal marriage with me for the purpose mentioned by Mr. Hawkins, and that this woman was actually applied to, and declared to Mr. Hervey's solicitor, that her memory was impaired, and that she had not any recollection of it, which was the reason why she was not called as a witness.

My lords, if she is thus contradicted in these particulars, and appears under the influence of expectations from this event of the prosecution, your lordships will not credit her evidence, that the complete ceremony of marriage was performed, or any other particulars which rest upon her evidence.

My lords, with respect to what your lordships have heard from the witnesses, of my desire at times to be considered as the wife of Mr. Hervey, your lordships in your candour will naturally account for that circumstance, after the unfortunate connection that had subsisted between us.

My lords, I call God Almighty, the searcher of hearts, to witness that at the time of my marriage with the Duke of Kingston, I had, myself, the most perfect conviction that it was lawful. That noble duke, to whom every passage of my life had been disclosed, and whose affection for me, as well as regard for his own honour, would never have suffered him to have married me, had he not as well as myself received the most solemn assurances from Dr. Collier, that the sentence, which had been pronounced in the Ecclesiastical Court, was absolutely final and conclusive, and that I was perfectly at liberty to marry any other person. If therefore I have offended against the letter of the act, I have so offended without criminal intention. Where such intention does not exist, your lordships' justice and humanity will tell you that there can be no crime; and your lordships, looking on my distressed situation with an indulgent eye, will pity me as an unfortunate woman, deceived and misled by erroneous notions of law, of the propriety of which it was impossible for me to judge.

My lords, before I take my leave, permit me to express my warm and grateful sense of the candour and indulgence of your lordships, which have given me the firmest confidence that I shall not be deemed criminal by your lordships for an act, in which I had not the least suspicion that there was any thing illegal or immoral.

My lords, I have lost, or mislaid, a paper, where I had put together my ideas to present to your lordships. The purport was, to tell your

lordships, that my advocate Dr. Collier, who instituted this suit of jactitation, is now in a dangerous state of health. He has had two physicians to attend him, by my order, yesterday, to insist and order his attendance to acquaint your lordships, that I acted entirely under his directions; that it was by his advice I married his Grace the Duke of Kingston, assuring me that it was lawful; that he had the honour of going to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to obtain a licence, and to explain every part that regarded the cause: that his grace was so just, so pious, and so good as to take time to consider whether he would grant us a special licence for the marriage. After mature consideration and consultation with great and honourable persons in the law, he returned the license to Dr. Collier, with full permission for our marriage: Dr. Collier was present at the marriage; Dr. Collier signed the register of St. George's Church. Mr. La Roche has frequently attended the Duke of Kingston to Dr. Collier, where he heard him consult the doctor if the marriage would be lawful, he said it would, and never could be controverted.

Under these circumstances, I wished to bring my advocate forth to protect me. He, my lords, is willing to make an affidavit, to be examined by the enemy's counsel, to submit to any thing that your lordships can command, willing to justify his conduct; but he has had the misfortune, my lords, even since the latter end of August, or the first week in September, I do not well remember which, never to have been in bed. I apprehended, from seeing him yesterday, with your lordships' indulgence, that he had the Saint Anthony's-fire: but my physicians, who have been with him, can give a better account, if you will permit them, of the state of his health, that your lordships may not imagine that he keeps back, or that I am afraid to produce him. If it is not to avail me in law, I ask no favour: but I petition your lordships, and would upon my knees, that you will hear the evidence that he will give to the justification of my honour, though it does not avail me in law.

My lords, I do request that Dr. Collier may be examined in the strictest manner, and by every enemy that I have in the world. My physicians saw him last night; and they can, previous to his examination, inform your lordships in what state they apprehended him to be.

Lord Ravensworth. After what I have just heard from the prisoner at the bar, it is impossible not to feel equally with the rest of your lordships: and, my lords, what came last from the prisoner at the bar I own strikes me with the necessity of permission being given, if it could be done, to have Dr. Collier examined.

Lord Camden. I am really, my lords, at some loss to know, upon what ground it is your lordships stand at this moment with respect to the evidence of Dr. Collier. I do not understand yet, that Dr. Collier is called by the prisoner or by her counsel. I do not yet understand, that in consideration of the infirm state of his health, the prisoner or her counsel do require from your lordships any specific particular mode of examination, by which your lordships might be apprised of the substance of his evidence. I understand neither of these things to be moved to your lordships: if they were, matter of debate on either one or the other might probably arise; and then this is not the place for your lordships to enter into a consideration of it. With regard to the case itself, which the noble prisoner has made for one of her most material witnesses, it is undoubtedly such as would touch your lordships with a proper degree of compassion as far as the justice of the

Court can go, and your feelings are able to indulge; beyond that it is impossible, let your lordships desire be what it may: for you to transgress the law of the land, or to go beyond the rules prescribed by those laws, is impossible. A witness so infirm that he is totally incapable of attendance! your lordships, if you are to lose his evidence, will lament the want of it: justice cannot be so perfect and complete without the examination of a necessary and material witness, as if you had it. But if a greater evil than that should happen, (and it has frequently happened in the course of causes), which is death itself, which shuts up the mouth in everlasting silence, if this should arrest the witness before he could be produced, his evidence is lost for ever. If this witness should by his infirmity be totally unable to attend whilst this cause lasts, I am sorry to say your lordships must go on without him; it is impossible to wait until that witness can be produced. While the cause lasts (and your lordships will precipitate nothing in the course of justice) if he can be brought, you will make every accommodation to receive him, you will take every means in your power to make the attendance safe and convenient for him, you will receive him in any part of the cause, even at the last moment, before it is concluded. So far your lordships may go; beyond that, I doubt, you cannot. But, my lords, I have now been speaking without a question, without a motion, without any thing demanded of your lordships by the prisoner or by her counsel.

Lord *Ravensworth*. I would beg leave to put it to those noble lords who sit upon the bench, whether there ever was an instance in a criminal cause of a witness being examined otherwise than in open court?

Lord *Cumden*. The noble lord is pleased to put a question particularly pointed to such of your lordships as have been educated in the profession of the law, to know, whether any instance can be produced where a witness, not attending at your bar to be examined *vivâ voce*, has been permitted by commission, by delegation, or any other manner whatever, to give his evidence out of court, so that that evidence so given out of court might be reported into the court, and stand as evidence on the trial? I presume that is the point, in which the noble lord desires to know if any precedent can be produced. When that question is asked, and the answer is to be a negative, your lordships easily conceive how much the modesty of the answer is to be affected, if he gives a full, a positive, and a round negative to that question; I therefore beg to be understood as confining the answer to my own knowledge. Within the course of my own practice and experience, I never did know of such an instance; I never have to the best of my memory read of such an instance: I never heard of such an instance: I speak in the presence of those who are better versed in this kind of knowledge than myself: I speak before the law of the land, which is now upon your lordships' wool-sacks. My lords, if any such case occurs to them, it will be easy for your lordships to apply to them; I know of no such; and I might add briefly one word on the subject, I hope I shall never see such an instance so long as I live in this world. What, my lords! to give up, and to part with, that noble privilege in the mode of open trial, of examination of witnesses *vivâ voce* at your bar, with a cross examination to confront them in the eye of the world, and to transfer that to a private chamber on a few written interrogatories! I go too far in arguing the point: I never knew an instance. I am in the judgment of the House, and of the learned judges that hear me; if there ever was an instance, let it be produced, and in God's name let justice be done.

Her grace's evidence consisted merely of some witnesses who endeavoured to shake Mrs. Cradock's credibility; of a Dr. Warren who testified to the illness that caused Dr. Collier's absence; and of a Mr. Laroche who stated that he himself had heard Dr. Collier assure both parties, the late Duke of Kingston, and the lady at the bar, that after the sentence in the spiritual court, they were perfectly free to marry, and might marry any one they pleased.

The lords all found the Duchess guilty, one lord, the Duke of Newcastle, only excepted, who said that she was guilty "erroneously but not intentionally."

The duchess then delivered a paper wherein her grace prayed the benefit of the peerage according to the statutes, and after a long argument on the part of the counsel, and an adjournment, and consultation on the part of the lords, the Lord High Steward addressed the prisoner to the following effect:

Madam, the lords have considered of the prayer you have made, to have the benefit of the statutes, and the lords allow it you.

But, Madam, let me add, that although very little punishment, or none, can now be inflicted, the feelings of your own conscience will supply that defect. And let me give you this information likewise, that you can never have the like benefit a second time, but another offence of the same kind will be capital.

Madam, you are discharged, paying your fees.

The lady appeared to be perfectly composed during this long and important trial; but when his grace had thus spoken she fainted, and was carried out of court. The trial ended on the 22nd of April, 1776. The Duchess afterwards resided on the continent, and about twenty years after, died in Russia.

REGRET FOR LOST ENTHUSIASM,*

BY LEWIS, KING OF BAVARIA.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN BY

GEORGE SOANE, A. B.

Soul of Enthusiasm! that once

Possess'd me quite, ah whither art thou fled?

My very fount of tears is now dried up,

And in me is a calm, so cold! so dead!

When first in Rome, ah! what a holy glow

To me was spread o'er all that met the eye,

While the thin vapours wove a magic veil

That lent a modest charm to earth and sky.

How was my heart then lifted up with joy!

But ah! the sweet illusion flies me here;

What Rome was in the distance is she now

No longer, when again I see her near.

* This is not an exact translation of the title, "Sehnsucht nach Sehnsucht," but I think it gives a clearer idea of the author's meaning than could have been done by a more literal rendering of it into English.

'Tis when the sun's far off it brightest glows,
 Its splendour dims when closer it would seem ;
 The halo, that still hovers o'er the past,
 Upon the Present seldom sheds a beam,

What Memory told me in a distant land
 In vain I seek—I find it now no more ;
 I must recall the visions of the brain
 If I would see the things I saw before.

With what delight mine eye upon thee dwelt !
 Thy calm repose brought transport to this breast ;
 And in the stirring pleasures of thy fields
 My soul imbib'd a deeper sense of rest.

The villas, palaces, and churches,—all,
 That art created, or that time has spared—
 Once to my fancy spake with holy voice
 That soar'd where calmer sense had never dared.

The echo of that voice for many a day
 Was with me still, and tingled on mine ear ;
 And in the distance Rome but fairer seem'd,
 In stronger light as year roll'd after year.

Eternal City ! that hast never seen
 Ought second to thee—sublime !—divine !
 How happy felt I once in thy embrace,
 How mightily my bosom throbb'd to thine !

Oh, that some pow'r had stood betwixt us, Rome,
 And never let me visit thee again !
 Unbroken had the sweet illusion been,
 And thou wouldst still thy earlier light retain.

The *Real* is the *Beautiful's* worst foe ;
 The morning twilight fades before the sun ;
 What once we've felt, we ne'er again can feel ;
 The goal is ne'er so distant as when won.

'Tis thus the charm of childhood still endures,
 Because it was the earliest joy of all ;
 And as for us it never can return,
 Its visions still a time of bliss recall.

While longing eagerly for what was far,
 What joy was mine—unutterable bliss !
 But now, possessing it, how poor I feel !
 The magic's faded with the bridal kiss.

That early dream of joy has past away,
 And never will return to glad me more ;
 Yes, it has melted into air, thin air,
 And with it too my fondest hopes are o'er.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GERMAN ROMANCE.

No. 2.—THE SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

THE extent and fertility of Fouqué's imagination are no less to be admired than its richness and brilliancy. His pen was never at rest, and legend after legend flowed from it, each new one, if possible, more strange and more fanciful than its predecessor: all, too, were written with unceasing regard for the inculcation of virtuous and religious precepts. His longest romances are—"Wild Love;" "Thiodolf the Icelander;" "Minstrel Love;" and "The Magic Ring;" these alike evince the same style and spirit. Chivalrous adventures—love embarrassments—demoniac doings—phantom freaks—mystery of every shape and kind, are conjured up by Fouqué's magic wand; and the perfection of the thing is, that like Prospero, in "The Tempest," he assembles these minions of his fancy to change the usual inutility and mischief of their action, and to make them work out a good and munificent purpose. Prospero subjects the world of spirits to his power that he may redress an earthly wrong: Fouqué does more, he summons them to his bidding that they may restore the mind to right thoughts and heavenly contemplations. Both magicians can equally speak in the words of the poet:—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
 And ye that on the sand with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea, and the azured vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
 By my so potent art.

Fouqué's minor tales are almost innumerable; and we may venture to say that there is not one of them without novelty or interest to repay the perusal: in some of these shorter legends we also find passages of surpassing merit; as a sample, we cannot better terminate this notice of the Baron's works, than by giving the following extract from his story of the "Unknown Patient;" we leave the reader to form his own opinion upon it:—

“One bright morning, as the physician had answered many similar questions of his gentle assistant, and they were both resting, after their work was over, under some shady limes, he said to her, smiling. ‘It is now time that I should question and thou answer, sweet maiden; it seems to be right wonderful that one of thy sex should find such pleasure in listening. Open now thy fair mouth, and tell me something of thyself; and, first of all, thy name. Truly, if there lay not such a sorrowful paleness on thy cheeks, and if thou didst not speak somewhat broken German, whereby it may be seen that thy home is in a distant land, I might be sure, without asking, that thy name is Angel, thou graceful apparition, so full of all kindness and humility.

“‘I know not, dear father, what you mean by that,’ said the maiden, while a faint blush coloured her pale cheeks, ‘but truly I am called Angel in your northern tongue, for in Italy I was christened Angela.’

“‘Wert thou born in that beautiful flower-garden, Italy, little Angel?’ asked the old man. ‘What, then, has wafted thee over the high Alps?’

“‘No hopeful breath of spring,’ answered the maiden; ‘but a cold autumnal blast, which stripped all the leaves from my blossoms. Yet I trust to pass here a calm and pious winter; and when the eternal spring comes to me, then shall I wander amongst the flowers of heaven, free from sorrow, and full of peace. See, dear father, I lived with my old, long-widowed mother, near the holy city of Rome, in a grove of laurels; and we led a still, quiet life, apart from all the world. We never went into the city; as she lay before us with her old temples and palaces, she appeared to us always as the continuation of the broken columns and walls which still remained in our grove, and under whose shadow I read so happily holy books, or beautiful histories, which my blessed father had bequeathed to us. Now it so happened that a young German painter came into our laurel-grove to sketch the ruins it contained. My mother gave him hospitality for many days; and as he was of angelic beauty and of angelic goodness, he became very dear to me; so that when, after a little while, he wooed me for his wife, with my mother’s good will, I willingly plighted my faith to him, and we were betrothed. Then he spoke of carrying us to Germany; and as I had fears of your distant northern land beyond the high mountains, he began to tell me many beautiful things concerning it, and also to teach me your language; and—whether it was that I hung upon him with my whole soul, or that there is an attractive charm in your land for all who learn to know it well—very soon in all my dreams I heard the rustling of your German oaks and limes, with the immeasurable verdure of their extensive forests; and I saw the pure bright mirrors of the mighty streams which roll nobly and peacefully among them. The songs of love and war of your greatest poets were on my lips; and with endless longing I gazed all day on the images which my lover drew of German chiefs, and holy men, and pure women. But the more I now longed to hasten to this beloved land, which drew me to her with a silent welcome, the seldomer did my betrothed speak of our journey. He began with more glowing words to praise the beauty of Italy, and at last declared plainly that he would end his days in that earthly paradise. I yielded to his will, and only prayed him to paint for me many German figures; yet I did ask him whether his parents were dead, of whom he at first had spoken so much, praising their kindness in having given him leave, at parting, to bring home, if God and his own heart so in-

clined him, a maiden of his choice from foreign lands to be his bride, provided only that she were innocent and gentle. He laughed, and answered, that he believed his parents were in health, but that they lived a dull life; and he meant to give me a more joyous one than I had yet known. I felt frightened at this; but I laid all to the state of excitement in which he always returned from Rome, whither he now went almost daily. At this time all German pictures and images of saints vanished from his painting-room; he only designed old statues of heathen times; and he laughed at me when I sorrowfully asked for the figures which, in earlier and happier days he sketched for me so readily and so beautifully. 'They were childish trifles,' he said; 'but now he was on the right path of nature and of God-like liberty.' Yet I could trace nothing god-like in his new works; on the contrary, I often saw among them unseemly figures; so that I went no more into his painting-room. My good mother, thank God, did not notice this change, but died in peace and hope, giving us both her solemn blessing. Ah! with what vain, unsatisfying consolations did my lover, once so full of earnest thought, wound my heart! He now wished to take me to Rome, and as I would not hear of it, he went thither himself, in order, as he said, to prepare our future home. Months passed away, and I heard nothing of him; at length I ventured to go into the great capital of the world, and with tears of anguish in my eyes, my senses bewildered with the tumult that was quite new to me, I went to the part of the town where he lived;—he had often described his house, and once had sketched it for me. Now I stood before the graceful building, which looked to me as fair in reality as it had in his drawing. With like beauty the golden oranges, amid their dark leaves, and surrounded with bright flowers, shone through the garden lattice-work. And yet this could not, I thought, be the house of my betrothed, for the loud shouts of a riotous company sounded from it, hardly allowing at times a few tones of the melody of many singers to be heard. I was about to turn away forever, but I loved him as myself; and to seek the lost was, I thought, a command of God. So I ascended the marble steps with prayer and confidence, and entered the door of the banqueting-room. The guests were startled at my appearance, for I was yet in deep mourning for my mother; and in the general silence which now reigned, I went up to my betrothed, who was crowned with roses and breathing perfumes. I spoke to him of time and eternity, of the world and of God. At first he seemed moved and alarmed; but the torrent of his passions soon swept away my words from his heart: he spoke much of the bright inspiring life of an artist; he dared to offer me to share it with him; he even praised my beauty with bold, unfitting words. Then I went forth, and I have never seen him since. I heard indeed, that he had gone to Greece as the favourite of a mighty prince. But I converted my small estate into gold, and have come as a pilgrim into beloved Germany; for I love it now in place of my poor bridegroom; and I dare to hope that it can never be so lost to me as he is lost.

"Bright tears fell from the maiden's eyes; and the old man said, 'God I will guard our land from being lost to thee and to all His angels!' But then he spoke with a low, almost stifled voice: 'Tell me at once, fair child, was not thy betrothed called Freymond?'

"'Alas, yes!' she answered, weeping yet more bitterly. 'And since you ask that question, are you not his father, the far-famed Master

Helfrad, who lives in this city? I have thought so for many days, but never had courage to ask.'

"'Truly I am he!' said the old man; 'my broken heart bears witness thereto.'

"Then Angela knelt weeping on the grass; and the old man laid both his hands on her dark locks to bless her.

"After a while he began again, and said, "Hast thou, then, no more love for Freymond?"

"'Ah, good Heaven!' she answered, 'how could I ever cease to love him?'

"'Well then, dear Angela, we will now, and very often, together pray for him.' And he knelt beside her on the grass.

"They first prayed quite to themselves, then aloud, and louder, stretching wide their hands towards heaven; and instead of disturbing each other, the words of one seemed to kindle those of the other, as we may fancy two seraphs with wings touching and embracing each other, soar up to heaven."

We quit the Baron de la Motte Fouqué and his writings with regret, for through the whole range of foreign fiction we shall not, probably, light upon another romancist of equal purity and power. At home, indeed, we have had some to rival him. One—a northern magician, too, and the mightiest wizard of them all—confesses to have caught inspirations and ideas from Fouqué; yet now and then the Scottish imitation sinks before the German original: the *White Lady of Avenal*, for instance, is but a faint and feeble reproduction of the *Naiad Undine*. In Ireland—a country which, like Germany, the sparkling and exuberant imagination of a mind-and-thought gifted people has filled with sprites and fairies, and such like beings of airy nothing—there is an author, still living, we rejoice to say, and well in mind and body, whose giant intellect, wide ranging fancy, and perfect morality could easily, like Fouqué, have called forth the supernatural denizens of her country, and bid them turn their evil into good. But Maria Edgeworth—for to her we, of course, allude—preferred the sound and steady road of common sense, to more trackless and visionary soaring, and she has achieved the object of her admirable intentions in another and no less beautiful manner. To the honour of German literature be it said, there are many whose imaginative works emulate those of Fouqué in their moral, if not so strongly in their religious tone. Those, indeed, of his excellent widow the Baroness, are good in every respect. Among other authors, we would cite Musæus, who tells fairy tales charmingly; Adelbert von Chamisso, whose marvellous history of Peter Schlemihl, the shadowless man, is known to everybody; and Ludwick Tieck, who holds a reputation second only to that of Fouqué himself. Tieck, indeed, deserves some further mention. This author has much of the wonderful conception, and the graceful and energetic execution of Fouqué, but he is inferior to him in brilliancy and depth of thought; and moreover, though born in the Catholic Church, Tieck was unhappily in early life imbued with the sentiments of that accursed school of philosophy which all but deified Voltaire, and utterly disgraced the close of the eighteenth century. From this melancholy thralldom the mind of Tieck has since freed itself, and he is now an altered and a better man. Yet his error has proved sadly injurious to the productions of his pen, and especially to those of less recent date. Though there is nothing decidedly wrong or impure to read in his stories, yet one directly misses

that beautiful verdure of religious feeling which, like some wholesome and vigorous evergreen, entwines itself around all the writings of Fouqué, shutting them out from the wretchedness and discomfort of wicked or wintry thought. Many of Tieck's later tales, such as those in the collection now before us, published in English by Burns, are very good. One legend, "The Elves," recalls at once that exquisite poem, "Kilmenny," by the Ettrick Shepherd. Another story of Tieck's, "The Reconciliation," is so completely characteristic of his best mode and style, that we cannot forbear extracting the entire narrative, and with it we conclude our remarks on modern foreign romance among the Germans:—

THE RECONCILIATION.

Twilight was already gathering, when a young knight, mounted on his charger, trotted through a lonely vale: the clouds grew gradually darker, and the glow of evening paler: a little brook murmured softly along, concealed by the mountain bushes that overhung it.

The knight sighed, and surrendered himself to thought; the bridle hung loose on the horse's neck; the steed itself no longer felt the rider's spur, and now paced slowly along the narrow path that wound round the precipitous rock.

The noise of the little brook waxed louder; the clang of the hoof rung through the solitude; the shades of evening grew deeper, and the ruins of an old castle lay wondrously poised on the precipice of the opposite mountain. The knight became more and more absorbed in thought; he gazed fixedly and vacantly on the darkness, scarcely noticing the objects that environed him.

Now the moon rose behind him: her splendour tipped tree and shrub with gold: the valley narrowed apace, and the shadow of the knight reached to the opposite hill: the streamlet went foaming, all silver, over the broken rocks, and a nightingale began her ravishing song, till it soon sounded clearer from the forest. The knight now saw a crooked-grown willow before him, that fell over the brook, while the water flowed through its weeping branches. On a nearer approach, its dark outline assumed a more decided form, and he now distinctly descried the figure of a monk, bending low over the stream. He let the faint ripple flow through the hollow of his hand, while a low and plaintive voice exclaimed, "She comes not, she comes not! ah, in an eternity, she'll not float by!"

The steed shied: a sudden dread took possession of the rider: he struck both spurs into his charger's flanks, and loudly neighing, it galloped away with him.

The narrow path now grew wider, and led into a thick wood of oak, through whose densely woven branches the moon could but sparsely shoot her beams. The knight stood before a cave, from which a small fire shone invitation towards him; he alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and entered the hollow.

Before a wooden crucifix kneeled an aged hermit in deep devotion; he was not aware of the knight's entrance, but still continued in fervent prayer. A long white beard flowed down over his breast; years had ploughed deep furrows in his brow; his eyes were dim; he had the seeming of a saint. The knight took his stand at some distance from him, folded his hands across his breast, and repeated some Ave-Marias.

Then the old man arose, dried a tear in his eye, and observed the stranger in his dwelling

“Welcome to thee!” cried he, and offered the stranger a hand trembling with age.

The knight pressed it warmly; he felt his soul yearn towards him, and his reverence was transmitted into love.

“You did right to turn in here,” continued the hermit, “for you will not find a village or a hostelry for many a league. But why so silent? Draw near to the fire and rest, and I will serve up such a little meal as this cave of mine can best supply.”

The knight took the helmet from his head; his brown locks fell adown his neck: the old man gazed on him with a searching glance.

“Why does your eye wander so shyly and unfixedly about?” he resumed, in a friendly tone.

The knight seemed to be collecting his thoughts. “A strange feeling of awe,” replied he, “has seized on me since riding through that valley. Explain to me, if you can, the singular phenomenon which I there beheld; or perhaps it is not a spirit, but an inhabitant of these parts: and yet that is impossible; I saw him wave to and fro like the misty vapour in the gleam of the rising moon, and a cold thrill of fear drove me this way. Explain to me the riddle and the words which I heard through the whispering of the bushes.”

“You saw the apparition?” said the hermit inquiringly, in a tone which betrayed a warm interest in the event; “well, be seated at the fire, and I will tell you the unhappy tale.”

Both took their places. The old man appeared lost in thought. The knight was all attention; and after a short silence the hermit began:—

“It is now thirty years since I roamed the land in quest of adventures and strife, just as you do now: since my locks flowed, just as yours do, over my shoulders, and my glance with equal boldness confronted danger. Grief has made me a decrepit old man before my time; not a trace can you now discover of the lusty warrior, who at that time won the respect of knighthood and the hearts of lovely girls. All is as a dream to me now, and my joys and sorrows are shrouded in the twilight distance. Farewell, ye happy days! scarce a faint glimmer from you now can reach my cold worn heart.

“I had a brother, who was only two years older than myself. We were like each other in form and feeling except that he was more impetuous and stormy, and more especially inclined to be passionate. We loved each other fondly; we shared no pleasure apart; in every conflict he fought at my side; we seemed to live out for one another.

“He became acquainted with a lady, whose love soon formed him to an accomplished man. Her tenderness tempered his boisterous spirit; she taught him that gentleness which is essential to every man who will appear amiable in the eye of his friend. Clara became his wife; and after the lapse of a year, the mother of a boy. Nothing now seemed wanting to his happiness.

“About this time the signal of the cross was again raised against the infidels. Fired with holy zeal he girt on the sword, took the sign of the Redeemer on his cloak, and marched forth with the enthusiast throng to peril and to fame. My entreaties and his wife’s tears were too weak to detain him; the fervour of his enthusiasm tore him from our arms. Ah, heavens! I still hoped at that time that we should have the delight of

seeing him once more ; I foreboded dangers for him, but not those sad events which have beguiled my life of every joy.

“ We now looked in vain for news ; our anxious impatience suggested to us a thousand mishaps, and fed us again with increased hope. Week after week, month after month passed away, without our expectation being in the smallest degree satisfied. To be sure, we heard that on their march to the Holy Land discomforts of a thousand kinds had befallen the crusaders ; that they had been attacked by savage hordes, and given up to misery and want, that the greater part of them had been scattered in the woods, there to become a prey to hunger or the wild beasts. But we had no special news of my brother, and we were obliged to accustom ourselves to the thought that he too belonged to the greater number of those unfortunates. His desolate widow wept for him daily, and gave little ear to the weak grounds of consolation that issued from the dejected heart of a suffering brother.

“ Five long-sorrowful years were thus passed in lamentation and tears, when I beheld at a tournament the daughter of William of Orlaburg. Oh, sir knight, let me dwell for a moment on this brilliant epoch of my life, and refresh my soul on the beautiful past. Ah, a rapturous spring rose upon me, but winter returned all the colder to my heart : not a flower remains to me of all those sunny days ; a spiteful hurricane has snapt them all away. Ida of Orlaburg was the most charming creature of her sex ; graceful and full of majesty, her lofty figure claimed respect of every one, and her charitable temper won every heart. She united the loveliness of woman with the nobility of manly strength.

“ At a tournament given by her father, she saw Clara ; her soul was interested by the deep sorrow which spoke in the features of the desolate wife. In misfortunes, friendships are the most quickly and the most lastingly formed. They saw each other very often ; they loved each other like two sisters, that had grown up together, and shared each other's every thought ; and on the death of Ida's father, Clara had her friend a constant guest at her castle. Ida it was who at last dried the tears from eyes that were dim with weeping ; who taught her to smile again at the rising of the sun, and who, as I saw her so often, at last robbed me of my heart and of my peace.

“ I experienced all the torments and all the ecstasies of love ; my nights were sleepless, my days without repose ; the world lay extended more beautifully before me ; a charm and a loveliness sprang up every where beneath my footsteps ; an impetuous longing hurried me to her ; and yet in her presence my heart beat still more madly.

“ Am not I a child to speak to you so diffusely of my folly ? In a few months I disclosed to her my love ; with an angel voice she assured me of her attachment ; we were betrothed, and—oh, who could participate in my sense of happiness !—in two months we were to be married. How did I reckon up every day and every hour ! The tide of time flowed past me in vexatious dilatoriness ; I wanted to see it roll along in a foaming torrent at my feet.

“ At last a messenger reached us with news of my brother. It was a knight from Spain who had seen him in Africa. Corsairs had taken the vessel in which he sailed, and sold him as a slave in Tunis. A very high price was set on his liberty.

“ We were more pleased than saddened by these news, because we had already taken his death for certain. Clara now dried her tears,

and surrendered herself to her joy. She got together the required sum as quickly as possible, and made preparations to travel to her husband.

"The stranger knight was in fact returning to Spain, and Clara proposed setting out in his company; while Ida, who found it impossible to part from her friend, resolved to accompany her in knightly costume.

"My most urgent expostulations were in vain, and I was at last obliged to yield to their united entreaties. My brother's infant son was consigned to the protection of a convent. They took their departure, and, full of foreboding, my weeping eye followed them.

"How I burned with desire to accompany them! but I was entangled in a feud, in which I had promised a friend my succour, and my pledged word bound me to Germany. Ah! in an ill-fated hour they departed; I never beheld them more.

"From that moment begins the dark period of my life. I was successful in this feud. Oh, that I had fallen beneath the sword of an enemy, to have escaped long years of torture, and the frightful hours in which I first—oh, forgive me these tears! they still often flow at the remembrance of Ida and my brother: age cannot so blunt our sympathies that pain may not sometimes return with new force to our bosoms.

"On their journey Ida was seized with the unhappy fancy of not discovering herself to my brother till they all should have reached their native country again, in order that she might then surprise him the more joyfully as my bride. They arrived in Spain, and sent the required sum to Tunis. The prisoner was liberated; on the wings of affection he hastened over the sea, and forgot on Clara's bosom, in one moment of rapture, the sufferings which he had endured for years.

"Ida was soon presented to him as a friend; he received her kindly, and enjoyed for some days in the society of his spouse that happiness which he had so long been deprived of. But his eyes were soon rivetted on Ida: he observed the tender connection subsisting between her and his wife, and suspicion kindled in his soul. 'She is untrue to me,' cried he, when alone; 'she divides her heart between me and this hateful stranger!'

"He now watched them both more closely than before, and soon thought his suspicion justified; he thought he could discover a tenderness which neither of them took pains to conceal. By degrees he became colder towards his wife, hiding the wound she had inflicted; whilst she, on her part, unconstrainedly, and without the shadow of fear, shared her affections with her consort and her friend.

"Jealousy raged in my brother's bosom; he began to hate Clara and her companion; he imputed a significancy to every look and every gesture; the rancour within him robbed him of his sleep, or suspicion appalled him in hideous dreams.

"'For this, then, I came across the sea, said he to himself; 'these are the joys of meeting; these, then, are the delights of my love. I am come to be the prey of racking torture. I find my home again at the side of a faithless wife, and she herself meets me only that she may the earlier proclaim to me her effrontery and her broken vows.'

"He made an old squire the confidant of his chagrin: both now watched the two friends with an indefatigable vigilance; they beheld a

thousand proofs of the supposed infidelity, without in the least conjecturing the true posture of affairs: my brother's fury rose more and more, and a dark resolve at last began to ripen in his breast.

"It happened that he was with them and a faithful servant in a small boat. The moon was up, and the shallop drifted slowly down the gentle stream; he sat in cold unconsciousness by Clara, who had laid her hand in his. He caught her eye with a searching glance; her husband seemed strange to her, and abashed she sunk her head. Ida had seized her other hand.

"'Traitor!' cried he of a sudden; 'impostor! who sport with the peace of a man, with truth, and truth's best vows!' Ah! at that moment his good genius forsook him!—gnashing his teeth, he plunged his dagger into Clara's bosom: Ida sank lifeless at the side of her friend; he grasped the bloody poniard, raised the reeking blade, and smote my Ida to the heart.

"The dying Clara discovered to him his error. Her blood floated down the stream. The film gathered in her eye. For a long time he stood like one entranced; then sprang into the river, swam unconsciously to land, and, deaf and dumb, without sensation or words of woe, he set out on his return to Germany.

"Thus, then, an ill-starred jest was the wreck of my every hope and joy. In the mean time, I stood at a window of the castle, anxiously awaiting the return of those I loved. Often was I aroused from my musing mood by the hoof-tramp of horses: my eyes wandered vacantly over field and hill, while a joyful thrill passed through me at the sight of a female figure.

"At length came a knight dashing up on a black charger: it was my brother. But ah, my joy was vain; his countenance was haggard, his eyes rolled wildly, his heart beat impetuously.

"'Where are Ida and Clara?' cried I.

"A tear was the answer; he hung speechless on my neck.

"'In the grave,' said he at length, violently sobbing.

"O heavens! those were fearful hours that I then went through! My fist trembled, my heart throbbed convulsively; a low voice whispered murder and vengeance in my ears: but I saw my brother's wretchedness—I forgave him; and well it is for me that I did so.

"Oh, that he could have forgiven himself! But his misery and his crime were present day and night to his soul. Clara came back to him in his dreams, and showed him the dagger reeking with her heart's warm blood. From that hour he never smiled again.

"'I am condemned to the most ghastly misery,' cried he, as he grasped me by the hand; 'nor on the other side of the grave shall I be at rest; a fearful future drags its slow length in review before me. Ah, my brother! even in death there is no more hope for me.'

"My heart was broken; but my life seemed now granted that I might console him. We left the castle, and laid aside our knightly garb; we shrouded ourselves in holy weeds, and thus we went wayfaring through the dark woods and over the desert plains, till this cavern at last received us.

"Often would my brother stand for long, long days by that rivulet, gazing vacantly on the waters; even in the night he was sometimes there; and then he would sit on a sundered fragment of the rock, while

his tears trickled down into the stream. My efforts to console him were all in vain.

"At last he revealed to me that Clara had appeared to him in a dream; but she never could be reconciled, she said, till her blood should float down that little brook; and for this reason he sat on the bank, counting and watching the waves, in the eager hope of again finding the drops that had gushed from her heart in that fatal hour.

"I wept at the sight of my brother's madness; I tried to rid him of the thought, but it was impossible. 'Ah!' cried he, 'and in distant Spain her blood was shed; it flowed down the stream into the sea: how long will it be before it returns hitherward to the springs?'

"Now he scarcely ever left the brook—his sorrow and his delusion increased with every day: at last he died of a broken heart. I buried him by my cave.

"Since then I have often seen his ghost sitting beside the stream: it was always watching the passing ripple, and softly sighing, 'She comes not—she comes not.' A thrill of horror runs through me every time, and I pray till midnight for the peace of his soul."

The hermit ended; he cast down his eyes and silently counted his beads. The knight had listened to the tale with anxious interest, and after a few moments he enquired—

"And where was your brother's son left?"

"We sought him in the convent," replied the old man, "but he had clandestinely made his escape from the monks."

"Your name?"

"Why do you so fix your gaze upon me?—Ulfo of Waldburgh."

"O my uncle!" cried the knight, and threw himself on the bosom of the astonished hermit. "Doubt not," cried he; "ah! that unhappy shade by the rivulet is the spirit of my father."

"Your father! his name was——"

"Charles of Waldburgh. I ran away from the monks because their lonely cloisters appeared a prison to me. I took service with a knight; and now for some years I have been seeking you and my father."

"O my son!" cried the old man, and locked him more fervently in his arms; "yes, you are he: I know you by that sparkling eye; those are your father's features and his chestnut locks."

"O my unhappy father!" sighed the youth, "would that I could procure his wandering spirit peace! would that my prayers could conciliate Heaven and my mother's shade!"

He stood in a musing mood, with his hands folded: "Uncle," cried he, "what, if I have read aright the import of the dream? what, if my mother's spirit had wished to direct the wretched man to me? Oh, come now!"

They left the cave. Clouds shrouded the moon; a hallowed stillness spread its mantle over the world; they went into the lonely forest as into a temple. Charles kneeled down on his father's grave.

"Spirit of my father," said he, in fervent prayer, "oh hear thy son, hearken to thy son, O my mother! and, gracious heaven, let me not implore thee in vain! Give rest to the unhappy one, and let the dread pilgrim find a lodging in the grave. Oh, let me hear from thee, spirit of my father, whether I conceived aright the sense of the prophecy!

Oh, grant me some sign that thou art reconciled with my mother's ghost!"

Like the soft echo of a flute came a breathing through the tree-tops; two bright apparitions floated downwards in closely-wound embrace. They came nearer. "We are reconciled," whispered a more than earthly voice. Two hands were stretched forth over the kneeling one; and like a light zephyr the words passed over him, "Be true to knight-hood!"

A cloud glided away from before the moon; and the phantoms dissolved in her silver radiance. In glad amazement the two mortals gazed long and lingeringly after them.

THE SUMMER SUN.

How sweet the cool refreshing hour,
 When dew-drops tremble on each flow'r,
 And glory marks the lovely west—
 The crimson couch where sunbeams rest!
 How smooth the river, gliding on;
 And sweet the robin's evening song!
 Warbling awhile his little strain,
 He homeward turns his wing again;
 For day is past. With regal state
 The sun has closed his golden gate;
 Yet lingers there, through dewy light,
 Before he bids the world good night,
 And, while we part his beams in sorrow,
 Gives promise of a glorious morrow.
 He heralds then the newborn day,
 And brightly smiles the night away;
 Reviving nature's dormant pow'rs,
 He wakes to life the drooping flow'rs,
 And dries the tears which night had shed
 While slumb'ring on their fragrant bed.
 I marvel not in Persia he
 Is worshipped still a Deity!
 Our praise alone to God on high,
 Who in His hand holds earth and sky,
 Who made the sun in splendour bright,
 The moon with pure and holy light—
 Our great Creator, King of Kings,
 Whose fame ascends on morning's wings,
 Whose word commands the boundless sea;
 Great type of His immensity;
 Whose voice is echoed by the wind,
 Yet whispers mercy to mankind,
 Whose glory lights the morning sky,
 Whose lifetime is eternity!

M.D.

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Rostellan, co. Cork,

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF THOMOND.

A lonely Hall upon a lonelier moor,
For many a mile no other dwelling near ;
Northward an ancient wood whose tall trees roar,
When the loud winds their huge broad branches tear,
A large old Hall—

A LARGE old hall—I love a large old hall, with its large ancestral trees, o'ertopping the quaint old gables, and the numerous returns of buildings, and great extent of offices, betokening the alterations and improvements of various succeeding members of a large old family. There is absolutely something of reverence inspired by the very appearance of the grey moss-covered walls and venerable windows, on which the dust of ages lies like a thick film. The situation of the spacious pile before us has its recommendations. Rostellan lies on the eastern extremity of the Cork harbour, and is built close to the sea. Around and about stretch the receding shores locking in the beautiful bay of Cove from the wide fresh Atlantic. The bay is, however, studded with vessels, from the Admiral's Flag ship, and the gallant American sloop of war, Jamestown, (now—quantum mutatus—laden to her very deck with the spontaneous outpouring of our transatlantic fellow Christians for our Irish poor,) to the cloud propelling steamboats. We tread a soft velvet-like sand, and are tempted to watch the fishing smacks making their glittering hauls ; but the dwelling of the descendant of Irish kings appears before us. It is very extensive, and abounds with well proportioned rooms. The views from the mansion, overlooking the harbour of Cove, and its islands, Spike with the strong fortifications, and Hawlbowl and its vast stores filled with the material to support life instead of instruments to cause death, are very beautiful. When I first visited this abode of Irish nobility several years since, it well merited a patient inspection. The vast hall was adorned with a great variety of weapons, spears, swords, and shields, pieces of armour, and among them a most interesting relic—the helmet of Brian Boroihme. What a subject for a moralist ! The heavy iron casque, of large size and great thickness often covered the head of Erin's warrior king, the sage ruler of Ireland when she was famed among the kingdoms of the earth for learning and virtue : the victor of Clontarf ! the king whose politic government caused such respect for the weak and helpless, that a lady once walked fearless and unharmed through the land, with jewels eclipsed by her virgin loveliness—

And blest for ever was she who relied
On Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

The splendid collection of paintings which formerly adorned Rostellan has been moved with other objects of interest to England. The grounds are very extensive and exquisitely arranged. The waters of Rostellan bay skirt them for nearly two miles. The demesne is diversified by some interesting objects—a tower, erected I was told to commemorate a visit of the celebrated actress Mrs. Siddons, is close to the sea. Some caverns, with stalactites depending from the roof are in a bed of limestone rocks. Religion too lends her aid to supply some record of the days when Ireland was the land of Saints. A holy well is close by, much venerated by the lower orders, who, despite the strict prohibition of the Catholic clergy, still pay their orisons at their favourite shrine. Though this feeling amongst the humbler classes is denounced and discouraged by their clergy, it has much of the right spirit of religion about it. We nowhere feel devotion and reverence to the Almighty more strongly than when placed in the midst of his glorious works; the gigantic hills, the wide spread woods, and the grandeur of the sea combine to raise feelings of tender unaffected piety in the soul, which must assuredly sanctify the prayer addressed to heaven by the suppliant hearts. An ancient castle which was formerly here, and of which some traces yet remain, underwent the usual fortunes of war during the memorable years following 1641. It fell into the hands of Lord Inchiquin, but in 1645 was besieged by Lord Castlehaven, who took Lord Inchiquin's brother and Colonel Courteney prisoners.

The Marquis of Thomond is descended from the royal house of Thomond, a race of kings which number among them the celebrated Brian Boroihme, who commenced his reign A.D. 1002, and terminated it, in the arms of victory, at Clontarffe in 1014.*

Murrough O'Bryan appears to have been the first of his race who surrendered his royal claims, and accepted an English peerage. He was created Earl of Thomond by King Henry VIII. 1st July 1543, with remainder to his nephew Donough O'Bryan.

I find all the works on Peerage which I have consulted, omit Connor O'Brien, who was third Earl of Thomond, A.D. 1572. That such an individual existed, and certainly lost very considerably the pride of his ancestors, appears pretty plainly from the following contrite and submissive letter to Queen Elizabeth, † which shews the great fear the Irish then had of the English dominion. "I, the said Earl, moost greved and repentant from the bottom of my harte, for my transgression, moost humbly beseech my said Sovereigne, to accept and allow this my moost humble, trewe, and undoubted determynacon, as condigne amends for my transgression, which is, that during my life naturall (for my will, power and habilitie,) I will observe and accomplishe all and singular the contents of the articles ensuing, and for testifyinge thereof, have reade and taken a corporall oath upon the holie and blessed bible, That I shall be and continue duringe my naturall life, her highness, her heirs and successors, moost humble, trewe, and faithful obedient subjecte.—Item, that I shall not make warre upon any subjecte, nor make peace nor grant safe conduct, with or to any rebell or malefactor, without licence.—Item, that I shall not exacte any taxes, talladge, or thinge of any subject contrary the goode will of the gever or paier.—Item, that I shall permit and suffer all and everie her Majesties' trewe and faithful subjects quyetlye to pass and re-pass throughe Thomond.—Item, that I shall not marye, gossope, nor fostre contrarie the statute, without lycens.—Item, that I shall advance

* Burke's Peerage. † Notes to Statute of Kilkenny, Ir. Arch. Soc. vol. ii. p. 90.

and further, from tyme to tyme, by all ways and means possible for my riches and power, the contents of the communion booke, called the Book of Common Prayer, and admynestracon of the Sacraments; and likewise, the injunctions set forth by her Highness."—Connor Thomond, 27th Sept., 1572.

The contents of this letter, and its various stipulations enable the reader to form a tolerable idea of the state of Ireland when it was written. The Irish chieftains had heretofore been accustomed to exercise sovereign power in their dominions; being of a martial disposition they kept up incessant strifes among themselves, in which, it is fair to add, they were emulated by the Anglo-Norman families who never were at peace either with the Irish or each other,—hence, in this letter or rather treaty of submission, the necessity of the proviso—against making war and peace, granting safe conduct to rebels, levying taxes, &c. The undertaking "not to marye, gossope, nor foster contrarie to the provisions of the statute without lycens" referred to the enactments of the statute of Kilkenny passed in the time of Lionel Duke of Clarence, Lord Deputy to his father, King Edward III., which contained such cruel and oppressive laws against both English and Irish, that the first effect of it was a bloody civil war, and its remote results were civil dissensions. One of the sections prohibited alliance by marriage, gossiped, and fostering of children among the Irish and English, so that to bring Connor O'Brien within this act he must have been made an Englishman by construction, which I suspect his thorough Irish descendant Mr. Smith O'Brien would strongly disclaim. The provisions of this statute were, I find, sometimes enforced by other statutes, though it is not to be found among any printed collection of our Irish statutes. On the original roll is an act passed in a Parliament held at Dublin, A.D. 1466, to attain of treason the Earl of Desmond, the Earl of Kildare, and Edward Plunket, Esq. for alliances, fosterage and alterage with the king's Irish enemies, and furnishing them with horses, harness, and arms, and supporting them against the king's loyal subjects. Happily we have survived the days when an Hibernian patronymic froze the genial currents of affection between the Irish maiden and her Saxon lover, or vice versa. Kindlier feelings subsist, and I venture to hope the more the two nations are known to each other, the stronger shall be the ties that unite them in mutual esteem and mutual regard.

The Earldom of Thomond was elevated to the Marquisate in 1800, and the title of Baron of the united kingdom added in 1826.

Mallow Castle, co. Cork,

THE SEAT OF SIR DENHAM JEPHSON NORREYS, BART. M. P.

Whose aged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps,
So both a safety from the wind,
In mutual dependence find.

TRULY the poet Dyer must have been looking at Mallow Castle when he penned these lines. On passing through the gateway and entering the avenue, I beheld the venerable castle before me. Three large towers present themselves, but the enormous battlements are so shattered that

they convey the notion of tumbling, but for the strong net work of ivy in which they are thickly cased. The position is commanding. Built on the brow of a hill overlooking the Blackwater river, the Castle stands a noble wreck of war and time. What must it have been in the days of old, when the Lord President of Munster held his court within its precincts? Throng the spacious saloons with knights and fair dames, rustling in silken attire—glittering with gems—and holding gay revelry, and conjure up a host of images in keeping with the scene, but whither is Fancy wandering—

Day its sultry fires had wasted
 Calm and cool the moonbeams rose
 Even a captive's bosom tasted
 Half oblivion of his woes.

The evening came on with a calm, quiet beauty, and as the moonbeams touched with a silvery streak the grey Castle walls, methought they were the snows of age blanching the head of time. Close beside, yet apart from the ancient Castle, stands the present abode of the accomplished lord of the manor, Sir Denham Norreys. It is only in progress of building, and is designed in the true Elizabethan style of architecture. Here are mullioned windows, and pointed gables, and tall chimnies, and all the intricacies of the buildings in the halcyon days of Queen Bess. The interior is exquisitely finished, and taste is displayed in every arrangement. I was conducted over the apartments by the courteous owner. The wide oaken staircase with heavy balustrades—the richly pannelled wainscotted chambers—the coloured light dimly falling through the stained glass windows—all denoted the days of other years. There are but few paintings. A fine picture in one of the drawing-rooms detained me, King William III. in his robes. “It is by Sir Godfrey Kneller,” said Sir Denham, “and was presented to one of my ancestors by the King.” A quaint, old-fashioned casement is splendidly emblazoned with heraldic bearings—the arms of the Norreys family—and this painting is taken from one in the ancient residence in England. When completed, this mansion will certainly claim to rank among the finest specimens of the Elizabethan style in Ireland. The grounds are very varied, and abound in picturesque scenery, to which the proximity of the famed Blackwater adds additional charms. An account of the historical events which relate to the Castle of Mallow would occupy more space than we could devote to the subject. A perfect succession of military tempests have swept over its massive walls. Scarcely was the trumpet of revolt sounded in Munster than its echo stirred the mailed warders of the Presidency. Not an insurrection but came within its range. It embodies in its history all the prominent events which occurred in the south of Ireland for about three centuries, and as we believe there is abundant materials in the power of the lord of the Castle to narrate its history, we are convinced in his hands it would prove a most interesting and valuable record of the important events in Ireland, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.

This castle with the land adjoining was formerly a seigniory belonging to the Earls of Desmond. On the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, who was slain 11th Nov. 1583, the castle and manor was granted A. D. 1584, by Queen Elizabeth to Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster. Spencer presented him with a copy of his poem, the Fairie Queen,

composed in this neighbourhood at Kilcolman, and in the following verse alludes to the President's recent success in settling the family of Braganza on the throne of Portugal :—

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the Sweet Muse than did the martial crew
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill trump, and sound their praises due ?
Who then ought more to favour her than you,
Most noble Lord, the honour of this age,
And president of all that arms ensue ?
Whose warlike powers and manly true courage
Temper'd with reason and advisement sage
Hath filled sad Belgia with victorious spoil
In France and Ireland left a famous gage
And lately shak't the Lusitanian soil ;
Sith then each where thou hast dispread thy fame
Love him that thus hath eternised your name."

On the death of Sir John Norris, who took a very leading part in all the warlike affairs of this turbulent period, the estate fell to his only child, a daughter, by whose marriage with Major-General Sir John Jephson, of Froyle, Hants, the property came into the present family. The grandson of this marriage was Envoy to Sweden in 1657, and of him it is recorded that while representing Stockport in the Parliament of the Commonwealth he moved in the house that "the Protector should take the title of King.*

The family name was Jephson until the 18th July, 1838, when the representative of the house by sign manual obtained the surname and arms of Norreys, and shortly after, on 6th August, was created a baronet. From the account of the family in Burke's Peerage, we find that "through their descent from the Norreys's, the Jephsons may claim to partake of the most illustrious blood in England—Plantagenet, De Clare, Marshall, Strongbow, Holland, Salisbury, Zouch, Quincy, Bellamont, Galloway, Longespie, D'Eincourt, De Vere, Grey of Rotherfield, Odingsells, Fitz Alan, St. Quentin, Beaumont, Comyn, Williams of Thame, Dacre, Riddlesford, Devereux, Molyneux, Gurney, and many others." Surely if great names tend to excite to noble deeds, the descendant of such an ancestry ought to have high aspirings—and I do not think I could give Sir Denham Jephson Norreys higher praise than to say that he has shewn, in the words of Spencer to his great predecessor,—

"Manly true courage
Temper'd with reason and advisement sage"

in every way worthy of his name and lineage.

* Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.

NEGLECTED GENEALOGY.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
How are they blotted from the things that be!

THERE are many ancient families now either extinct, or fallen from their high estate, which held, in other days, no inconsiderable place in their country's estimation. Their names occur not infrequently or ingloriously in the public records, and their virtues and their example may be traced, as exercising, for a long series of years, an all-powerful influence over the locality wherein they resided. Tradition and romance are linked to the remembrance of these time-honoured houses, and history itself refers, in its unerring pages, to many of their achievements. But still, as the male descent has either sunk into obscurity, or has entirely passed away, less individual interest remains to perpetuate the genealogy, and thus, in the lapse of years, some of the best of our English pedigrees become so obscured by time and neglect, that the greatest difficulty attends their discovery and elucidation. The object we have now in view is an attempt to remedy this by occasionally inserting in THE PATRICIAN the ancestry of some fallen or extinct house, venerable for its antiquity, and associated, in many instances, with the most stirring events of our local and national annals. We commence the series with

The Barons of Hilton.

Fuimus.

The Castle of Hilton stands low and sequestered in the Vale of Wear, three miles to the west of Wearmouth Bridge, co. Durham, on the old road to Newcastle. Here, for twenty-three descents, extending over six centuries, dwelt in high renown the famous Barons of Hilton, a race of gentlemen of the first consideration, whose long genealogical line was never stained by vice, or sullied by dishonour. Of the title of "Baron," so constantly bestowed on each successive Lord of Hilton, a few words may not be inappropriate. The designation does not appear to have had any reference to a peerage honour; but was given by the general courtesy of the country, either from respect to the immemorial existence of the family in a *gentle* state, long before the creation of barons by writ, or else with reference to the rank which the Hiltons undoubtedly held, of "Barons of the Bishopric," sitting with a sort of provincial peerage, in the great Council of their ecclesiastical Palatine. Certain it is, that the name of Hilton always stands first in every Episcopal Commission, and that popular respect never failed to concede to its chief the precedence of nobility. In 1669, Mr. Arden, complaining to Miles Stapleton, Esq., of the unseemly pride of Dean Carleton and his daughters, adduces, as a superlative instance of it, that "the Dean himself had taken a place above Baron Hilton at the quarter sessions, to the great disgust and reluctance of the country gentry; and that, moreover, the young Lady Carletons had

crowded themselves into a pew in the cathedral, before Baron Hilton's daughters."

The origin of the Hiltons is lost in the obscurity of distant ages. Every ancient house has its fabulous age, and the Hiltons are not without their ill contrived Williams and Adams, who flourished under Saxon Athelstans and Edwys; their Lancelots, who died at Hastings or Feversham in 1066, and their Henry, whom the Conqueror gifted with broad lands on the Wear.

ROMANUS, Knight of Hilton, the genuine "homo propositus" of the family,* held three knights' fees in 1166, and was, probably, by no means the first settler, as his lands were held of "ancient feoffment." His successor, Alexander, appears in a deed of compact with the prior and convent of Durham, relative to the chapel of Hilton in 1172. In 1332 and 1335, another ALEXANDER DE HILTON, of Hilton, had summons to parliament, but the honour was never repeated in any of his descendants. He gained distinction as a soldier, and served in the Scottish wars, under Ralph, Lord Nevill. By his wife he had a son and successor, Sir ROBERT DE HILTON, Baron of Hilton, who augmented his inheritance by marrying Eleanor, sister and co-heir of Sir William Felton, and left a great estate to his son WILLIAM, grandfather of Sir WILLIAM HILTON, Knt., Baron of Hilton, whose wife, Mary, was daughter and co-heir of Sir William Stapylton, of Westmoreland. He died in 1457, leaving (besides three daus., Eleanor, *m.* 1st to Owen, Lord Ogle, and 2ndly, to George Percy; Elizabeth, *m.* to Sir Robert Claxton, Knt. of Horden; and Anne, wife of Whitfield of Whitfield) two sons; the younger, Ralph, is stated to have been captain of Dunbar; the elder, Sir WILLIAM HILTON, born in 1451, succeeded as Baron of Hilton. He wedded Margery, dau. of Sir William Bowes, Knt. of Streatlam, and was father of

SIR WILLIAM HILTON, Baron of Hilton, who entailed his estates, 18 HENRY VIII., and died before 1537. By Sybill Lumley, his wife, granddau. of George, Lord Lumley, he had a dau., Anne, *m.* to Sir Ralph Hedworth, Knt. of Harraton, and two sons, Thomas and William. The elder, SIR THOMAS HILTON, Knt., Baron of Hilton, was captain of Tynmouth Castle under PHILIP and MARY. He had no fewer than four wives, and yet he died issueless. His brother and heir, WILLIAM, previously of Biddic, appears to have been a sad contrast to the virtuous race from which he sprang, if we may credit the strange story told by Dr. Bulleyn, a learned physician in the reigns of EDWARD VI., MARY, and ELIZABETH. The doctor seems to have enjoyed the largest practice of his time, in the city of Durham, and to have stood high in the favour of the deceased Baron of Hilton; but no sooner was the fact of that gentleman's death known, than the new inheritor, "Mr. William Hilton, of Biddic," charged Bulleyn with the murder of his brother, and had him arraigned before the Duke of Norfolk. The doctor, however, was honourably acquitted; but still the Baron of Hilton ceased not from persecuting him: he basely "hired ruffians to assassinate the hapless physician;" and when that scheme miscarried, had him thrown into prison for debt. In one of his works, Bulleyn disclaims, *con amore*, against the crying sin of ingratitude, which, "malgré high titles, long pedigrees, and numerous quarterings," he assumes to be "a most sable escutcheon, even in the fairest field;" and

* Surtees' Durham.

Kippis, his biographer, after leaving his defeated and despised enemy, Hilton, with the character of being profitable to few, and noisome to himself, a lover of few, a flatterer of many, a vessel of ignorance, a swamp of ingratitude, unnatural even to his own, wasting that in law (in persecuting Dr. Bulleyn) which should be reserved for his children's relief," concludes, most medically, with recommending this cataplasm to "his, William Hilton's, mortified conscience."

The principal actor in this strange story, William, Baron of Hilton, married Margaret, dau. of Sir James Metcalfe, Knt. of Nappa, and had, besides four sons, six daus., viz., Anne, wife of John Baxter, of Newcastle; Margery, *m.* to Richard Vavasour; Elizabeth, *m.* to Marmaduke Thirkeld; Sibilla; Eleanor, wife of John Horsley, of Horsley; and Dorothy, *m.* 1st, to Robert Dalton, Esq.; and 2ndly, to Michael Constable, Esq. The eldest son,

SIR WILLIAM HILTON, Baron of Hilton, buried 9 Sept. 1600, had, by Anne, his wife, dau. of Sir John Yorke, Knt. of Gowthwayt, four sons and two daus. Of the former, Henry, the youngest, a captain in the army of the States General, served under Prince Maurice, and is mentioned in Bishop Neile's letters as "an experienced soldier that has borne office in the field." The eldest son, THOMAS, *d. v. p.*, leaving, by Anne, his wife, dau. of Sir George Bowes, Knt. of Streatlam, two daus., Jane, *m.* to Sir Ralph Delaval, Knt. of Seaton Delaval; and Mary, *m.* to Robert Brandling, Esq. of Felling; and no less than eight sons. Of these, the eldest,

HENRY HILTON, Esq., Baron of Hilton, had livery as heir to his grandfather, 30th March, 1607-8, and by his improvident posthumous generosity nearly ruined the great house from which he descended. For several years before his death, he had, in some disgust, deserted the seat of his ancestors, and lived in obscure retirement, first at the house of a kinsman at Billinghamurst, in Sussex, and subsequently at Michel Grove, where he died. By will, dated 26th Feb. 1640-1, he devised the whole of his paternal estate for ninety-nine years to "the lord mayor and four senior aldermen of the City of London," on trust to pay, during the same term, 24*l.* yearly to each of thirty-eight several parishes or townships in Durham, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex, and Newcastle-on-Tyne; 28*l.* per annum to the mayor of Durham; and 50*l.* per annum to the vicar of Monk Wearmouth. He then leaves an annuity of 100*l.* to his next brother, Robert Hilton, and his heirs; and of 50*l.* to his brother, John Hilton, which last sum is to cease if he succeed as heir of Robert. All the residue and increase of his rents he gives to the City of London, charging them to bind out yearly five children of his own kindred to some honest trade; and further, he desires them to raise 4000*l.* out of the rents, to remain in the City Chamber during ninety-nine years, and the interest to be applied in binding out orphan children born on the manors of Ford, Biddick, and Barmston. After the expiration of that term, he devotes the whole of his estates, with the increased rents, and also the same 4000*l.* to his heir-at-law, *provided* he be not such an one as shall claim to be the issue of the testator's own body. Surtees shrewdly remarks, that "this last proviso, which is several times repeated in the will with jealous and almost insane precaution, points out one of those domestic subjects of disgust which, operating on a melancholy temperament, and brooded over in solitude, induced, in all probability, the Baron of Hilton to deprive his successors of their fair inheritance, and to

leave the heir of his honourable blood and name an annuitant dependent on the City Chamber of London. If," continues that learned antiquary, "the Baron really intended his family to revive after the penal term of ninety-nine years, after the offending generation and their immediate issue had been swept from the face of the earth, he had at least forgot the 'haud facile emergunt,' &c. The wildest genealogist—a herald all gules—will scarcely deny that the transmission of exalted sentiments and gracious feelings is the truest badge and most honourable distinction of hereditary nobility. An annuity of 100*l.* would scarcely have done more than carry a gallant disinherited heir of Hilton to 'a counterscarp, to die in a blaze.' Some tamer spirits might have accepted the bounty of the City Chamber; and it requires the supposition of no very remote or improbable chain of events to conceive that, at the expiration of ninety-nine years, the heir of Hilton might have been discovered in some close alley of the metropolis, not only in the dress and occupation, but with the very face and feelings, of a tailor." This unseemly destination of the heir of an honourably descended race did not, fortunately, await the last of the Hiltons. After much litigation and acrimonious contest, the shattered fragment of their extensive possessions was restored to the testator's brother,

JOHN HILTON, who, on the outbreak of the great civil war, periled this last relique of his birthright, in defence of royalty. Himself and his son bore the commissions of colonel and of captain in the Marquess of Newcastle's army, and were, on the final ruin of the cause they had espoused, included in the list of malignants. From so gloomy a condition, marvel it is that the family ever emerged at all; but the younger Hilton seems to have possessed a share of prudence and quiet perseverance very unusual in a ruined cavalier, and he at length succeeded in establishing his family in an honourable though much circumscribed condition. "Three successive chiefs of Hilton," we again quote from the learned historian of Durham, "were not more respected for their ancient and undoubted descent, than for the prudent and unostentatious simplicity with which they supported the fallen fortunes of their house, without meanness, and without vain regret or misplaced pride. They received rather than claimed from the general courtesy of the country, the acknowledged rank of the first untitled gentry of the North—of noblesse without peerage." The current of these remarks has prevented our sooner giving the necessary genealogical details. Henry, Baron of Hilton, the testator, *m.* Mary, dau. of Sir Richard Wortley, Knt., of Wortley, but had no issue. His widow took for her second husband, Sir William Smith, Knt., an active and intriguing man, of considerable influence during the usurpation. Henry's brother and eventual heir, JOHN HILTON, the Cavalier Colonel, was twice married, but left issue only by his first wife, Thomasine, dau. and co-heir of John Warture, of Whitwell, and widow of Robert Loraine, of Kirkharle—viz., two sons and four daus., JOHN, Baron of Hilton, the restorer of his house, who *d. unm.* in 1670, HENRY, his heir, Margaret, *m.* to John Forde, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mary, *m.* to Robert Hilton, Esq., of Hilton Beacon, co. Westmoreland, Barbara, to William Smith, Esq., of West Herrington, and Thomasine, to George Shadforth, Esq., of Eppleton. The second son,

HENRY, Baron of Hilton, wedded Anne, dau. of Henry Procter, Esq., of Warsell, co. York, and *d.* in 1712, leaving issue,

I. JOHN, his heir.

II. Thomas, of Low Ford, *m.* in 1707, Margaret Burdett, and *d.* in 1717, leaving issue,

Thomas, in holy orders, A.M., of Lincoln Coll. Oxford, perpetual curate of Monkwearmouth; *d. unm.* 1739.

ANNE, *m.* in 1726, to Mansfeldt Cardonnell, Esq. of Chirton, Northumberland.

I. Thomasine, *d. unm.* 1723.

II. Margaret, *m.* to Robert Lawson, Esq. of Chirton.

III. Anne, *m.* to the Rev. Justinian Scriber.

IV. Mary, *m.* to Cuthbert Richardson, Esq.

The elder son and heir,

JOHN HILTON, Esq., Baron of Hilton, *m.* 22 Feb. 1693-4, Dorothy, eldest dau. of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Hayton Castle, Cumberland, and had issue,

I. RICHARD, *d. unm.*

II. JOHN, eventual heir.

I. Dorothy.

II. Anne, *m.* to Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. of Hayton Castle, and *d.* in 1766. Her heir general is,

SIR WM. GEO. HILTON JOLLIFFE, Bart., co-heir of the blood of Hilton.

III. Elizabeth, who *m.* Thomas Younghusband, Esq., and *d.* in 1751, leaving an only dau., who *m.* twice, but had no issue.

IV. Catherine, *m.* John Brisco, D.D., of Crofton, co. Cumberland, and was mother of Sir John Brisco, Bart. of Crofton Hall.

The second son, but eventual heir,

JOHN HILTON, the last Baron of Hilton, was a man of mild and generous disposition, though of reserved habits, and is still remembered, with personal respect, as the final representative of a great and ancient house. He sat in parliament for the Borough of Carlisle, but took little part in public affairs. His death occurred in 1746, and as he never married, his nephew, Sir RICHARD MUSGRAVE, became his heir, and assumed the surname of HILTON. Within a few years afterwards, the whole of the Hilton estates was sold under an Act of Parliament, and the Castle passed, by her share, into the possession of the Bowes family. To complete this slight sketch of one of England's proudest lines, we will add the following elegant ballad, which commemorates a singular tradition, long preserved in the north, touching its origin. The legend narrates that a Danish knight had been changed by enchantment into a raven, and that the spell was to remain until a fair maiden should imprint three kisses on the bird's brow. A Saxon heiress, left by her father in a lonely castle in Durham, sees the raven, calls it to her, and, having given the three maiden kisses, dissolves the spell, and restores the spell-bound knight, who, of course, soon weds his fair deliverer, and founds a family, which, in course of time, became the proud barons of Hilton. The wildness of the tradition is compensated for by the beauty of the ballad:—

“ His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking,
 In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is waking,
 And, blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,
 Discloses her chalice the bright Lapland rose.
 The winds in the caverns of winter are bound,
 Yet the leaves that the tempest has strewn on the ground
 Are whirling in magical eddies around.
 For deep in the forest, where wild flowers are blushing,—
 Where the stream from its cistern of rock-spar is gushing,—
 The magic of Lapland the wild winds is hushing.
 Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the North?
 When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth?”

“ Loud, loud laughed the hags, as the dark raven flew ;
 They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew
 That was brush'd in Brockhula from cypress and yew.

That raven in its charmed breast,
 Bears a sprite that knows no rest—
 (When Odin's darts, in darkness hurl'd,
 Scatter'd lightnings through the world,
 Then beneath the withering spell,
 Harold, son of Erie, fell)—
 Till Lady, unlikely thing, I trow,
 Print three kisses on his brow—

Herald of ruin, death, and flight,
 Where will the carrier of Odin alight?

“ What Syrian maid, in her date-covered bower,
 Lists to the lay of a gay troubadour ?
 His song is of war, and he scarcely conceals
 The tumult of pride that his dark bosom feels.

“ From Antioch beleaguer'd the recreant has stray'd,
 To kneel at the feet of an infidel maid :
 His mail laid aside, in a minstrel's disguise,
 He basks in the beams of his Nourjahad's eyes.
 Yet a brighter flower, in greener bower,
 He left in the dewy west,
 Heir of his name and his Saxon tower ;
 And Edith's childish vest
 Was changed for lovelier woman's zone ;
 And days, and months, and years have flown,
 Since her parting sire her red lip prest.
 And she is left an orphan child,
 In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild ;
 A train of menials only wait
 To guard her towers, to tend her state,
 Unletter'd hinds, and rude.
 Unseen, the tear-drop dims her eye,
 Her breast unheeded heaves the sigh,
 And youth's fresh roses fade and die,
 In wan unjoyous solitude.

“ Edith, in her saddest mood,
 Has climb'd the bartizan stair ;
 No sound comes from the stream or wood,
 No breath disturbs the air.
 The summer clouds are motionless,
 And she, so sad, so fair,
 Seems like a lily rooted there
 In lost forgotten loneliness.
 A gentle breath comes from the vale,
 And a sound of life is on the gale,—
 And see, a raven on the wing,
 Circling around in airy ring,
 Hovering about in doubtful flight—
 Where will the carrier of Odin alight ?

“ The raven has lit on the flag-staff high,
 That tops the dungeon tower,—
 But he has caught fair Edith's eye,
 And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,
 He flutters round her bower ;
 For he trusted the soft and maiden grace,
 That shone in that sweet young Saxon face :

And now he has perch'd on her willow wand,
 And tries to smooth his raven note,
 And sleeks his glossy raven coat,
 To court the maiden's hand.

“ And now, caressing and caressed,
 The raven is lodged in Edith's breast.
 'Tis Innocence and Youth that makes
 In Edith's fancy such mistakes,—
 But that maiden kiss hath holy power,
 O'er planet and sigillary hour ;
 The elvish spell has lost its charms,
 And a Danish knight is in Edith's arms.
 And Harold, at his bride's request,
 His barbarous gods forswore,
 Frega and Woden, and Balder and Thor,
 And Jarrow, with tapers blazing bright,
 Hail'd her gallant proselyte.”

The Carlyles of Cumberland and Annandale.

THE family of Carlyle was one of those which the Conqueror found already established in Cumberland. Its origin was either British or Saxon, but which, seems uncertain.

We find that the town of Cairleil was among the most ancient of the twenty-eight British cities enumerated in history—literally, the city of Leil, a British chief, as London was called Cair-lud. The Romans occupied and fortified it, and called it Luguballia or Luguvala. Subsequently, it was called Lagacestre; but ultimately, the ancient name was revived, under various forms, such as Cairduil, Cairleu, Karliol, Karlehill, Carlel, Carlisle, and in Norman French, (chr. Ed. I.,) Cordoyl.

Caerleylshire originally embraced the present county of Cumberland, and went along with the Counties of York, Durham, Northumberland, Appleby, and Lancaster, to constitute the English half of the *province* of Northumberland. In 23rd HENRY II., the Pipe Roll was for the first time headed “Cumberland,” although the Exchequer continued to be styled that of “Carleol.” Caerliylshire was originally under the spiritual care of the Bishop of Lindisfarne. It became, in 1099, an appendage of Durham, and in 1133 a separate diocese.

The town of Caerleil, destroyed by the Scots and Picts, was rebuilt after the desertion of Britain by the Romans. But about 900 it was again destroyed, and the whole surrounding country depopulated and devastated by the Danes. In this state it continued till the Conquest.

Cairleilshire was given by the Conqueror to Ranulph de Meschines, or Micenis, his brother-in-law, in 1072. But the improvement which this appointment began to work in the condition of the city of Cairleil, and in the privileges of its inhabitants, was checked by the subsequent removal of Ranulph, through the jealousy of William, who gave him the Earldom of Chester in exchange.

But before his departure, Ranulph confirmed to the family of Cairleil the possessions in which he had found them on his arrival; and WILLIAM II., in 1090, rebuilt the city, defended it with a strong castle, and planted around it many colonists from the south of England.

It is evident that the family of Cairleil derived their name from their

possessions, and had enjoyed those possessions for some time before the Conquest. Hence they are not to be confounded with the family of Carl, the son of Turbrand, a powerful Dane, who, with the connivance of Canute, killed Uchloid, Earl of Northumberland. The date of these events is long posterior to the rise of the Cairleils. The whole family of Carl were slain by Waltheof, grandson of Uchloid, and the name Carl was itself no patronymic. Hold was the surname of his father Turbrand.

Hildred de Karliolo was, at the Conquest, possessed of Cairleil, Comquinton, in the parish of Westwall, Newby-on-the-Moor, and various other lands, especially at Kirk Bampton, his principal seat. He is said to have married Aldrith, daughter of Uchfrid, son of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland. He appears as a witness to the foundation charter, by the Conqueror, in favour of Richard, Abbot of Wetherall, and again to a subsequent charter, by Ranulph, in 1088, in favour of the monks of Wetherall. After 1100, he granted to the same monks certain lands for the good of his soul, "in solario meo Carlel, coram monachis et militibus et quibusdam burgensibus de Carlel." To this grant, Odard, filius Hildredi and Robertus Nepos Hildredi, are both witnesses. Hildred and his son Odard had thereafter a grant of forfeited lands from HENRY I. Hildred was Sheriff of Cumberland in 1130, and Odard, both in 1126 and 1130. Both father and son must have died before 1140, for in that year we find Richard and Robert de Karleolo, the two grandsons of Hildred, confirming their grandfather's grant to Wetherall. Richard, who succeeded to Newby-on-the-Moor, had various descendants, from whom it ultimately passed to the Abbey of Norneathin. Robert had a son, Adam, witness to a deed by the second Eustace de Fitzjohn; he a son, Eudo, and Eudo a son, also named Eudo, through whom the family descent is brought down, in England, at least to 1227, if not to 1230.

Meanwhile, during the contests of the Kings of England and Scotland for the district in which the family estates chiefly lay, the allegiance of the family to the former appears to have been weakened, and in part transferred to the latter, through their attachment to the Bruces, who had by that time passed over to Scotland. King JOHN, in 1216, treated Adam as a rebel, and gave his lands to Thomas de Verdun. And in 1217, HENRY III. granted to Robert de Vallibus the lands of Eudo de Karleol, "qui est cum rege Scottico inimico nostro." On the other hand, we find that Robert, grandson of Hildred, and father of Adam Karleol, had received from Robert de Brus a grant of the lands of Bochardebi, near Carlisle, and that William de Brus, son of Robert de Brus, on the forfeiture of these lands by Adam, the son of Robert de Karleol, granted to him, in lieu of the same, between 1170 and 1180, Kinmont and Kilhead, in Annandale, with an engagement, in case these lands also should be taken from him, to give him an equivalent out of the family estate of Brus, at Herternis—i. e., Hartlepool.

Thus commenced, in the person of Adam, the great-grandson of Hildred, the appearance of the Karleols as a Scottish family. The two Eudos, who followed in succession, still retained their connexion with England. And so did Sir Ivo de Karliel, the son of the second Eudo. But after the death of Sir Ivo, before 1273, and of his son, Sir William, before 1288, his grandson, the second Sir William, seems to have finally sided with Scotland. He was denounced as a rebel by EDWARD I., and left England for good before 1300, and forfeited large estates in Cumberland, Northumberland, Norfolk, and Suffolk. His estate of Wortwell, in Redinghall, was given to Richard Carleil, in 1299; his Kirk

Bampton and Cairleill estates, in 1318, to Montacute; and those of Malton, Appelgarth, and Baynton, to others, in 1353-5. Comquinton came to Multon, Bochardebi to Alan de Penynton, and Newby to Thomas de Thwang. To compensate these losses, he was married to Margaret, sister to ROBERT I., King of Scotland.

His son, Sir John, obtained from Ranulph, Earl of Moray, in 1329, licence to enclose the park of Kynmont. On his death, his younger brother, Sir William, styled "nepos regis," got a grant of Colyn and Roucan, part of the barony of Torthorwald, which originally belonged to a family of that name, but passed to the Kirkpatrickes, and ultimately became the family seat of the Cairleills. He left behind him, when killed, in 1333, (?) a son, Sir John, one of the conservators of the peace for the marches, who died in 1400, (?) and was succeeded by his son, Sir William. This last Sir William was honoured to attend Margaret of Scotland to France, in 1436. He obtained the estate of Limekilns in 1443, and the whole barony of Torthorwald. He gave a Bill to the town-house of Dumfries in 1443. And his son, Sir John, who succeeded in 1463, and had repelled the invasion of Douglas in 1455, was ennobled, in 1473, with the title of Baron Carlyle of Torthorwald, thenceforward to be called Cairleill, after its proprietor. He was, in 1476, Chief Justice of Scotland, and afterwards ambassador to France, in 1477. In 1503 or 1509, he was succeeded by his grandson William, and he, in 1525, by his son James. On the death of James, without issue, in 1529, the title devolved on his younger brother Michael, who, in joining the association for the support of JAMES VI., was the only peer who could not sign his name.

Michael, fourth Lord Carlyle, died before 1580, leaving a numerous issue. On his death, a long and ruinous litigation for the estates and honours ensued between his second son Michael, and Elizabeth, the only child of his eldest son William, predeceased. At the end of fourteen years, judgment was given in favour of Elizabeth, who married Sir James Douglas, of Parkhead. She bore the title of Lady Carlyle. But although Sir James was styled of Cairleill and Torthorwald, he never assumed the title of Lord Carlyle, which was a male fee, and did not pass with the lands. He died without issue, being slain in a fray in the streets of Edinburgh in 1608, and his body lies in Holyrood Chapel. The estates, which were soon completely burdened with debt, passed, by legal diligence, into the hands of the ancestors of the Marquis of Queensbury, who still possesses the greater part, but not the title of honour.

Michael, the second son, ruined by his litigation, found himself in no condition to assume the title; but both he and his descendants, down to the death of the last, (William Carlyle, of Locharthur,) in 1756, asserted their claim to it. Thereafter, the right to the dormant title passed into that branch of the family which possessed the estate of Limekilns, through Edward, another son of the last lord, and is now vested in its male representative.

Besides the branch of the family which was ennobled, there were several others of almost as ancient descent, and individuals who came to distinction in different spheres of life. The Carlyles of Wortwell, of Pudsey, (or Cumbersdale,) of Sedburgh, and of York, as well as those of Bridekirk, Boytath, Breconwhat, Petynane, &c., (the Scottish being now nearly all extinct,) all stood in supposed connexion with the ennobled branch. The Newley and Newcastle branches trace a long

genealogy. The latter begins in near connexion with that of Carlisle, as early as 1196, in the person of Thomas de Karliol; and his descendants were from time to time mayors and representatives of Newcastle; Gilbert de Cairleill swore fealty to EDWARD I. in 1296; Henry was Archdeacon of Carlisle in 1320; Sir John de Karliol was vicar of Sowerby in 1334 and 1385; Thomas was killed at the battle of Durham, 1346; William de Karliol was Baron of Exchequer in Ireland in 1371; Thomas, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1376; and another, Thomas, rector of Allhallow's, London, before 1329; Robert de Karliol was commissioner of the West Marches in 1436; Robert, of Kirkhampton, (probably the same,) represented Carlisle in Parliament in 1449; and Colonel Christopher Cairleill, an enterprising soldier under ELIZABETH, who got a grant of the arms worn by Sir William Cairlill, son of Sir Ivo, as, tracing his descent through Robert Laurence and Alexander, was probably great-great-grandson to the same Robert who was in Parliament. His portrait is in Holland's *Hervologia*. Ludovick Carlile was rather celebrated as an author, chiefly dramatic, in the seventeenth century; and the late Joseph Dacre Carlyle, Dean of Carlisle, is well known as a distinguished orientalist. The daughter of Sir John Carlyle, Knt., slain at Toulon, 1461, carried his Newcastle estates into the family of the Thirkelds of East Thorpe, in 1488. Sir Robert Jenkinson, ancestor of Lord Liverpool, 1618, was descended, by his mother, from the family of Carleill. In 1665, Thomas Carleton, ancestor of Lord Dorchester, *m.* Mabell, co-heiress of Carlyle, of Carlisle, and assumed the Carlisle cross; and the Middletons of Lancashire, and the Earl of Dundonald, (on the paternal side,) bear the Carlill arms. Finally, the name of Cairlill was once both numerous and powerful throughout Annandale. A MS. on border topography (1590) ranks "Carlells" among "the great and many surnames of Annandale" who defend their own, and expressly refers to a long feud between the Bells and Carlells, and the Irvines of Bonshaw, one of whom, Edward, first Carlyle of Limekilns, soon afterwards married, probably thus estranging himself from his own house; but the dormancy of the title reduced them all.

The preface to the Percy Ballads records a curious fact, that when Edward IV. was in the North, in Sept. 1469, Alex. Carleill, Serjeant of the Minstrels, came to him in great haste, and bade him arise, for enemies were within six or seven miles, coming to take him; at which tidings the King greatly marveled. The same year the fraternity obtained a royal charter.

Few monuments of the family subsist, save the ruinous castle of Torthorwald, four miles from Dumfries, and the remains of Kelhead. An old stone, with a cross, flory, and a sword, is built into Torthorwald church; and another stone, like the half of a capital, was found in the churchyard, with two shields, one containing solely the Cairleill cup; the other, quarterings of Carleill and Bruce, indicating that the lady, whose name appears "Mariota de Carl., 1351 or 1451," was married to a Bruce. The epitaph on Margaret Cairlell, of Limekilns, 1665, is as follows:—

"Of virtue, wit, grace, truth, love, pietie,
This woman in her tyme had store.
On small means she uphold'd grit honestie,
And in reward has endless glorie."

Two gravestones were found at Hartlepool, in Northumberland, with Runic characters, forming the Anglo-Saxon names, *Hildidryd* and *Hildigid*; whose, does not appear.

THE ZENITH OF THE OPERA.

JENNY LIND.

HER Majesty's Theatre is now, indeed, at the zenith of its prosperity and fame. In the whole range of its history, its attraction has scarcely ever before been equalled—certainly never exceeded. The present season, now come to a climax of success, has been throughout one of unclouded triumph. This is the more wonderful, when it is to be considered that, deprived of much of its former resources, the management of her Majesty's Theatre had to contend with no common difficulties. It, however, rested its struggle on the noblest support, that of at once confiding to the great and extensive power of musical genius which at present exists in Europe. Talent, co-equal, if not superior to that which had seceded, was summoned to the rescue; the talent came, and brought victory with it. There has not been a single failure. Gardoni, Fracchini, Bouché, Coletti, Montenegro, Rosati,—all have eminently succeeded. They, and Lablache, and Staudigl, and Sanchioli, and the favourite graces of the ballet, would have clearly sufficed to have filled the house for months to come. But the management did not stop here; it crowned its fortune by an event, one of the most stirring that has ever roused the world of music. Of course, we mean the appearance of Jenny Lind. To speak without enthusiasm of that night when the unsurpassable voice of the Swedish songstress burst upon England in all its thrilling magnificence, is impossible; yet it is utterly superfluous to re-echo praises which now reverberate in every place, upon every ear. A comparison struck us at the time, the relation of which may be preferable to the mere repetition of universal approbation. In one of the best novels the singular George Sand ever produced—that entitled *Consuelo*—the writer describes the first display of the heroine of the tale in the Church of the Mendicanti, at Venice. What imagination would there depict, Jenny Lind has realized: the whole scene, with the effect *Consuelo* produced, and the eloquent thanks she won, may be truly applied to Jenny Lind. The passage, as it appeared in a former number of this magazine, gracefully translated by a lady, runs thus:—

“When the first notes of the orchestra called *Consuelo* to her place, she slowly rose; her mantilla fell upon her shoulders, and at last her face appeared to those anxious and impatient spectators who were in the next pew. But what miraculous metamorphosis had taken place in this young girl, a short time before so wan, so dejected, so worn by fatigue and fear? Her high forehead seemed bathed in a celestial atmosphere; and a soft languor spread over the mild and noble features of her serene and generous face. Her calm look expressed none of those little passions which aim at and covet ordinary success. There was in her something grave, mysterious, and profound, which commanded respect and sympathy.

“‘Courage, my child,’ said the professor to her, in a low voice, ‘you are going to sing the music of a great master, and that master is there to hear you—’ ‘Who? Is it *Marcello*?’ said *Consuelo*, observing that the professor had opened the Book of *Psalms* of *Marcello* upon the desk—‘Yes, *Marcello*,’ replied the professor; ‘sing as usual, nothing more, nothing less, and that will be well.’

“So it was: Marcello, then in the final year of his life, had come to see for the last time Venice, his country, of which he was the glory, as a composer, writer, and magistrate. He had shown great courtesy to Porpora, who had begged him to hear his school, contriving to surprise him by causing to be first sung by Consuelo, who had a perfect knowledge of it, his magnificent psalm, ‘I cieli immensi narrano.’ No piece was better adapted to the kind of pious exaltation which animated at that moment the soul of the noble minded-maiden. As soon as the first words of that grand song flashed before her eyes, she felt herself transported to another world. Forgetting the Count Zustiniani, the malevolent looks of her rivals, and even Anzoleto, she thought of God: and of no mortal except Marcello, who was placed in her thoughts as an interpreter between herself and those splendid heavens of which she was going to celebrate the glory. What theme indeed could be more beautiful, what idea more sublime!

“I cieli immensi narrano
 Del grande Iddio la gloria;
 Il firmamento lucido
 All universo annunzia
 Quanto sieno mirabili
 Della sua destra le opere.”

“A heavenly fire spread over her cheeks, and a sacred flame sparkled in her large black eyes, when she filled the space with *that voice unparalleled, and that accent victorious—pure—truly grand, which can only arise from great intelligence, combined with a great soul.* After hearing a few verses, tears of delight escaped in a torrent from the eyes of Marcello. The Count, unable to hide his emotion, exclaimed: ‘By all that is holy, how magnificent is this woman! She is Saint Cecilia, Saint Theresa, Saint Consuelo! poetry, music, faith, are personified in her!’ As for Anzoleto, who rose up and could no longer stand on his trembling limbs, but by taking hold of the gallery rails, he fell back on his feet, ready to faint, being overpowered with joy and pride.

“It required all the respect due to the sacred edifice to prevent the numerous dilettanti, and the crowd which filled the church, from bursting out into frantic applause, as if they had been in a theatre. The Count had not patience to wait till the service was over to pass to the organ pew, and to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged, during the psalmody of the officiating clergy, to go into the Count’s pew to receive the compliments and thanks of Marcello. She found him still so affected that he could scarcely speak to her.

“‘My child,’ said he, in a fluttering voice, ‘receive the thanks and blessing of a man approaching his end. You have just now made me forget, in one moment, years of mortal suffering. It appears to me that a miracle has acted in me, and that this dreadful and continual malady is, by the sound of your voice, dissipated for ever. If angels above sing like thee, I aspire ardently to quitting the earth, that I may experience an eternity of delight—such as you have just made me know. Be then blessed, my child, and may thy happiness in this world answer to thy merits. I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, all the most renowned singers of the universe, but they do not rise to thy instep. It is reserved for thee to make the world hear what the world has never before heard, and to make them feel that which they have never yet felt.’”

Well might a musician of the present day say, that he had listened to Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, and, that, great as they have been, Jenny

Lind is far, very far, greater still. Like the Consuelo of the fiction, Jenny Lind has astounded her audience beyond the possibility of one deprecating voice. Consuelo was but ideal excellence; Jenny Lind, in verity, has "that voice unparalleled, and that accent victorious—pure—truly grand, which can only arise from great intelligence, combined with a great soul." Yet mere laudatory language is, we re-assert, useless and tedious; and we therefore proceed to the following detailed account of Mdlle. Lind's performances as Alice in "Roberto il Diavolo," and Amina in "La Sonnambula."

Mademoiselle Jenny Lind made her *debut*, at her Majesty's Theatre, on the evening of Tuesday, May the 4th. Her success was instantaneous and immense. The house on the occasion presented a brilliant appearance. Surrounded by the highest aristocracy of the land, sat the whole of the Royal Family, including the two Queens. The reception of Jenny Lind was most enthusiastic, and, as the performance proceeded, this enthusiasm grew into a perfect *furor*. Each time she sang, the whole house—pit, stalls, boxes, and gallery—applauded simultaneously, amidst waving of hats and kerchiefs, and such irrepressible laudatory exclamations as baffle all description. The opera chosen—that of "Roberto il Diavolo"—was also throughout highly approved; the band was admirably subdued and disciplined; the chorus—above all, the female voices—were more excellent than ever; whilst the scenery was, in an eminent degree, effective, and the costumes and *mise en scène* equalled the grandeur of the work. From the introductory chorus to the finale of this opera, it bears the stamp of genius. A chorus of original structure, and rich at the same time, opens the action; all is ready for a tournament, in which the vanquisher is about to be crowned by the Princess of Grenada. This chorus is sung by the united chevaliers before the tent of the Duke of Normandy, who comes to partake of their games, which, owing to the presence and art of Bertram, soon degenerate into orgies, violence, and despair. The first act, written almost entirely in the Italian style, displays, as much as the action, the sombre and elevated character of German thought. The portentous solo of the trombone, which always announces the presence of Bertram, the lugubrious and strange harmony of accompaniment apparent in every note sung by this personage, bear to the soul of the spectator a presentiment which makes him shudder, and makes him comprehend that it is from him that all the bad propensities that reign in the heart of Robert arise. We know not a melody more graceful than the Sicilienne, "O Fortune," sung by Fraschini in perfection, as Roberto. The spirit and energy he here displayed were renewed with pathos in other parts. Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, as Alice, in that tender and sublime cavatina known as "Va, dit-elle," exceeded, indeed, all that had been said of her. Never was heard a voice equal to hers in sweetness and flexibility; her ornaments, unlike the stereotyped style of the old *artistes*, are so fresh and so chaste that they seem to be the spontaneous impression and inspiration of the moment. Then her faculty of imperceptibly swelling and diminishing her voice is unequalled in all modern singers. In this respect her voice resembled an instrument, were it not for the extreme sensibility and wonderful power of expression displayed in all she accomplished with so much true artistic finish. Her shake is wonderful. Each note, as well as each word, is as distinct as a *coup de marteau*. What is more striking or more sombre than Bertram's song, when Robert loses even his armour and his noble courser? "Consolètoi" is given with a soul and dramatic power beyond conception by

Staudigl. In the charming buffo duet, executed by Gardoni and Staudigl, as Rambaldo and Bertram, there are phrases of the greatest beauty, inspired by the exquisite sentiment of art. The two artists, with such contrasting voices, gave it forth with a spirit beyond praise. This is succeeded by a piece of rare beauty, sung by Bertram, which initiates us into a knowledge of the tortures which oppress him, and to the regrets of the past, which paternal love has rendered still more poignant. Here Staudigl was supreme. To this *morceau*, of such true eloquence, is attached a chorus of demons, which has picturesque and striking effect. Then comes the duet between Alice and Bertram—a duet which seems, from the very commencement, to have attained in music the highest possible limits—a duet where it was necessary that each should maintain the same importance. The execution of this superb composition by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind and Staudigl was the very perfection of musical art, and the shake at the conclusion, by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, was a wonder in vocal science. In the fourth act a romance, sung by Madame Castellan, as Isabella, charmingly accompanied by harps, is remarkable for its German structure. The illustrious *maestro* has poured forth in this opera all the treasures of his ardent soul and his vast genius; and yet the singing went beyond the composition.

As to Jenny Lind's acting, it is equal to her singing—to the least word she gives importance and intensity of expression. When Bertram asks her if she has detected his place of concealment, the answer, "Nulla! nulla!" has depth of feeling and of truth surpassing anything we ever witnessed. But when she clasps the cross, defies her awful persecutor, and exclaims, "E meco il Cielo!" the effect is of a most soul-stirring nature.

But to view acting combined with singing, we must proceed to the next opera in which she has performed, that of the ever-delightful "Sonnambula," which perhaps more than any other lyric drama, unites the vocal with the histrionic art. As Amina, the very appearance of Jenny Lind showed that she had taken an original view of the part. The costume and the way of wearing it conveyed a new impression. A simplicity almost to childishness is at once assumed, and it is admirably preserved throughout. The spectator feels that innocence is written in the very aspect of the girl, and that she is not a being about whom a doubt can be entertained. Venturing as she does into the highest regions of vocalization, she never loses sight of this simplicity of character, which gives the tone to all her performance. The air "Sovra il sen" took the audience by storm. The voice thrilled to the heart. The chiming in of the voices of Mademoiselle Lind and Gardoni in "Ah vorrei trovar parole" was beautiful; and nothing could exceed those fine full rich notes which are peculiar to the Swedish Nightingale, and which exercise a fascination over an audience almost magical. Those notes of Jenny Lind, so spontaneous, so melodious, so touching, must be heard before a notion of them can be formed. There is nothing to which they can be compared. The charming voice swells through the *arias* and gives new eloquence to the recitative, and perhaps was never heard with better effect than in the few phrases which preceded "Son geloso del zephiro amante," the duet generally omitted, but now sung. The chamber-scene she did to perfection, still retaining the pristine simplicity of manner, whilst infusing into the character the most violent, heart-rending despair. During the first moments after she had risen from the couch she seemed scarcely to have returned to consciousness. Half-scared at the multitude, she cast

round inquiring, wondering glances, in the most natural manner possible. The truth revealed itself to her, but with the knowledge that she was suspected came the full sense of innocence, and the duet, "D'un pensiero," was given with a firmness of tone that argued Amina's sense of her own right. The struggle with Elvino, at the conclusion of this *finale*, was given with the resoluteness of one who feels that all happiness depends on the possession of that single object—that if the lover is lost, the whole world is a blank. Nothing could surpass the intensity with which she held him; and when he broke from her struggles, she fell, corpse-like, from exhaustion.

We describe the actress only. It would be in vain to set forth how all the emotions of this situation were represented by the vocalist—to indicate the variety of expression given by that wonderful organ. The last scene, in which Amina descends from the window, abounded in new beauties. The mournfulness of manner and tone with which the young girl held the flowers at the *aria*, "Ah, non creden mirarti," and the lengthened *pianissimo* passages, in which the voice seemed to fade away through the heart's sorrow, but never lost its exquisite quality, were indescribably touching. "Ah! non giunge," was an inspiration—the sudden exultation of innocence in its own triumph. The voice soared proudly and fully through the charming melody, and the ornaments were executed with a joyous felicity, the impulse causing an oblivion of the difficulties. The curtain falls, leaving the audience in a state of sympathizing rapture.

This, then, is the zenith of the Opera. A perfect galaxy of vocal and terpsichorean power is here assembled; and even that galaxy—even Castellan, Sanchioli, and Gardoni, Coletti, Staudigl, and Lablache; Rosati, Grahn, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi—all stars of the first magnitude, shine with subdued light before the dazzling luminary now in the ascendant. Her Majesty's Theatre has reached the highest pitch of greatness, and Jenny Lind stands upon the summit of that pre-eminence.

THE THEATRES.

THE ST. JAMES' THEATRE.—The French plays, their attraction enhanced by the acting of those two eminent comedians, M. Regnier and Mdlle. Denain, continue as prosperous and as aristocratic as ever. In addition to its French drama, and its admirable Ethiopian Serenaders, the St. James' Theatre has had some amateur performances, for the benefit of the Irish and Scotch, which were honoured by the presence of her Majesty. On the last occasion, the play was the *Ernani* of Victor Hugo, which has been so well rendered into English rhyming verse by the Earl of Ellesmere, and which has been so fully noticed in a former number of this magazine. Mrs. Butler acted Dona Sol, and the company gained strength by the accession of Mr. Forster, who played Don Ruy Gomez (the old Castilian) with a care and force rarely to be found among amateurs. The prologue, written for the occasion by Lord Morpeth, was as follows—

If the pale Muse, by whose heart-stirring power
Terror and pity rule their varied hour,

Could blend together on one swelling stage,
 The gathered woes of each dramatic age ;
 Each awful thrill great Siddons bade us feel,
 Each tear that flowed unbid o'er soft O'Neil,
 How slight the pangs that wait on Fiction's call !
 Our dread realities efface them all.

Yes, leave with me the drama's festive pile,
 Life's sternest contrasts must be viewed awhile ;
 Come, all in gay or captious mood who sit
 In these bright boxes—in that social pit—
 Come where the surges break with sullen roar
 On Kerry's cliff, or Connemara's shore ;
 Come where with ceaseless plaint the wild sea-gull
 Floats o'er deep-caverned Skye, or storm-beat Mull ;
 Pass o'er bleak moor and unfrequented hill ;
 Pause on yon unroofed cabin's noiseless sill ;
 See ! on the rotting straw the prostrate man—
 Prop of his home, or champion of his clan ;
 The fever dims his eye and draws his cheek :
 His children mourn—they have not strength to shriek ;
 While the unmurmuring wife, who with him bore
 The long privations of their failing store,
 With her uncoffined infant at her side,
 Has wasted near him—bless'd him—kiss'd—and died.
 Seek one more roof—I tell the naked truth—
 The wife has lost the husband of her youth ;
 Three blooming boys beside their father sleep,
 Where the scant sods scarce hide each mouldering heap.
 She sees her last remaining floweret fade,
 Her withered hand no more can grasp the spade,
 And she has tottered lonely forth to crave,
 Alms—not for bread—but for her offspring's grave.

We do not bid you wear a brow of gloom,
 Or don the sable trappings of the tomb ;
 In meek contrition to the power Divine,
 Britain of late has knelt at every shrine ;
 From every rank the generous aid has flown,
 And caught its earliest impulse from the throne ;
 Nor pauses here—but lands and oceans o'er,
 Wafts the blest freight from far Columbia's shore.
 Then let the spirit's pulses still beat free,
 For lettered musing, or for blameless glee ;
 But while ye taste each bounteous gift of Heaven,
 Give—and give much—and much to you be given.

The epilogue, also written for the occasion, by Lady Dufferin, ran thus :

Friends ! for such are ye, who have played friends' parts
 Whose hands have given kind earnest for your hearts,
 Fain would I thank ye in their name, whose grief
 Needs but to ask, and to obtain relief ;
 Who hailed ye brothers by the bond of wo,
 And found no English heart that answered—"No."
 But sad thoughts lie behind those grateful words,
 And my hand shrinks from such deep-sounding chords,
 Lest I should pass the limits of my part,
 (To rouse the feelings, not to wring the heart.)
 I would remind ye, that these hours of pleasure
 Are not so wholly lost, as some you measure ;
 That kindly purposes, and motives right,
 Hallow those moments of else vain delight ;

And pleasure's garlands, when their bloom is fled,
Shall bear sweet fruits of mercy in its stead.

And ye, most gentle, inexperienced eyes,
That view real misery with a strange surprise,
That, lost in wonder, as its depth appears,
Still half incredulous, question through your tears ;
As stars, that in appointed orbits move,
Far off, yet proceed, in their light or love,
To God's wide firmament their lustre yield,
Yet shed sweet influence on the peasant's field ;
So your bright presence in these scenes to-night,
On many a darkened hearth shall kindle light,
Shall fall like sunshine on the untilled soil,
Rouse the sad labourer to rewarded toil ;
And glow like spring on Scotland's barren shore,
And the waste plains of Erin—green, no more.

One word for us, whose pleasant labours find
Indulgent critics, generously blind,
Who blend together, in their kind applause,
The imperfect effort and its worthier cause.
Take our best wishes !—be your dreams to-night
By hopeful thoughts of happier days made bright ;
May no sad image on your memories dwell,
But thanks and blessings breathed in this Farewell.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new five-act comedy, entitled "Temper," has been produced at this theatre, with complete success. Mr. Robert Bell is its author. The comedy is well and neatly written, with occasional brilliance, and even eloquence ; the characters are not unsubstantially drawn, and are marked by some originality. The *dramatis personæ* consist of a fortune-hunter, acted by Webster ; a quarrelsome wife and rational husband, by Mrs. Seymour and Hudson ; a brace of lovers by Howe and Miss Fortescue ; two match-seeking spinsters, by Mrs. Humby and Miss Horton ; with the indispensable addition of the rich humour of Farren and Mrs. Glover. All the performers acted very well and efficiently. Mr. Bell has the merit of producing an agreeable play, which will probably be the means of amusing the audiences of the Haymarket for some length of time.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—After a brief series of performances by Mrs. Butler—the famed Fanny Kemble of former days—who still shows herself the same gifted daughter of her great dramatic race, the Princess's Theatre has recalled the monarch and champion of the Shakespearian stage, Mr. Macready. He commenced his engagement with Hamlet. With Shakespeare's tragedies, therefore, and Macready to perform, this theatre has commenced a series of really attractive nights.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The "Tempest," "Bertram," and other plays, superbly put upon the stage, maintain the reputation of this truly intellectual theatre. Miss Addison continues to play admirably. There is less pretension, and more excellence with this highly gifted tragedian, than with any other performer of the day.

THE WALHALLA, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The marble statue groupings here exhibited, present nothing objectionable even to the most fastidious, and have really much classic beauty.

THE DANGEROUS GUEST.

(Concluded.)

FROM that very hour the social link that erst had bound Gersheim to the family of the Baron was all but shattered. The naval captain went back on board his cutter, little anxious even to hear of the sorry doings on shore; for the very next morning there appeared an adjutant-general, with an order to bring the young Baron prisoner to the city. But Rudolph had not returned, and the most anxious search after him had proved fruitless. Still, owing to his well-known high standing in the country, great consideration continued to be paid to the aged Baron.

At length, the General himself came down to have an interview with the old gentleman. He pressed upon him the disgrace in which his son's headlong zeal in favour of a handful of revolutionary disturbers of the public peace inevitably would involve him, and counselled him either to send him away from home, or induce him to enlist in the service of the Emperor; in which latter case, he promised him a full and free pardon. Little was said about the fugitive who had so lately landed, and had been so hotly pursued, though to no purpose. After the most solemn expression of his determination to keep the strictest watch and ward throughout the neighbourhood, the General concluded by a boastful allusion to the Emperor's glorious victories in Russia, and, by a contemptuous sneer, at the possibility of the Emperor's overthrow.

As to Gersheim, his, indeed, was now no enviable post. To correct his past supposed errors of duty, he was enjoined most severely to lay hands upon the young Baron, and especially to seize the stranger, (whom all agreed in marking as a man of consequence;) and, more effectually to accomplish his object, he was entrusted with the command of the whole coast guard and numerous cavalry force. He was daily looked upon by all the Baron's family, once so friendly towards him, with increasing suspicion. It cut him to the quick, to be now so sedulously and invariably avoided by Lucy, who gave him by no possible chance any opportunity of praying her forgiveness. His confused speech met with no response from Lucy, before whose calm and unmoved gaze his eager glance fell utterly abashed; and, for the first time, Gersheim felt the torments of that passion which he had, in vain, thought to have overcome. To add, if possible, the last bitter drop to his cup of wretchedness, the aged Baron, on the plea of sickness, scarce ever came into contact with him, while not unfrequently the Baron's lady indulged in a violent burst of indignation, from which he was but too glad to escape.

Thus gloomily had passed at least a week, when, late one evening, as Gersheim was returning, after his rounds, over the downs towards the sea-shore, the loud bark of a dog instantly reminded him of his old friend Peter. Looking down upon a tiny cove, he saw, in fact, the antient beggarman standing in the water, and parleying with some fishermen in their boat. At length, the old man drew a paper out of his pocket, and gave it to the men, at the same time directing their attention to the offing, in

which there lay several vessels. No sooner had they taken the paper than they pushed off the shore, and spread their canvas, while old Adam still kept shouting after them—

“Hollo, Ned! mind, you be no bad pair of fists, nor any of you, boys; so mind come to dinner with your cutlasses and boat-hooks, to-morrow morning, in the great market-place—who knows what’ll be up!”

Then addressing his dog, he said, “What dost think about it, Peter, eh? True enough, there were always plenty of merry chaps there, who grudged but little lavishing their hard-earned gains on women’s finery and frippery, all for the bonniest lass and a jovial carouse. But dost mark, Peter, how sets the blood-red sun? Cannot the universe, with all its treasures, nay, truly, nor the loveliest bride, in the proudest castle here below, atone for what he forbodes for the morrow? But, a truce, Peter! We know better than these stupid common folk, and mix not ourselves in their affrays. So, up, and let’s away!”

Curious as he was to know more of the old man’s meaning, still Gersheim suffered him to depart with his faithful companion, and then slowly traced his steps towards home, where a sealed order, doubtless not unexpected, awaited his arrival, instructing him to redouble his guard at once upon the market-place.

With these instructions, as was his duty, he next day proceeded to comply. On the morrow, at early dawn, the whole military force was moved towards the market-place, already thronged with country folk and fishermen. A small party of soldiers were posted in the square, while the rest lay in ambush in a neighbouring wood, awaiting the orders of their captain.

Above the market-place, at a small distance from it, stood the ruins of an ancient castle. Its massive walls bore the marks of outward violence, and were blackened by fire; its lofty windows were broken; its roof no longer afforded shelter from the tempest, while a wilderness of garden alone permitted the aged timber to flourish and luxuriate as of yore. On that day was Gersheim sadder, and of a more reflective mood than ever. His thoughts turned wholly upon Lucy’s deportment towards himself, and the unaccountable inconsistency of her treatment of him of late. Pondering these matters deeply, he almost unconsciously found himself within the ancient keep. From its walls, he looked down upon the busy and varied scene going on in the market-place. On one hand might be heard the shots of the several competitors for the prizes in pigeon-matches; on the other, might be seen the young country folk of both sexes throwing for gingerbread and sweetmeats. Farther off, were spots allotted for the dancers; there, too, again might be descried lovers jokingly chasing each other through the green alleys, while other couples were seated, and feasting away right noisily and merrily. In heavy contrast with all this youthful and soul-stirring scene, was the unbroken quiet that reigned amidst the ruins of the ancient castle.

After a short interval, Gersheim (heartbroken as he was) bethought himself of returning. Upon his opening a door, however, he stood amazed and speechless at its threshold. A lofty, sombre, arched ceiling met his gaze. Supported by pillars, and intersected by the sharp points of the various arches, it proclaimed, even in its decay, the severe character of a temple of God. Shattered thrones and seats, the imperfect remains of a choir and organ, the dim escutcheons, and paintings, and monumental stones on the walls—all these betrayed ancient, long obli-

terated nobility. But, of all this, Gersheim saw nought: his eye rested upon the altar, before which a solitary ray fell upon a plain black coffin, and upon a female, who was on her knees, absorbed in prayer. Close at one side a vault was open, which seemed all ready to receive for ever its silent tenant. All at once the female turned her head, which was wrapped with a veil, and cast her glance upon the intruder. The recognition was painful and silent, till at length joy wholly overpowered Gersheim.

“O Gitta!” he cried—“then thou livest! Then has my fondest hope not deceived me!”

She gazed upon him quietly, and tendered him her hand.

“I do live,” she said; “but he—he has bid me adieu for ever. Wounded to the death, as he was, he bore me away in his arms, nor did his strength fail him till I lay in the hut by the side of the lake, where our old acquaintance kindly tended us, and where we mixed in sweet converse with Nature herself.”

“But *he*,” replied Gersheim, pointing to the coffin—“oh! why did he always live a persecutor, and thus perish, forsaken, too, amidst these sacred ruins!”

“He is at rest in his own house,” she said, with a strong and proud voice—“he is free. From these walls his ancestors look upon him, and in this vault will he sleep by his fathers;” and cast a reproachful look upon Gersheim. However, soon in a constrained, quiet tone, she said, “But enough; let us speak no more of these matters. Men act blindly upon impulse. They who should love each other massacre each other, and then vainly regret their deeds. But wherefore art thou come hither?” she said, as she observed his silence. “Art thou the instrument of that despotic power that is about to let loose upon us its blood-stained pack? or is the moment come that sets thee free, and art thou willing, with ourselves, to avenge the death of such as these, for whose blood their murderers shall dearly make atonement?”

With a wild and supernatural strength, she held him fast; her eyes flashed fire, alternately from rage and from pain, as she looked one moment upon the coffin, and the other upon Gersheim.

“I am come,” said the latter, softly, “to prevent unhappiness and blood—I am come as a friend—as thy friend, Gitta—to speak with my friends. I would speak with the stranger who, under the name of Wustenkamp, has visited the Baron.”

“To administer resolutions of *prudence*,” she replied, in a contemptuous and sneering tone—“to breathe fear into the irresolute, and doubt into the coward.”

At this moment, a long shadow fell into the hall, and the noise of a man’s footsteps sounded above her last words. In the next minute he stood before them both. It was Rudolph. He was clad in a hunting-dress, and wore by his side a large *couteau de chasse*. With a vengefully dark glance he looked upon the soldier.

“Baron Rudolph,” said Gersheim, as he offered him his hand, “by all that is holy, I am come as a true friend!”

“Traitor!” shouted Rudolph, thrusting away violently the proffered hand, “I will not count your crimes. Falsehood and lying attend your every turn—ay, even in friendship, in your heart’s inclination, too, towards one of the most noble and most perfect of created beings—towards Lucy, whose love you contrived to win but to abuse in the most cruel

manner. Dastard instrument in the hands of the most unhallowed despotism, thou art here, wretch!" then burst he forth with that tone of cold determination that proclaims itself fit for action, "because thy servants down below are prowling in wood and bush to fall upon us unawares. But, know, thy fate has led thee hither to be sacrificed at thine own altar—thou art here, no more to return!"

On this, he drew his hunting-knife out of its sheath, and stepped up to Gersheim, who stood motionless. Gitta leant upon the coffin, mute, but full of expectation, as though God's judgment were about to be proclaimed.

"Dost wish to murder me?" cried the Captain, hurriedly, but without making any attempt at self-defence.

"I do," said Rudolph, firmly. "Back! draw thy weapon, and defend thy life."

"Never!" retorted Gersheim. "Thou shalt hear me; I, at least, will not act the part of a madman."

"So die!" cried the Baron, and seized his hunting-knife to run him through.

"Hold, madman!" cried Gersheim, endeavouring to seize his arm; but his adversary was the stronger man, and, having dashed him to the ground almost senseless at the foot of the altar, uplifted his arm to take his victim's life, when a violent blow from behind prevented the deadly purpose.

A woman, dressed as a peasant girl, had sprung forward from behind the pillars, and now threw herself half over the prostrate man, whose head she covered with her arm. In pity she turned towards the astonished and passionate victor. Her delicate, colourless features showed the intensity of her inmost feelings; her long bright locks had become disengaged, and fell over her neck and shoulders in most luxuriant profusion.

"Lucy," cried Rudolph, as he again raised his knife, "hence from this wretch, and let him suffer that death he so richly has deserved!"

At these words she threw herself at her brother's feet in abject supplication. A death-like stillness came over her whole frame; her beautiful eyes became bloodshot, a deep-coloured red suffused her whole countenance. All at once she stood up, seized with both her hands Rudolph's dress, stared wildly into his angry face, and, uttering a piercing shriek, sank lifeless into Gersheim's arms.

One moment, and one moment only, did Rudolph hesitate, and then let fall the hunting-knife. Soft emotions now took the place of excited passions, and, kneeling at Lucy's side, he pressed her hands to his heart, kissed her pale lips, and cried, in the fulness of his affection—

"Lucy, dearest, dearest sister! be it as thou wilt. Henceforth, Gersheim, let us live as brothers; I give thee here my hand upon it. Cherish her, my sweet Lucy here, in weal and in woe: thou art no traitor, else had she not loved thee. Thou art here, to enrol thyself one of us."

Gersheim reached him his hand almost unconsciously, for his whole being centered in the lovely creature that lay motionless in his arms at the steps of the altar. He kissed her white lips, and shed burning tears upon her face. Suddenly she opened her eyes, and an indescribable delight shone transparent through her every feature.

At length her lips were seen to part. "O friend, O brother!" she murmured forth almost inaudibly; and now, intoxicated with love, in her

transport of delight, she wound one arm round Gersheim, and the other round Rudolph, and wept aloud.

At this moment a sudden rush was made into the chapel, into which the stranger, who was followed by old Adam, was the first to spring. "Up, friends!" he cried, in a loud tone, "we are surrounded and betrayed; nought but quick resolve may now avail us." Then, for the first time, he saw Gersheim and the rest. "What has happened then?" was his eager question.

"A miracle," replied Gitta, seriously; "for that is now awakened to life that seemed for ever dead." In a few moments he knew all.

"I have just gained a sister," cried Rudolph, with animation, "and also a friend, who is willing to live as to die with us."

The stranger shook his head slowly, as he cast a friendly glance at the Captain. "You demand," said he, "from a man of honour that which covers his face with shame. A soldier's first and imperative duty is obedience. For what you have done, brave companion," addressing himself to Gersheim, "you have my best thanks,"—then turning to Rudolph and the others, "but your resolutions are vain, for your power is at an end."

"But, my dear sir, may I not be permitted to save *your* life, that of a man so heroic as yourself? Say but the word——"

"Enough!" cried the stranger, interrupting him, "you are right; we must yet wait long ere Germany is aroused—but your proffered assistance comes to late, for the General has fallen in with your people in the wood, and seized upon all the roads."

"Then truly am I afraid that all is too late," said Gersheim.

"But *I* am not," replied the stranger quietly, as he turned round towards the beggar; "my good friend, the beggar here, will tell us all about it."

Thus appealed to, the beggar proceeded to give a lengthened account of the manner in which he had made himself master of the plans of their common enemy, the military, into whose hands Rudolph and his party were almost inevitably about to fall through the treachery of one Frank, the miller, who had ever professed himself one of Rudolph's strongest adherents: nor did the old man omit to pass a due share of encomium upon the sagacity and fidelity of his constant companion, his little dog Peter. As he concluded, the stranger exclaimed—

"And what, then, is now to be done?"

"Die," cried Rudolph, "as men—honourably."

"God forbid, honoured sir!" replied the old beggar-man.

"Discretion is ever the better part of valour. A certain gentleman gave me yesterday a letter for the captain of the English brig of war, that has been cruising off and on here lately and has driven off the coast guard. My good friends, the fishermen, took it off to the brig, which now has her boat ready in the bay to take us all off—so what say you!"

They all easily agreed to this proposition; but, ere they departed, they forgot not to perform the last melancholy offices for Gitta's father. As they lowered the coffin, many, many tears were shed. As they were at length about to retire, Gitta exclaimed—

"Now am I all thine, Rudolph; willingly do I follow wheresoe'er thou ledest me."

"Then follow me to the altar, to an everlasting union!" cried Rudolph, as he embraced her.

"First of all we must to England, to my house," cried the stranger; "but I will not go empty-handed. I claim you, Captain Gersheim, as my prisoner of war. Here we are, ten of us against your single self, so be not ashamed to surrender at discretion. I demand your sword," he continued, good humouredly, laying his hand upon the weapon.

"Come, come with us, dear friend and brother!" cried almost simultaneously Rudolph and Lucy, the latter of whom urged her request still further by that imploring look, of which woman alone is capable.

"I come," said Gersheim; "I am thy captive for ever, dearest Lucy."

At this moment the old beggar-man, who had been on the look out, ran up hastily towards them.

"Away, away! 'tis no time for trifling, such as this; they are all but on us."

At these words the whole party immediately commenced their precipitate retreat, closely followed by the military, who knew not how near they were to the object of their pursuit. As the soldiers drew nearer and nearer, the anxiety of the fugitives became extreme; the more so, as their flight was necessarily retarded by Lucy and Gitta, in support of whom the lovers seemed suddenly endowed with supernatural strength. Even the old beggar-man, Adam, expressed his sense of the nearness of the danger.

"As I live," he cried, "if the boat be not in the creek within the next five minutes, our chance of escape is gone, and we must needs shut ourselves up in the fortress, and stand a siege."

As he spoke, the sound of oars was heard in the creek. In an instant a naval officer sprang ashore, and respectfully saluted the stranger; whilst they two were busily engaged in an undertoned conversation, Lucy cast an inquiring, anxious look upon Gersheim and her brother.

"'Tis impossible," said Rudolph to Gersheim, "that thou shouldst remain here, where so much danger awaits thee."

"And now, on this very spot," cried Gitta, placing the hands of Lucy into those of Gersheim, "hast thou, Lucy, thy husband, whom it is thy duty to follow o'er land and sea."

Above them, suddenly appeared the pursuing cavalry, who had discovered the boat.

"Quick, quick!" cried the stranger; "in with the ladies, and away."

Gersheim and Rudolph rapidly but carefully lifted their betrothed into the boat, which now awaited only for the old beggar-man to come on board. But with that pertinacity, which is characteristic of age, and which it is ever hopeless to attempt to overcome, the old man refused to leave the coast, with the intricacies of which he and his little Peter had been so long and thoroughly familiar; but ere he retreated into the deep recesses of the neighbouring woods, he bade them all a long and a prosperous farewell. The boat left the strand, and in a few minutes was alongside the brig. As soon as all were safely on board, all her canvas was spread, and she left for ever those shores, from which she had received so precious a freight.

PRESENTATIONS AT THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

HER MAJESTY'S LEVEE.

28TH APRIL, 1847.

The following noblemen and gentlemen had the honour of being presented to her Majesty:—

- The Earl of Leicester, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, by the Earl Spencer. The Earl of Leicester is son and heir of the late Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, who obtained the peerage in 1837. The founder of the great House of Coke was the celebrated Lord Chief Justice, Sir Edward Coke.
- The Marquess of Ailsa, by the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. Lord Ailsa succeeded his grandfather in the course of last year, and married, shortly after, Julia, dau. of Sir Richard M. Jephson, Bart. The greatness of the House of Kennedy may be traced to the marriage in the 15th century of Sir James Kennedy with the Lady Mary Stewart, dau. of Robert III., King of Scotland.
- The Marquess of Douglas, to kiss hands, upon being appointed Knight Marschal of Scotland, by his father, the Duke of Hamilton. The heir-apparent of the illustrious houses of Hamilton and Douglas, his Lordship springs from an ancestry of surpassing splendour, adorned by some of the most brilliant names in Scottish history, and allied to the most famous families in North Britain. The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale has completed his 36th year, and is married to the Princess Maria of Baden, dau. of the late reigning Duke.
- Viscount Brackley, on acquiring the title, by the Earl of Cawdor. Lord Brackley is son of the newly-created Earl of Ellesmere, nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, and son-in-law of the nobleman by whom he was presented.
- Lord Rodney, on succeeding to the title, by the Earl of Egmont. His Lordship, who is great grandson of the celebrated naval commander, succeeded to the peerage on the 15th May, 1846. He has just completed his 27th year.
- Lord Churchill, on coming to the title, by Earl Spencer. Lord Churchill, a lineal descendant of John Duke of Marlborough, the hero of Blenheim, succeeded as 2nd Baron 10th March, 1845. He is in his 45th year.
- Viscount Castlereagh, by the Earl of Roden.
- Lord Hastings, by the Earl of Leicester. Lord Hastings, formerly known as Sir Jacob Astley, had the abeyance of the old barony of Hastings terminated in his favour, and was summoned to Parliament in 1841. He possesses extensive estates in Norfolk and Northumberland.
- Viscount Mountgarrett, on succeeding to the title, by the Marquess of Ormonde. Lord Mountgarrett, son of the late Hon. Henry Butler, by Anne, his wife, youngest dau. and co-heir of John Harrison, Esq., of Newton House, co. York, succeeded to the Viscounty at the decease of his uncle Edmond, Earl of Kilkenny. He was born in 1816, and is married to Frances-Penelope, only child of Thomas Rawson, Esq., of Nidd Hall, Halifax.
- Lord Wharnccliffe, by the Earl Fortescue. His Lordship is son and successor of the late distinguished statesman, Lord Wharnccliffe, and brother-in-law of the noble Earl by whom he was presented.
- Mr. Henry Wilson Reed, of Ceylon, by Dr. W. Rae Wilson.
- Hon. William Henry Leigh, by Lord Leigh. The Hon. W. H. Leigh is

- eldest son and heir-apparent of Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, a nobleman conspicuous alike for illustrious ancestry and high personal distinction, his Lordship having long held a high place among the poets of his time. The family of Leigh is traceable to a period antecedent to the conquest, has at various eras produced many eminent men, and has formed several illustrious alliances, through one of which the present Lord Leigh is 12th in direct descent from Henry VII., King of England.
- The Hon. George Frederick Boyle, by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence. Mr. Boyle is only son of the late Earl of Glasgow, by Julia, his 2nd Countess, dau. of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, and has just attained his 22nd year. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence is married to his half-sister.
- Hon. Frederick Bruce, by Earl Grey. Mr. Bruce, some time Secretary to Government at Hong-Kong, is brother of the Earl of Elgin.
- Hon. Gerard Noel, 11th Hussars, by his father, the Earl of Gainsborough.
- Hon. William Harbord, on his appointment to the Scots Fusilier Guards, by Colonel Berkeley Drummond. Mr. Harbord is 2nd son of the late Lord Suffield, by Emily-Harriot, his 2nd wife, youngest dau. of Evelyn Shirley, Esq., of Eatington Park, co. Warwick. He has completed his 16th year.
- Hon. Henry Noel, on appointment A.D.C. to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by his father, the Earl of Gainsborough.
- The Hon. Adrian Hope, Captain 60th Royal Rifles, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Captain Adrian Hope is youngest son of the late Earl of Hopetoun, so gallantly distinguished, as Sir John Hope, in the Peninsular War.
- The Hon. and Rev. Montague Villiers, on his appointment to a Canonry of St. Paul's, by the Earl of Clarendon. The rev. gentleman, who was born in 1813, is brother of the Earl of Clarendon.
- The Hon. George Hope, Captain Royal Navy, on promotion, by Admiral Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B. Captain George Hope is 4th son of the late Earl of Hopetoun.
- The Hon. George Barrington, on his marriage, by Viscount Barrington. Mr. Barrington, son and heir-apparent of Viscount Barrington, married 19th Feb., 1846, Isabel-Elizabeth, only child of the late John Morritt, Esq., jun., of Rokeby Park, co. York.
- The Hon. Charles Edward Pepys, by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. Mr. C. E. Pepys is eldest son and heir-apparent of Lord Cottenham, and nephew of the Right Rev. Prelate by whom he was presented.
- Lieutenant the Hon. William Frederick Scarlett, by Lord Campbell. Mr. W. F. Scarlett is eldest son and heir-apparent of the present Lord Abinger. Lord Campbell is married to his aunt.
- Sir Percyvall Hart Dyke, Bart., by the Marquess of Clanricarde. Sir Percyvall succeeded to the Baronetcy at the decease of his father in last August. He is married to the youngest dau. of John Wells, Esq., of Bickley, in Kent, and has issue.
- Sir Anthony de Rothschild, by Lord John Russell. Sir Anthony, the 2nd son of the late Baron N. M. Rothschild, was created a Baronet in 1846. He is married to Louisa, dau. of the late Abraham Montefiore, Esq., and has two daughters.
- Sir John Thorold, by the Marquess of Granby. The Thorolds are a very ancient Lincolnshire family, and claim to have given *vice comites* to that county prior to the conquest. The gentleman who was presented is a considerable landed proprietor, and resides at Syston Park, near Grantham.
- Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Wurtemberg, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Baden, by Viscount Palmerston. Sir Alexander Malet held for some time the office of Secretary of Legation at the Hague, and acted subsequently as Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. He is married to Mary Anne Dora, dau. of John Spalding, Esq., of the Holm, and step-dau. of Lord Brougham.
- Sir George Shee, late Minister at Stuttgardt, by Viscount Palmerston.
- Sir John Anson, on succeeding to his title, by General Sir George Anson. Sir John is son and successor of the late distinguished General Sir William Anson, Bart., and cousin of the

- Earl of Lichfield. He is married to Elizabeth-Catharine, dau. of the late Major-Gen. Sir Dennis Pack, K.C.B.
- Sir Edward North Buxton, Bart., on coming to his title, by the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington. Sir Edward Buxton, son and successor of the late distinguished philanthropist, Sir Fowell Buxton, was born in 1812, and is married to Catherine, dau. of Samuel Gurney, Esq.
- The Dean of Lincoln, on his preference, by the Bishop of Lincoln.
- The Dean of Llandaff, by the Marquess of Northampton.
- The Rev. James Brogden, by the Lord Montague.
- The Rev. G. R. Gleig, on appointment as Chaplain-General, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Gleig, the author of "The Subaltern," has long been distinguished in literature. In early life, he served in the army, and personally participated in the stirring campaigns which he has so graphically described. The appointment he held previously to his present was that of Chaplain to Chelsea Hospital—a fitting station for one who had himself been a soldier.
- Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzmaurice, K.H. on appointment as Clerk of the Cheque of her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard, by Viscount Falkland.
- Mr. Henry Chard, Exon of the Yeomen Guard, by Lord Falkland.
- The Recorder of Liverpool, by Lord Sandon. The Recorder of Liverpool is John Henderson, Esq., of the Inner Temple, who was called to the Bar in 1834.
- Mr. John Stewart, younger, of Belladrum, by his father, Mr. Stewart. The Stewarts of Drumin in Banffshire, to which branch of the great northern House of Stewart the Belladrum family belongs, trace their descent from Robert, second son of Walter, the High Steward, and the Princess Marjory, his wife, daughter of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. The gentleman presented, holds a commission in the 52nd Regiment. He is only surviving son of John Stewart, Esq., of Belladrum, co. Inverness, at one time M.P. for Beverley, by Jamesina, his wife, dau. of the late Capt. Simon Fraser of Fanellaw.
- The Mayor of Exeter, Mr. W. Denis Moore, by the Earl Fortescue.
- Mr. Bates, by the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere. Mr. Bates is well known in the commercial world, as a partner in the great house of Baring & Co. His daughter was married, some years since, to his Excellency, M. Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister.
- Mr. Alexander Matheson, on return from China, by Mr. Matheson, M.P. The ancient tribe or clan of Matheson had, at an early period, extensive possessions in the Western part of Ross-shire, and in Sutherlandshire; and was divided into the two great branches of Matheson of Lochalsh, and Matheson of Shinness; from the former descends ALEXANDER MATHESON, Esq., of Inverinate and Archintoul (the gentleman presented), and from the latter (his maternal uncle) JAMES MATHESON, Esq., of Achany, M.P. Mr. Alexander Matheson is a merchant in China.
- Mr. William Croghan, of Pittsburg, U.S.A., by the American Minister.
- Mr. Samuel Levison, by Sir John Pirie, Bart.
- Mr. Richard Edward Davies, Honourable Corps Gentlemen at Arms, by Lord Foley.
- The Mayor of Manchester, by Lord John Russell.
- Dr. Ogilvie, on return from foreign service, by Field Marshal the Marquess of Anglesea. This gentleman (Alexander Ogilvie, M.D., Surgeon of the Royal Artillery) is head and representative of the noble family of Findlater, whose honours he claims.
- Dr. Theophilus Thompson, F.R.S., by the Earl of Devon. This eminent physician is distinguished in medical literature.
- Mr. David Green, on appointment to her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, by Lord Foley.
- Mr. Thomas Ogilvy, on his marriage, by the Earl of Suffolk. Mr. Thos. Ogilvy, a Civil Servant of the East India Company, is brother of Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., of Innerquharity, whose wife is daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. Mr. T. Ogilvy's marriage to Georgiana, dau. of the late Samuel Bosanquet, Esq., of Forest House, Essex (the occasion of the presentation) took place in April, 1846.
- Dr. Maddock, by Sir George Grey, Bart.
- The Rev. Hay Macdowall Erskine, by Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Adam.

- Mr. Edward Cayley, jun., on coming of age, by his father, Mr. Cayley, M.P. The family of Cayley, represented by the M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, is a branch of the Baronetical House of the same name.
- Mr. Hugh Montgomery, on his marriage, by the Earl of Powis. Mr. Montgomery, who resides at Grey Abbey, co. Down, represents the Irish branch (ennobled at one period by the Earldom of Mount Alexander) of the eminent Scottish House of Montgomery, whose present chief is the Earl of Eglinton. He is only child of the late William Montgomery, Esq., of Grey Abbey, and grandson, maternally, of the 5th Earl of Macclesfield. His marriage, to which the presentation refers, occurred in last October. The lady was Charlotte Elizabeth, 2nd dau. of Edward Herbert, Earl of Powis, and grand-dau- of the 3rd Duke of Montrose.
- The Rev. William S. O. Du Sautoy, on his appointment to the Chaplaincy of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, by the Rev. the Chaplain-General of the Forces.
- The Reverend Thomas King, by Earl Somers.
- Reverend Henry Liddell, on his appointment as Head Master of Westminster, by the Dean of Westminster.
- Mr. Frederick John Foster, by Visct. Palmerston.
- Mr. John Hogan, by Sir William Mag- nay, Bart.
- Mr. Selwyn, by the Earl of Powis.
- Mr. James Morris, Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, by the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exche- quer.
- Mr. Lewis Mark Mackenzie, by Col. Hugh D. Baillie, M.P., Lord Lieut. of Ross-shire, N.B.
- Mr. Francis Bridgman, by his uncle the Earl of Bradford.
- Mr. John Dalrymple, M.P., on his marriage, by the Right Hon. Fox Maule.
- Mr. Augustus Jardine Roberts, by Earl Bruce.
- Mr. Davyes Harries, by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. George Rice Trevor, M.P.
- Mr. Robert James Tennent, Deputy-Lieutenant, by the Marquess of Donegal.
- Mr. Thomas George Baring, by Mr. Labouchere. This young gentleman, who has just attained his majority, is only son of the Right Hon. Francis Thornhill Baring, M.P., grandson of Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., and nephew of Sir George Grey. Mr. Labouchere is married to his aunt.
- Mr. Jean Cozziris, of Corfu, by Lord Grey.
- Mr. Chisenhall Marsh, by Lord Bray- brooke.
- Mr. Archer-Burton, of Woodlands, High Sheriff for Hants, by the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Archer-Burton is son of John South, Esq., of Lutton, in Essex, by Anne, his wife, sole heiress of John Archer, Esq., of Ongar Park Hall, in the same county, and assumed, by Royal Sign Manual, the surnames and arms of Archer and Burton, in lieu of South, at the de- cease, and on his succession to the property of Lancelot Burton, Esq., of Maida Vale.
- Mr. Weston Cracroft, Captain Royal North Lincoln Militia, on his mar- riage, by Mr. Christopher, M.P. Mr. Weston Cracroft is eldest son and heir apparent of Lieut.-Colonel Robert Cracroft, of Hackthorn, co. Lincoln, by Augusta, his wife, dau. of the late Sir John Ingilby, Bart., of Riply Castle, co. York. The family from which he descends has been resident at Hackthorn for many cen- turies and its pedigree can be traced from the time of Henry III.
- Mr. William Verner, by the Marquis of Donegal.
- Mr. M'Taggart, by his father, Sir John M'Taggart, Bart.
- Mr. William Smyth, by Viscount Stop- ford.
- Mr. John Bidwell, by Viscount Pal- merston.
- Mr. Milne, by the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart.
- Mr. Andrew Buchanan, Her Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Russia, on his return from St. Peters- burgh, by Viscount Palmerston. Mr. A. Buchanan is only son of James Buchanan, Esq., of Blair Vadock, by the Lady Janet Sinclair, his wife, daughter of James, 12th Earl of Caithness.
- Mr. Leslie, of Balquhain, on his ap- pointment of Deputy-Lieutenant for Aberdeenshire, by the Earl of Aber- deen.
- Mr. W. H. Stone, of Streatley, High

- Sheriff for the county of Berks, by the Marquis of Clanricarde.
- Mr. Andrew Sherlock Lawson, on his return from foreign travel, by his father, Mr. Lawson, M.P. The Lawsons of Poppleton and Moreby—the ancestors of Mr. Andrew Lawson, M.P., can be authentically traced to the 16th century, and are, doubtless, sprung from a common progenitor with the Baronets, Lawson of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The young gentleman presented, attained his majority in November, 1845, and is of Merton College, Oxford. He is eldest son of Andrew Lawson, Esq., of Aldborough Lodge and Borough-bridge Hall, co. York, M.P. for Knaresborough, by Marianne Anna Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Sherlock Gooch, Esq., of Bramfield Hall, Suffolk.
- Mr. Ackers, on his appointment to a troop in the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, by the Marquis of Anglesea.
- Mr. J. Moreland, by Captain B. Pearse.
- Mr. John Farley Leith, by the Right Hon. Sir Edward Ryan.
- Mr. William Snow Harris, by Lord John Russell.
- Mr. Chandos Wren Hoskyns, by Earl Somers. Mr. Wren Hoskyns is 2nd son of the present Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart., of Harewood, and assumed the surname of WREN, on his marriage to his first wife, the daughter and heir of the late Christopher Roberts Wren, Esq., of Wroxhall Abbey, the representative of Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect.
- Mr. Floyer, M.P., by Mr. George Banks, M.P. Mr. Floyer, who resides at West Stafford, near Dorchester, and possesses a considerable estate in Dorsetshire, is only surviving son of the late Rev. William Floyer, son-in-law of Mr. George Banks. He represents a family of great antiquity, seated at a very early period at Floiers Hayes, co. Devon. He is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieut. of the county, and served as High Sheriff, in 1844.
- Mr. William Osborne Maclaine, on his appointment to the Royal Gloucestershire Yeomanry Hussars, by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Osborne Maclaine, who inherits the Estate of Kingston, co. Gloucester, from his maternal ancestors, the Osbornes, seated there since the reign of Elizabeth, is only child of the late Colonel Maclaine, a distinguished Peninsular officer, and nephew of General Sir Archibald Maclaine, C.B.
- Mr. Spencer Compton, by Major-Gen. J. Grant.
- Mr. Thomas Davies Lushington, by Lieut.-General Sir James Law Lushington, G.C.B.
- Mr. Philip Henry Pepys, by his father, the Bishop of Worcester.
- Mr. Middleton, Royal Horse Artillery, by Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglesea.
- Mr. Vignoles, on his return from Russia, by the Right Hon. Lord Palmerston.
- Mr. George Parker Heathcote, 52nd Light Infantry, by his father, Sir William Heathcote, Bart., M.P.
- Mr. John Townsend, by Mr. Hart Davis.
- Mr. Crawford, on his return from India, by the Hon. Captain Hotham.
- Mr. George Moffatt, M.P., by Lord John Russell.
- Mr. Clarence Wigney, on his return from India, by Lord Marcus Hill.
- Mr. A. Agnew, on his marriage, by the Earl of Gainsborough. Mr. Agnew is eldest son of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., of Lochnaw, co. Wigton, by Madeline, his wife, dau. of Sir David Carnegie, Bart. His marriage to Lady Louisa Noel, dau. of Lord Gainsborough, took place 20th of last August.
- Mr. Henry Lushington, by Earl Grey.
- Mr. John Morant, by his father, Mr. Morant.
- Mr. William R. Robinson, Governor of the Bank of England, by the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- Mr. James Sydney Stopford, by Viscount Stopford. Mr. J. S. Stopford is fifth son of the late Hon. and Rev. Richard Bruce Stopford, Canon of Windsor, and grandson of James, 2nd Earl of Courtown.
- Lieut. John Agnew, R.N., by Sir Charles Adam.
- Commander Charles R. Egerton, R.N., on his promotion, by his father, Mr. Egerton, of Tatton.
- Captain Andrew Snape Hamond, R.N. on his promotion, by Sir Graham Hamond.

Admiral Sir Graham Hamond, on promotion; Vice-Admiral the Hon. D. Pleydell Bouverie, on his promotion; Rear-Admiral Ayscough, on change of flag. Captains (Royal Navy)—Denham, F.R.S., on return from exploring service on west coast of Africa, and promotion; E. St. Leger Cannon, on promotion and return from foreign service; A. L. Montgomery, on promotion; James Scott, on being nominated a Companion of the Bath; Sir Thomas Thompson, on his return from foreign service. Commanders.—G. Spong, on promotion and return from foreign service; R. S. Smith, on promotion; Richard R. Western, on his promotion; Peter Cracroft, on his promotion; John James Robinson. Lieutenants—Walter Strickland, on promotion; Francis Rooke, on return from foreign service; Fred. Wetherall Smith, on appointment to Her Majesty's ship *Excellent*; and John Corbett—by the Earl of Auckland, G.C.B. General Sir Peregrine Maitland, on return from the Cape. Lieutenant-Generals—the Hon. Sir Hercules Pakenham, on promotion; Lord Downes, on promotion; Lord Saltoun, on being appointed Colonel of the 2nd Queen's Royals. Major-Generals—Lluellyn, C.B., on promotion; Parkinson, on promotion; Sir Archibald Maclaine, on being appointed Colonel of the 52nd Light Infantry. Colonel Sir Richard England, K.C.B., on return from foreign service; and Lieut.-Colonel Airey, on appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General to the Forces—by Field Marshall the Duke of Wellington.

Of these gallant officers, we may state the following particulars:—

Sir Peregrine Maitland, son of Thomas Maitland, Esq., of Shrubs Hall, in the New Forest, by his wife, who was niece of the last Duke of Ancaster, has served in Flanders, at the Walcheren and Corunna, in the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo, and has held, at various times, the appointments of Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

Sir Hercules Pakenham, 3rd son of the 2nd Lord Longford, has received a Cross for his services as Assistant

Adjutant-General at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz.

Lord Saltoun served in Sicily, was present at Corunna, Nivelles, Nive, and Bayonne, and took part in the crowning victory of Waterloo. He was nominated a K.C.B., and received the thanks of Parliament for "the energy, ability, and gallantry" he displayed in the war with China.

Major-General Lluellyn, C.B., began his military career under the auspices of Sir John Moore in the 52nd Regiment. Being afterwards appointed to a company in the 28th Regiment, he served with it throughout the hard-fought campaigns in Portugal and Spain, under Lord Wellington, and subsequently being ordered to the Netherlands, was present with his regiment at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, in the latter of which battles he was dangerously wounded.

Sir Archibald Maclaine, 2nd son of Gillian Maclaine, Esq., of Scullesdale in the Island of Mull, received Knighthood for his defence of Fort Matagorda for fifty-five days, with only 155 men, against Marshal Soult and 8000 French. He served with distinction in India at an early period of his career, and was conspicuous in the Peninsular War.

Sir Richard England, son of the late Lieut.-General England, served at the siege of Flushing, at Tariffa, in Sicily, and in France. He was invested with the Hanoverian Order for his gallantry in the Caffre war, and received the insignia of the Bath for his services in the Affghan war.

Colonel Charles Bentinck, on his marriage and promotion; Lieut.-Colonel Vansittart, on his promotion and marriage; Captain Colville, Coldstream Guards; Captain W. Eccles, on appointment to the Coldstream Guards; Major Temple, on return from Scinde; Lieutenant Warren, Second-Lieutenants Bowles and Fletcher, of the 60th Rifles—by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Major-General W. G. Power, C.B. and K.H., on promotion and return from abroad; Colonel McDowall, 2nd Life Guards, on promotion. Lieutenant-Colonels Otway and Armstrong, on promotion; Major Dickson, on promotion. Captains—Kennedy, on going

- on foreign service; Barker, and C. B. Robertson. Lieutenants—Arthur H. Vernon, M'Creca, F. H. B. Philips, on promotion; and Fortescue—by the Master-General of the Ordnance.
- Major-Generals Bouchier, Money, Henderson, K.H. and K.C., and Rolt, on promotion—by Lieut.-General Lord Fitzroy Somerset.
- Lieutenant Hon. Edward Stuart Wortley, Grenadier Guards, and Ensign and Lieutenant Alexander Kinloch, upon his appointment to the Grenadier Guards, by Colonel Home.
- Majors R. C. Moore, C.B., and James Sinclair; Captains T. L. Jameson and A. H. O. Mathews, by the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart.
- Major-General Thomas Dalmer, on being appointed Colonel of the 47th Regiment, by General Sir J. Wiloughby Gordon, Bart.
- Captain Lord George Manners, on promotion, by the Marquis of Granby.
- Captain Tonge, by Lieut.-General Sir Edward Kerrison, K.C.B.
- Captain John Warden Rennie, Bombay Army, by Captain Sir Andrew P. Green, K.C.H.
- Captain A. H. Duncan, Bengal Army, by Lieut.-General Duncan.
- Captain Maitland, Grenadier Guards, on his return from the Cape of Good Hope, by General P. Maitland.
- Captain J. H. Smyth, Bengal Army, by Lieut.-Colonel Oldfield, C.B.
- Captain Gervaise Tottenham Waldoe Sibthorp, Royal North Lincoln Militia, on appointment, by Mr. Robert Adam Christopher, M.P. Captain Sibthorp is son of Colonel Sibthorp, M.P. for Lincoln.
- Captain W. Cosmo Gordon, Madras Artillery, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen.
- Captain Hon. Charles Pakenham, on appointment and promotion to Grenadier Guards, by Colonel Home. Capt. Pakenham is fourth son of the late Earl of Longford, grandson, maternally, of the 1st Earl of Beauchamp, and nephew of the late Duchess of Wellington.
- Captain Gall, 5th Madras Cavalry, by Lieutenant Sir John Doveton, K.C.B.
- Major Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., 71st H. Light Infantry, on promotion, by Mr. Warrender. Sir Hew, the elder son of the late Major-General Sir John Dalrymple Hamilton, Bart., of North Berwick, by Charlotte, his wife, dau. of Sir Patrick Warrender, Bart., represents the North Berwick branch of the noble house of Stair, being descended from the Hon. Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, 3rd son of James, 1st Viscount Stair.
- Major Charles Lewis, Bengal Army, by Major-General Galloway, C.B.
- Major Archer, 5th Dragoon Guards, on return from India, by Lieut.-General Sir Edward Kerrison.
- Major Alfred Borrodale, 4th Regiment Madras Cavalry, by Colonel Hartley.
- Major the Hon. Charles Sackville West, on his return from India, by Earl De la Warr. Major Sackville West is 2nd son of the noble Earl by whom he was presented, and grandson, maternally, of the 3rd Duke of Dorset.
- Major E. Wilton Passy, 56th Regiment, by the Right Hon. Lord Carteret. This gentleman, who is elder son of the late Rev. Joseph Wilton Pawsey, M.A., Rector of Levre, co. Lincoln, and descends from a branch of the ancient French family of De Passy, which emigrated to England in consequence of the persecution of the Huguenots, resumed the ancient name of Passy, by Royal licence in 1842.
- Major Percy Neville, on appointment to Her Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, by Lord Foley.
- Major Neville, formerly of the 63rd Regiment, son of the late Arthur Neville, Esq. descends, in direct line, from the great and illustrious house of Neville of Raby, attained in the person of Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, 13 ELIZABETH. Some of Major Neville's more immediate progenitors held high rank in the military service of Austria.
- Major-General Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, to kiss hands on his appointment as Lieut.-Governor of Portsmouth.
- Captain H. T. Butlers, 55th Regiment, on promotion, by Major-General St. Clair, C.B.
- Captain Herbert Watkin Williams Wynn, Royal Fusiliers, by the Earl of Powis. Captain Wynn is only brother of the present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. of Wynnstay, and nephew, maternally, of the Peer by whom he was presented. The

- possessions and influence of the chief of the Wynns — popularly styled "The Prince of Wales," are paramount in the principality, and his magnificent seat, Wynnstay, yields, in splendour, to few in the empire. The first Baronet of the family, Sir William Williams filled the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons; but the Wynnstay estates descend to Sir Watkin through his maternal ancestors, the Wynns of Gwydyr, the representatives of the sovereigns of North Wales.
- Captain Wynyard, Grenadier Guards, on appointment as Adjutant, by Col. Home.
- Captain Blackwood, R.N., on return from the survey of Torres Straits, by Rear-Admiral Beaufort.
- Rear-Admiral Waldegrave, on his coming to his title, by Lord Radstock.
- Lieutenant A. G. Murray, R.N., by the Marquis of Camden.
- Captain Steward Wood, on being appointed Major of Brigade at Chatham, by Colonel Simpson.
- Captain Le Touzel, Royal Jersey Artillery, (son of General Le Touzel,) by Major Gibbon Moneypenny.
- Captain the Hon. W. Gore, (next brother of the Earl of Arran,) by the Earl Grey.
- Lieut.-Colonel Clarke, Madras Army, on return from India, by Major-General Morrison, M.P.
- Lieut.-Colonel Sir William Verner, M.P., upon being created a baronet, by Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Sir William Verner has long sat in Parliament. The baronetcy he obtained last year. In the memorable retreat to Corunna he served under Sir John Moore, and fought subsequently, under Wellington, in Spain and France, participating in the battle of Orthes, the crossing of the Pyrenees, the conflict at Toulouse, and the final victory of Waterloo.
- Major-General Strover, Bombay Artillery, by Viscount Combermere.
- Lieutenant G. A. Schomberg, Royal Marine Artillery, by Colonel Parke, C.B.
- Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Williams, on being appointed Assistant Adjutant-General in Ireland, by the Adjutant-General of the Forces.
- Lieutenant Sayer, Royal Marines, by Colonel Owen, C.B.
- Lieutenant G. S. Digby, Royal Marine Artillery, by Colonel Parke, C.B. R.M.
- Lieutenant F. S. Daubeney, 44th Regiment, by his father, Major-General Daubeney. The family of Daubeney, long connected with the city of Bristol, descends from James Daubeney, younger brother of Giles, Lord Daubeney, K.G. Constable of the Castle of Bristol, *temp.* Henry VII.
- Ensign R. B. Hay, 93rd Highlanders, by Major-General Sir De Lacy Evans.
- Ensign Amyatt Ernle Brown, on appointment to 31st Regiment, by his father, Colonel Brown.
- Cornet Herbert Edwards, 14th Light Dragoons, on appointment, by Col. Middleton.
- Cornet Charles Wyndham, 9th Bengal Cavalry, on his return from India, by Colonel Charles Wyndham.
- Lieutenant Hotham, 44th Regiment, by his father, the Hon. Captain Hotham, R.N.
- Lieutenant Robert Cathcart Dalrymple Bruce, 2nd West India Regiment, on promotion and return from foreign service on the western coast of Africa, by the Right Hon. the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Lewis Knight Bruce. Lieutenant Bruce is younger son of Samuel Barwick Bruce, Esq., M.D., formerly Staff-Surgeon to the forces, a scion of the family of Bruce of Kennet, co. Clackmannan, itself a branch of the noble house of Elgin and Kincardine. He entered the army in Nov., 1843, and after serving in Jamaica, came back to England, and volunteered his services for the Gambia, on his return from which place he was elected Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.
- Lieutenant James F. Johnstone, by Sir Noel Harris, K.C.B.
- Lieutenant Edward Selby Smyth, Queen's Royal Regiment, by Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Hercules R. Pakenham, K.C.B.
- Lieutenant Charles Thellusson, 12th Royal Lancers, by the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Thellusson is eldest son of Charles Thellusson, Esq., and grandson of Charles Thellusson, Esq., M.P. for Evesham, who was brother of the 1st Lord Rendlesham, and 3rd son of the opulent merchant, Peter Thellusson, of London, whose extra-

- ordinary will, by which a vast proportion of his immense wealth was tied up for the purpose of accumulation, gave rise to the Act of Parliament which interdicts similar devices.
- Lieutenant Charles Morant, 14th Light Dragoons, on return from foreign service, by Colonel Middleton.
- Lieutenant Margesson, 56th Regiment, by Major-General Taylor, C.B.
- Lieut.-Colonel Bigge, 70th Regiment, on promotion, by Earl Grey.
- Colonel Philip Dundas, on promotion, by the Adjutant-General.
- Lieutenant Walter Brackenbury, of the Madras Army, by his uncle, Sir J. M. Brackenbury. Mr. Brackenbury is son of the late William Brackenbury, Esq., of Usselby House, co. Lincoln, and derives descent from Sir Robert Brackenbury, the famous Lieutenant of the Tower, *temp.* RICHARD III.
- Lieutenant Thomas Forster, 77th Regiment, by Sir James MacGrigor, Bart.
- Lieutenant Harry Heald Hewett, Indian Navy, by the Earl Auckland.
- Lieutenant D'Oyly Compton, Bombay Army, by Major-General J. Grant.
- Ensign Maitland, 49th Regiment, by Major-General Rolt.
- Ensign William Barry, 50th Regiment, on appointment, by Sir J. Gardiner.
- Ensign F. H. Douce, 37th Regiment, by Lieut.-General Sir T. Downman.
- Cornet T. R. C. Dimsdale, on his appointment to the 16th Lancers, by his father, the Hon. Baron Dimsdale.
- Cornet Cook, Prince Albert's Hussars, on appointment, by Colonel the Earl of Cardigan.
- Ensign Ashworth, 19th Regiment, on appointment, by Major-General Ashworth.
- Ensign Kingsley, Cape Corps, on appointment, by Lieut.-Colonel Tulloch.
- Major-General Scott, on promotion, by the Deputy Adjutant-General.
- Lieutenant Archer-Burton, 3rd Light Dragoons, on his return from foreign service, by Lieut.-General Lord C. S. Manners. Mr. Archer-Burton is 2nd son of Lancelot Archer-Burton, Esq., of Woodlands, Hants.
- Lieutenant Bernal, 7th Madras Light Cavalry, on his return from service in India, by Lord Marcus Hill.
- Lieutenant Sidney Burrard, Grenadier Guards, on appointment, by Sir G. Burrard, Bart. Mr. Sidney Burrard is youngest son of Sir George Burrard, by Emma, his 2nd wife, dau. of Admiral Joseph Bingham. He is in his 21st year.
- Lieutenant William Werge, Ceylon Rifle Regiment, on return from Ceylon on leave of absence, by Major-General Sir A. Maclaine. Mr. Werge is next brother of John Ingall Werge, Esq., of Woodborough, Notts, and son of the late Edward Werge, Esq., of Hexgreave Park, Notts.
- Lieut.-Colonel MacDowell, C.B., 16th Queen's Lancers, on return from India, and on being appointed a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and on promotion; Major Pearson, 16th Queen's Lancers, on promotion, and return from service in India; Major Fyler, 16th Queen's Lancers, on return from service in India, and on promotion; Brevet-Major Bere, 16th Queen's Lancers, on return from service in India, and on promotion; Captain Pattinson, 16th Queen's Lancers, on return from service in India, and on promotion; Captain Reynolds, 16th Lancers, on return from service in India; Lieutenant D. MacKinnon, 16th Lancers, on return from service in India; and Lieutenant Dashwood, 16th Lancers, on promotion—by the Earl of Ellenborough. These officers of the 16th Lancers participated with their gallant regiment in the recent war of the Punjab. Major Fyler is 2nd son of the late Samuel Fyler, Esq., of Twickenham, by Margaret, his 2nd wife, dau. of Hugo Arnot, Esq. He is married to Amelia, dau. of the Hon. J. Byng.
- Lieutenant Nicholson, 21st Royal Scotch Fusiliers, on his return from India, by Lieut.-General Dyson.

POLYGLOT POETRY, BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

No. I.—BEAUTEOUS LITTLE MARY.

THERE is a beauteous little dame,

Take care, take care!

Mary is this beauty's name;

Ah! Sir, beware;

She has eyes like some young fawn's

Tripping wild on Eastern lawns,

And her white and gentle feet

Lightly dance to music sweet;

Ah! take care.

She has little snowy hands,

Take care, take care!

Like white lilies twin'd in bands;

Ah! Sir, beware;

When she strikes her light Kitar,

See them glitter like a star;

Feel them too, like roses, soft

Kiss them—if she'll let you—oft;

Ah! take care.

She has ringlets richly brown,

Take care, take care!

Lovelier than a jewell'd crown;

Ah! Sir, beware.

You are lost if once you press

To your lips one silken tress;

They are nets of love that hold

By some magic young and old;

Ah! take care.

She has roses in her mouth,

Take care, take care.!

Sweeter than the fragrant South;

Ah! Sir, beware.

If you see her crimson lip

Ten to one you'll long to sip,

But so guarded is the fruit,

You must snatch, or lose your suit;

Ah! take care.

She is witty, young and wild,

Take care, take care!

Playful like a little child;

Ah! Sir, beware.

Beauty, goodness, wit, combine
 To make little Poll divine ;
 Never fairer form enshrin'd
 A more sweet or playful mind ;
 Ah ! take care.

When she sings, and when she speaks,
 Take care, take care !
 When she plays her pretty freaks ;
 Ah ! Sir, beware.

In a trice you'll find your heart
 From its lawful owner part,
 And the beauteous little dame
 Say 'tis her's by lawful claim,
 Ah ! take care.

Schöne Marie.*

Wohl kenn' ich eine schone Dame,
 Willst Du sie frein ?
 Marie ist ihr geliebter Name ;
 Hüte Dich fein !
 Mit Augen wie ein Reh am Rand,
 Einer See im Morgenland,
 Frolich tanzet sie zum süssen
 Saitenspiel mit zarten Füßen—
 Hüte Dich fein !

Und die Hände auch der Kleinen—
 Willst Du sie frein ?
 Kaum so weiss Scheeflocken scheinen
 Hüte Dich fein
 Schlägt sie auf der Zither gerne
 Strahlen sie wie helle Sterne,
 Flicht sie nicht mit holdem List
 Küsst sie, und noch einmal küsst.
 Hüte Dich fein !

Braunes Haar umwölkt die Feine—
 Willst Du sie frein ?
 Wie ein Kranz vom Edelsteine ;
 Hüte Dich fein !
 'Sist um Dich geschehen wenn Du
 Drück'st einen Zopf den Lippen zu
 Einem Netz die Haare gleichen
 Werden Dir das Herz umschleichen
 Hüte Dich fein !

Auch am Mund sie hat zwei Rosen
 Willst Du sie frein ?
 Weh Dir, wenn Du wagst zu kosen !
 Hüte Dich fein !

* For this exquisite translation into German, I am indebted to my friend, William Lander, Esq., of Cork, who is confessedly the most distinguished continental Scholar in the country.—E.K.

Wenn die Lippen Du wirst sehen
 Ich weiss, Du kannst nicht widerstehen
 Sie zu küssen bis sie glühe
 Schnell doch, sonst sie wirdentflichen
 Hüte Dich fein !

Lustig ist das junge Blut,
 Willst Du sie frein ?
 Kühn und sinreich ist ihr Muth—
 Hüte Dich fein !
 Schönheit, Freundlichkeit vereinen
 Sich ins Bild der holden Kleinen
 Und ihre reizende Gestalt
 Wie eines Engels schön gemahlt,
 Hüte Dich fein !

Singet sie, so hör'nicht zu !
 Willst Du sie frein ?—
 Lächelt sie, so fliche Du !
 Hüte Dich fein !
 Denkst Du es ist nur ein Scherz ?
 Schnell verloren ist Dir das Herz ;
 Hoffst Du sie wird is zurück geben ?
 Niemals so lang Du mogst leben !
 Hüte Dich fein !

No. II.—FROM CATULLUS.

Oramus si forte non molestum est,
 Demonstres ubi sunt tuæ tenebræ ?
 Te quæсивimus in Minore Campo
 Te in Circo, te in omnibus libellis
 Te in Templo superi Jovis sacrato.
 In Magni simul ambulatione ;
 Fæmellas omnes amicè prendi
 Quas vultu vidi tamen sereno.
 Has vel te sic ipse flagitabam,
 Camerium mihi pessimæ puellæ ;
 Quædam inquit nudum sinum reducens
 En hic in roseis latet papillis.

Tell us, if for asking thee, we are not to be chidden,
 In what secret corner thou thyself hast hidden ?
 We sought thee in the Circus, and in the Lesser Meadows,
 We sought thee in the bookshops, and in the Temple's shadows.
 We looked for thee in valleys overgrown with flowers and grasses,
 We stopp'd and question'd as we walk'd all the pretty lasses ;
 All of those we talked to were beauteous, young and witty,
 " Do you know," said we, " my dears, where, in wood or city,
 That wild wandering rake, Camerius, now is staying ?
 Tell us, has he been with you in the woodlands playing ?"
 One of those we ask'd, her white breast discloses
 " Here he is," says she, " hidden in the roses."

No. III.—VERBUM SAPIENTI.

Si bene quid memini causæ sunt quinque bibendi ;
 Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis, atque futura,
 Aut vini bonitas, aut quælibet altera causa.

If I remember well there are five reasons,
 Which point to man for drinking proper seasons ;
 Firstly, to greet the coming of some stranger,
 He may drink freely without any danger.
 Secondly, when he finds that thirst is present,
 To tippie much he'll find extremely pleasant.
 Thirdly, he'll learn this way to banish sorrow,
 To drink to-day lest he be dry to-morrow.
 The fourth cause is the goodness of his liquor,
 (One first discovered by a Roman vicar.)
 Fifthly, 'tis said no wise man e'er refuses
 Good drink, but takes his fill whene'er he chooses.
 These are by Solomon declared the reasons
 Which point to man for drinking proper seasons.

No. IV.—FROM PLATO.

Ἄλλος δ' ὡς ἰκομεσθα βαθυσκιον ἔντρομεν ἐνδῶ
 Πορφύρειοις μηλοῖσιν εὐκοτα παιδὰ Κυθηρῆς,
 Οὐ δ' ἔχεν ἰδοχοῖον φαρετρὴν οὐ καμπύλα τοῖσα
 Ἄλλα τα μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπεταλοῖσι κρεμαντο
 Αὐτός δ' ἐν καλυκείσιν, πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ
 Ἐνδὲν μειδιοῶν-ζουθαὶ δ' ἔφνερθε μελισσαι
 Κηροχυτοῖς ἐντος λαγαροῖς ἐπι χεῖλεσιν βαινον.

GRAY.

Itur in Idalios fractus, felicia regna
 Fundit ubi densam myrtea silva comam,
 Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem
 Dum roseo roseos imprimat ore toros.
 Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram
 Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,
 Vidimus et risu mollis diducta labella
 Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apes.

Deep in the grove the God of love we found,
 By trees and purple flowers encompassed round ;
 No golden quiver, no bent bow had he,
 They hung suspended from a broad-leaved tree,
 He on a couch of roses sleeping lay,
 His features smiling in perpetual play ;
 While bees about him humm'd and kissed his lips,
 Sweet as the dew from roses crush'd that drips.

No. V.—PHYLLIS.

Phyllis l'autre jour sur le tard
 Ardement sur ma bouche avide,
 Vint coller un baisier humide,
 Ce baisier sentoit le nectar :
 Car de nectar sa bouche plem è
 En avait parfume son amoureuse haleine.
 Helas ! dans ce baisier ayant bu trop d'amour
 J'en suis yvre depuis ce jour

As beauteous Phyllis t'other day
 Sporting wild in amorous play,
 Gave me a kiss—the kiss methought
 Was nectar from Olympus brought ;
 Her mouth was full of nectar sweet,
 And breath'd like Pæstum's rosy grove,
 Alas ! why did our lips e'er meet ?—
 For since that hour I'm drunk with love.

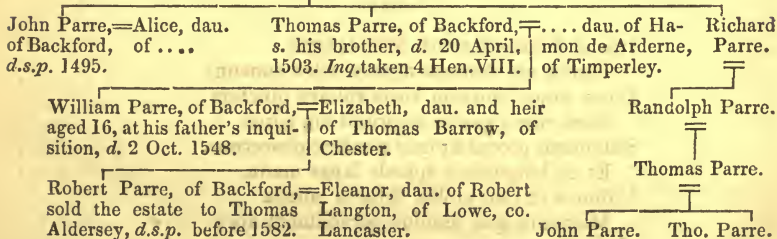
DESCENT OF PARR, OF BACKFORD, CO. CHESTER.

(FROM ORMEROD, HARL. MSS. No. 1925, p. 132, &c.)

Arms.—Arg. two bars azure a bordure engrailed sable bezanteè.

Crest.—A demi-boar rampant az. bristled or, charged with a bend. gu. thereon three lozenges or.

JOHN PARRE, a younger son of the Lancashire family, *d.* before 1477. ELLEN, dau. and coheir of Richard Radcliffe, of Timperley, *d.* seised of the manor of Backford, *Inq. p. m.* 17 Edw. IV.



Nothing more is known of the family. Any reader of "THE PATRICIAN" who can supply information on the subject will oblige the compiler by doing so.

LITERATURE.

THE MANSIONS OF ENGLAND AND WALES: illustrated in a series of Views of the principal Seats, with Historical and Topographical descriptions, by EDWARD TWYXCROSS, Esq., M.A. The County Palatine of Lancaster. Volume III. Southern Division. The Hundreds of West Derby and Salford. Akermann, Strand. 1847.

MR. TWYXCROSS continues this work with spirit unabated, as far as the writing is concerned: the illustrations, however, might be improved. The present volume comprises the Hundreds of West Derby and Salford, the famed territory, in fact, around Liverpool and Manchester, where the lordly residences of the ancient aristocrats are proudly, and honorably rivalled by the more recent mansions of those mighty merchants and manufacturers, whose nobility is based on industry and intelligence; and who when years have elapsed will be looked back to, as the founders also of many a titled house. The views in this volume are therefore in their nature peculiarly interesting; the literary matter, which accompanies them, enhances their attraction. The descriptions commence with that of Knowsley Park, the seat of the Earl of Derby, from which we extract the following:

“The Mansion of Knowsley stands on an elevated spot in the western part of the park, and close to a fine sheet of water, which adds much to the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The building is a stately structure, and forms a conspicuous object for a considerable distance on the west, but its eastern side is environed with thick plantations.

“The original Mansion was greatly enlarged by the first Earl of Derby, who, at vast expense, and on a scale of princely magnificence, prepared this noble residence for the reception of his son-in-law, the victorious Earl of Richmond. On the day of the decisive victory at Bosworth Field, when Richard III. was slain, it was the Earl of Derby who placed the crown on Richmond’s head, and proclaimed him king, as Henry VII. of England.

“On such an extended plan were these additions to the building made, that the first Earl of Derby is stated, in some accounts, to have entirely reconstructed the Mansion. These works were executed in stone, and at the time two massive round towers were added. However, the alterations made by succeeding Earls had reduced the ancient building to a small part of its original dimensions, and this remaining portion has been rebuilt from the designs of *Foster*, and accords in style with that of the old baronial mansions. It is embattled, and composed wholly of dark freestone. Of this part of the Mansion, the basement is appropriated to a part of the household; but the principal apartment, which is of splendid proportions, is used as a dining room. A fragment of the Old Mansion has with good taste been introduced over an entrance on the south side. On it is sculptured two of the badges of the house of Stanley, the eagle’s claw erased, and the three legs conjoined, armed and spurred; the well known ensign of the Lords of Man, over which island the family, from the time of Henry IV. to the reign of George II. held absolute jurisdiction under the Crown.

“The principal part of the Mansion of Knowsley that now stands, was erected by James the tenth Earl, who lived in the reigns of King William, and Queen Anne, and in those of the two succeeding sovereigns. The front, facing the west,

consists of an extensive range of building, regularly disposed in three parts of equal height, the principal entrance being in the centre. The front is composed of red brick, with stone quoins and dressings to the numerous windows, the whole surmounted with a balustrade and scroll ornaments. A domestic chapel occupies a part of the east front, and on the south is a corridor of the Ionic order, over which are the armorial bearings of the tenth Earl, with the following inscription :

“ JAMES EARL OF DERBY, LORD OF MAN, AND THE ISLES, GRANDSON OF JAMES EARL OF DERBY, AND OF CHARLOTTE, DAUGHTER OF CLAUDE DUKE DE LA TREMOUILLE, WHOSE HUSBAND JAMES, WAS BEHEADED AT BOLTON, XV. OCT. 1652, FOR STRENUOUSLY ADHERING TO CHARLES II. WHO REFUSED A BILL, PAST UNANIMOUSLY BY BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FOR RESTORING TO THE FAMILY THE ESTATE LOST BY HIS LOYALTY TO HIM.—1732.

“ At this side of the building is the fine piece of water to which we have already alluded ; and in the park opposite is placed the group of ‘ Hercules and Antæus.’

“ The interior arrangement of the Mansion accords with its outward extent. It consists of several splendid apartments of spacious and elegant proportions, the walls of which are covered with a most interesting series of family portraits, and with numerous specimens of the works of some of the most eminent of the ancient masters. The latter were chiefly collected by James, the tenth Earl.

“ The noble park in which the Mansion of Knowsley stands is the largest in the County, being nearly six miles in circumference. Its surface is varied, and the eminences command some beautiful prospects of the surrounding country, and towards the sea, where the view is more open, the scene that is presented is particularly fine. Rich plantations and trees of ancient growth add their attractions, nor is water, so important a feature, wanting ; a lake nearly a mile in length, adorns the centre of the park, to which, at the side next Prescott, there is a handsome entrance.

“ The estate of Knowsley came into the possession of an ancestor of the present noble inheritor upon the marriage of Sir John Stanley with Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom in the reign of Richard II. Knowsley had previously passed with Catherine, daughter and heiress of Thomas de Knowsley, in marriage to Sir Robert de Lathom, the grandfather of Sir John Lathom.

“ This property was considerably increased by Edward, the third Earl of Derby, who effected an exchange with King Edward VI. for the house in London, the residence of the Earl, and called Derby Place.”

The briefer mention of other seats, is concise and careful. Thus he passes in review, among others :

ROBY HALL.—“ This is the seat of RICHARD EDWARDS, Esq., a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate of this County.

“ This Mansion is situated in the parish of Huyton and in the township of Roby, somewhat more than two miles to the south-west of Prescott.

“ Roby, or as it is called in Domesday Book *Rabil*, was the property of the Lathoms shortly subsequent to the Conquest. In the thirty-second year of the reign of Edward I., Robert de Lathom had a market and fair in addition to free-warren chartered for his manor of Robye. From him was descended Sir Thomas de Lathom, who in 1339 had also a grant of free-warren confirmed to him in Knowseleigh (Knowsley) and Roby.

“ The present Mansion of Roby Hall was erected by John Williamson, Esq., Mayor of Liverpool in 1761.”

ALLERTON PRIORY.—“ This is the seat of THEODORE WOOLMAN RATHBONE, Esq. It is situated in the parish of Childwall, about six miles to the south-east of Liverpool.

“ ‘ The family of Rathbone,’ (we quote from Burke’s Dictionary of the Landed Gentry), ‘ which had embraced the religious principles of the Friends, has been for a series of years at the head, quietly and unobtrusively, of the merchants of

Liverpool. With the prosperity of that flourishing town it kept full pace, and the late William Rathbone took a very conspicuous lead in all proceedings of importance there, political, commercial, and literary.' The gentleman on whom this eulogium is justly passed, left at his decease in the year 1809, four sons and one daughter. The eldest son is William Rathbone, Esq. of Greenbank in this county, and the third son is, Theodore Woolman Rathbone, Esq., the possessor of Allerton Priory.

"Mr. Rathbone, who married Lucy, eldest daughter of Edward Pearson, Esq. of Althrey Wood House, in the county of Flint, by Lucy his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., of Rufford Hall, in the northern division of this county, holds the Commission of the Peace for Lancashire, and for the borough of Liverpool."

SCOTLAND DELINEATED, in a series of views, by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., GEORGE CATTERMOLLE, R.A., W. L. LEITCH, THOMAS CRESWICK, A.R.A., DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., J. D. HARDING, JOSEPH NASH, HORATIO MACULLOCH, R.S.A. Drawn in Lithography by J. D. HARDING; with Historical, Antiquarian, and Descriptive letter-press, by JOHN PARKER LAWSON, M.A. In two volumes. PART III. Joseph Hogarth, 5, Haymarket.

THE third part of this magnificently illustrated work contains: The 'Prentice Pillar, Roslin Chapel, by *W. L. Leitch*, The Foot of the West Bow, by *G. Cattermole*, Melrose Abbey, by *D. Roberts, R.A.*, Holyrood House, by *J. D. Harding*, Edinburgh, from the Frith or Forth, by *Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.*, Falkland Palace, by *D. Roberts, R.A.*

We do not hesitate to term all these views perfection. How admirable is that old street of the West Bow, by Cattermole! One could almost fancy oneself in the centre of the antique, tumble down, historic locality. And then again, the soul of Stanfield breathes in that glorious expanse of the Frith of Forth, with the distant prospect of "Edina, Scotia's darling seat. Roberts's Falkland Palace Gate is a beautiful sketch. But we waste words in a mere repetition of praise: suffice it to say, that this third part fully maintains what we said of the prior two, that the work forms the most superb lithographic collection ever published.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

- A-Beckett, Mrs., the wife of Gilbert A. A-Beckett, Esq. of a son, 2nd May.
- Argles, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Chancellor Argles, of a son, 18th May.
- Armitage, Mrs., of a son, at Peterchurch, 25th April.
- Atkins, Mrs. E. Martin, of a dau., at Kingston Lisle, Berks, 19th May.
- Baker, Mrs. E., of a dau., of Bulstrode street, 2nd May.
- Beal, Mrs. E. B., of a dau., at Tollington-park, 10th May.
- Berkley, Mrs. George, of a dau., at Cambridge-ter., 5th May.
- Bevan, Mrs. J. C. D., of a dau., at Kennington, 4th May.
- Blythe, Mrs. S., of a son, at Beauchamp-square, Leamington, 17th May.
- Bowles, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Charles Bradshaw Bowles, of a dau., at Woking, 7th May.
- Brown, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, of Brantridge, Sussex, 24th May.
- Buckley, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Robert Orford Buckley, of a dau., 19th May.
- Burdett, Mrs., the wife of C. Sedley Burdett, Esq. Coldstream-Guards, of a dau., 9th May.
- Buxton, Mrs. Wilmot, of a dau., 25th April.
- Carew, Mrs., the wife of W. H. Pole Carew, Esq. M. P., of a dau., 23rd May.
- Carington, Lady, of a dau., at Whitehall, 12th May.
- Chermide, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. R. C. Chermide, of a dau., at Leeds, 10th May.
- Christie, Mrs., the wife of W. D. Christie, Esq. M. P., of a dau., 16th May.
- Cleaveland, Mrs. Capt. Frederick, of a son, at Rosehill, Caverham, Oxon, 17th May.
- Courthorpe, Mrs. George C., of a dau., at Whiligh, Sussex, 13th May.
- Cunningham, Mrs. J. W., of a son, at Harrow-on-the-hill, 16th May.
- Dalmeney, Lady, of a son and heir, 7th May.
- Davidson, Mrs., of a dau., at St. George's place, 13th May.
- Deacon, Mrs. James W., of a son, at Southwick-place, 14th May.
- Denman, The Hon. Mrs. Richard, of a dau., 28th April.
- Dimond, Mrs. Charles J., of a son, in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, 1st May.
- Douglas, Mrs., the wife of H. Sholto Douglas, Esq. 42nd Highlanders, of a son and heir, 16th May.
- Dowdewell, Mrs. John, of a son, at Ripple-hall, 10th May.
- Edwards, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Thames Ditton, 16th May.
- Fleet, Mrs. John George, of a son, of Tollington-park, Hornsey-road, 1st May.
- Francis, Mrs. Frederick, of a son, at East-Ham-house, 20th May.
- Gabb, Mrs. Alfred W., of a dau., at Mona-house, Cheltenham, 4th May.
- Gore-Langton, Mrs., the wife of William Gore-Langton, Esq. of a son and heir, 11th May.
- Grantham, Mrs. R. B., of a dau., at Torrington-square, 19th May.
- Groome, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. J. H. Groome, of a son, at Earl Soham, Suffolk, 24th April.
- Hakes, Mrs. W., of a son, at Manchester-square, 13th May.
- Hanbury, Mrs. Philip, of a son, at Clapham, 19th May.
- Harvey, Mrs. G. L., of a son, at Yate-rectory, co. Gloucester, 18th May.
- Heathcote, Mrs., of a dau., at Colerne-vicarage, 10th May.
- Hives, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Pitt-house, Devon, 2nd May.
- Hoare, the Lady Sophia, of a son, 18th May.
- Hope, Mrs., of a son, at the Grange, Havering-atte-Bower, 11th May.
- Hughes, Mrs., the wife of William Hughes Hughes, Jun., Esq., of a son, 17th May.
- Humpage, Mrs. J., of a son, at Bryanston-street, 13th May.
- Hurdis, Mrs. James H., of a dau., at Newick, Sussex, 13th May.
- Hyndman, Mrs. J. B., of a son, at Hyde Park-square, 6th May.
- Jackson, Mrs. Edward James, of a son, at Edinburgh, 27th April.
- Kerr, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur, of a dau., 17th May.
- King, Mrs. J. G., of a son, at Devonshire-street, 3rd May.
- Le Strange, Mrs., the wife of H. L. Styleman Le Strange, Esq. of a son, 26th April.
- Mackay, Mrs. James Gordon, of a dau., 16th May.
- Mangles, Mrs., the wife of Ross D. Mangles, Esq. M. P., of a son, 16th May.
- Marsh, Mrs. Thomas E., of a son, at Park hill, Frome, 10th May.
- Mather, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. George Mather, of a dau., at Huntley-hill, 15th May.
- Milbank, Mrs., the wife of Mark William Vane Milbank, Esq. of a dau.
- Nicholas, Mrs. Griffin, of a son, at Chatham, 22nd April.
- Ogle, Mrs., the wife of Robert Ogle, Esq. barrister-at-law, of a dau., at Kensington, 12th May.
- Peacock, Mrs. Barnes, of a dau., 17th May.
- Pease, Mrs. J. W., of a son, at Hesselwood, co. York, 23rd April.
- Pemberton, Mrs. Charles, of a dau., at Eastbourne-terrace, 14th May.
- Pilleau, Mrs., the wife of Surgeon H. Pilleau, 70th Regiment, of a dau., 11th May.
- Power, Mrs. Doehra, of a dau., at Queen-street, May-fair, 1st May.
- Preston, Mrs. T. E., of a son, at Geneva, 15th May.
- Price, Mrs. T. E., of a dau., at Bishops-cleeve, 11th May.
- Prower, Mrs., of Purton House, Wilts, of a son.
- Pye, Mrs. William, of a dau., at Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, 13th May.

- Pyner, Mrs. Captain, of a dau., at Plymouth, 8th May.
 Robinson, Mrs., the wife of Lieut. Walter Frances Robinson, R.N., of a son, at Halifax, Nova-Scotia, 28th April.
 Rodwell, Mrs. Robert, of a son, at Troston, Suffolk, 5th May.
 Selby, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Brighton, 26th Ap.
 Singer, Mrs. George, of a dau., at Compton-castle, Somerset, 13th May.
 Skinner, Mrs. Daniel, jun., of a dau., at Waltham-abbey, Essex, 24th April.
 Stephenson, Lady Mary, of a son, 13th May.
 Stevenson, Mrs. James, of a son, at Edinburgh.
 Stewart, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Edward Stewart, of a son, 19th May.
 Surtees, Mrs. Nathaniel, of a dau., at Yarmouth, 17th May.
 Thistlethwaite, Mrs. Henry F., of a son, at Kensington, 16th May.
 Tudor, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. William Henry Tudor, of a dau., at Syderston-rectory, Norfolk, 6th May.
 Tritton, Mrs. Henry, of a dau., in Portland-place, 5th April.
- Walton, Mrs. H. Haynes, of a son, at Berna rd-street, 18th May.
 Warner, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Simeon Burney Warner, of a dau., 22nd April.
 Waterfield, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Searcroft, co. York, 24th April.
 Welch, Mrs. Alfred P., of a son, at Luton, Beds, 2nd May.
 Whalley, Mrs. G. Hammond, of a dau., at Kensington, 15th May.
 Whyte, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. James Whyte, of a son, at Rochester, 25th April.
 Wight, Mrs., the wife of Robert Wight, Esq., M.D., E. I. C. S., of a dau., 29th April.
 Wilmer, Mrs., the wife of Captain Wilmer, 14th Light Dragoons, of a dau., 22nd April.
 Withcombe, Mrs., the wife of Dr. Withcombe, Bengal Army, of a son, 23rd April.
 Wollaston, Mrs., the wife of the Rev. Charles B. Wollaston, of a dau., 3rd May.
 Wylde, Mrs., the wife of W. H. Wylde, Esq. of the Foreign Office, of a son, 28th April.
 Wylie, Mrs. A. H., of a son, at Edinburgh, 18th May.

Marrriages.

- Abrey, Thomas Shaw Heliier, Esq., of Springfield, Essex, to Caroline Eliza, dau. of the late Edward Shafto, Esq., of the city of Durham, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert Shafto, of Bavington Hall, in the county of Northumberland, 12th May.
- Allen, James Pearce, second son of W. H. Allen, Esq., of 50, Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, and Sevenoaks, Kent, to Mary Anne Fanny, eldest daughter of Henry Butterworth, Esq., of Upper Tooting, Surrey, 12th May.
- Ambrose, Thomas Henry, Esq., of Manchester-square, and Copford, Essex, to Emma Fosbury Ann, eldest daughter of the late Charles Thomas Hitchcock, Esq., of Albemarle-street and Fulham, 29th April.
- Armit, Louis J. A., of the Royal Engineers, eldest son of John Lees Armit, Esq. of Ashe-lodge, Surrey, to Bessie, daughter of the late Major-General Bredia, of the Royal Artillery, 5th May.
- Armstrong, George Charles, Esq., M.D. son of Owen Armstrong, Esq., of Great Charles-street, Dublin, to Emma Mary, fourth daughter of Robert Hand, Esq., of Great Cumberland-place, and Richmond, Surrey, at Calcutta, 19th March.
- Atkinson, Thomas Lewis, Esq., of 35, Mornington-crescent, Hampstead-road, eldest son of Lieut. Atkinson, R.N., of Weymouth, to Catherine, daughter of the late Edward Stewart Cameron, Esq., 20th May.
- Austen, Algernon Stewart, Esq., R.N., First Lieut. of H.M.S. Carysfort, third son of Sir Henry Austen of Shalford-house, Guildford, to Louise Ellen, eldest dau. of Frederic William Schwager, Esq., of the said place, at Valparaiso, 28th Jan.
- Basset, George, Esq., of Gloucester-road, Regent's park, to Catherine Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Mole, Esq., of Brighton, 20th May.
- Baxter, Robert, Esq., of Michael's-place, Brompton, to Maria, widow of the late John Eaton, Esq. of Wolsingham-place, Lambeth, 9th May.
- Bennett, George, Esq., M.D., F.L.S., to Charlotte James, second daughter of James Elliott, Esq., late of Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, at Sydney, N. S. W. 10th Dec. last.
- Boodle, Edward, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Barrie, K.C.B. and K.H., of Swarthdale, Lancashire, 18th May.
- Brittan, John, Esq., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Peter Duacan, Esq., Upper Clapton, 8th May.
- Broxholm, Frederick G., Esq., of Barnsbury-road, surgeon, to Catherine, daughter of G. Allen, Esq. of Smarsden, Kent, 8th May.
- Bullock, Rev. Thomas Harrison, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. John Walker, rector of Cottesd, 28th April.
- Burton, John Moulden, Esq., eldest son of Captain George G. Burton, R.N., to Mary, youngest dau. of John Sutton, Esq., of Greenwich, 18th May.
- Butler, Samuel, Esq., of Kandy, to Eliza olman, second daughter of Thomas Simpson, Esq., of Lonsdale-square, Hackney, at Colombo, 24th March.
- Cautley, Rev. George Spencer, rector of Castle Ashby, Northamptonshire, to Mary, eldest dau. of the late Thomas Phillips, Esq., R.A., 6th May.
- Clifford, John, Esq., of Aban-court, Cheltenham, to T. Maria, relict of the late T. Buckle, Esq., of the Wyelands, Monmouthshire, and co-heiress of the late Thomas Williams, Esq., of Tidenham house, Gloucestershire, 19th May.
- Conder, Rev. G., of Ryde, to Maria, third daughter of James Swallow, Esq., of Maidenhead, 11th May.
- Cookson, James, Esq., of Neasham-hall, Durham, to Sybella Frances, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Tyndall, Esq. of the Fort, Bristol, 4th May.
- Craigie, Ernest John, eldest son of the late Colonel Craigie of the Bengal Army, to Mary Jane Frederica, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hatch, vicar of Walton-on Thames, Surrey, 6th May.

- Cumberland, Charles, Esq., late of Minas Geraes, Brazil, only son of John Cumberland, Esq., of Roselands, Enfield, Middlesex, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Jeremiah Garnett, Esq., of Mount Broughton, Manchester, 6th May.
- Currey, James E., M.D., late of the 23rd Fusiliers, to Anna Maria Fenton, widow of the late John Fenton, Esq., of Hampstead, and youngest dau. of the late Hon. Captain King, of the Scots Greys, 17th May.
- Davies, Rev. T. Z., of Bala, North Wales, to Emma, youngest dau. of the late John Cowell, Esq., of Bygrave, Herts, 5th May.
- Davison, Flora Frances Rebecca, eldest daughter of Major-General Davison, of the county of Northumberland, to the Vicomte Henri de Milhau, of the Chateau de la Baubéne, Toulouse, Haute Garonne, France, 11th May.
- Dowding, William, younger son of John Dowding, Esq., of Loughern-house, Martley, Worcestershire, and of Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham, to Ann, third dau. of the late Joseph Stephens, Esq., of Dilwyn, 27th April.
- Duff, Captain R. G., 12th Regiment, third son of Garden Duff, Esq., of Hatton Castle, Aberdeenshire, to Mary, only daughter of W. B. Astley, Esq., of Wellington-lodge, Isle of Wight, 12th May.
- Fearon, Paul J., Esq., of London, to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. P. Malleon, 30th April.
- Finley, Rev. John, M.A., vicar of Studley, Warwickshire, and chaplain to the Earl of Gainsborough, to Maria, youngest daughter of Stephen Wilson, Esq., of Streatham, Surrey, and of Bexhill, Sussex, 29th April.
- Ford, John Randle, late Captain in Her Majesty's 95th Regiment, eldest son of Captain Ford, of Landsdown-place, Bath, to Elizabeth Frances, only daughter of the late John Browne, Esq., and niece of William Smith, Esq., of Landsdown crescent, Bath, and Wyvot's-court, Swallowfield, Wilts, 12th May.
- Foster, Vesey Leslie, Esq., of Bathescar, co. Louth, and of Moyvane, co. Kerry, to Sarah Anne, only child of the late Henry Quilter, Esq., of Monken Hadley, Middlesex, 29th April.
- Frankum, Henry Holden, Esq., of Sussex-place, New Kensington, to Maria Mary, eldest surviving daughter of the late William Osmond, Esq., of Piccadilly, 20th May.
- Freer, John, third son of William Henry Freer, Esq., of Stourbridge, to Augusta Priscilla, dau. of the late Charles Henry Raymond, Esq., of the Spa, Gloucester, 13th May.
- Fulton, Hamilton H., Esq., of Onslow-square, to Agnes, youngest daughter of Robert Squarey, Esq., of Coombe, Salisbury, 20th May.
- Glazebrook, Henry, third son of Thomas Kirkland Glazebrook, Esq., of Egremont, co. Chester, to Amelia, second dau. of Thomas Forbes Walmisley, Esq., of Westminster, 23rd April.
- Gordon, Rev. Robert Augustus, rector of Avington, Berks, to Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of the late Philip Yorke Lindsay, Esq., and grand-dau. of the late Bishop of Kildare, 29th April.
- Gwynne, Captain Alban, eldest son of Colonel Gwynne, Monachty, co. Cardiganshire, to Jane Crawshaw, daughter of Crawshaw Bailey, Esq., of Nant-y-Glo, Monmouthshire, 11th May.
- Gyll, Sir Robert, late of the 15th Hussars, and Lieutenant of the Yeoman Guard, son of the late William Gyll, Esq., Captain of the 2nd Life Guards, and of Wyardisbury-house, Bucks, to Jane Pryce, youngest daughter of Sir John Pinborne, of Ringwood-park, Isle of Wight, and widow of Henry Botfield, only son of Sir Edward Thomason, of Bath, 21st April.
- Haynes, Henry Horatio, Esq., Consul of the Republic of Venezuela, and of Her Most Faithful Majesty, son of Richard Haynes, Esq., ex-mayor and merchant of Demerara, to Ellen Green, eldest daughter of the late John Evans, Esq., surgeon, of Brixton, Surrey, at Demerara, 25th March.
- Haynes, Robert, eldest son of Richard Haynes, of Ashley-villa, Clifton, and New Castle, Barbadoes, Esq., to Emily Anne, eldest daughter of Major Maris, of Clifton, 6th May.
- Hill, Lord George A., of Ballyare-house, county of Donegal, to Louisa, fourth daughter of Edward Knight, Esq., of Godmersham-park, at Wandsbeck, in Denmark, 11th May.
- Hugman, William Curtis, Esq., of 19, Great Ormond-street, to Elizabeth, second daughter of William Binns Wood, Esq., of Bloomsbury-square, and Teddington, Middlesex, 20th May.
- Innes, Rev. John, vicar of Downe, to Eliza Mary, daughter of the late John Laidlaw, Esq., President of Council in the Island of Dominica, 27th April.
- Jones, John, Esq., only surviving son of the Rev. John Jones, of Langstone Court, Herefordshire, and Llannargo, Monmouthshire, to Emily Edith, eldest dau. of Thomas Oakley, Esq., of Lydart House, Monmouthshire, 5th May.
- Langton, Herbert Charles, Esq., of Grove-street, Liverpool, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Mr. George Henry Howell, of the same town, 5th May.
- Lee, George Leslie, Esq., to Eliza Anne, only dau. of G. A. Brown, Esq., 19th May.
- Luard, Rev. Thomas Garnham second son of William Wright Luard, Esq., of Witham-lodge, to Jane Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Inglis, Esq., of Norwood, Surrey, 19th May.
- Mackenzie, James, Esq., son of Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, Bart., of Coul, Ross-shire, N.B., to Philadelphia, youngest daughter of the late Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart., of Lullingstone Castle, in the county of Kent, 11th May.
- Maskew, John, Esq., of Fenny Stratford, Bucks, to Julia Caroline, youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral Ratsey, 18th May.
- Maxwell, Robert Warwick, of Croyland, in the county of Lincoln, youngest son of the late George Maxwell, of the same place, to Emma, eldest dau. of William Boards, of Nightingale-hall, Edmonton, 5th May.
- Meikle, George, Esq., of Montague-street, Russell-square to Mary, daughter of the late Rev. J. T. Langhorne, vicar of Harmondsworth and Drayton, Middlesex, 19th May.
- Montgomery, Thomas Alexander, second son of Captain T. Montgomery, R.N., to Elizabeth Beaumont, youngest daughter of William James, Esq., of Kentish-town, 1st May.
- Morgan, John, Esq., of Liverpool, second son of William Morgan, Esq., of Hill-house, near Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, to Elizabeth Phillips, only dau. of Michael Grazebrook, Esq., of Audnam, near Storebridge, 29th April.
- Moss, Thomas, eldest son of John Moss, Esq., of Otterspool, in the county of Lancaster, to Amy Charlotte Edwards, only child of Richard Edwards, Esq., of Roby-hall, in the same county, 18th May.
- Parker, John Oxley, Esq., of Woodham, Mortimer-place, Essex, to Louisa, eldest dau., of Richard Durant, Esq., of Putney-hill, and Sharpham, Devon, 18th May.
- Pilcher, John Dendy, eldest son of Jeremiah Pilcher, Esq., of 46, Russell-square, to Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry Harman Young, Esq., of Buntingford, Herts, formerly of her Majesty's 31st Regiment of Foot, 18th May.
- Portugal, the Chevalier d'Almeida, Lieut. of His Imperial Brazilian Majesty's frigate Constitution, son of the late General D. Laurenc d'Almeida Portugal, to Ellen Cordelia, youngest daughter of William Edye, Esq., of Her Majesty's Dock-yard, Devonport, 14th April.
- Potter, Peter, Esq., of Gorway-house, in the county of Stafford, to Sarah, second daughter of William Newall, Esq., of the Limes, Old Trafford, near Manchester, 12th May.
- Powell, Thomas, son of the late Samuel Powell, Esq., of Brandesholme-hall, Lancashire, to Isabella, youngest dau. of John Douglas Cooper, Esq., of

- Holme cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, 11th May.
- Pretty, John Rowilson, Esq., only son of William Pretty, Esq., of Mornington-road, to Jane Napier, widow of the late C. J. Udry, of the Bengal Civil Service, and niece of Sir Richard Kellett, Bart.
- Prior, James, Esq., Deputy Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, to Caroline, relict of the late C. H. Watson, Esq., 20th May.
- Pycroft, James Wallis, Esq., F.S.A., of New-inn, to Cordelia Sarah Halford, youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Ellis, incumbent of Thames Ditton, Surrey, 19th April.
- Reid, Rawson H. B. Esq., to Carlotta, youngest daughter of G. D. Walsh, Esq., 1st May.
- Richardson, James, Esq., of Regent's-park-terrace, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late John Nichol, Esq., and niece of Sir John Pirie, Bart., of Champion-hill, 23th April.
- Roberton, C. Esq., of Rotherham, to Mary Jane, second daughter of C. W. Cope, Esq., Spark-hill, Worcestershire, 4th May.
- Salisbury, the Marquis of, to the Lady Mary Catherine Sackville West, second daughter of the Earl and Countess Delawarr, 29th April.
- Sanders, Captain J. P., I.N., to Joanna Hathorn Stewart, second daughter of John McCulloch Esq., of Barholm, Kircudbrightshire, 28th April.
- Schreiber, Fredk. Wm. eldest son of W. F. Schreiber, Esq., of the Roundwood, near Ipswich, to Matilda Robertina, only child of the late Robert Houghton, Esq., of Conduit-street, Hanover-square, and stepdaughter of the Rev. T. G. Ferrand, rector of Tunstall, 16th May.
- Silverlock, John, second son of Henry Silverlock, Esq., of Chichester, to Sarah Lydia, only daughter of James Moul, Esq., of Upper Clapton, 11th May.
- Smith, Archibald, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire, to Jeannett, youngest dau. of the late William Blackwood, Esq., publisher, 29th April.
- Smith, Rev., J. Finch, M.A., of St. Mary Church, near Torquay, Devonshire, eldest son of the Rev. Jeremiah Smith, D.D., vicar of Great Wilbraham, Cambridgeshire, and late High Master of Manchester School, to Elizabeth Anne, only daughter of Clement Ingleby, Esq., of Cannon-hill, Moseley, Worcestershire, 6th May.
- Smyth, G. Esq., of Southmolton, Devon, to Elizabeth Anne, youngest daughter of Captain John George Cox, late of the 11th Regiment, 11th May.
- Spankie, Robert, Esq., of the Bengal C. S., to Mary Stewart Blakeley, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Down, 28th April.
- Steele Robert Peter, third son of the late Henry Steele, Esq., of Stoke Ferrey, to Frances Mary, second daughter of Benjamin Francis, Esq., of Heloughton, Norfolk, 4th May.
- Steuart, Andrew, Esq., of Auchlunkart, to Elizabeth Georgina Graham, third daughter of Thomas Gordon, Esq., of Park-house, Banffshire, 11th May.
- Thomas, John, third son of the late Rev. Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., of Bodiham, Sussex, to Katherine Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Captain Edmond C. Bacon, R.N., nephew of the late Sir E. Bacon, Bart., 22nd April.
- Thompson, George Edward, Esq., of Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk, to Eliza, youngest daughter of James Hardy Nunn, Esq., of Nether-hall, Bradford, 16th May.
- Thompson, John, Esq., of Tamworth, to Mary Magdalene, daughter of William Hanbury, Esq., of Moreton-house, Staffordshire, 19th May.
- Tilt, Edward John, Esq., M.D., of No. 10., Norfolk-street, Park-lane, London, to Dorothy Emma, daughter of the late J. G. Sparrow, Esq., of Gosfield place, Essex, 27th April.
- Uppleby, L. Esq., of Wootton-house, Lincolnshire, to Eliza Roberta, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Barrie, K.C.B. and K.C.H., of Swarthdale, Lancashire, 18th May.
- Van Ufford, the Hon. Joan Quarles, of the Hague, to Ann Amelia, eldest daughter of William Dennison, Knt., Netherlands Lion, 4th May.
- Warne, Charles, Esq., of Milbourne St. Andrew's Dorset, to Anne, daughter of the late John Holland, Esq., of Clapham-common, Surrey, 15th May.
- Weedon, Richard Warren, eldest son of Thomas Weedon, Esq., of Loudwater, Herts, to Elizabeth Burne, youngest daughter of George Clavering Redman, Esq., of the East India-road, and St. Peter's Kent, 22nd April.
- Whateley, George, eldest son of George Norfolk Whateley, Esq., of Cork, to Caroline Lee, youngest daughter of the late James Gay, Esq., of Champion-hill, Surrey, and Gimmingham, Norfolk, 12th May.
- White, Charles, Esq., of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, to Agnes Mary, daughter of G. S. Bruce, Esq., of Connaught-square, 13th May.
- Wilson, Robert Francis, son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., formerly M.P. for the city of London, to Maria, daughter of the Rev. Frederick S. Trench and Lady Helena Trench, of Kilmorony, 6th May.
- Wilson Henry Walter, of the Inner Temple, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Kate Foster, only daughter of the late Captain John Filmore, R.N., 27th April.
- Wyatt, the Rev. C. F. rector of Broughton, Oxfordshire, to Maria Frederica, youngest daughter of the late William Walford, Esq., of Banbury, 29th April.
- Wynyard, Captain Henry Buckley Jenner, third son of the Rev. Montagu John Wynyard, rector of West Rownton, Yorkshire, to Ann, youngest daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Townley, vicar of Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, 18th May.
- Yorke, Henry, third son of Charles Frederick Yorke, of Peterborough, Esq., to Harriet, third daughter of the Rev. Francis Dollman, incumbent of St. Mark's, 18th May.
- Ziegler, Captain Franz Ludwig, 16th Prussian Imperial Infantry, to Miss Jane Williams, of Dunkirk, in France, 12th May.

Annotated Obituary.

Adeane, Henry John, Esq. formerly M.P. for Cambridgeshire, at Babraham, county Cambridge, 11th May. This gentleman, only son of the late Robert Jones Adeane, Esq. of Babraham, by Annabella, his wife, dau. of Sir Patrick Blake, Bart. of Langham Hall, county Suffolk; and grandson of Gen. J. W. Adeane, M.P. by Anne, his wife, only child and heir of Robert Jones, Esq. of Babraham, was born 18th June, 1789, and married twice: by his first wife he had no child, but by his second, Matilda Abigail, daughter of Lord Stanley, of Alderley, he leaves a numerous family.

Aikman, Lieut. Charles Robinson, 41st Regt. Bengal Infantry, fifth son of the late Capt. George Robertson Aikman, of Ross and Broomelton, Lanarkshire, North Britain, of paralysis, at Agra, in the East Indies, on his way to England, in the 21st year of his age, 13th March.

Alexander, Emily, the youngest daughter of the late Right Rev. Dr. Alexander, Bishop of the Anglican Church in Jerusalem, at Greysot-house, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, 27th April.

Anderson, John, Esq. of Belle-Vue, Coupar Angus, county Perth, 10th May.

Ashbrook, Henry Jeffrey, Viscount, suddenly at his seat, Beaumont Lodge, Old Windsor, 4th May. His Lordship, the only surviving son of William, second Viscount Ashbrook, was born 16th November, 1776, and succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his elder brother, in 1802. In the reign of William IV. he held office as one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and had the honour of being selected to sit at the head of the coffin, while the remains of the Monarch were lying in state at Windsor Castle. He married, first, 26th May, 1802, Deborah Susannah, only daughter and heir of the late Rev. Wm. Maximilian Freind, and grand-daughter and heiress of Thomas Walker, Esq. of Woodstock. By this lady (who died 25th April, 1810) he had one son, Henry, now Lord Ashbrook, who assumed, by sign manual, in 1827, the surname and arms of Walker; and two daughters, Susan Sophia, married, first, to the Rev. Wm. Robinson, and secondly to W. Wilson Campbell, Esq.; and Caroline, married to Henry Every, Esq. of Eggington House, county Derby. His Lordship's second wife was Emily Theophila, eldest dau. of Sir Thomas Metcalf, Bart. and by her

he has left one surviving daughter, Charlotte Augusta, Duchess of Marlborough. The family of Flore, or Flower, formerly seated at Oakham, county Rutland, represented that shire in Parliament, *temp.* Richard II. in the person of Roger Flower, who was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. The Irish branch was founded by Sir George Flower, a military officer, distinguished in Queen Elizabeth's wars; and it still enjoys considerable property in the county Kilkenny, granted to that eminent soldier. Beaumont Lodge, where the deceased Peer expired, was formerly the residence of Warren Hastings.

Argyll, (John Douglas Ed. Henry Campbell), Duke of, at Inverary Castle, 26th April. His Grace was born in 1777. In early life he entered the army, and served under the Duke of York and Sir Ralph Abercromby, in Holland. He afterwards represented the county of Argyll for more than twenty years, as Baron Sundridge. He retired from Parliament about the year 1821, and chiefly resided at Ardenapell Castle, his seat in Dunbartonshire, till his accession to the title, on the death of his brother, the sixth Duke, in 1839. His other titles were, Marquis of Lorn and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, Lord of Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tiry, in the Peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge, of the Comb Bank, county Kent, and Lord Hamilton, in the Peerage of England. His offices were, Hereditary Master of the Queen's Household, and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, Admiral of the Western Isles, Keeper of Dunoon Castle, and of Dunstaffnage and Carrick, one of her Majesty's State Councillors for Scotland, and Lord-Lieutenant and Hereditary Sheriff of the county of Argyll. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and Knight of the Thistle. He married first, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Campbell, Esq. of Fairfield, but had no issue by that lady, who died in the year 1818. The Duke married secondly, 17th April, 1820, Joan, only daughter of John Glusell, Esq. by whom (who died in 1828) he had two sons and a daughter. His Grace is succeeded in his estates and honours by his only surviving son, George, Marquis of Lorn, who married, in 1833, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland,

Austria, The Archduke Charles of, at Vienna.

30th April. The Archduke Charles was born the 5th Sept. 1771. Carried away by a decided vocation for the profession of arms, the Archduke Charles, in 1793, at the early age of twenty-two years, was entrusted with the command of the vanguard of the Prince of Coburg. In this campaign and of the following year he distinguished himself by services so brilliant, that in 1795, he was appointed to the command of the Austrian army then operating on the Rhine. As Commander-in-Chief he had the honour of vanquishing Jourdan, and compelling General Moreau to make that famous retreat which forms perhaps the most brilliant episode in his military career. At the same time, whilst the Archduke was obtaining such signal triumphs on the banks of the Rhine, the Imperial armies were destroyed in Italy by General Buonaparte, who was then carrying on his first campaign in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief. Summoned to Italy in order to repair the disasters of the Austrian Generals, the Archduke found nothing but disorganised remains. He struggled, however, with firmness and fortitude; and if he was compelled to retrograde as far as the plains of Campo-Formio, he nevertheless gave evidence, in the course of this campaign, of talents that gained him the esteem of Napoleon. After the rupture of the peace of Campo Formio, the Archduke Charles was at once called to take the command of the Austrian army on the banks of the Rhine. He then took part in the operations of the Russian armies which were destroyed in Switzerland by Massena. The Russians afterwards accused him as the cause of their reverse; and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, seconded in Vienna by a party which already dreaded his glory and popularity, were not long in avenging him. After the battle of Hohenlinden, when the victorious armies of France no longer saw any obstacle before them, and were preparing to invade the territories of Austria, the Court of Vienna was too happy to recall the disgraced Archduke to active service. On the conclusion of the peace of Luneville, in 1801, the Archduke Charles became Minister of War, and displayed, in this new capacity, an activity and talents which restored to Austria a finer army, perhaps, than any she had ever before possessed. In 1805, she thought herself in a position to resume hostilities against France; the third coalition was formed, and the Archduke, at first despatched to Italy, was soon recalled thence after the fatal battle of Austerlitz. After the peace of Presburg, being charged once more with the re-

organization of the armies of Austria, he opposed to the utmost of his power, but unfortunately without success, the resumption of arms which drew down upon Austria the dreadful disaster of Wagram. It was he who commanded the Imperial army in that memorable campaign, and it was the last act of his military career. The Archduke Charles quitted active service in 1809, and after that period always lived in a retirement which was incessantly embellished and animated by glory, popularity, and study. The Archduke Charles is the author of several works on the art of war, which are highly esteemed by all competent judges. Married to a Princess of Nassau, the Archduke Charles has left four sons, of whom one, the Archduke Frederick, is a Captain in the Austrian navy, and two daughters, the elder of whom is now Queen of the two Sicilies. Bagot, Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Walter Bagot, rector of Blithfield and Leigh, co. Stafford, 29th April.

Baynes, Walter G. Esq. second son of the late Sir Christopher Baynes, Bart. and formerly a Captain in the Coldstream Guards, at Rome.

Beaty, Mary, wife of Commodore Beaty, 20th April.

Bell, Col. G. B. of the Bengal army, 24th April.

Benne, Mary Anne, wife of Major Lewis Benne, K.H. and B.H.L. 16th April.

Besborough, The Earl of, 16th May. John William Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough, Viscount Duncannon, and Baron Besborough in the Irish Peerage, Baron Ponsonby of Sysonby in that of Great Britain, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Vice Admiral of Munster, was the eldest son of Frederick, third Earl of Besborough, by his wife, Henrietta, second daughter of John, first Earl Spencer; he was born 31st August, 1781. The scion of an ancient and eminent Whig family, this son of the house of Besborough soon made himself known as a forward supporter of his order. He was first elected to Parliament in 1805, and took a leading part in the Whig politics of the Lower House, until his elevation to an English Peerage, as Baron Duncannon, by creation in 1834. In that year also, his Lordship was Secretary of State for the Home Department. He has since been Lord Privy Seal, and Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, and, on the recent accession of his party to office, his Lordship was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and enjoyed in that high office universal and deserved popularity. He had previously succeeded as fourth Earl of Besborough, on the demise of his father, in February, 1844. His Excellency

- was married on the 16th Nov. 1805, to Maria, third daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, by whom (who died the 19th March, 1834) he leaves seven sons and five daughters; his eldest son, John George Viscount Duncannon, M.P. is now consequently fifth Earl of Besborough. The death of his Excellency occurred on the night of the 16th inst. at eleven o'clock, at the Castle of Dublin. About half an hour previously, his Excellency took a last and affectionate farewell to the several members of his family, and was perfectly conscious up to the moment of his decease. His Excellency was in his 66th year. The *Freeman's Journal*, the great organ of the liberal and Catholic party in Ireland, thus observes on Lord Besborough's death:—"The public have been in some degree prepared for this sad event, all hope of his Excellency's recovery having been long since abandoned; yet there are few who have watched the political career of the lamented nobleman, or who are acquainted with his untiring efforts to alleviate the sufferings of our people, during the critical period for which he occupied the office of Viceroy, who will not feel the blow which has fallen upon us, with as much poignancy as if it had come unexpectedly." The *Morning Post* thus speaks of the lamented nobleman—"Though his Excellency was in politics a decided Reformer, if not something more, his policy as Viceroy of Ireland generally met with the approbation of the Conservative party. He was a temperate politician, a warm friend, a kind and affectionate father, and, in every respect, an excellent man—a philanthropist in the true sense of the term."
- Blower, Joseph, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 13th May.
- Bond, Alethea Duke, wife of Major Edward Bond, of Her Majesty's 39th Regt. at sea, on board the *Gloriana*, on the homeward voyage from Calcutta, aged 28 years; and four days afterwards, their infant daughter, aged 24 days, 18th February.
- Borton, The Rev. John Drew, at Blofield Rectory, Ipswich, 9th May.
- Boyes, Benjamin, Esq. at Longford Place, St. John's Wood, aged 66, 12th May.
- Browne, Edwin Sullivan, youngest son of the late Lieut. John Morphey Browne, 1st European Regiment, H.C.S. 10th May.
- Butler, Rev. Robert, vicar of St. John's, Kilkenny, 13th May.
- Capel, Frederick, youngest son of James Capel, Esq., of Fitzroy-square, at the Cape of Good Hope, in February.
- Chance, Mary Anne, eldest surviving dau. of R. L. Chance, Esq., of Summerfield-house, 1st May.
- Chapple, Mrs. Charles, of Brook-house, Cheshunt, Herts, 23rd April.
- Chichester, Sophia Catherine, relict of Col. J. B. P. Chichester, of Arlington, Devon, and sister of the late Sir Francis Ford, Bart., at Syndale Park, Kent, 29th April.
- Coster, Martha Eliza, the wife of Lieut. Coster, 14th Light Dragoons, and youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Boyè, of Exmouth, at the Cape of Good Hope, on board the *Gloriana*, in the 23rd year of her age, 17th March.
- Cowell, Amelia, Ramsay, wife of William Cowell, Esq., late Bengal Civil Service, 9th May.
- Cowley, Henry, Lord, G. C. B. at Paris, on the 27th April. He was youngest brother of the Duke of Wellington, being fifth son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Arthur, Viscount Dungannon. At the period of his decease, he had completed his 74th year. His official career commenced in the Foreign Office where he remained, as a precis-writer, nearly two years. In 1797, he accompanied the Embassy of Lord Malmesbury to Lille, and, within a few months after, went to India in the capacity of Private Secretary to his brother, the Governor General, being nominated, within a brief period, one of the Commissioners in Mysore. He subsequently rendered important service to his country as Lieutenant Governor of the Provinces of Oude; but our limits prevent the possibility of following the details of his Eastern career. On his return to England, he obtained a seat in Parliament for the borough of Eye, and was nominated one of the Secretaries to the Treasury. Soon after, his diplomatic abilities first found employment in Europe. In 1809, he became British Envoy at the Court of Madrid, and for a lengthened period—the most eventful in the annals of Spain—distinguished himself by the exercise of consummate skill, and the achievement of greater diplomatic triumphs than could be supplied from a chapter of equal extent in the life of almost any British Envoy of the nineteenth century. In 1823, Sir Henry Wellesley arrived at Vienna, as Ambassador to the Emperor of Austria, and remained there until 1828, when he was created Baron Cowley of Wellesley, county Somerset. In 1841, he succeeded Lord Granville at the Court of the Tuilleries; and at length ended his diplomatic services, on the retirement of his party, in 1846. Lord Cowley married first, in 1803, Lady Charlotte Cadogan, daughter of Charles, Earl Cadogan, and by that lady (whom he was divorced

- from in 1810, and who married secondly the Marquis of Anglesey) he has left three sons—the eldest Henry Richard, now Lord Cowley—and one daughter, married to Lord Robert Grosvenor. His second wife was Lady Georgiana Charlotte Augusta Cecil, daughter of James, first Marquis of Salisbury, and by her he has one daughter.
- Croasdaile, Capt. H. G. S., of the 10th Reg. of the Madras N. I., only son of the late Henry Croasdaile, Esq., of Hargrave-lodge, Stansted, Essex, at Egham, near Norwich, on the 15th May.
- Curtis, Thomas, Esq., of Stratford Grove, Essex, 25th April.
- Dobson, Admiral Man, of North Kilworth, co. Leicester, aged 92, 27th April.
- Eagle, Thomas, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Eagle, Esq. of Allesley, co. Warwick, at Bloxham, near Bambury.
- East, Edmund, Esq. of Hoo-hall, Revenhall, Essex, 7th May.
- Easton, Mary Elizabeth, wife of Abel Easton, Esq. of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, and eldest daughter of James Pymmer, Esq. of Pelham-house, Great Canford, Dorset, 6th May.
- Elstob, Thomas Marsh, Esq. R.N., 15th May.
- Escott, Rebecca Ives, wife of Robt. K. Escott, Esq. of Ongarhill-house, Surrey, 4th May.
- Everitt, Henry Yarburgh, of Brighton, 7th May.
- Fane, the Hon. Mrs., at Wimpole-street, 21st April.
- Fraser, Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of Col. Fraser, 29th April.
- Fyers, Major-Genl. Thomas, R. Eng., aged 65, 11th May.
- Geldart, John, eldest son of Joseph Geldart, Esq. of Norwich, 28th April.
- Gordon, Lady Alicia, 24th April.
- Gould, Admiral Sir Davidge, G.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, at his residence, Hawkhead, Herts, in the 90th year of his age, 23rd April. Sir Davidge was the son of Rd. Gould, Esq. of Wells, Somersetshire, and nephew of Sir Henry Gould, a Justice of the Common Pleas. He was born in 1758, and entered the Navy early in life. His career has been a glorious one. The name of Davidge Gould is connected with the memorable actions of Lord Rodney and Lord Howe, and with the battle of the Nile. The Grand Cross of the Bath, the Medal of the Nile, and a good-service pension of £300 per annum, marked publicly the estimation of his worth. Sir Davidge Gould rose to the rank of Admiral of the Red in 1825. He was also Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom. Sir Davidge married, in 1803, Harriet, eldest dau. of the late Rev. William Willes, Archdeacon of Wells, by whom, who survives him, he leaves no issue.
- Griffiths, George Henry, eldest son of Capt. F. A. Griffiths, R. Art., 20th May.
- Hamilton, Mrs. William R., at Bulton-row, aged 67, 6th May.
- Hand, Letitia, wife of William Hand, Esq. of Hinton Manor-house, Sterminster Newton, Dorset, 27th April.
- Harris, Henry George, Esq., at Kensington, aged 56, 3rd May.
- Harnege, George Frederick, Esq., late a Capt., 18th Lt. Drag., 18th April.
- Heavyside, Richard, Esq. late of 15, Brunswick-square, Brighton, a magistrate for the county of Sussex, and formerly a captain in the King's Dragoon Guards, at Bath, in the 53rd year of his age, on the 7th May.
- Hibbert, Charles Richard, second son of the late William Hibbert, Esq. of Hare-hill, Cheshire, and Clapham Common, Surrey, 30th April.
- Hill, William, Esq. at his seat Donnebrook, county of Cork, aged 69, 27th April. This gentleman was descended from a Staffordshire family, seated at Featherstone, Littlepipe, and Shestone Castle in that shire, but now only to be found in Ireland. In 1643, William Hill, captain, of cavalry in the Parliamentary Army, repaired to Ireland and took part in the campaigns of the Protector CROMWELL. From him the late Mr. Hill descended, in the fifth remove. Through his mother, who had been Miss Helen Nagle of Ballyduffe, Mr. Hill was nearly allied to the statesman EDMUND BURKE; and some pleasant seasons of early life, to which he loved to refer, were spent in that great man's society at Beaconsfield. Mr. Hill was kind and charitable to the poor, courteous and friendly to all around him; and the vacancy of his loss will long be felt by many a sorrowing friend in all classes.
- Hinds, Samuel Maxwell, Esq., for several years Speaker of the House of Assembly, Barbadoes, at Raby-place, Bath, aged 52, on the 19th May.
- Hird, Rev. Lewis Piyaters, only surviving son of the late Joshua Hird, D.D., and son-in-law of Col. Peter Hawker, at Pennington Parsonage, after only two days' illness, on the 18th May.
- Jackson, Mrs. Eliza, at York-Street, 12th May.
- Jesse, Thomas Esq. at Castle hill house, Reading, 7th April.
- Johnson, Ellen Octavia, only daughter of William Johnson, Esq. and granddaugh of the late Hon. Judge Johnson, at her father's house in Cheltenham, in her 20th year, 9th May.
- Jones, Louisa Dacres, wife of Col. James Jones, K.H. 19th May.
- Jones, James I. Esq., of fever, at his house in South Mall, Cork, 15th May.

Jones, The Rev. Edmund, rector of Mischeldean &c. 3rd May.

Joplin, Thomas, Esq. well known for his introduction of joint-stock banking into England, and his numerous works on banking and the currency, suddenly at Bohmischdorf in Austrian Silesia, 12th April.

Kay, John, Esq. formerly E.I.C.S. St. Helena, 9th May.

Kenrick, Mrs. W. C. at the Holt, Oakingham, Berks, 24th April.

Kerrison, Dr. Robert Masters, Upper Brook Street, 28th April.

King, Mary, wife of Charles King, Esq. of Broomfield Place, Essex, 16th May.

Kynaston, Roger, Esq. aged 71, 13th May.

Lamb, Mary Anne, sister of the late Charles Lamb, author of the *Essays of Elia*, 20th May.

Lawrence, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Lawrence, Esq. of Hampstead, 2nd May.

Lewis, Col. of St. Pierre, co. Monmouth, aged 67. This gentleman, the representative of one of the oldest families in the county, possessed the beautiful estate of St. Pierre, near Chepstow, and was Lieut.-Col. of the Monmouthshire Militia.

Littledale, Thomas, Esq. at Highfield house, near Liverpool, 27th April. Mr. Littledale was the head of the widespread family of Littledale. He married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Molyneux, Esq. and has left two sons, and a daughter.

Long, Walter, jun. eldest son of Walter Long, Esq. M.P. of Rood Ashton, Wilts, at Rome, 17th April.

Lovewell, John, Esq. formerly Captain 7th Dragoon Guards, aged 61, May 16th.

Lurgan, the Right Hon. Lord, 30th April. The death of this distinguished Nobleman is deeply felt in his unhappy country. A Christian in the highest acceptation of the term, a kind and considerate landlord, the munificent patron of every institution having for its object the good and happiness of his fellow men, his Lordship could ill be spared at the present moment of national suffering. His whole life was one of usefulness. Under his auspices, Lurgan rose to be the important and flourishing town it now is, and to his devoted zeal and unbounded liberality, it is chiefly owing that the Province of Ulster possesses the establishment for the education of the Deaf, the Dumb, and the Blind, the most valuable of all the public charities which so creditably distinguish the north of Ireland. At the outset of his political career, the deceased Nobleman belonged to the Ultra-Tory party; but, during the agitation on Catholic Emancipation, he became a convert to religious tolerance, and thenceforward adopted moderate Whig principles. By

Lord Melbourne's Administration, he was raised in 1839 to the Peerage, as Baron Lurgan. The family from which his Lordship derived was established in Ireland by Sir William Brownlow, Knt., a native of Derbyshire, who received, in 1629, a patent and grant of lands in the county of Armagh, in which he was succeeded at his decease, by his grandson, Arthur Chamberlain, Esq. who assumed the surname and arms of Brownlow. The latter's grandson, the Right Hon. William Brownlow, of Lurgan, represented the county of Armagh in Parliament, and was long one of the leading Commoners of the Sister Kingdom. By Judith Letitia, his first wife, daughter of Dean Meredyth, he was father of Lieut.-Col. Charles Brownlow, of Lurgan, who married Caroline, daughter and coheir of Benjamin Ashe, Esq. of Bath; and left at his decease in 1822, a son and successor, the noble Lord whose death it is our painful duty to record. That melancholy event—the effect of an attack of typhus fever—took place on the 30th Apr. at Brownlow House. His Lordship had just completed his 52nd year. He married, first, in 1822, Mary, daughter of John, fourth Earl of Darnley, but that Lady died in the following year, leaving an only child, Mary Elizabeth. His Lordship's second wife was Jane, daughter of Roderick Macneil, Esq. of Barra, and by her he leaves two sons and one daughter; the elder of the former, Charles, being now Lord Lurgan. Lynn, Captain Thomas, late E.I.C.S. 2nd May.

Maberley, Henrietta, wife of Joseph Maberley, Esq. of Harley Street, 4th May.

Macdonald, Susannah Helena, only dau. of the late General Alexander Macdonald, 16th May.

Macdowall, John, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, eldest son of the late William Macdowall, Esq. of Woolmet, N.B. 19th May.

Maclean, Arthur Henry, only child of Col. Maclean, 13th Dragoons, 25th April.

Manning, Lydia, relict of the Rev. James Manning of Exeter, 16th May.

Manning, Mary, relict of the late William Manning, Esq., M.P. of Totteridge, Herts, and Combe-bank, Sundridge, Kent, at Brighton, 12th May.

Manson, William Griffith, 3rd son of Col. Manson, Bombay Artillery, 30th April.

Maples, Admiral John Fordyce, R.N.C.B. aged 79, 12th May.

Marr, Mrs. Sarah Ann, of Hamilton terrace St. John's Wood, 11th May.

Marsh, Catherine, widow of the late Rev. Henry Marsh, for nearly 30 years vicar of Manuden, in Essex, at Bromley College, in Kent, in her 79th year. 30th April.

Martin, Frederick, Esq. of Melbourne, New

South Wales, magistrate for the district of Port Philip, fourth surviving son of the Rev. J. W. Martin, rector of Keston, Kent, at Sidney, aged 28, 20th September last.

Martin, Thomas Barnewall, Esq. M.P., of Ballinahinch, co. Galway. This gentleman fell a victim to an attack of fever, caught in the discharge of his duties as one of the Poor Law Guardians, on Friday, the 23rd April. By his death, a vacancy occurs in the representation of the county of Galway. Mr. Martin was son of the late eccentric Richard Martin, Esq., who has given his name to the Act for the prevention of cruelty to animals. His possessions in Connaught may, from their extent, be called a territory, but their value is by no means commensurate with their extent. They descend to the honourable gentleman's only daughter and heiress, Miss Martin, of Ballinahinch.

May, Major-General, Sir I. M. K.C.B. K.C.H., at his residence in Hyde Park-street, 8th May. This gallant officer was present throughout the entire Peninsular campaign, and at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. For his services in the former he received a Cross and three Clasps, and for the latter, the Order of St. Anne of Russia, second class. He was also nominated a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal in 1815. Sir John May was son of John May, Esq., Store-keeper of the Ordnance, Guernsey, and descended lineally from John May, the historian and poet. He married in 1819 the only child of Robert Broff, Esq., formerly governor of Bencoolen, Sumatra, and at his decease was in his 67th year.

Merrivale, Juliana Lavinia, relict of the late Rev. Alexander F. Merrivale, 8th May.

Mill James, Esq., Lieut. on half-pay of the 40th Regiment, in which Corps he served in the principal campaigns of the Peninsula, and was severely wounded at Waterloo, at Southsea, 7th May.

Milnes, the Hon. Mrs. wife of Robert Milnes, Esq. 1st May.

Morrel, The Rev. Henry Cox, at Swiland vicarage, Ipswich, 9th May.

Montmorency, Major de, Bengal N.I. 10th March.

Murray, Georgiana Caroline, 5th dau. of John Murray, Esq. of Whitehall-place, 11th May.

Munro, John Boscawen, Esq., of the Middle Temple, at Madeira, 19th April.

O'Connell, Daniel, Esq. Q. C., M.P. for the county of Cork, at Genoa, on the 15th May. To this distinguished man may be applied the words of a recent biographer of Pym:—"His name was in the mouths of all, whether of the residents of palaces

or the huts where poor men lie. . . . the fiercest hate or the most unbounded love were equally his great reward." It is, therefore, quite impossible to utter one syllable regarding him, which has not been iterated and reiterated, which has not been rung and re-rung on the public ear, until the sound, like other clashing noises to which familiarity accustoms us, ceases to be heard, or, if heard, ceases to be heeded. Suffice it to state that the learned gentleman was born at Carhen, near Cahirciveen, co. Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775, that he received his education at the College of St. Omer, and that he was called to the Bar in 1798, being amongst the earliest members of the Catholic church who became candidates for legal advancement. His parliamentary career commenced in April 1829, the session immediately succeeding that in which the Emancipation Act—the great achievement of Mr. O'Connell's life—had received the Royal assent. He had previously in 1828, been elected by the county of Clare, while Catholics were yet excluded from Parliament, but had refused to take the prescribed oaths. Subsequently he sat for Waterford, Kerry, the cities of Kilkenny and Dublin, and lastly for the county of Cork.

The family of O'Connell claims Milesian origin, and was originally established in the county of Limerick. During the contest in Ireland in 1688, John O'Connell, Esq. of Derrynane, great-grandfather of the late Mr. O'Connell, raised a company of foot for the service of James II., signalized himself at Derry, the Boyne, and Aughrim, and at length retiring with his shattered regiment to Limerick, was included in the capitulation of that city. He died in 1741, leaving, by Elizabeth his wife, dau. of Christopher Conway, Esq., of Clahane, two sons, Maurice (whose grandson Maurice O'Connell was Captain in Berwick's Reg. in the service of France), and DANIEL. The second son, DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., who inherited Derrynane, married Mary dau. of Duffe O'Donoghue, Esq. of Anwys, co Kerry, and had twenty two children, of whom four sons and eight daughters arrived at maturity. Of the former, the youngest Daniel, Count O'Connell, was a highly distinguished officer in the French service, and held the command of the 6th Irish Brigade. The eldest son Maurice O'Connell, Esq. of Derrynane, survived until the year 1825, when he died without issue aged 97; and the third son, Morgan, who resided at Carhen, left at his decease in 1809, three sons and six daughters, viz :

DANIEL, the eminent lawyer and orator, whose death occasions these remarks.

John, of Grena, co. Kerry, father of Morgan John O'Connell, Esq. M.P. for Kerry.

James, of Lakeview, who is married and has issue.

Mary, m. to Jeremiah M'Cartie, Esq.

Honora m. to Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq.

Catherine, m. to Humphrey Moynemham, Esq.

Ellen, m. to Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

Bridget, m. to Myles M. Sweeny, Esq.

Alicia, m. to William Finn, Esq.

Mr. O'Connell succeeded to Derrynane at the decease of his uncle, Maurice. He married in 1802 his cousin, Mary, dau. of Edward O'Connell, Esq. M.D. of Tralee, and leaves four sons and three daus., viz :

Maurice, M.P. for Tralee.

Morgan, late M.P. for Meath, and now Assistant Registrar of Deeds.

John, M.P. for Kilkenny.

Daniel, M.P. for Dundalk.

Ellen, m. to Christopher Fitz-Simon, Esq.

Catherine, m. to Charles O'Connell, Esq.

Elizabeth, m. to Nicholas Joseph French, Esq.

The following letter from Genoa, gives an interesting account of the last moments of Mr. O'Connell.—

“ Genoa, May 18, 1847.

“ Intent on visiting the tombs of the apostles, and paying his homage as a Catholic, to Pius IX., O'Connell was interrupted at this stage of his pilgrimage by fatal illness, and expired at the Hotel Feder, in this city, about an hour and a half after sunset on Saturday, the 15th instant.

“ His life is for history, which will take care of it, but this memorandum of what occurred since his last illness seized him will be received, perhaps, with some interest, were it only for its complete exactness. It has been read for the approval of Mr. O'Connell's friends and the physicians who attended him; they sanctioned it as correct.

“ For two days after his arrival here from Marseilles by the Lombardo steamer, the friends of the illustrious pilgrim observed with joy that the improvement in his health, which they began to date from Avignon, went on increasing; but on Saturday, the 8th, it became necessary to have recourse to the same aperient remedies which had been for some time past adopted to relieve him, and always with complete success. Diarrhœa, however, set in some time after the remedies applied on Saturday night had produced the desired result, and as it still continued on Monday morning (after a partial cessation on Sunday), it was deemed expedient to call in additional medical aid. The English physician resident here, Dr. Duff, and Dr. Berretta, of this city, met in consultation with Dr. Lacour, the physician who had accompanied O'Connell from Lyons. The diarrhœa was regarded as rather fortunate than otherwise, as helping to relieve the head, where they were of opinion the chief danger was to be apprehended.

“ With this view (which coincided exactly with that taken of O'Connell's case from first till last by the most eminent physicians of France), their remedies were mainly directed to check the congestion, which they judged to have been gaining ground in the brain from a period considerably distant. The success with which their efforts were attended was not lasting. However, even after a fourth physician, Dr. Voviani, was called in on Friday, there still were hopes. Nevertheless, it was judged prudent to be prepared for the worst; and on Friday night the last rites of the church were received by the illustrious sufferer with a serenity and a fervour of piety which produced upon the members of the clergy and his friends who surrounded his bed the most profound and edifying impressions.

“ Towards 3 p.m. on Saturday he called his own man, and, taking him warmly by both hands to acknowledge the rare fidelity with which he had served him, he said, ‘As yet I am not dying;’ but two hours later he called for the Rev. Dr. Milley (his chaplain), to whom he said, when he had bent down over him, the better to hear his fast sinking voice,—‘I am dying, my dear friend!’

“ The physicians were still in attendance; but from that moment the prayers and other offices of religion, which had not been interrupted from the preceding night, were pursued with redoubled earnestness by his friends and the chief members of the clergy. At first his voice was united in the prayers and responses; but, as it became less and less distinct, his hands clasped in fervour,—his eyes, his countenance revealed how his soul responded to the litanies for the dying, which they were mingling with their tears around his bed.

“ Occasionally, during this, his last illness, as the brain became more and more invaded, there was a momentary wandering of the mind, from which, however, the slightest word recalled him. He never murmured, though his internal sufferings, at times at least, must have been great. Every one was struck with his serenity, his recollection and fervour in receiving the last rites of religion. The adorable name of Jesus, and the prayer of St. Bernard to our Blessed Lady, mingled from time to time with verses from the Psalms, and the most earnest and contrite aspirations, were almost perpetually upon his lips. Up to a few moments before he expired he continued to recognize his confessor, and to respond to his suggestions.

“ Far from surprising him, he had been long, long familiarized with the contemplation of his last end, prepared for it perfectly, and almost eager for its advent. When that spirit, so mighty, which seemed to glory in and to sway the tempests which agitate our being took its flight, there was no more trace or sign of pain or struggle than when the babe in smiling sinks to slumber upon the mother's breast.

“ It will be a lasting, though still a sorrowful consolation, for his friends and family, that no resource of skill or climate calculated to prolong the existence of this extraordinary man has been left untried. The professional advice obtained for him was always the best that could be procured.

“ His body is to be embalmed and conveyed to Ireland. His heart he bequeathed to Rome. The autopsy demonstrated singularly the correctness of the view taken of his case, and how wonderfully successful had been the remedies recommended in postponing the fatal event.

“ His obsequies commenced from the moment of his decease, and are still continued with princely pomp in the church of our Blessed Lady delle Vinge. They are to close to-morrow with a grand *requiem* mass, at which his Excellency the Governor-General, the foreign Consuls, and Mr. R. Cobden are invited to be present.”

Pemberton, Eleanor, widow of the late Dr. Pemberton, and sister of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Hamilton, Bart., at her residence, 4, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton, in the 76th year of her age, 7th May.

Pocklington, Lieutenant-Colonel, late of the Notts Militia, and of Carlton-house, Notts, at Leamington, in the 72d year of his age, 25th April.

Pococke, John Blagrove, Esq., formerly Major in the Berkshire Militia, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Berks, at Colne-cottage, Twickenham aged 71, 24th April.

- Poole, Charlotte Ruth, wife of W. W. Poole, Esq., and dau. of Anthony Dickson, Esq., of Edrington, Berwickshire, aged 26, 3rd May.
- Price, Sir Charles, Bart., at Spring Grove, Richmond, Surrey, he was in his 71st year, 26th April. By Mary-Anne, his wife, dau. of William King, Esq., of King-street, Covent-Garden, he leaves three sons (the eldest the present Sir Charles Rugee Price, Bart.), and four daughters—viz. Mary, married to William Pött, Esq.; Harriet; Eliza-Albinia, married to Ralph Charles Price, Esq. of Sydenham; and Emily Harriet, wife of Henry Curry, Esq. His father was the late Sir Charles Price, Alderman of and M.P. for London, who filled the Civic chair in 1803, and was created a Baronet in the following year.
- Price, Lady, relict of the late Sir Charles Price, Bart., aged 71, 9th May.
- Raikes, Fanny Louisa, 3rd dau. of the late George Raikes, Esq. of Felbridge, Surrey, 7th May.
- Read, Mr. John, of Regent-circus, Piccadilly; inventor of the stomach pump, and other valuable patented inventions for medical and agricultural purposes, in his 87th year, 3rd May.
- Ricardo, Joseph, Esq., at East Dulwich, aged 76, 24th April.
- Ridgway, Rebecca, dau. of Capt. Ridgway, formerly of the Rifle Brigade.
- Rokeby, Lord, Edward Montague, 7th May. His lordship was eldest son of Matthew Montague, Esq., who succeeded to the Barony at the decease of his brother, Morris Robinson, third Lord. At the period of his decease he had completed his 59th year. He was never married, and is, consequently, succeeded in the title by his brother, the Hon. Col. Henry Montague. The first peer of the family was the most Rev. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, created Baron Rokeby in 1777. His Lordship was a very eminent Churchman, and held, under the Lieutenancy of the Duke of Northumberland, the dignified office of Lord Almoner.
- Robinson, Henry F.S. only son of the Rev. John Robinson of Widmerpool, Notts, 5th May.
- Russell, Constance Mary, dau. of J. D. Watts Russell, Esq. M.P., 22nd April.
- Shirley, The Right Reverend Walter Augustus, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man, was the son of the Rev. Walter Shirley, Rector of Woodford, Northamptonshire, and was born at Westport, in the county of Mayo, on the 30th May, 1797. He was educated at Winchester College, and at New College, Oxford. He was a Fellow of New College. In 1821 he gained the Bachelor's Prize, for an essay "On the Study of Moral Evidence," a work which displayed vast theological knowledge and great powers of argument. Mr. Shirley was ordained in 1821, and, after being Master of the Schools, at Oxford, in 1826, he, in 1828, succeeded his father in the Rectory of Woodford, on the nomination of his cousin, Earl Ferrers. In 1841 he was appointed a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, and Archdeacon of Derby. On the 17th December, 1846, he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Oxford; on the 10th January, 1847, he was consecrated Bishop of Sodor and Man; and now his demise has occurred within little more than three months from the time of his elevation to the episcopal dignity. Dr. Shirley belonged to what is termed the "Evangelical Party" in the Established Church, but he held no extreme views either with respect to doctrine or discipline. His modest retiring demeanour, and his extremely amiable disposition, endeared him to all who knew him, and his untimely loss is most generally deplored.
- Scotland, Maria, wife of Thomas Scotland, Esq., of Bishop's Sutton, Hants, 12th May.
- Sleath, Rev. John, D. D., F.R.S. rector of Thornby, Northamptonshire, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Sub-Dean of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and late High Master of St. Paul's School, at his residence, in Hertford-street, in his 80th year, 30th April.
- Smith, Isabella, dau. of the Rev. Richard Smith, of Sutton Rectory, Petworth, 15th May.
- Solly, Samuel, Esq., F.R.S. of Upper Gower-street, 11th May.
- Stebbing, Harriet Amelia, wife of W. Stebbing, Esq., and granddaughter of the late Hon. George Kinghorn, of Kingston, Jamaica, 8th May.
- Stephen, Anne Sibella, youngest dau. of Mr. Sergeant Stephen, 12th May.
- Surtees, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Redworth House, co. Durham, 8th May.
- Sutherland, Captain George Mackay, of Abararder, Invernesshire, North Britain, at Shibden-hall, near Halifax, 22d April.
- Thorpe, Mrs. Mary, relict of Captain J. Thorpe, at Goff's Oak, Cheshunt, 26th Apl.
- Tooney, Thomas, Esq., at King's Langley, Herts, 8th May.
- Wathen, George, Esq. of the Grange, near Stroud, 26th April.
- Wilson, George S. Esq., Barrister at Law, 13th May.

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